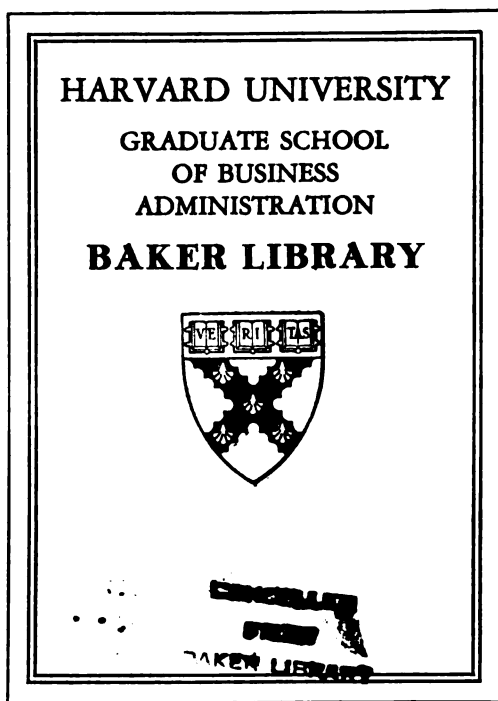


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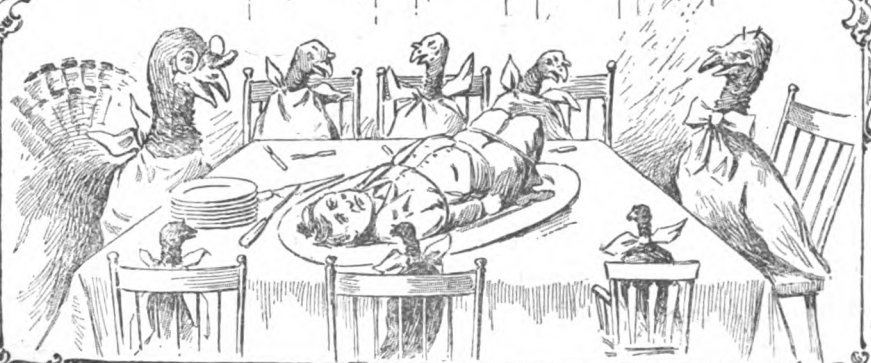
COMFORT

FOR ALL

Volume 6 No 1 (MN61)
Price 25¢ Per Year

THE TABLES TURNED

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The GANNETT & MORSE CONCERN
AUGUSTA ME



NOVEMBER 1893



\$100.00 PRIZE STORIES \$100.00

The following conditions will hereafter govern the awarding of cash prizes for Nutshell Stories, and the manuscripts of such writers only as have complied with all these requirements will receive consideration.

All the necessary particulars being here clearly set forth, it will be useless for any one to seek further information or personal favors by addressing the editor, as such letters cannot be answered.

1. Only persons who are regular yearly subscribers to "Comfort" and who send with every manuscript at least two new yearly subscribers (together with 25 cents for each subscriber so sent) may compete for the prizes.

2. All contributions must have the number of words they contain plainly noted thereon in addition to the writer's full name and address with nom de plume if desired; must be written on one side of the paper only, addressed to EDITOR NUTSHELL STORY CLUB care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

3. All stories must be strictly original with the contributors who may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace, or city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 2,000 or less than 1,000 words.

4. NO MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES AND COMPETITORS SHOULD THEREFORE RETAIN A COPY OF WHAT THEY SEND.

5. The writer of the best original story will receive \$30 cash; of the second best, \$25 cash; of the third best, \$20 cash; of the fourth best, \$15 cash; and of the fifth best, \$10 cash. Remittances will be sent by check as soon as awards have been made.

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The Publishers of "Comfort" reserve the right to purchase at their established rates any stories submitted under the foregoing offer, which failed to secure a prize.

An Adventure in a Jungle Dak-Bungalow.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CHAS. EDWD. BARNES.
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CEYLON, according to the Buddhist scriptures, was the true and original Garden of Eden. Certainly, if any country of the globe has a right to the name, the lavish gifts of Nature to this little island fit it for the honor. It is one series of picturesque and tropical surprises, from the coral shore to the cloud capped mountain peaks.

I had ascended by elephant

verdure clinging to the mountainside, over bridges that span vast torrents, skirting the edges of bottomless canons infected with cheetars and huge reptiles, till I burst suddenly upon the magnificent plateau of Newer Ellia, which looked like a vast bouquet of wild-flowers, with the cloud-mantled peaks rising on all sides.

It was here that I was the guest of a German baron who had given up his life to the study of the fauna and flora of the island, and who was a very peculiar man. I liked him immensely, but it was always necessary to maintain a sort of distance; for one never knew when he would draw forth a four-foot snake from his coat tails, or a nest of scorpions from his cork helmet, and tell you all about them.

Such friends are interesting to talk to—over a telephone, or a stone wall.

One morning the Baron said that he would take me to the top of old Pedaratalagala—a very high mountain, as you may judge by standing the name on end.

We started in good season, reaching the pinnacle an hour earlier than expected. The Baron always took three hours for an hour's journey, the two hours for filling his helmet, bags, and pockets with beetles, tarantulas, lizards, snakes, and all the rest of the things people are supposed to see only about midnight after a mince-pie supper.

But Oh, the view was magnificent! (When the Nutshell Club ceases to limit us to 1,500 words I will tell you all about it.)

The Baron went to work with his barometres, thermometres, aerometres, pentametres, hexametres, and gas-metres, while I took in the glory of the scene which was thrilling beyond description. Word-painting, however, is too much like canned strawberries; so I will confine myself to events.

We had a lunch on the ledge, and then the Baron resumed his work.

"When you see a little white cloud gathering away down the valley yonder, call me and we will go below!"

I did as I was told, then went to sleep over it.

It must have been hours later that I heard the Baron's cries. "Ho! a little more and you would have locked us in here for the night. Don't you see the mists gathering yonder?"

"But it is early," said I, glancing at my watch.

"We don't tell time by the watch here, man," he replied, gathering up his packs. "When the mists rise it is night, if it is but two o'clock P.M., for one cannot see one's hand before the face. Come; I fear we are caught as it is!"

The thought of being made a prisoner in a dense cloud upon a tropic mountain pinnacle for a night inclined my steps downward with haste. Soon the clouds began to circulate around us. There was a native dak-bungalow used by pilgrims who go to the peaks for worship, like the Magians of old, half way down.

"If we reach that we shall do well," said the Baron. "Otherwise we roost in the crotch of a banyan."

I struggled on over the difficult way in silence, now sometimes losing sight of my leader, now at his heels again. Suddenly we came upon the little dak—a miserable enough sort of bivouac thatched with palm, floored with

mat. A couple of swarthy Cinghalese, with their hair down their backs lived there, with a kitchen in a rock crevice back of it. But anything is better than nothing, I argued.

I wore a pair of raw silk pantaloons, which I had brought all the way from Japan. Although they had turned from an unassuming gray to a bilious yellow in the tropic heat, they were very comfortable.

There were two rooms in the bungalow, upon the rush couches of which one could lie awake and watch the stars through the rents in the thatching, or catch the raindrops.

We were served with nice, clean curry and rice, sweet and snowy as ever, fried plantains and steaks from the *tic polonga*, which resemble frog's-legs in taste, though it is a creature without wings, feet, or fins. Green cocoanut milk and arrack—a drink made from the cocoanut bud—refreshed us.

The natives were servilely polite, probably veneration for the man who will allow a tarantula and a scorpion to fight out a long-time grudge upon a shiny bald spot under his cork helmet. So did I!

We sat smoking after supper, when I noticed two cadaverous-looking natives conversing stealthily in the doorway. They clearly meant business of some kind. I hinted as much to the Baron, who glanced up annoyed.

"I dink maybe dey vant dose bants!" he said with a twinkle.

I sat down and tried to follow the scientist



through the mazes of his calculations. Again and again the villains returned, always with the same gestures, and mysterious movements, soon to disappear in the mist which cloaked about us like a funeral pall.

At last we retired, the Baron taking the right, myself the left, wing of the bungalow. Then pounding a groove in the rush pillow to fit my head, like a chop-block, I put my pistols underneath, and laid down rather thankful that I was not swinging in a tree-top some thousand feet above.

The window, out of which I could have stepped to the ground, was curtainless, and the moon soon lit up the dense mist with an effect strangely weird and ghost-like, and the moan of the cheetars, and night bird cries added to

I had almost succeeded in coaxing slumber when the little window at the end of the room was opened by an unseen hand.

For a moment a fear possessed me, as the damp chill of the mountain mist swept in like ghouls from the under world. Suddenly I was stunned by the sight of a head rising slowly from behind the sill, turning from right to left, surveying all points of the room. The blood whizzed to my temples. I reached for my pistols and waited. Then I raised up, only to have my horror increased when I saw that the head had no shoulders beneath it! This was a little too much. I had taken a dime at twenty paces many a time, but was now sure that I could not hit a whale at ten. The head was bodiless; I could see the thin gray line of light beneath it. I tried to collect my thoughts, but confess myself cowed.

Suddenly the head disappeared, and I began to breathe again.

An instant later, however, another head appeared, turning from left to right, surveying the room exactly as the first.

I rose higher.

Ah, that head had a pair of shoulders beneath it. Then came a pair of black hands on the sill, then arms, then a big, broad naked bosom, then a pair of swarthy legs, and before I could realize it the villain was actually in the room, noiseless as a phantom.

I clutched my weapon.

Had he approached the bed, I should not have hesitated; but he slid off to the right, and crept like a serpent up to the rush chair upon which hung those raw silk pantaloons.

I leaped from my couch, and made a dash for him. With a gasp of fright the fellow grabbed the prize just as I struck him on the back of the neck with the flat of my hand; but as the sleek scoundrel was greased from head to foot, my hand slid the full length of his back, and I fell head over heels in the corner.

When I woke from this last surprise the fog had swallowed up my captive, and I was alone.

Exhausted, enraged, I lighted the taper and made an exploration.

My left hand was covered with blood, for my heavy ring, being turned in, had torn the length of his back. I slipped through the window into the thick mist, finding the contents of my pockets strewn along so that I could have traced him half a mile. I could not see the ground, but felt around with caution. Suddenly my hand clutched a head of hair, and I held on. To my surprise it did not struggle, and I lifted it to the light. It was a common skull refurbished with hair, with cotton eyes, and mounted on a wire.

Ah, a clever ruse! He thought that if I were

THE NUTSHELL STORY CLUB.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

his ways to change. He had made what he possessed by strictest economy, and saving had become second nature to him. He soon quenched all thoughts of pretty clothes and new furniture his young wife had indulged in; he worked hard himself and saw no reason why he should spare her, so Maria was soon plodding along, the days so full of work she had little time or thought for pleasures.

After a while they had children, a boy and a girl upon whom Maria lavished all her pent-up store of affection. When the little lad sickened one day his anxious mother asked for a physician, but Eben "reckoned a little yarb tea would fetch him around all right," and it was not until the child was past mortal aid that he rode in haste for the doctor who could only ease the little sufferer's last moments.

A few months later little Martha began to pine away and the same thing was repeated—the physician was called too late. Eben loved his children in his way but dreaded to spend the money unless he was sure the doctor was needed. In his way too, he grieved at their loss and attributed it to "the mysterious ways of Providence."

But Maria, her heart torn and bleeding, after each beloved child died, shut herself up in her room and kneeling, thanked God that He had taken it away in its spotless innocence before its own father could crush joy and happiness out of its life, or perchance, the demon of greed could enter its soul.

For an hour or more she sat brooding thus over the dying embers, then rousing herself with a shudder left the room which was fast growing cold for the still colder bed-room.

The sun shone grandly the next morning but its rays did not penetrate the dark recesses of Eben Harden's heart. His fault-finding had never been more severe or unmerited than it was that day. His wife said nothing in response but at the supper table the fire that had been smoldering in her breast so long, fanned by his contemptuous refusal to buy the coveted bed-lounge and by his fault-finding, burst into a sudden flame.

"Eben Harden," she said, pushing her chair from the table, "I'm going to leave you! Samantha has many a time wished I'd live with her, and I'm again right there. I can't put up with you any longer."

Before the astonished Eben could get his breath to reply to such an astonishing outburst, she had caught up her bonnet and shawl and left the house.

As the door closed behind her Maria's heart felt as light as air. It seemed as if a heavy burden had dropped from her shoulders and she was entering on a new life, free and unfettered.

"I've come to stay with you, Samantha," was all she said, as her niece admitted her, and Samantha being wise in her generation asked her no questions and forbade the rest of the family doing so.

That night Maria slept on the bed-lounge by the sitting-room fire, and felt a sense of luxury beyond compare.

Samantha did not allow her to do much of the housework, she worked a little and raved, talked and ate, feeling all the while as if she were in a pleasant dream.

It was not until the second night that thoughts of Eben began to disturb her. She wondered what he was doing, whether he had been able to cook for himself; the weather had turned colder since her flight and she feared he had not had sufficient bed-clothes.

She did not sleep well and all through the following day these thoughts kept coming without her volition, until at last after the early twilight had come on she felt she must see how he was faring.

Unnoticed she stole from the house and hurrying along the well-known road was soon at home.

Softly approaching the window she looked in. Before the fire sat Eben, his elbows resting on his knees, his head bent and his face covered with his hands, the picture of dejection! As she looked she saw that his shoulders were shaking, and with a sharp pang she realized that it was sobs that were shaking them. Eben was weeping because she had left him, he missed her, he loved her!

Suddenly a great wave of pity flooded her heart—a flood so great and strong it washed away all the bitterness that had been there so many years. Obeying an impulse she could no longer resist, Maria Harden went in and laid her hand upon her husband's head.

"I've come back to you, Eben," she said in a tremulous voice.

For answer he put his arms around her and drew her close to him. The hard crust that had formed over Eben Harden's heart had broken at last!

He drove to bed-lounge like Samantha's, only far more gorgeous, ornamented the big wagon, and Maria, watching it placed between the windows of the sitting-room, felt that a happier future was opening for her.

How Reddy Found His Father.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY C. A. MURDOCH.

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THE first time I ever saw Reddy was at a ball game in a little country town in the West. The home team had chosen him for their mascot, and he was supremely happy. Gibes and apt replies slipped readily from his tongue on the slightest provocation. For the time, he was king of the diamond, a privileged character on whom, as a hoodoo for the opponents, depended the turn of the game, and his poor, starved nature was intoxicated with the thought.

His air of importance, as well as his clothes and appearance, irresistibly claimed my attention after the first glimpse of him. Beginning with his feet, I saw them clad in great, coarse boots which, a world too large, curved up at the toe and turned down at the heel. Above these were a ragged, dirty pair of pants which, conforming to the curve of his legs, looked as if they had been cut after Emerson's "circles" pattern. His coat, like everything else he wore, had been cut and made for a man, while he was only a wizened boy. It was too long and too wide, too ragged and too dirty. His shirt had once been white, and stiff with starch, but then it was a miracle of dirt and tobacco juice, streaked, spotted and torn. His hat, a great, broad-brimmed rush, was stuck rakishly on the back of his fiery red head, and formed a background for his freckled, dirty face. A quid of tobacco, "borrowed" from a bystander, bulged out first one and then the other cheek, as he shifted about and chewed it with the vigorous gusto of a girl chewing gum. Stunted and misshapen in body, he seemed not less so in mind and morals. True, there seemed a certain sharpness in his talk, but it was the uncanny sharpness bred in the dives and gutters of a great city. Shocking oaths accompanied his every word. His small, pale eyes twinkled with the low cunning of thieves and lawbreakers. Sin was stamped on his every feature, but one instinctively felt that it was not so much his fault as it was the fault of former generations; he had been

born into the world mortgaged, soul and body, to the world, the flesh and the devil.

Such was Reddy as I first saw him. I have traveled far and seen much, but nowhere have I seen more utter depravity marked upon a human face. Still there was something about him which seemed to say that he was not all bad, that under other circumstances, he might have been better. It was this indefinable something about him which held my attention. At times the cunning look would go out of his eyes and in its place would come an expression of such genuine understanding as made me almost conclude he had been playing a part. I would fancy I could see the struggles of a dwarfed, cramped soul for better things. But then the cunning would come back, the oaths would flow afresh, and I would see nothing but the repulsiveness, the filthiness, the wickedness of him.

Inquiry failed to give me any further information, except that he was a waif from New York, and that, since his arrival in the West, he had run away from a number of good homes. Reddy himself either could not or would not tell more. In response to my inquiry as to his name, he said:

"Dey mos'ly calls me 'Reddy,' but some's too all-fired, stinkin' lazy to call me more as 'Red.'"

"Yes," said I, "I know they call you that, but what is your real name?"

To this the youthful tough replied, "What's it to yer? What's yer game? Gospel sharp? Want me, 'Reddy, the Bowery's pride,' to join yer Sunday-school class? Go soak yerself; I'm too fly fer such stuff. My name's Reddy, and I'm from New York, I am." Having thus relieved his dignity, he spat tobacco juice on my shoes, swore roundly, and went to cheering and guffing for the home team.

Shortly after that Reddy skipped the country. A circus and menagerie had come to town, and when it went away Reddy disappeared.

No one mourned his departure or congratulated the circus company. He was last seen in town by a couple of boys, to whom he confided that he was tired of being an orphan, and was going back to New York to hunt up his "red-headed bloke of a dad, who was just down from Sing Sing."

A few days ago, I was talking with Dr. D—and, the conversation turning into descriptions of the various odd characters we had seen, I told of Reddy. He listened attentively, and then asked:

"Red-headed and dwarfish, did you say? Was there a big blue spot on the left side of his neck?"

"Yes, there was. But how did you learn that? Did you ever see him?"

"I saw him a week ago in the hospital, when I was up to the city. Poor little rascal! I never saw a braver or more patient fellow, but it was all up with him; he died a week ago to-morrow."

"What, dead?" I exclaimed. "No; surely you are mistaken. Reddy was little but young and strong. It cannot have been him."

"Youth and strength are not proof against all things," the doctor reminded me. "I feel sure, from your description, that it was none other than Reddy. If you care to listen," he went on, "I will tell you the little I know of the cause of his death. It was told to me by one of his circus companions. It seems that in the circus company there was a little girl, Estelle, who did some daring bareback riding. Reddy became her slave, waiting upon her every whim as the well-trained dog obeys his master's look. In return she was kind to him. He soon proved himself an admirable hostler, and was given the care of the horses used by Estelle in her daring feats. Among those horses was one whose villainous temper had got for him the name 'Old Nick.' He was a fine horse, and usually gave Estelle no trouble. But one night it was otherwise. Things had gone wrong all day. Accidents of all kinds had piled themselves on top of each other until everybody and everything was cross and nervous, 'Old Nick' among the rest. Finally it was time for him to bear Estelle in for the final and culminating act. Reddy loosened his hold, and away they went. Everything went well at first, and the audience cheered lustily. Then some fool threw a firecracker into the ring, and the mischief was begun. Old Nick lost his head, and overleaping the ropes went charging about the tent. It was vain that Estelle sought to hold him. Then she tried to jump, but caught her foot in the trappings, and only saved herself by a wild clutch at the horse's mane. The confusion was frightful, and death seemed about to claim the brave girl. It was then that Reddy took a hand. Regardless of self, he rushed in and grabbed the frenzied brute by the bits. The audience was hushed for a moment and then broke into wild cheers, as the horse slackened his speed. Reddy had saved his friend, but his own body was broken and crushed."

"They brought him to the hospital, but we could do nothing; every bone in his body seemed broken. The nurse sat by him, as the hours slipped by and the end drew near, telling him of the life to come, of the Father waiting on the other shore for the weary and heavily laden. Reddy listened, and smiled, and nodded when she asked him if he understood."

"While the nurse was talking, Estelle had come in. She had been there several times before, but he had been unconscious then. The lad brightened visibly at her appearance."

"Don't cry, Estelle," he said, 'I don't mind dyin'. I want no good, an' yer wuz so purty and kind. An' don't say yer can't pay me, fer I don't want pay. But if yer will take my advice yer'll sell Old Nick and quit ther circus. It ain't no place fer the likes uv yer. Yer've got money enough to be a lady and go to school, an' won't yer do it?"

"I've quit it a'ready," moaned Estelle. 'I'll never ride again.'"

"Reddy's strength sank with the sun, but at last he roused a little and said, 'Estelle, do yer remember what I said about huntin' up my dad? I reckon I won't git ter now. But mebbe that one as the nurse was tellin' of a bit ago, the one what lives across the river, mebbe he'll be better than him. Dad was a tough, yer know. What do yer think, Estelle?"

"The sun disappeared, and Reddy had found his father."

PRIZE WINNERS FOR NOVEMBER.

C. E. Barns, First Prize.

Henry Theodor, Second Prize.

E. Ray Lounsbury, Third Prize.

Caroline S. Valentine, Fourth Prize.

C. A. Murdoch, Fifth Prize.

RAGGLES.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY J. E. STEVENS.

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RAGGLES was only a scrubby little Indian pony. His owner had evidently considered him of no use and had cruelly turned him loose on the bare prairie to shift for himself.

He was a sorry looking little fellow, as he stood one morning at the gate to Mr. Hudson's large cattle ranch, in Western Kansas, shivering in the wind, and looking with a wistful gaze at the sleek, fat ponies inside.

Mr. Hudson noticed him and started to drive him away. But his little daughter Lillian said, "Let him in papa; he looks so hungry." Mr. Hudson opened the gate, and the pony walked in, just as if it were his home.

Mr. Hudson made inquiries but no one knew anything about him; and as no owner ever came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property, and named him Raggles, on account of his long tangled mane and tail.

He was a docile little creature, unlike the rest of the ponies on the farm. He soon came to regard Lillian as his mistress. She learned to ride him, and could often be seen cantering over the prairies with her father.

But Raggles seemed to consider that she was not much of a rider, for he would carefully avoid all the dangerous looking places and holes in the ground, made by coyotes and prairie dogs, which are very plentiful in Western Kansas.

When the next spring came, Raggles did not look like the same little scrub. His rusty brown coat had all come off, and a new black one had taken its place. By the next fall, the neighborhood could boast of a public school, and when Lillian began to go Raggles found he had regular duty every day.

Lillian would saddle him and ride to the school-house, which was two miles away, then tie up his bridle and send him home. At about half past three, Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian.

He always arrived on time, and if he was a little early, would wait patiently by the door until school closed.

Some of my readers will remember the terrible blizzard that struck Western Kansas in 1885, when so many people lost their lives and thousands of cattle were frozen to death. The storm commenced about noon and the weather grew steadily colder.

The snow blew so thick and fast that Mrs. Hudson was afraid to trust Raggles to go for Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was sick and there was no one else.

She went to the barn, put the saddle on him, and tied plenty of warm wraps on. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck, and told him to be sure to bring Lillian home.

He seemed to understand and started out with his shambling trot in the direction of the school-house.

One hour passed slowly to the anxious parents. When two had passed their anxiety was terrible, as they strained their eyes to see through the blinding snow, his shaggy form bringing their darling safely home. At last he came with Lillian on his back, bundled up from head to foot, until she could not see.

The teacher had fastened her on the pony and given him the rein; and so he had brought her safely home, none the worse for her ride except being thoroughly chilled.

When she was warm, she told about the teacher and children that were left at the school-house. They would have to stay there, that was certain. They had plenty of fuel and water but nothing to eat. If the storm lasted long they would starve unless help could get to them.

They were talking over this when Lillian thought of Raggles. Why could they not pack some food on him, and send him to them? By this time it was almost dark and the wind was blowing a gale, but Lillian's idea was quickly acted upon. Once more the patient little pony started on his errand of duty.

About nine o'clock that night as the teacher was sitting by the stove trying to cheer the little children that were with her, they heard something bump against the door. Thinking it might be some person she opened it, and found Raggles standing there all covered with snow but with the food on his back.

They led him in and as the storm grew worse they were afraid to turn him loose; so they kept him with them four days before help could get to them.

When the men came and cleared the snow from the door, they expected to find the teacher and their children either frozen or almost starved. Great was their joy when they found them warm and comfortable.

Many were the caresses Raggles received when the story was told of how he had brought food; but he received his honors in the same meek, patient manner that he had his troubles.

It was a wonder to all how he had found his way two miles through the storm, when men with all their reasoning power would get lost a few yards from the house. But what we call the blind instinct of brutes often surpasses the average intelligence of humanity.

And so "Raggles" saved a dozen precious human lives.

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WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ELIZABETH SARGENT CURTIS.

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use the subject which we took up in September, a few words on late pickles will be in order, and some recipes for relishing sauces to eat with meat and game.

Just a word in general about pickling before coming to the rules for the particular kinds of pickles.

First, use none but the best cider vinegar; that is at once the safest and the best.

Next, boil your pickles in porcelain-lined kettles, rather than in the old-fashioned brass ones. If, however, you find it necessary to use brass, do not let the pickle stand in it one minute after removing it from the fire; and see that it is perfectly clean and newly scoured before the vinegar is put in.

If you use ground spices for seasoning the pickle, rather than the whole spice, tie them in a thin muslin bag, so that the vinegar may be kept free from sediment.

Keep pickles in glass jars or hard stoneware; the former is better.

Look them over frequently during the season, once in six weeks at least, and if you find them growing soft, drain off the vinegar, and scald it, adding a cup of sugar for every gallon. If they are keeping nicely, throw in a handful of sugar for every gallon, and cover them again. The sugar helps preserve them, and also softens the sharpness of the vinegar.

So much for the taking care, which is as necessary as the making.

The vegetables most used for pickling are the small cucumbers, best known as "gherkins," cauliflower, cabbage, onion, and string beans. The most common is the gherkin. In making this pickle do not select cucumbers that are over a finger in length. The small ones are the most tender and look best on the table. Throw aside all specked or mis-shapen ones.

Wash them well and dry on a cloth, then pack them in layers in a stone jar or a wooden bucket, strewing salt thickly between each layer. Completely cover the top layer with salt, and then pour enough cold water on to cover the whole. Leave them in the brine a week, stirring from the bottom every other day.

At the end of that time turn off the brine, see if any of the cucumbers have softened. Throw away such as are not perfectly hard, and lay the rest in fresh cold water until the next day. Change again for fresh water and let them stand another twenty-four hours. Have your pickling kettle ready, lined with fresh green vine leaves, and lay the cucumbers evenly within it, scattering powdered alum over each layer. A bit of alum as large as a pigeon's egg and then crushed will be sufficient for a two gallon kettle. Fill the kettle with cold water, spread vine leaves over all, cover closely, and let the pickles steam, but not boil, for half a day over a slow fire. They will then be a fine green. Throw away the leaves, and put the cucumbers into cold water to stand while you prepare the vinegar.

For every gallon of vinegar allow one cup of sugar, three dozen each of whole black peppers and cloves, one dozen blades of mace, and one dozen whole allspice berries; heat, and boil five minutes. Put the pickles into a stone jar, and pour the boiling vinegar over them. Cover closely, and at the end of two days scald the vinegar again and return to the pickles. Repeat this scalding process at intervals of two, four and six days; then cover closely and keep in a dry, cool place without opening six weeks, when you will find them very nice.

I wonder how many of COMFORT's housekeepers like to make experiments?

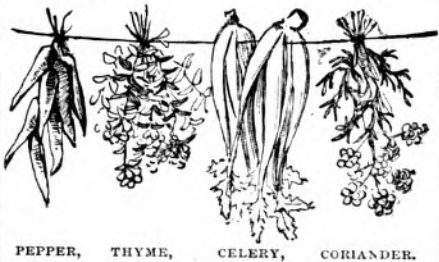
A friend recently sent a recipe for putting up cucumber pickles without cooking. It is given here, so that anyone who likes may use it.

It is very simple.

Take cucumbers two or three inches long—never longer; wash them in cold water, dry carefully with soft cloths, and pack in fruit jars, putting whole cloves, pepper corns, allspices and stick cinnamon with them, allowing a teaspoonful of each to a jar, except the cinnamon of which a little more is used. Sprinkle them as evenly as possible between the layers of cucumbers. When the jar is full, pour in as much cold vinegar as it will hold without overflowing, cover closely, wrap the jars in paper, and keep in a cool, dry place. They will be ready to use in four weeks; and the sender of the rule says that if the vinegar is nice they will keep until the next summer as fresh and crisp as when first put up. When you pickle cauliflower, select the whitest and closest bunches. Cut them into small sprays, plunge them into a kettle of scalding brine and boil three minutes. Take them out and lay them upon a sieve; sprinkle thickly with salt, and when dry brush it off. Cover

sun. Then pack carefully in stone or glass jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar seasoned thus:

To one gallon of vinegar add a cup of white sugar, a dozen blades of mace, a tablespoonful of celery seed, two dozen white pepper corns and some bits of red pepper pods, a tablespoonful of coriander seeds, and the same of whole mustard. Boil five minutes. Scald the vinegar once a week for three weeks; seal up and set away.



PEPPER, THYME, CELERY, CORIANDER.

Purple cabbage is delicious pickled in the following manner.

Quarter small, close heads of purple cabbage; lay them in a wooden tray, sprinkle thickly with salt, and set in a cool, dry cellar until the next day. Then drain off the brine, and wipe the cabbage dry, laying it in the sun for two hours, and then covering it with cold vinegar over night.

The second morning season enough vinegar to cover the cabbage with equal quantities of mace, whole cloves, whole white peppers, a teaspoonful of celery seed for every pint of vinegar, and a cup of sugar for every gallon. Pack the cabbage in a stone jar; boil the vinegar and spices five minutes and pour on hot. Cover and set away in a cool, dry place for six weeks.

Young string beans are to be treated precisely like gherkins.

Pickled onions are considered by many a great delicacy.

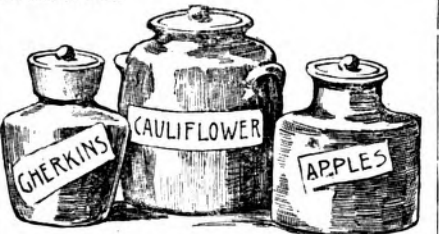
Peel small onions, of uniform size, and let them lie in salted water twenty-four hours. A teaspoonful of salt is sufficient for a gallon of water. Rinse in clear water two or three times letting them stand in the last water half an hour; then drain an hour and pack in jars with spices exactly the same as for cauliflower. Cover with hot vinegar, and seal.

Another way is to prepare the onions as in this rule just given, pouring vinegar that is only scalding hot and not boiling, and let them stand in this for three days.

Then make the mustard dressing. For four quarts of onions take a quarter of a pound of the best ground mustard, half an ounce each of white cloves and stick cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce each of celery seed and turmeric, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper.

Drain the onions. Put one quart of fresh vinegar into a porcelain kettle, mix the mustard with cold vinegar to a smooth paste, add the turmeric, celery seed and pepper, and pour into the hot vinegar, stirring until it thickens. Have the onions put in jars, with the spices divided as evenly as possible, and pour the hot mixture over them, shaking the jars gently that it may reach the bottom. Fill very full and screw on the tops. Keep in a cool, dry and dark closet.

This same sauce may be used for what are known as "mixed pickles," that is, cauliflower, cucumbers, string beans and onions, all packed together, and covered with this mustard dressing. Each vegetable should be first prepared according to the rule given under the respective heads; then when the vinegar should be added, treat them like the onions, and cover with the dressing. You will find that your pickle is very like the imported kind, always considered so nice.



FAMILY JARS.

Fall fruits, peaches, pears and apples, sweet ones particularly, are used for the sweet pickle to be eaten with poultry and game.

One rule will do for all these fruits. For every seven pounds of fruit, pared and weighed, allow four pounds of white sugar, one pint of strong vinegar, and mace, cinnamon and cloves to taste. Half a dozen whole cloves stuck into each peach, pear, or apple, is an improvement. After paring the fruit lay it in sugar an hour, then drain off all the syrup and put it over the fire with a cup of water. Boil until the scum ceases to rise, skim well, put in the fruit and boil five minutes. Take out the fruit with a perforated skimmer, and spread on dishes to cool. Add the vinegar and spices to the syrup. Boil fifteen

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whole cloves into the fruit, pack it in glass jars and pour the hot syrup over it.

One of the economies of housekeeping in families with a garden, is the making of ripe cucumbers into sweet pickle. The syrup is prepared as for any sweet pickle. Take the ripe cucumbers, pare and cut them in two and remove the seeds. Soak over night in weak salted water. In the morning rinse them in several waters. Steam them for half an hour, simmer in the syrup, and set away in the kettle until the next day. Then drain, fill into jars, boil the syrup five minutes, and pour it boiling hot over the cucumbers.

Almost every housekeeper has a rule for tomato catsup, and yet every year somebody asks for a recipe for it. Here is a good one. Take one peck of ripe tomatoes; one ounce each of salt and mace, one teaspoonful of cayenne, one tablespoonful each of black pepper, powdered cloves and celery seed (tied in a thin muslin bag), and seven tablespoonfuls of ground mustard. Cut a slit in the tomatoes, and put them in a porcelain-lined kettle. Boil until the juice is extracted and the pulp dissolved. Strain and press through a colander, then through a sieve. Return to the fire and boil five hours, stirring frequently, and the last hour constantly. Let it stand over night on the cellar floor in a stone jar. When cold, add a pint of strong vinegar, take out the bag of celery seed and bottle, sealing the corks.

A very nice substitute for capers may be made from nasturtium seeds. Gather the seeds when they are full-grown, but still green, dry for a day in the sun, put into wide-mouthed bottles, cover with boiling vinegar, slightly spiced, and when cool, cork closely. In about a month they will be fit to use. They are used to give a flavor to drawn butter for boiled mutton or fish.

Worcestershire sauce is a great favorite with many persons as an addition to cold meat, fish and hash. A good imitation may be made at home. Use three teaspoonfuls of cayenne pepper, two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup, strained through muslin, three shallots minced fine, three anchovies chopped into small bits, one quart of vinegar, and half a teaspoonful of powdered cloves. Mix thoroughly and rub through a sieve. Put the mixture in a stone jar, and set into a kettle of boiling water. Heat it until you cannot bear your finger in the liquid. Strain and let it stand in the jar two days; then bottle for use.

What shall I do with the apples? is often a question for the housekeeper to solve, especially when she sees them decaying faster than she can use them up.

Why not make apple butter, as they call it in the Middle States, cider or Shaker apple sauce, as it is named in New England?

It is delicious with pork in any form, and with many kinds of meat.

It is usually made in large quantities, and will keep all winter. Boil down a kettleful of cider to two-thirds the original quantity, as a basis for your sauce. Pare, core and slice juicy apples, and put as many into the cider as it will cover. Boil slowly, stirring often with a flat stick. When the apples are tender, skim them out carefully, and put in a second supply. Take from the fire and put altogether in a stone crock or wooden butter firkin; cover and let it stand until the next day. Then boil it again stirring it all the while, until it is brown and nearly as thick as marmalade.

I remember when a child visiting at a farm house in New Hampshire during the making of this apple sauce. I shall never forget the spicy odor that pervaded every nook and corner of the roomy old farm house.

Green tomato sauce is one of the standard pickles. In addition to the excellent recipe given in the September number, here is another: Chop a peck of green tomatoes, four green peppers and two onions. Sprinkle a cup of salt over them, and let them stand all night. In the morning pour off all the juice, and put into a preserving kettle with enough vinegar to cover them. Add one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of powdered cloves, the same of cinnamon and nutmeg, and about one half a teaspoonful of mace. Cook until soft, stirring frequently. When cool put into jars.

Chili sauce is made similarly from ripe tomatoes. To ten pounds of ripe tomatoes, weighed after they are peeled, add two pounds of onion, seven ounces of green peppers without the seeds, six ounces of sugar, four ounces of salt, and one and a half pints of vinegar. Slice the tomatoes, peel and chop the onions and peppers, boil altogether several hours until it is of the desired thickness. This makes from three to four quarts.

This is a good time to make mince meat, as it is better for standing, and you want to be ready for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

There is a difference of opinion among housekeepers as to the better meat to use. But I think the majority choose the round of the beef, as that is the most juicy and best flavored. The following proportions and mixture are very satisfactory. Use the round of beef, boiling slowly until tender, and then cooling in the water. When quite cold, free it from fat and chop quite fine. For each quart of chopped meat, use three quarts of chopped apple, a pint of finely-chopped suet, a quart of chopped and stoned raisins, a quart of English currants, a quart of molasses, three pints of sugar, half a cupful of ground cinnamon, a tablespoonful of cloves, two tablespoonfuls of allspice and mace, six grates tomatoes, a little citron sliced very fine, and half a cupful of salt.

Mix these ingredients thoroughly, and add three quarts of good cider. Let it stand over night and in the morning heat it slowly, and let it simmer an hour, taking care that it does not scorch. Then turn it into stone jars and set in a cool, dry place. Some people pour a gill of brandy over the top when it is set away, but it will keep about as long without.

There are richer minces than this, but for ordinary use this is rich enough, and it is certainly palatable.

Mince pies should be baked one hour in a moderate oven.

And now with your mince meat, your pickles, sauces, catsups, jellies, canned fruits and preserves, you are ready for the winter; and may take good solid comfort out of your well-stored closet, feeling equal to the demand of any emergency of company, or family festival, so far as delicacies can make you.



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AM going to give you a treat this month, children; we will all pile in to this big eight-horse coach and take a trip around Central Park. It is the most beautiful spot in New York city, or almost anywhere else, for that matter. How big do you suppose it is? Well, you think a farm of one hundred, or a hundred and twenty acres is a pretty large one, don't you. And Central Park would make eight such farms in all. It is two and a half miles long and half a mile wide; and it is all just as beautiful as nature and art, or in other words, God and man, can make it.



couldn't possibly go on a pleasure trip, it would probably be nearer fifty years before we got through with our rides through Central Park; and by that time you would be pretty nearly old men and women, and as for poor Uncle Charlie—why he couldn't even hobble around on his cane, he would be so old. See what a scrape we came near getting into! So we shall have to talk about it instead. Uncle Charlie took the ride himself the other day, and that will have to do for all. Central Park is a favorite spot with thousands of children. Here they come from all parts of the biggest city in this country, to play and ride and amuse themselves generally. See this happy group who have just finished a game of tennis. Then, too, there are lots of little folks out in donkey carts, having a splendid time. Their little Shetland ponies are pretty and docile, and it is perfectly safe for them to drive anywhere in the park alone, as there are policemen all about who keep a sharp watch that nothing happens to the children. Let me tell you about old Donkey Jack. He was a little wrinkled and homely fellow who served the public here twenty years, carrying all sorts of little curly tots on his back, and was a general pet with every one. Last summer it was decided that he was too old to live on the Park any longer, and a wealthy gentleman down in Pennsylvania bought him, and he will live happily on the stock farm, now, as long as he likes. The last time he appeared on the Park was the morning of his departure for his new home, and old Jack was arrayed in a manner befitting the occasion. A brand new flag was wound all around him. Then little flags were stuck in his ears and around his tail and everywhere that opportunity offered, until old Jack looked more like a play donkey than a real, live one who has seen so much during the course of his twenty-three years of public life. Then a big piece of cardboard was fastened on his back. It bore these words: "I am old Jack, the Central Park Donkey. I have been sold for \$305. I am now on my way to my new home, Cloverdale Farm, Montgomery Co., Pa. This is positively my last appearance. Good-bye, everybody."

Of course all the children who saw him then

for the last time felt dreadfully, but old Jack seemed to like it and was as frisky as if he had been five instead of twenty-three. But it was a triumphal progress for old Jack. Children and grown-up people lined the way. All were eager for a last look, a last pat on the nose, a last good-bye to their old playmate. The children had a vivid recollection of him, for it was not more than a few weeks since they were riding on his back; and the grown people, many of them, rode old Jack as long as ten, fifteen, per-



OUT FOR A DRIVE.

haps twenty years ago. But Jack shed no tears, and in a few hours he was safe at Cloverdale where, let us hope, he will finish this story, as all fairy tales do, "And he lived happily ever after."

But ponies are not all the attractions of Central Park. On the left is a menagerie that attracts thousands of children every day. See the great cages of animals. Out in front of the building containing the lions and tigers and bears, is a yard full of alligators, big and little, crawling or sleeping in the sun; and just beyond them is a tank with two or three horrid looking hippopotami. But we have talked so much about animals lately, I am not going to take up the time with these, because you will want to know about the monkeys.

A whole house is devoted to them. Some of them are great chimpanzees and orang-outangs, and some are wee bits of things called marmosets, no bigger than a kitten. The keeper has them all named and they know him and chatter away to him as though they thought he could understand all they said. You know there is a scientific Englishman, called Professor Garner, who believes that monkeys can talk, and who is now in the wilds of Africa studying the ways and speech of monkeys. He has already named their chattering, the Simian tongue; and it will not do to laugh at him, because not half the wonders of science are yet known, and he may yet prove that there is such a thing as the monkey language. How would you like, when you go to college, to study Simian as well as Latin and Greek and German?

Anyway, these monkeys chatter very fast and loud. There is one fellow named Jocko, who has a cage all to himself. When the keeper comes around and Jocko is hungry, he throws sawdust at the keeper, scolding him loud and fast. If he is given an apple or some such thing, he quiets down, and sometimes the keeper, just for fun, throws sawdust back at him; and then such a chattering as there is—until he gets something to eat! Next to his cage are two spider monkeys—great big fellows, the liveliest of which is called Jim. When any food is brought them and offered the old one, Jim always manages to reach over and grab it, and the old one has to wait until Jim's hands and mouth are full. But they are both as fat as they can be, and all seem to be well-fed. Jim has a fashion of hanging himself to the top of the cage by the tip of his tail and looking out at the visitors from between his long hind legs, that is funny, even if it isn't graceful. He came from South America but he seems to find New York a pretty good place. Monkeys, however, are natives of warm countries and they do not live to be very old in this climate. In fact, the majority of them have lung troubles and die of pneumonia or consumption.

How many of you are wondering what that queer initial means? Well, some distance beyond the menagerie, stands the obelisk—or "Cleopatra's needle." This obelisk came from Egypt and was presented to the city of New York by the Khedive, or chief ruler, of that country. It took three years to get it over here, and the moving cost nearly \$100,000. The height of the obelisk from base to tip, is sixty-nine feet, two inches. The base is seven feet, eight and three-fourths inches square; and the entire weight is two hundred, nineteen and one-fourth tons. Since it was quarried near the torrid zone, it has traversed the entire length of Egypt, most of that of the Mediterranean Sea, and the whole width of the Atlantic Ocean—a distance of 6,400 miles, proving itself a first-rate sailor for an Old Salt of thirty-five centuries; having, in the course of its long existence, seen Moses; Pharaoh and his host going to their destruction in the Red Sea; and



READY TO START.

any quantity more historical persons you will read about when you are older. And to-day it looks calmly down on a city of a million people in a spot whose existence was not even dreamed

of when the obelisk was 2000 years old! Only think what stories it could tell if it were human and could talk.

Down below the obelisk is the Museum of Fine Arts, containing hundreds of rare and beautiful paintings, bronzes, statuary and other things. In driving about the park you would come upon a deer-park, where a number of deer of all kinds are kept. In cold weather they are housed in the menagerie, where, in fact, some of the deer stay all of the time. There are beautiful spotted deer from Virginia among them, which I am sure you would think the prettiest of the many varieties there. On one of the slopes, too, you would see a large flock of sheep, grazing as contentedly as those on a hill farm in the country.

We must not forget the ponds, either. The large one near the corner of Fifth Avenue and 59th street, (which is the most frequented corner of the Park) has a score or more of swan-boats. How many of you know what a swan-boat is? Well, it is a boat big enough to hold a dozen people. The front of each one is built to



A SWAN-BOAT.

resemble a huge swan, wings and all, and painted white, so that while the swan-boat is paddling about (for it is moved by a paddle-wheel) it looks like a huge swan. A great many children ride on the swan-boats every day, and it costs only five cents to go all over the lagoon. So you see the children of New York city, for all they live among brick and stone pavements and in the biggest and most bustling place in this country, have one of the most beautiful parks in the world where they can run and play and see many very curious things. It is not the poor children alone, either, who take advantage of it. You would see thousands of richly dressed ones, who live in elegant homes, with every wish gratified, at play there. For there is one gift of nature which all the children in the world appreciate; and that is the open air, with trees and water and blue sky. And these belong to poor and rich alike, and are the best things in life.

Next month, we will have something very different to talk about, from any subject we have yet had. A little boy wrote in to ask about Halloween; but it was too late for an answer in October, when Halloween occurs, so you must all be on the lookout for a pictured bit about it; and soon we will discuss the fire department with its brave men and fine horses, in a big city.

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Ap Shenkin.
Auld Lang Syne.
Barney Bragg.
Beau of Oak Hill.
Beaux of Albany.
Belle Canadienne.
Boulangere, La.
British Grenadiers.
Bum, Bum Galop.
Cachucha.
Captain Keeler.
Chorus Jig.
Circassian Circle.
Clyde Side Lancers.
College Hornpipe.
Cotillon No. 1.
Cotillon No. 2.
Cotillon No. 3.
Cotillon No. 4.
Cotillon No. 5.
Coquette.
Country Bumpkin.
Craque.
Cuckoo.
Cushion Dance.
Cutty Sark.
Dainty Davie.
Devlin Side.
Devil's Dream.
Douglass Favorite.
Arkansas Traveller.
Blue Belle of Scotland.
Boston Dip Waltz.
Campbells are Coming.
Camptown Hornpipe.
Carlin on de Dunkerque.
Cincinnati Hornpipe.
Come A' Th' Gether.
Constitution Hornpipe.
Cow Bells Schottische.
Dick Sals Hornpipe.
Durand's Hornpipe.
Charley Over the Water.
Chimes of the May Bells.
Dashing White Sergeant.
De'il Among the Dailors.
Fecher shoot the Fire-side.
Flowers of Edinburgh.
Cameron's Got His Wife Again.
Christmas Comes but Once a Year.
Highlandman Kiss'd His Mother.
I'll Gang Nae Mair to Yon Town.

Drops of Brandy.
Drummer.
Drunken Sailor.
Dune Dings, A.
Eighth Hand Reel.
Easterday.
Fairy Dance.
Fairy Polka.
Fiddlers' Polka.
Favorite Dance.
Gaitana Waltz.
Go to the D.
Gorilla.
Grand Pere.
Hey, Daddy.
Highland Fling.
Honey Moon.
Holl's Victory.
Imperial.
Irish Trot.
Kinloch of Kinloch.
Lady of the Lake.
Lady Walpole's Reel.
Land of Sweet Erin.
Lass of Richmond Hill.
Little Fairy Waltz.
Liverpool Hornpipe.
Minnie Foster's Clog.
Minuet de la Cour.
Miss McLeod's Reel.
More Along Galop.
Petes Hornpipe, La.

Gaitana Waltz.
Go to the D.
Gorilla.
Grand Pere.
Hey, Daddy.
Highland Fling.
Honey Moon.
Holl's Victory.
Imperial.
Irish Trot.

Jakie's Hornpipe.
John Anderson.
Keel Row Reel.
Kitty O'Neil's Jig.
Ladies' Triumph.
Lads O' Dunse.
Lady Baird.
Lady Campbell.
Lady Louden.
Lancashire Clog.

Larry O'Gaff.
Lass O'Gowrie.
Light Artillery.
Madrilaine, La.
Master Settel.
May Day.
Miller of Drone.
Minuet.
Money Musk.
Monterino.

Norah Creina.
Nut, The.
Off She Goes.
Old Zip Coo.
Opera Reel.
Oyster River.
Petronella.
Plough Boy.
Quaker's Wife.
Rachel Rae.
Racing Jelly.
Rocket Galop.
Rory O'More.
Rosebud Reel.
Rustic Reel.
Siellene Waltz.
Six Hand Reel.
Soldier's Joy.
Speed the Plow.
Springs of France.
Tank, The.
Tempest.
Triumph.
Tuliochorum.
Virginia Reel.
We're a Noddin'.
White Cockade.
Yankee Doodle.
Zulu.

Smash the Windows.
Smith's Hornpipe.
Spanish Dance No. 1.
Spanish Dance No. 2.
Spanish Dance No. 3.
Spanish Dance No. 4.
Spanish Dance No. 5.
Steamboat Quickstep.
Tam's Highland Fling.
Thunder Hornpipe.
Tight Little Island.
Over the Water to Charlie.
Polly P. the Kettle On.
Roska, La. Polish Dance.
Sir David Hunter Blair.
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A QUARREL.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

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THEY had not been married long enough to adjust themselves to each other and the world. They had learned that ideals waver down to commonplace levels, when love culminates in marriage, but not that the goddess with clipped wings is the one that presides over the home, and the every day trials.

Each was highly strung, nervous, hypersensitive, fond, passionate, over zealous in guarding the love that, tried and tested, needs not watchfulness. Much had been said before in bitterness and anger, from imaginary slights and quick retorts, but this had been the hottest encounter of all.

Only the recording angel knew how foolish, how childish, how vehement, they had been. She had threatened to go back home. He said that a life without peace was unbearable, and he would save her the trouble, he would go away himself; she would never see him again. He had seized his hat and coat and rushed out into the night.

That was hours ago. He had left once before, but soon returned, kissed and petted her, and asked her forgiveness; but it was late now and he had not come. Every moment intensified her anxiety. She had cried and pouted, and gone through all the stages of outraged affection alone; but no sympathy, no opposition, made dull business of it.

She had tried to read, to think. Her brain was on fire, her heart throbbing. The town clock struck eleven. There was a midnight train. He might take it. How could she prevent it? She dared not send a note. He might not read it. To go to the train would excite comment. Every moment became less endurable—a concentrated agony.

She thought of their first meeting under the whispering trees that margined the winding river, where a party had launched their gayly decked crafts on the sheen of its moonlit bosom. How he had sung that night. How rich, how deep, and how exquisite the tones of his voice were, thrilling her very soul with his pathos and passion. How its sacred memory haunted her:

"I care not wheresoe'er I be
My dearest, I can love but thee.
Thy eyes to-night are starry bright,
Thy smile is like the sheen of light,
That dimples o'er the waves to me.
I love but thee, I love but thee."

And the soul of his song had welled into his eyes in the spirit of love, as he leaned in rapture above her.

Then the passionate lover's wooing! What a Romeo he had been; among all prosaic lovers, who so tender, so thoughtful, so romantic, so responsive to the poetic instincts of her nature? Every thought anticipated, every wish instinctively felt, every intuition answered, by conscious flashes of tenderness. And how demonstrative, how fond, how different from all others, he had been to her always—as far above them as the star from the rippling lake in the distance.

The fires of genius seemed to demand compensation from the fates, in erratic temperaments, and wedding was so different from wooing.

He had been selfish, unreasonable, quickly angered, but it was all her fault. She had been very irritating. Such men needed infinite patience. She started at the sound of a footstep, a timid knock on the door. Her heart gave a bound of joy, but it was only the porter with a message he had forgotten to deliver. Then she resumed her reverie, and her watch. O, it had been such a delicious, happy bridal, and when she was ill how tender, how loving, and how solicitous; how he had called her his own blush rose, the sweetest flower that blossomed; how he had kissed her lips. O, if she were never to see him again life would be one long misery.

And then the disgrace of it all! the horror of that public criticism! It would kill her to face the world and say by her silence he had deserted her.

Another step! She sprang to the door, but the echo of the footsteps sounded down the long corridor. She roused herself at the half hour chime. A half hour yet till train time. She might stop him, but how could she get out without being seen? and, then, she was a wee, timid, nestling girl, and she was woefully frightened. But she would go. She would prove how brave she could be.

She changed her dress for a plain street costume. She muffled her hat and face in a veil, and, hesitatingly, opened the door. The lights flashed and flared, but she skipped down the long halls of the hateful hotel. Two or three men stared at her as they passed, as only men can stare at a woman who is suspected of stepping out of the beaten paths—the eye of the vulture, greedy and watchful, ever watchful for some prey.

She half ran down the broad stairways, and out a side door into the street. The cool, bracing air revived her hope and courage. She went bravely on, but every step behind her made her ready to scream with terror. She knew the policeman on the beat. She drew her veil closer and hurried on.

She heard the train whistle at a crossing half a mile away. A drunken crowd reeled out of a saloon and commenced singing and shouting. She began to run. The depot was in sight. On, on, in breathless haste. The train came in and she was the length of the platform away.

She saw him. Yes, she sprang forward, but the crowd intercepted and forced her back. The bell rang and the train was gone.

She stood appalled with the calamity that had befallen her. Her head reeled, but she did not move. The crowd dispersed. The carriages rolled away. It never occurred to her to signal one.

"Did you miss the train?" the baggage master asked, as he rolled a truck by. She turned and groped her way out of the flaring glare of light, reeling as she walked.

Then she began to realize how alone she was, and how late it was, and her feet flew. Some ruffians called after her, some boys pursued her, the policeman whistled, but unheeding she sped along back to the hotel, up the stairs, into her room.

She flung herself into a chair, in tragic abandon, in the agony of despair. Suddenly the door opened. She neither looked, nor heeded.

"Why, Flossie, where have you been? What is the matter? I had to go to the midnight train to meet a friend. I sent you a message, did you not receive it? My petite darling, my cherub, my wild rose blossom," and she fainted in her husband's arms.

HALLOWE'EN AND MAYDAY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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IX months apart come two special holidays that used to be much more closely observed than now. Hallowe'en comes on the night of October 31st or All-Saints Day. It is still thought by the Scotch people to be a night when witches and devils and other unpopular and undesirable spirits are abroad on baneful midnight errands. Robert Burns' poem on Hallowe'en gives many superstitious beliefs and customs of the Scotch peasantry connected with this festival. In this country as well as abroad, young people often give Hallowe'en parties, and perform various tricks to discover their future husbands and wives. The custom of "bobbing apples" is a favorite Hallowe'en amusement, when a number of apples are put in a tub of water, and certain young people are compelled to "bob" their heads and catch the apples from the water with their teeth, their hands being tied. Among older young folks, lead is melted and poured into ice-cold water, when the shape it congeals into is supposed to distinctly forecast the future; for instance, if a young girl's lead takes the approximate form of a man, she will gain a lover during the following year; or if a man pours in lead and it takes the form of money, he is to receive that necessary article; or if it resembles a cow, a dog or a woman, he is to become the possessor of one of these desirable creatures. Hallowe'en, too, is the night when young people are prone to walk down the cellar stairs backward carrying a lighted candle, and a small mirror; and when they have reached the bottom—the young person must go alone or the weird charm will be broken—the face of the future husband or wife is seen over the victim's shoulder, in the glass, and a puff of wind from this apparition's mouth blows out the candle. At least, it will if it is a regulation and dependable apparition.

Much less gruesome are the customs pertaining to Mayday. The festive rites which have for centuries been thought appropriate to this day date back to the time of the Druids in the early days of England, when fires were lit on every hill and not only houses and gates were adorned with boughs and flowers, but churches also. Henry VIII went a-maying with Queen Catharine and many of his lords and ladies, and Mayday has been a great festival day in England ever since. We have all seen pictures of the flower-decked may-pole with gaily dressed children dancing around it. In this country it is observed similarly in some localities; although in the northern portions of the United States, the spring is usually too backward to permit of dressing poles and decking fair young girls with May-flowers. A more sensible custom is the one which northern children have of filling a quantity of small baskets with moss and flowers the night before. Then early on May morning they steal out of bed and run slyly from one house to another, hanging these baskets on the door-handles and ringing the bells, taking care to be out of sight when the door is opened. Sometimes a little verse or couplet is written and tucked away in the basket, as:

"With these pretty flowers of May
I wish you all a happy day."

There is a verse of an old English song that is very appropriate to May morning everywhere, which runs like this:

"The springtime of year is coming, coming,
And all the world is bright and gay;
Insects bright are humming, humming,
And all the world is May, love,
And all the world is May."

And, of course, many COMFORT readers, especially those of Scotch descent, are familiar with Bobby Burns' immortal lines on Hallowe'en.

ODDITIES.

They now make brandy from potatoes.
The King of Siam's hat weighs 27 pounds.
There are 1,500 miles of railroad in Japan.
London is to have a tower 1,150 feet high.
Buckwheat came originally from Siberia.
There are 512,500 telephones in this country.
Some gold veins in Australia are 130 feet wide.
A German clock is warranted to run 9,000 years.
The Rocky Mountain ranges are 300 miles wide.
In a month Great Britain uses 250,000,000 bricks.
The first cable railway was laid in San Francisco in 1873.

Last year's gold product amounted to 6,010,000 ounces.
Snakes' eggs are considered a luxury by Dakota Indians.
Broken limbs are more frequent in winter than in summer.

Women can wear trousers in France by paying a tax of \$10.
An adult perspires twenty-eight ounces in twenty-four hours.

Mr. Harrison is the only living ex-president of the United States.

A seat in the New York stock exchange recently sold for \$17,000.

A man has just died in York State by the name of Constant Agony.

The tenement houses in New York city accommodate 276,585 families.

The rubber pencil tip is said to have brought \$100,000 to its inventor.

Paris gets its water supply from six springs, through 83 miles of aqueduct.

Alaska has four newspapers, while New York has 946, and the United States 20,934.

A PUG DOG, FREE.

Nearly every one would like to have a quiet little Bow Wow, so we will send a sample of the latest out in the stuffed animal line that have had such a rage. These cute little Pug dogs can be sold in great numbers for the Holidays and Morse & Co., Augusta, Maine, desire to introduce them now, together with other new articles. Enclose four cents for mailing with complete catalogue.

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Woman's Home Journal

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Illustration of a gold watch face.

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Illustration of a woman stamping.

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CASH PAID IN ADVANCE.

Illustration of a woman in a dress.

49c. A MINUTE.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 126 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

A Child's Love for a Doll.

HAS OFTEN BEEN COMMENTED ON.—READ ABOUT THE NEW STYLE DOLLS.

Modern invention is always making startling improvements, and the latest thing just brought out is for the young people who live away from the large cities. We have just secured sale of a new kind of dolls that are absolutely indestructible, and we show you in this cut here how they look. They are about 18 inches tall, and made of elegant colored goods. In getting this doll up we have overcome the great trouble of weight, which has made such a cost in the past when shipping by mail or express. These dolls are so constructed that you fill them with cotton, hair, or sawdust, sewing them up after receiving; it takes but a few minutes to do this, and you have nearly one doll for the price of a doll. They will last for years and be a joy forever to any miss who desires a handsome doll as nice as her own sweet self.

To introduce these goods at once, and add another million to "COMFORT'S" eleven hundred thousand circulation, we will send one doll absolutely free (all charges paid by us) to every three-months' trial subscriber enclosing 15 cents; two dolls, and two dolls 25 cents; for 50 cts. Many make money selling these dolls. Send one dollar for twelve, and try it.

Address MORSE & CO., Box 235 Augusta, Maine.



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November is from the Latin *Novem*, because
it was originally the ninth month when the
year began with March.

According to an old legend the topaz is the
birth-stone for November. It denotes fidelity
and friendship and prevents bad dreams for
November's children who wear it.

The lucky days for November are marked out
by a famous astrologer as follows: 1st, 3rd, 4th,
11th, 12th, 19th, 20th, 25th, 30th. The unlucky
ones are: 2nd, 6th, 7th, 8th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th,
21st, 23rd, 24th, 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th. The
same authority predicts disastrous wrecks and
collisions on railways, with fatal results during
the month; sudden death of noted persons;
dullness of trade; and mischief generally from
storms, strikes and earthquakes.

This is the month of Thanksgiving, which
has become a national holiday, and which
should be observed by every son and daughter
of America. Since that first Thanksgiving feast
in the Plymouth Colony in 1621, when the Pil-
grim Fathers celebrated the day with a simple
dinner of wild game and succotash, but with
deeper gratefulness to God than has attended
any Thanksgiving feast since that day, the hol-
iday has changed much, both in practice and
significance. Now it is the occasion when fam-
ilies get together after months of separation;
when brothers and sisters long separated meet
and talk over old times; when the children,
now perhaps growing gray themselves, come
back to the old home and once more do honor
to father and mother, bringing their own happy
boys and girls for a good time at grandpa's. It
is a great day for all; and we are sorry for any
who may not have an old home or old friends
with whom to exchange good cheer for Thank-
sgiving; or who have no thankfulness in their
hearts, for the giver of all good.

The "drear November days" have come,
which poets tell us are the saddest of the year.
But are they the saddest? and if they are, need
they be? Is it not our own fault if November,
or any other kind of days are sad? Does it not
depend largely upon us as individuals whether
the times are sad and the future depressing?
Life is what we make it; and unless we choose
to take gloomy views of things, and look only
upon the dark side, forgetting that there is al-
ways hope ahead, we may still find a little
brightness in the future. The story of the old
negro woman who had lost all her friends, and
was reduced to a state of abject poverty, but
who in the face of starvation found comfort
and cheerfulness in "tinkin' ob her marcies" is
an old one; but it contains a salutary lesson
for all of us. Life is never so dreary that we
cannot find one ray of hope. November days
often show glimpses of bright skies and warm,
soothing breezes, and, even, sometimes melt
away in that most beautiful weather in the
whole year, the Indian summer. And so may
we all find glimpses of present pleasure and
future joy in the dullest periods of life. We
have only to "tink ob our marcies."

Coming events cast their shadows before; and
this is the month for thinking of holiday pres-
ents. A particularly appropriate hint for
these hard times is the suggestion that it is
not so much the value of a Christmas gift as
the usefulness and practicality of it. Do not
waste your money and time in giving useless
things, or such as will not have a lasting value.
There is one gift, however, that will be particu-
larly acceptable and profitable to your friends.
We mean a subscription to *COMFORT*. How can
you give them so much and so continued enjoy-
ment for twenty-five cents, as to send them a
subscription to this most popular and enter-
taining of all papers? With its sixty prize
stories besides many other short ones in the
course of a year, its varied and unique depart-
ments, and its hundreds of valuable and prac-
tical hints for all walks in life, there is no
other way of getting so much for twenty-five
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sequently, when you read *COMFORT*, you are not
getting a re-hash of what has already appeared
in scores of others; but you are getting a vast
amount of original matter which you will not
get anywhere else. Give your friends a year's
subscription to *COMFORT* for a holiday remem-
brance, and see if they don't vote it the most

entertaining and perpetual source of *Comfort*
they ever received. Many entirely new features
will be added the coming year.

The art of out-lawry, it would seem by the
recent astonishingly plentiful cases of train-
robbery, has come to be almost as much of a
regular calling as burglary. Scarcely a week
has passed for a few months past, that an in-
stance of it has not occurred somewhere in the
United States. It is high time that something
was done to check this alarming peculiarity of
crime. In fact something has been done, and
it does not seem too much to hope that out-
lawry has at last received a setback by the
prompt action of the railway officials who
operate a line running out of St. Joseph, Mo.
The officials learned in some way that the out-
laws had conspired to stop a certain train at
Amazonia, and execute thereon a sample of the
brigandage so neatly performed in other sec-
tions of the country only a few days before. In-
stead of arresting the conspirators, the authori-
ties fitted up a decoy-train and filled it with
armed officers. The train-robbers stopped the
decoy and entered the express car. As a result
there were two dead train robbers and one or
two wounded ones, while all the gang were
captured. This might be—and doubtless was
by the miscreants themselves, considered harsh
treatment, but under the circumstances, not to
be regretted. Something has long been needed
to bring the express-car and stage-coach band-
its to a realizing sense of the fact that there
is law in the land. It is a sad truth that the
individuals of the train-robbery fraternity do
not care a fig for the law, holding its methods
and punishments in disdain and shooting mur-
derously at honest men. It was a sharp lesson,
but one that will probably be remembered and
heeded throughout the land. And it may not
be too much to expect that the epidemic of
train-robbery shall hereafter be on the de-
crease.

The epidemic of suicides which has swept
over this country during the past few months
may well cause the thoughtful public to stop
and ask whether we are tending. The mental
and spiritual callousness indicated by this too
evident impulse to rush from the known into
the unknown, to flee from present ills to those
we know not of, cannot be too deeply deplored.

There has been a great amount of nonsense
written about the right to commit suicide.
Much of it has been enough to make a morbid
man think that in some way the act of self-
destruction brought a certain honorable credit
to the one committing it. People who utter
this doctrine cannot be too severely con-
demned. Suicide, save where it results from
actual madness, is and always will be regarded
as a disgrace. It is cowardice; it is a confes-
sion of defeat, of inability to cope with cir-
cumstances which weaker men have sur-
mounted. Again the God who gave us life has
alone the right to end it. If we are too weak to
live, we certainly are not strong enough to die.
For with the act of self-destruction, the self-
destroyer's soul goes out into the great beyond,
guilty of murder, guilty of one unrepented sin;
and no force on earth can estimate just how
handicapped such a soul is in the new and un-
tried and utterly unknown existence beyond
the grave. No doctrine, except that of utter
annihilation, can countenance suicide. The
mind that regards it as anything else than
shame needs to be braced up by hard exercise
and the divine tonic of common sense. The
man who commits suicide leaves as his final
testimony that life is all a failure, and, worse
yet, that he is too cowardly to face the future.
There is no excuse for it. Grief, shame, starva-
tion, are more to a man's credit than this
crime against the laws of the land, and against
himself.

A FATAL FOLLY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ELIZABETH LEE.

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It was the sunset of
the year. The moun-
tains glowed with
brilliantly tinted foli-
age, and a clump of
hickories on the side
of Edge Mountain
showed gold on the
slab roof of the log
meeting-house. A
group of mountaineers stood round the door,
rallying one of their number because his
sweatshirt was "carrying on" with another
man. It was evidently a sore subject, and his
fierce words might have led to blows, had not
the women indoors raised a hymn just then, as
a signal that the afternoon services were about
to begin. As their shrill voices rang out:

"Saviour visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Lest Thou visit us again."

The men trooped in, Mose Haskins casting ugly
looks at his tormentors, and scowling at a fair
girl among the singers near the pulpit. She
seemed not to see him, but smiled and blushed
towards a young man across the room; Mose
reddened, and savagely gnawed the ends of his
drooping, sandy mustache.

Song and sermon went on. A blue-fly buzzed
on the window, tantalizingly near an attenu-
ated spider. Sunbeams danced with shadows
on the floor, and flickered on the minister's
bald head as he knelt in prayer. But his words
were all unheard. Something drew all eyes to
the door and froze every heart with terror.
There, on the sill worn by devout feet, was a
mad dog. Its red tongue lolled from its mouth,
green-white foam dripped from its jaws, its
sweat-covered sides rose and fell as it stood,

panting, and glaring. And still the blue-fly
droned on the window-pane, light coquetted
with shadow on the floor, and the trees shook
down their lavish gold.

The minister looked up and his words died
away in silence. During one awful moment,
fear paralyzed every one. Then Mose Haskins
spit out his quid of tobacco, drew himself to
his awkward, brawny height, and said:

"When I ketch holt o' the varmint, y'all make
for the do'."

An agonized voice cried:

"Don't, Mose, don't! Oh God! Oh God!"

His face softened as he gave one look at the
girl in pink calico near the pulpit; then he
strode towards the frenzied brute. As it sprang
at him, he grasped at its throat, but the dog
was quicker than he. The sharp, cruel teeth
buried themselves in his right wrist, the deadly
foam mingled with his spurting blood. The
people groaned and screamed, but Mose did not
flinch. This chance, too, he had counted.
Quickly his left hand throttled the brute with
a grasp like steel, choked it, killed it; while
men, women, and children thronged out un-
harméd.

The dog's death-struggles were soon over,
and kicking it aside, Mose went mechanically
out among the crowd. Already, he felt walled
from it by the awful doom he had brought
down on himself. The figures moved before
him like creatures of a dream. What had he to
do with them, their gratitude, their suggested
remedies?

"Let me be, let me be," he cried to them all.
"What's the use of palaverin' an' tinkerin'?"
It's thar—that death-pizen's thar," and he
strode swiftly away, down the mountain,
towards his home. His home? What right
had he to go there, to distress, to terrify—it
might be to kill? He stopped short and stared
down at the houses in the clearings below. One
was his home; another hers; and there were
the woods and fields where they had roamed to-
gether from childhood.

Even as he looked, the late afternoon shadows
fell across the farm places, dulling the glory of
sumac, oak, maple and hickory, and crept
steadily onward, upward. It seemed as if the
shadow of death chased him, and, seized with a
wild desire to escape, he turned and fled up the
gorge through which the sunlit heights of Pond
Summit smiled on him. On, up, in frenzied
haste, while the shadows followed so fast, that
as he reached the mountain top they overtook
him, and the last sun-rays were tangled in the
tree-tops. The shadow of darkness was on
him; but there was the shining Heaven with its
sunset lights reflected in No-Bottom Pond.

He went down to the lake-shore, and with
vacant eyes watched the pink glow crimson and
fade. He did not look up till a hand was laid
on his elbow. Then he started.

"Oney, is it yer shadder?" he asked.

"It's me, Mose," answered the girl, "I kem
ahint you up the mounting, for—I love you."

He seemed to have no power to speak. Only
the sobs of the girl and the whirr of belated in-
sects broke the stillness. The stars came out
in the sky above; their fellows came out in the
lake below.

"Oh, Mose, how could you?" she cried.

Then at last he spoke:

"Bein' a man, thar wa'n't nothin' else to do.
As we've kept com'ny so long, Oney, would
you mind kissin' me just once to show all's
right twixt us?"

She threw both arms around his neck and he
pressed his lips to hers. Then she implored
him to forgive her, saying she had always
loved him, had never cared for Jim Barnes—
till at last she sobbed herself quiet.

"I dunno why I kem here," he said presently,
"peared like I wanted to get away from the
shadder, but it ketch me. They'll have to
fasten me up somewheres—chain me most
likely. I'm powerful strong," he said, with a
remnant of his old pride in the fact, "an' I
mought hurt somebody. But you needn't be
afraid o' me—not yit, Oney. But here 'tis the
very shank o' the day and you mammy'll be
worried about you. We must be goin'."

As he stepped forward, a loose stone turned
under his foot. He tried to regain his balance,
but reeled, and fell backward in the dark
water. Oney sprang forward and saw him rise,
only to sink. She screamed again and again;
hundreds of startled wild creatures echoed her
cries, till the mountain was alive and wild with
noise; but there came no sound from the lake
save the splash and gurgle of the disturbed
waters.

When the men seeking Mose Haskins arrived
a little later, Oney lay in a death-like swoon;
and there was not one ripple on the smooth
surface of No-Bottom Pond.

In an old stone convent that stands overlook-
ing the Potomac in western Maryland, is a nun
who never smiles and whose sad face never
changes expression. It is the once coquettish
girl, who tried her lover's patience so sorely,
the day that he went to his death.

She could never dissociate from her mind
the idea that in some way she was responsible
for it, and an idea of expiation took firm hold
upon her. In novels she had read how disap-
pointed girls, whose lives held only emptiness
in the future, went into a convent.

She knew nothing about the life, and nothing
about the religion; but she felt that there must
be a refuge for her. So one day she had stood
at the convent door and begged to be taken in.

Her pitiful condition won the sympathy of
the sisters and she was allowed to remain; as
days went on, she grew more unhappy at the
thought of taking up the old life again, and
after a time she was novitiated, and finally
took the veil.

But, even in her life of sacrifice, filled with
its duties, and its work for others, she can
never blot out the horror of that one birthday
which destroyed youth and happiness for her.
Her heart had died with Mose Haskins.

FACTS ABOUT THE FAIR.

The total paid attendance, up to August 31st, was
over 10,000,000 people.

There is a twelve-foot-in-diameter globe made of
Para rubber in the Brazilian section.

One of the Esquimaux boys was drowned in the
pond at one side of their village a few weeks ago.

A father, mother and six grown-up daughters have
been visiting the Fair together this month from
Michigan.

The Javanese village has been closed, on account
of alleged high prices charged by the Fair Com-
missioners.

The live-stock pavilion attracts much attention,
every known breed of cattle or horses being found
there.

Machinery Hall had a novel exhibit recently, when
electricity pumped lemonade all the afternoon, in-
stead of water.

For the first time the Woman's building was given
over to men when the West Point Cadets held their
ball there, August 25th.

A reader of our paper has inquired regarding
the Beethoven Organ Co., of Washington, N. J.
The best answer we can make to same is the
following received by the Company from one
of our subscribers:

I received the Organ you sent me in first-class con-
dition, and am very much surprised at getting such a
good instrument for that price. I will cheerfully
recommend them to anyone wanting an Organ. Please
send me another catalogue.

Mrs. Jas. H. Johnson, 533 River St., Paterson, N. J.

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sands and thousands of
ladies in the United States
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have an opportunity, I will
give to every caller, abso-
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living outside of city, or in any part of the world, I
will send it safely packed, plain wrapper, all charges
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ness, black-heads, acne, eczema, oiliness or rough-
ness, or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and
wrinkles (not caused by facial expression) FACE
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as cosmetics do, but is a cure. Address all communi-
cation or call on MADAME A. RUPPERT,
6 East 14th St., NEW YORK.

BOYS' COMBINATION SUITS—

Consisting of Double-Breasted Coat, two
pairs of Knee Pants, and a nice Hat—all
made to match—out of the same piece of
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arms, or any part of the person,
without pain or injury to the skin.

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EDITOR'S NOTE. The following rules govern the publication of matter in this department.

Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to Comfort, and every contribution must bear the writer's own name and post office address in full.

Original letter. Only which deal with matters of general interest will be published. They must be brief, plain and correct as the writers can make them and may vary in length from one hundred to four hundred words. Only letters of exceptional merit and interest may reach 650. Contributors must write on one side of their paper only.

Every month a number of prize monograms composed of the writer's initials, will be awarded to those sending the best contributions. These monograms, which will be most desirable ornaments for stationery, cards, etc., will be printed in connection with the respective letters, and new electrotypes of same will be mailed, post paid, to the prize winners.

\$10 CASH PRIZES \$10

In addition to the foregoing, the following cash prizes will be paid monthly:

1st. For the best original letter	\$3.00
2nd. " " second best original letter,	2.50
3rd. " " third " " "	2.00
4th. " " fourth " " "	1.50
5th. " " fifth " " "	1.00

Competitors for these monthly cash prizes must comply with all the above rules, and in addition must bring at least one new Cousin into the COMFORT circle; that is, they must send one new subscriber with each letter, together with 25 cents for a yearly subscription.

These cash prizes will be announced monthly in this department.

All communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

CASH PRIZE WINNERS FOR NOVEMBER.

Edith Helen Wheeler,	first prize,	\$3.00
L. Marie Dennison,	second prize,	2.50
Mrs. M. M. Dee,	third prize,	2.00
Mary E. Warner,	fourth prize,	1.50
N. Julian Klock,	fifth prize,	1.00

MONOGRAM PRIZE WINNERS.

Joseph E. Brand,	Edith Helen Wheeler.
Mary E. Warner,	Lizzie Cockrell,
Anna M. Marshall,	Emil Erni,
Adolph Balloff,	May Adams.

NOW, Cousins, I want you all to make me a Christmas present. That is a pretty bold request, isn't it? But listen. I want this corner to be the banner department of COMFORT. This month we make the first announcement of our monthly cash prizes; but we want these prizes increased, and in order to make it worth while for the publishers to grant this desire, you will have to bring a lot of new Cousins into our circle. So I want each one of you to send me a Christmas present of at least one—and the more the better—new Cousin, together with the 25 cents necessary to pay for one year's subscription. So you see I am not so very grasping after all. I am sure one new Cousin apiece is not a hard thing to ask of you. One boy in the electrical department has sent in several hundred. If one person out of each of the one million two hundred thousand homes where Aunt Minerva makes her voice heard every month would send me this Christmas present, I could return the favor by offering you such prizes as would both astonish and please you all.

Now for the first prize letter, which is from a college girl and treats of something interesting to all:

"You have doubtless heard of the English 'Lady Cricketers,' of base-ball among American school-girls; and now I want to tell you about 'basket-ball,' with which the freshmen and sophomores of Smith College vary their gymnasium work, and which resembles foot-ball. Near the end of the winter term in 1893, the representative teams of the two classes met to contend for the honors, distinguished by the bright green of '95' or the violet of '96' on every blouse, and boys of their respective colors on their arms. The 'gym' gallery was filled with anxious classmates, the line rigidly drawn between Sophomores and Seniors on the left, and the Freshmen with their protecting Juniors on the right, a glance at the flaunting flags and draperies being sufficient to locate either. In two diagonally opposite corners, suspended from iron hoops in the gallery, are pockets of rope, so arranged that the bottom of each is a little below the reach of the tallest girl, chosen from the nine who constitute each team as 'home man' to throw the ball into the 'basket,' which is the object of the game. Two or three other girls of good height are detailed to protect the 'home man' from the particularly tall and active opponent who makes it her business to frustrate all efforts to get the ball into the basket, while others, quick of perception and movement, are scattered between the two baskets. The ball, a regulation leather foot-ball, is thrown by the umpire directly down the center, and quickly seized by some player and tossed to another of her side, so rapidly as to make the spectator almost dizzy. The running in this game must be done before reaching the ball, not after getting it; and woe to the player who runs a step with the ball in her hands, or who even holds it more than five seconds; for she scores a 'foul' for her side, and three 'fouls' give one point to the opponent's. Before the ball has made many flights it falls into the grasp of the other side, or is struck

from its course by a girl who is unable to stop it herself. Then ensues a wild scramble, and a mass of waving arms keeps the ball in the air for a while. But if once a girl has the ball in both hands, it is considered only fair to leave her in possession; and the player who is given to 'snatching' balls is regarded with disfavor. If it falls to the floor there is another melee, differing from a foot-ball 'rush' only in intensity. Sometimes the ball rolls along the floor, or a skilled player, after making a feat of throwing it, stoops and rolls it right between the feet of the excited girls. In such a case I have seen several give chase, only to be fore-stalled by one who would throw herself on the ball, often with the others on top of her, finally emerging dusty but triumphant. The captains of the respective teams, though taking part in the game, are mainly occupied in looking as many ways as possible at once, and in shouting directions to doubtful players; for truly in basket-ball the one who hesitates is lost. Sooner or later the ball reaches the 'home man,' who is free from disturbance while she is poised the ball for the upward throw; but the instant it leaves her hand the enemy is ready to strike at it, and even if they are unsuccessful, it may fall back several times into her hands or her allies', before it finally drops over the edge, and a great sigh of relief announces the end."

EDITH HELEN WHEELER, Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

The next is a vivid description of a berrying trip; I am sure most of you will sympathize with the trials of the writer.

"A more perfect day could not have been desired than the one chosen for our blueberry picnic. Bright and early faithful 'Dobbin' was harnessed into a serviceable hay-rack, and jingling pails and baskets, mingled with shouts of joyous laughter, heralded our departure for 'Old White Cap.' 'Faithful Dobbin,' by the way, was the possessor of more flesh than speed, and we bid fair to reach the home of the bear and blueberry about midnight. Many 'get-ups' and 'g'langs' were necessary to keep the wheels a-rolling, but a liberal application of our persuading stick enabled us to reach our destination much sooner than we expected. Such delicious berries everywhere in abundance! How we flitted from one bush to another, each one eager to first fill her pail or basket. Berries in front of us, berries behind us! Seating myself in the middle of a batch of bushes heavily laden with the succulent fruit, I dexterously deposited handful after handful into my waiting basket, entirely oblivious to everything else around me. Time flew rapidly, and I had succeeded in nearly filling my dishes when a terrible chill seized me and I saw to my consternation that a heavy fog was fast settling over the mountain. I could see hardly two rods before me. But my friends! Where were they? I lustily called 'hello-hello-o' but no answer. Alone on the mountain! What should I do! I could not tell which was north, south, east or west. My own voice startled me as it floated tremulously through the atmosphere, bringing back not the faintest echo. Imaginary forms of wild-cats and all sorts of animals loomed up before me. So completely unnerved had I become with fear, that every bush was transformed into a bristling bear. Blueberries had no further charms for me—pail, basket, dipper and all were left behind me as monuments of my indiscretion. I frantically rushed from one place to another, hoping in some unaccountable way to stumble upon a way of exit. At last! Joy unspeakable! Providence had guided my footsteps, for straight before me I beheld a path that led somewhere. It surely was not the one over which I had so recently traveled, but, nevertheless, a path which I eagerly followed, bringing up in the adjoining town of Rumford, six miles from the Andover exit. I had no difficulty in securing some one to drive me around the mountain, where I found my friends excitedly agitating the wisdom of retracing their steps to search for the missing one. They had with delight my timely appearance, and although I sadly mourned the loss of my blueberries, I congratulated myself upon my lucky escape from a night of horror upon the lonely mountain; possibly to be devoured by wild beasts or to die from fear and exposure."

L. MARIE DENNISON, 196 Summer St., Lynn, Mass.

We are never tired of hearing of the wonders of the great West.

"The Columbia River in Oregon was discovered and named by Captain Robert Gray in 1792. He found in this 'great north-west' but a few traders and numerous tribes of Indians. What a change in a century! The Indians now are in the minority and the trader's camp has given place to the settler's homestead and the farmer's residence. The river's banks are lined with cities and villages, with churches, mills and canneries, for the Columbia's salmon fisheries are second to none in the world. Fort Hancock's and Canby's guns guard the river's mouth. At first the bar was quite treacherous, but jetties have been built and a light-ship stationed until now it is comparatively safe. Hundreds of ships from all nations now traverse waters which once the Indian canoe alone disturbed. Our gallant war-ship 'The Monterey' has just left. The Haytian Republic is now at anchor at Portland, loaded with Chinese who are very indignant at not being allowed to land indiscriminately; while many nations are lying at docks, taking on cargoes of lumber, grain, flour and other products of our soil. A poet describes Portland thus: 'Set in the wrinkle of a city's bill, the city sparkles like a grain of salt.' Only there are several wrinkles in the hills, and the river is spanned by three bridges while the fourth is begun. The phenomenal growth of Oregon and Washington was due in a great measure to the heroic efforts of Dr. Whitney, who, with another missionary and their wives, were the first white persons to cross this country with wagons. When they arrived in Oregon City they found the British fur traders trying to get possession of the Northwest territory, which they held jointly with the U. S., and sent discouraging reports to Washington about it. Dr. Whitney knew they did not want immigration to scare away the fur-bearing animals. He also saw the delightful climate, boundless forests and fertile valleys for homes, and he was positive that if the true condition of affairs were reported at Washington, the British Fur Co. would never gain possession of the territory. It was necessary for him to start immediately to get there before Congress met in the spring, and he made that perilous journey in mid-winter and almost alone, saving thousands of homes for American settlers. He returned the next year bringing a train of emigrants and from that time emigration continued. But civilization makes little change in the natural scenery along the Columbia. Mt. Hood, Jefferson and St. Helens's must have looked the same a century ago. I will mention a few points of interest. Cape Horn is a point of rocks rising perpendicularly from the surface of the water to the height of several hundred feet, with little streams of water trickling down the rocks over ferns and moss. Needle's Rock is a high column with a stunted fir-tree growing alone on the top. Then there are Castle, Rooster and Table Rocks, beside the waterfalls—Bridal Veil, Latourelle and Multnomah. The Cascades almost defy navigation, and some of the largest locks in the world are being constructed there. The Grand Coulee in Washington is supposed to have once been the bed of the Columbia. It is walled by perpendicular cliffs of rock from one to three hundred feet high, and there is only one pass in seventy miles. The greatest curiosity in that region is Steamboat Rock, standing in the bed of the canyon with its bow up stream. Tall fir trees form its masts, while shrubs and rocks are the other material that nature has used in building her steamboat."



FALLS OF MULTNOMAH.

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Chester P. O., Multnomah Co., Portland, Oregon.

Who can help liking this bright, chatty letter about salt?

"Sammy asked at the breakfast table this morning, 'What is salt?' His uncle Will gave the definition of the little school-boy, 'It is what makes potatoes taste bad if you don't put it on.' 'And it comes from the ocean,' said Jennie, who had just entered the eighth grade. 'They dig shallow places a good many yards square, one a little lower than the other, and when the tide comes in they are filled. The water in the highest one slowly drips into the other and from this into the next, and the sun takes up some of the water into the clouds and by and by crystals of salt are left on the ground. They scrape up this salt and send it to market. Sometimes they wash the dirt out, and sometimes they boil this sea salt down until it is perfectly clear. That is the way they make rock salt into table salt.'

"There are great rocks of salt underground and they were all under water once. Salt rocks are found near Cracow, Poland. Miles and miles of caverns sparkle as though diamonds were sprinkled all over the walls, and there is a lake with echoes, and beautiful halls and houses where the miners live. The air is so pure there nobody is ever sick—eight hundred and forty feet below the surface. One of the oldest salt mines in the world is in Cheshire, England. It has been worked ever since the Romans occupied the country, and there seems an inexhaustible supply there yet. But we do not need to go to England for the salt we use, which mostly comes from New York and Michigan. It is manufactured in twenty-three States over here. It comes from springs, and the water is evaporated in shallow pans or kettles by stove heat or steam. Onondaga County is the chief source of supply in New York and the Saginaw valley in Michigan. Seven hundred thousand barrels of salt are manufactured in Michigan. During the war a bed of rock salt was accidentally discovered in Petit Anse, in Louisiana, and supplied the Confederate army for a long time. Nearly every nation in the world has a salt supply. The Scotch and Irish used to place earth over the heart of a corpse to represent the corruptible part and salt to represent the immortal spirit. In ancient times a spring of salt water was regarded as an especial gift of God. The Germans would wage war for such a place, thinking their prayers would be readily heard. In Abyssinia and Tibet cakes of salt have been used as money, and away back in Bible history a covenant of salt is spoken of (Num. 18:19), to say nothing of Lot's wife! Among the Orientals those partaking of a meal with salt are bound together by sacred ties of friendship; hence the phrase, 'There is salt between us.' Some people are very superstitious in regard to spilling salt, regarding it as an evil omen. Let us all take for our motto the words of Paul, 'Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt.'"

MARY E. WARNER, Lock Box 125, Allegan, Mich.

Although the incidents of the civil war are still vivid in the memories of those whose heads are whitening with age, the younger people know of them only as a part of history, and listen with wonder to tales of suffering from one who was there and shared them. But such are passing rapidly away and soon will not be here to relate them.

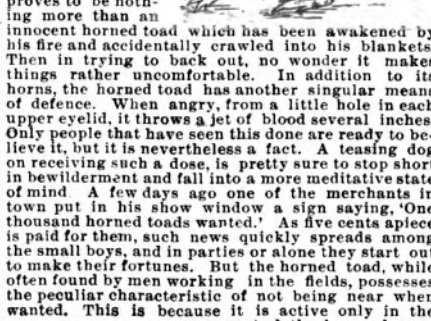
"When we see a disabled veteran hobbling along as best he can, we both respect and admire him. Many of these can be seen nearly every day in the pretty village of Bath, N. Y., near which is the State Soldiers' and Sailors' Home."

Wending our way up the Cohocton valley we catch sight of five three-story brick barracks. On the one side the hills slope to the river's brink, and on the other they verge the road-side. Great trees skirt the horizon and tower upward like giants. The Cohocton river gurgles as it flows onward to the Susquehanna. But hark! we hear soft strains of music in the distance, which swell until the whole valley echoes and re-echoes with harmonies from the Soldiers' Home band—one of the best in the Empire State. This institution was opened Christmas Eve, 1878, with twenty-five veterans; but since then there have been over four thousand men fed and housed there. There is a hospital, with room for two hundred patients, a chapel, reading room, amusement hall, bath house, bakery, several work-shops and a beautiful greenhouse. As one crosses the bridge spanning the river the beauty of the place claims attention. There is the park and the fountain of sparkling water, and one of the most lovely lawns in western New York, around which are extensive walks and public roads with beautiful shrubs and flowers. Above all are the stars and stripes floating on the breeze; and back of the buildings, a monument indicating the place where the dead soldiers are buried."

N. JULIAN KLOCK, Box 216, Bath, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Here comes a new Cousin with a description of the horned toad, which is not a toad proper, but a lizard.

"It is yellowish beneath, and gray above, with irregular patches of black and white. Its average length is four inches, its body oval, ending in a short tail, and the shape of its head between that of a lizard and a toad. But the curious thing about it is, that all its upper surface is covered with short horns, slanting slightly backwards. A row of longer ones on the back of its head makes a resemblance to a crown. On its under side small plates or scales take the place of horns. Though so odd and formidable in appearance, the horned toad is really a pretty creature. If unmolested it is perfectly harmless, and children often play with the 'cunning little fellows.' Sometime a hunter or camper in these regions is startled from his slumbers by feeling something awful in his bed. It proves to be nothing more than an innocent horned toad which has been awakened by his fire and accidentally crawled into his blankets. Then in trying to back out, no wonder it makes things rather uncomfortable. In addition to its horns, the horned toad has another singular means of defence. When angry, from a little hole in each upper eyelid, it throws a jet of blood several inches. Only people that have seen this done are ready to believe it, but it is nevertheless a fact. A teasing dog on receiving such a dose, is pretty sure to stop short in bewilderment and fall into a more meditative state of mind. A few days ago one of the merchants in town put in his show window a sign saying, 'One thousand horned toads wanted.' As five cents apiece is paid for them, such news quickly spreads among the small boys, and in parties or alone they start out to make their fortunes. But the horned toad, while often found by men working in the fields, possesses the peculiar characteristic of not being near when the warmer part of the day, and even then generally stays under some low weed. As a result, one of these young fortune-seekers may hunt half a day and find only one toad for his labor; but this will not fully discourage him—for what small boy exists that would not prefer to work hard roaming the country for half a day, in order to put a single nickel in his pocket, to working an hour at home, earning his bread and butter? The toads thus secured are sent to the World's Fair, to be mounted and sold as souvenirs. Though it is contrary to law, people often send them alive to the East by mail. They can live for several weeks with nothing to eat, and a few flies will keep them alive for two months or more. The trap door spider is another curious creature, but I cannot tell of that now."



HOINED TOAD.

JOSEPH E. BRAND, 1015 Patrick St., East Los Angeles, Cal.



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HARD TIMES BICYCLES

Agts wanted. To reduce stock we offer prices that are positive inducements even in these times. Easy payments if desired. A high grade Ordinary \$14; ball bearing 28-in. Cushion Safety \$40; high grade 30-in. Pneumatic \$75, etc. Big direct to first purchaser in each town. Can suit any purse. Cash free. House, Hazard & Co. 101 E. 9th, Duluth, Minn.

One would naturally think any boy would rather earn money in an easier way—such as is offered him in our electrical department, for instance!

The following letter is extremely well worded and neatly written and we are glad to award it a monogram:

"In the Sierra Nevada wilderness, south of the famous Yosemite Valley, there is a grand valley of the same name. It is situated on the south forks of King's river and is called 'King's River Yosemite.' This valley is about ten miles long, half a mile wide, and the rocks of granite that form the walls are from 2,500 to 5,000 feet in height. The bottom of the valley is about 5,000 feet above the sea. Every mountain shines with rock crystals, snow and a network of streams. The area of the basin drained by the streams entering the valley is about 450 square miles. The valley has many grand domes, canons and parks. The most noted dome is the Sphinx, so called because it terminates in a curious sphinx-like figure. The most beautiful canons are Paradise and Tundall. Between Deer Park and Roaring Fall there are many things to attract one's attention, but the most admired are the sugar-pine grove, and the circular meadow which is a magnificent garden containing hundreds of different kinds of flowers. One lily almost six feet high had ten open flowers. The frailest flowers bloom on the brows of the great canon rocks and frosty peaks up to the height of 10,000 feet, as well as in valleys, meadows and on banks of streams."



Now let us have something to laugh at:

"I was walking, about nine o'clock at night, down a street of Charlottesville, West Va., when I heard a voice coming from an old building that looked like darkness itself. I paid no attention at first, but presently heard someone say: 'What shall I do with Tom Jones?' 'Throw him in that box,' answered another voice. My attention was at once aroused. What were they going to put a man in a box for? I looked up and down the street. No one in sight; such a dark night and the very place to commit murder! Surely the poor fellow was dead already, or if not, what could I do alone to aid him? 'What shall I do with Mary Anderson?' whispered the first voice. 'Heaven's! a helpless woman murdered! Oh, if someone would only come! My tongue clogs to my mouth. Throw her on that pile with the others.' Horror of horrors! I was paralyzed with fear; not only a man, a helpless woman, but a pile of them; murder being done by the wholesale! I must do something even if I risked my own life. I stretched out my hand to support myself sufficiently to call, run or do something, when suddenly a light was turned on and I beheld postmaster John Locke and his clerk distributing the mail."

MRS. LIZZIE COCKRELL, Box 37 Charlottesville, Jeff. Co., West Va.

Here is a curious tale, a monkey's tale, so to speak!

"An Italian with two remarkably well-trained monkeys and a family of trained white rats coin money on the western streets. So well-trained are they that one of the monkeys takes a rat in his arms as a mother would hold a baby. The other monkey plays the doctor, and not only does he look at the rat's tongue, but he pours water from a bottle into a tiny spoon and gives his patient a dose of medicine. Both monkeys dress themselves in complete suits of clothes, even to the stockings and shoes, lacing up the latter and tying the strings neatly and securely. To prove the thoroughness of their training, the writer was told to pick up the coat belonging to one of the monkeys, and unobserved by the animal turn one of the sleeves inside out. This was done and the coat placed back again. The monkey, after several attempts to put the coat on, took it entirely off, discovered and righted the turned sleeve and then, angrily chattering at being interfered with, slipped on the garment and went on with his part of the show."

I suppose you all know there is to be a great exposition in San Francisco this winter, something like the World's Fair.

"The editor of the San Francisco Chronicle," writes a new Column this summer, "proposed having a fair at San Francisco, and have as many things as could be sent from Chicago here. Men were sent out to see what the citizens of San Francisco would be willing to do. Several of the merchants gave as high as \$1,000. The collection up to August 28th amounted to \$400,000. On the 24th of August the ground was broken by M. De Young, President of the Fair, before an assemblage of 80,000 people. The first shovel-ful of soil was sold at auction. A silver shovel was presented, and a silver box also, to put the sand in. This is what the box contained: A tiny silver shovel, a miniature of the one used in breaking the soil; a twenty dollar gold piece, the first coined in San Francisco; the first nugget of gold found by Marshall; a ten dollar gold piece coined in 1852; and nuggets of gold found near Butte's mill, where gold was first discovered. This box was sold for \$850. The gentleman that bought it presented it to the committee to sell again at auction, and they will determine whether the articles shall be sold separately or not. The receipts go towards the Fair, which opens Jan. 1st, 1894. Railroad rates will be very low then, and a great many Eastern people are expected here. I live 72 1-4 miles north of San Francisco."

MAY ADAMS, Callistoga, Napa Co., Cal.

Now let us take space for this description of Indian mats:

"First the Indians mount their ponies and go to a marsh where there are plenty of reeds like fish poles. These they get by going out in a raft on the marsh. They cut them to an even length and put them in the sun to dry two or three days, when they braid them together (three at a time) and sew them with birch bark. These they color with pieces of iron ore and put many designs on them. These mats are very useful in winter: used instead of carpets. My father bought one for fifty cents and put it in our hall. We have had it over six months and it looks just the same as when we got it."

EMIL BERT, Antigo, Wis.

In addition to the above we have received many more letters which would gladly be published if space allowed. Among them, due credit is given to: Orville H. Stewart, Adams, Ind., good letter about a grove-tower; Miss Eva Warne, Hetland, S. D., letter about South Dakota; Miss Louise M. Waterhouse, Poland, Me., "Works of Nature"; Miss Emeline S. Blair, Toledo, Ohio, description of Fourth of July at an insane asylum; Chas. M. Ingram, Montgomery, La., on his mother's death; Miss Ida M. Hopf, Lake Linden, Mich., description of village; Mrs. J. P. Daniels, Humble, Harris Co., Texas, letter on Louisiana; B. A. Brown, South Hill, Ark., sorghum molasses; S. H. Dunbar, Greenup, Ill., train-robbing; W. H. Shewalter, Hinton, Va., Valley of Virginia; F. N. Williams, St. Louis, visit to Canada; Lillian A. Faas, Leeds, Miss., poetry (which can never be used here); L. Edwin Lantz, Lot, West Va., story of a famous bandit; Mary C. Hutchings, W. 73d St., New York, trials of a young wife; E. Harris Plaisance, on New Orleans (which has been fully described here); J. Thomas Flippin, Flippin, Ky., his native State; Miss Mollie Smith, De Pue, Ill., fishing trip; G. E. Ebert, Lamar, Ark., cotton growing (already des-

cribed); John C. Beidler, Shelby, Pa., good letter on Valley Forge (described last summer); Mrs. Annie Roberts, Silver Mountain, Ontario, silver mining; G. Clifton Minor, Baltimore, Md., literature for girls; Albert Miller, Columbia, S. C., free libraries; M. S. Elkins, West Chazy, N.Y., excellent letter on the region around him; Nannie C. Brown, South Butte, Mont., life in Montana; T. M. Hummel, Port Hudson, La., description of place; Rose E. Babcock, Georgetown, D. C., "getting lost"; Gertrude T. Stevens, Houlton, Me., letter about Maine.

Understand, please, that all these would have been given space if possible; and I desire in this way to publicly thank you all for your interest. Now, let us see who will be cash and monogram winners next month. And don't forget my Christmas present!

AUNT MINERVA.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY EMMA PLATER SEABURY.

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HE had finished reading "Mental Telegraphy" in the December Harper's Magazine, and sprang up clapping her dainty little hands. "I have it," she said; "I will write to Philip. I haven't heard from him for six months. I wrote last. I couldn't write again, after that spiteful letter, in which I as good as told him I did not love him because I heard he was engaged to a girl from Denver, just home from Paris, who owned a silver mine. But there is always the horrible uncertainty of something happening to a letter. The mails might be robbed, or the postman might lose it, or one's address might change. Now let me see. Yes, Mark Twain says, just write, and send telegraphic messages, then pigeon-hole the letter, and an answer will be there in twenty-four hours, more or less. I'll say thirty-six from Denver to New York. It will be here on Wednesday, by the 3 P. M. delivery. Now for the letter."

My Dear Philip: I am so sorry that I wrote that unkind letter. I love, and always have loved you, and it seems as if all the joy and color have gone out of my life since I ceased to hear from you. I don't care for anything. My pretty dresses give me no pleasure when you are never to see and admire them. My drives are dull, my dances stupid, and Broadway intolerable with no hope of meeting you. My dearest old sweetheart, if I could tell you this, and feel you strong, loving arms around me, I could defy the world and be the happiest girl living. Please write very soon."

She folded it, with flaming cheeks, sealed and addressed it. She could not do an unwomanly thing, and it seemed just a little questionable to dare to think she loved him. She added a double touch of sealing wax, and leaned back in her chair, meditatively, a few moments, her hands clasping her curly head. Then she jumped up and locked the letter in her desk. "I wish there was a well to throw the key in," she said laughing.

And Philip, at this moment, was sick with a mountain fever; not seriously, but miserably sick; just wretched enough to want to be petted and coddled by some woman, and only Jack Martin there to look in occasionally and give him his medicine. To-day he had read "Mental Telegraphy." "It's all a humbug," said Philip. "I've been thinking of a girl back East ever since I had this fever. I've sent her as many messages as the Western Union carries daily, and haven't had a syllable. I expect she is just going home from the matinee now, up Fifth Avenue, with some other fellow," and Phil groaned. "Look here," said Jack, "telegraphy needs an interpreter. This thing isn't able to reveal itself direct to our dull consciousness, yet. The atoms need materializing, as the spiritualists say; there is communication, but the intelligence must be concentrated and interpreted. There must be a mental cabinet, somewhere, full of these wriggling protoplasmic al ready to coagulate; then there must be a medium to send the message. Here am I, self-appointed, magically endowed, scientifically enabled. Mysticism is no longer all potent. I will rend its veil asunder. Now write what I dictate."

My Dear Edith: I am ill, blue, wretched. Since you cannot come to me, at least unsay that cruel letter that came months ago. I haven't had the heart to answer it. Say that you still love, and are true to your faithful PHILIP."

Phil smiled faintly as he wrote. Just then the postman came in with letters. It was a luxury to be miserable, and indulge in it as one does in excessive smoking.

He drew from an envelope some wedding cards. "I might almost imagine myself married," he said, as he read them. "Our names are the same." Now Jack was an intruder. He meant to send Phil's letter unknown to him. Phil said languidly, "Put these cards in another envelope and send them to Edith. Cousin Phil asked for her address, and to have them forwarded." Jack did as he was bid, sealed the letter, and cards in separate envelopes, addressed each and said, "Now, I'll mail the cards, and pigeon-hole the letter." He put one in his pocket, and handed the other to the postman as he passed the door again. The evil spirit of mental telegraphy was with him.

Meanwhile Edith spent three nervous, feverish days. She had not opened her desk. Brother Tom had borrowed her key to get a stamp; otherwise it had been untouched. She had still twelve miserable hours to get through. You may laugh as you will, but the world may look as black at twenty as at forty, and the capacity for suffering is so much greater by contrast. After great and devastating sorrows, many a woman looks back at fifty, across the abyss of years, and feels the shadow on her life at that early age more intensified than all others. Young sorrows are hardest to bear. There is more hope, but less endurance, and endurance is as uplifting as hope.

It was, of course, only an experiment. It might be a joke. One could not trust Mark Twain to be serious. Still, the experiment absorbed her, and time hung heavy on her hands. To the astonishment of the servants, she arose at six o'clock and went for a walk. She ate little breakfast. She went down town shopping, met some friends, and lunched at Delmonico's. "You look ill. I believe you have a fever," said one of her friends. She denied it, yet she felt ill, faint, and miserable. Three o'clock came. She watched the postman swinging leisurely down the street. He rang the next door bell, then crossed the street and went down on the other side. She sat down and cried as if her heart would break. It was all a joke then? How contemptible, how cruel; men had no feeling any way.

She locked herself in her room, and resolved to devote her life to living for others—giving. Instead of receiving. Then some one knocked. She did not move. A letter was pushed under the door by the girl, who thought her sleeping. She tossed back her hair, threw open the blinds, and sat down on the floor, in a half suffocated way, to open it. It was postmarked "Denver." She opened it and drew out the atrocious wedding cards. She did not look any farther. Her face flushed angrily, but it was too much; she couldn't help it, she sobbed again as if

her heart would break. Just then her mother insisted on her opening the door. She hid the letter, pleaded a frightful headache, and the doctor was telephoned.

Hours passed. How much misery a girl can condense into her first and best love affair. All the philosophy of later years does not alleviate its memory. Granting the non-creative faculty of woman, she can manufacture more misery to the square second out of nothing, than any other living thing, except the man she imitates.

They gave her a sleeping potion, yet she lay awake most of the night, starting out of her fitful sleep ever and anon to realize what had happened, and hating Mark Twain most bitterly and savagely—as much as a dear little dimpled Anglo-Saxon girl is capable of.

Morning came. She felt resigned. She must live for the rest and forget herself. She put on a bewitching wrapper, all jabots of lace and fluttering ribbons, and went down to breakfast.

She did not notice the ring at the door bell. "A telegram for Miss Edith," the girl said. "Would she please sign her name on this side?" Edith had never had a telegram all her own before, except when absent from home. She went into the parlor, and opened it with nervous trembling fingers. She could scarcely see. She was blind and dazed. It read, "Those wedding cards are cousin Phil's, not mine—A dreadful mistake—I start for the East to-night."

Why should he telegraph her? Her heart misgave her. She went to her writing desk. The letter was gone. She questioned Tom. "Why, yes, I stamped and mailed it with mine; thought you had forgotten it." But Phil came all the same, and the wedding is in the early spring time.

If you are not sure about your lovers, girls, just look up a tender missive and get your brother to mail it. Mental telegraphy needs a medium, as Jack Martin says.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1184 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

A Pittsburgh, Pa., farmer drew several hundred dollars recently from the bank and sewed it inside the lining of his coat. Then he threw his coat over the fence, while he worked in the field. There was a grasshopper plague at the time, and his coat was soon riddled and the money eaten almost beyond redemption. This was worse than putting money into a sand-bank.

MONEY-MAKERS.

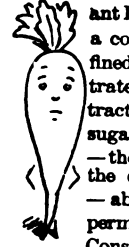
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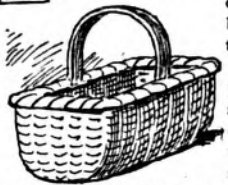
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A Girl's Adventure in Zululand.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MARION MORSE.

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IT is mid-winter and Clemdale Hall is filled with guests. One new face is seen among the old familiar ones which are wont to gather around the ample fire-place. The eldest son has his bride home, and now a daughter claims a parent's blessing and a seat by the old fire-side.



In spite of the happiness of the occasion and the number of guests conversation flagged. It was a wild and gusty night, and all sat listening to the wailing wind, or the mournful sighing of the pines.

"Ethel," said Squire Clemdale to his new daughter of whom he was quite fond, "we are going to sleep here. Can you not tell us some tale of your African life which will awaken us?"

The young wife looked up with a smile and blush.

"I don't know as I could, tell you anything which would interest you," she said, "although I had some rather exciting adventures for an English girl."

"Tell them of your capture by the Zulus," said the young husband with a fond glance at his bride.

Ethel's fair face flushed for a moment, but soon regained its usual sweet calm, as, gazing at the gleaming coals she began:

"My mother has been a confirmed invalid from my earliest remembrance. In the spring of 1888 the doctors ordered a long sea voyage and we immediately made ready for the trip."

"We bade farewell to the gray shores of old England on the 21st of June, which was my 18th birthday. The ship was bound for Cape Colony and Tamatave."

"The voyage was very pleasant until we reached Cape Agullias, when stormy weather set in. I will not trouble you with incidents of that perilous time. Suffice it to say that the storm increased to a gale, the ship sprang a leak, and one of the masts was carried away. We finally reached Delagoa Bay in safety. Here we were informed by the captain that the ship would remain at port for three weeks while the much needed repairs were made. By his advice we proceeded to Kobela, where we were told there was a small European settlement."

"We found lodgings with a Mr. Ardeen, an Englishman who was engaged in the diamond trade with the natives."

"Of course a great many of the Zulus came to the cottage to barter their goods with the 'white chief,' as they called Mr. Ardeen; and I was greatly interested in them and in their strange manners."

"The Zulu men were tall, fierce and repulsive, with their hideous decorations of feathers, shell, and pieces of iron; but the women were of slighter build and some of them remarkably handsome. As a race they were treacherous, and a strong guard was kept in the settlement especially at night, to prevent any sudden attack from them."

"One afternoon I was sitting in the door-way of the cottage when I saw a band of Zulus come into the settlement. One of the women left the group, and walked swiftly towards me. As she advanced I was struck with the intelligent expression of her face. As she reached me she held up a curiously woven basket, exclaiming: 'Will white lady buy basket?'"

"I was astonished at her pure English, although Mrs. Ardeen told me that some of them learned the language quickly."

"Handing her a package of needles, I took the basket, and turned to go, when my attention was arrested by an exclamation from her. She came close to me again, and taking hold of an apron which I wore, examined it with great curiosity. Thinking she might like it, I removed it and handed it to her. Grasping it eagerly, while her fine eyes lighted wonderfully, she said: 'Meneeka is your friend. You with many bows and smiles she walked away.'"

"One night, just at sunset, I was out gathering the flowers which grew in great abundance around Kobela. To return home I had to pass a thicket of aloes. I was nearly by them when I felt a powerful grasp on my arm, and turning I confronted two hideous Kafir warriors. I opened my mouth to scream; but a hand was placed roughly over my mouth and a bloody knife flourished in my face. This convinced me that it would be wiser to keep silent, which I did, although I was trembling in every limb from fright."

"I now felt myself urged forward by my captors. The path was rough and the thorny acacias lacerated my face and hands. I was hurried along rapidly, and faint and dizzy I soon lost consciousness."

"When I came to myself I was lying on a couch of palm leaves in what, I afterwards learned, was a hut in a village of mountain Zulus."

"For some time I lay listening to the steps of the guard pacing back and forth. I dared not think of my probable fate. No sleep came to my relief, and the night wore slowly on."

"For some time I had heard a slight scratching sound back of where I was reclining, and I was puzzled to know what it meant. I listened and watched. Soon I was amazed to behold a slight aperture in the wall, which gradually and with little noise, grew larger and larger. Soon a hand reached through and a voice said: 'Come.'"

"With new hope in my heart I stepped through the opening and in the darkness discerned a woman's form."

"I was about to speak when she softly whispered: 'Hush! It is Meneeka. She take the white bird to her friends.'"

"And tightly grasping my hand she sped swiftly and silently on, always keeping in the shade of the bush. I followed as well as my aching limbs would permit."

"I expected pursuit, but none came; and this time the path being smooth we advanced rapidly."

"Soon to my joy, I beheld in the dim dawn the settlement below in the valley."

"My guide had uttered no sound for some time; but now she halted and said: 'Meneeka must go back. The white bird cannot miss the way, for here is the trail.' So saying she waved her hand in farewell, and vanished in the thicket."

"I pressed eagerly on, and soon reached the cottage where I was received with joy and thanksgiving; and where I found my friends anxiously searching for me."

"So ended my adventure in Zululand; but I have often wondered what became of the faithful Meneeka, who was indeed a true friend to me."

Ethel ceased speaking, and there was no sound in the room for some minutes. Then the good old squire said:

"Come, mother, it is ten o'clock, let us have prayers."

How I Cheated the Burglar.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY SUSIE LEWIS.

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THIS was how it came about. One summer day several years ago a merry crowd of boys and girls, I among them, were out in the woods on a picnic. We were grouped about on the green moss when one of the boys, Jack by name, handed me a card with the deaf and dumb alphabet on it.



"Let's learn it, so we can talk and the rest won't understand," he said. I laughed and complied with his request. I firmly believe that hour spent in learning that alphabet saved my life. I will tell you why."

A year had passed and Jack and I were married. Jack was the manager of a large bank and had in his possession a large sum of money belonging to it. I did not know it at the time, but it was locked up in an iron safe in our bedroom, where the plate was kept."

It happened that he was called to New York on business. He did not like to leave me alone, but as the only domestic I could trust had left on account of illness, it could not be helped. As he bade me good-by, he said he would take the street door key and if he could get any one to go in his place, he would come back. Night came, and I went to my room. I am a great coward and started at every sound. If the wind blew at the casement, it was some one trying to get in at the windows, and if a rat squeaked it was somebody coming up the stairs to kill me."

I had as usual taken the precaution, before turning off the gas, to look everywhere in the room it was possible for anyone to hide; but in the little alcove into which the bed was pushed, I had never thought of looking, though it was a splendid place to hide."

What was I to do? I could never sleep without looking in that place. I reached for the matches; just as my hand touched them a deep drawn breath fell on my ear. I did not scream, I was too scared for that. I tried to think it was nothing more than a cat, when O, horrors! I heard a tremendous sneeze just behind my bed. The matches fell from my nerveless fingers, there was a kind of queer feeling about the roots of my hair. The only thing, I believe, which saved my reason from departing was that my mind still clung to the hope that it was only a cat."

The next instant the terrible sound was repeated, and with an angry oath a tall man with a mask over his face stepped out from the alcove. I could see him by the light of the moon. He knew I was awake and his next move was to press the cold rim of a revolver to my temple. In a gruff voice he said:

"You make any noise and I make daylight go through you, or moonlight, one."

He picked up the matches and lighted the gas. I lay staring at him with a sort of dumb horror. He went to the safe, the shining revolver still in hand.

"Is the money here?" said he.

"The plate is," I said in a quaking voice. "Take it sir; I am sure you are welcome."

I was willing for him to take everything, so he left my life. He knelt down in front of the safe, but as he did so his guilty ear caught the sound of the street door opening.

"Who is that?" he cried in a hoarse whisper. I told him it was my husband, begging him not to hurt him. With a terrible oath the villain sprang to my bed. Once more the cold steel was on my temple.

"Promise me on your life you will not tell him I am here," he whispered.

"I promise not to breathe one word of it," I managed to say.

"If you do I will kill you both," and he slipped behind the bed, just as Jack entered. He told me the train had left him, but he would take the night express.

All the time I was trying to think how I could let him know about the man. Suddenly I thought of the deaf and dumb alphabet, and told him in an instant how things were. He took him in the situation at once. He told me he would go away just as if he knew nothing about the robber and get help.

After he left the man did not move for quite awhile, and then I heard a slight noise in the hall and Jack came in with two police officers. Of course I fainted away as gracefully as the occasion would let me, and knew nothing about the struggle which took place, and how the man in his mad rage tried to shoot me.

I shall always look back upon the hours when the masked man was behind my bed with horror, and wonder why my hair did not turn gray."

THEY TELL THE TRUTH FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

Nothing Like It. Never did any medicine help me as Oxien has. I think if it had not been for it I would have been under the ground by this time, I was in such a state I could not do my household work. I cannot praise Oxien enough. Mrs. SARAH ADAMS, Wilkes Barre, Pa.

A Godsend. I am so glad that I have at last found something to build me up. Oxien has been a godsend to me. I did not realize that any one could obtain so much relief and benefit from one dollar before. I certainly feel like a different man. Full of vigor and ambition, and with good digestion, I can now teach better than I ever could before. It is all your claim, and more too. Don't delay sending me the supply ordered herewith. E. E. SHIFFER, Hellertown, Pa.

Suffered Twenty-eight Years. I have never ceased to speak highly of the wonderful merits of Oxien. It gives strength, tones up the system, and arouses youthful ambition. I have been an acute sufferer from a complication of diseases for the past twenty-eight years, with Erysipelas, Catarrh, Rheumatism, etc., but your Wonderful Food for the Nerves and Oxien Plasters worked wonders. My friends can hardly believe I am the same person. They want me to take the agency, so I send for a combination lot. Oxien would have saved my husband hundreds of dollars had we heard of it before. Mrs. MINERVA STROUP, Inola Creek, Ind. Ter.

New Vigor. I have received great benefit from Oxien. I was run down from overwork and it has given me new vigor. I recommend all to try it. Mrs. MARGARET CHANDLER, Atlanta, Ga.

Giant Strength. I was completely run down and could not do any work. Oxien has given me great strength. I cannot praise it enough, as I am well and happy. Mrs. WARDWORTH, Griffen, Ga.

Heart Beats Stronger than Ever. A short time ago I was so very thin my friends called me a walking skeleton; now they cannot say too much about my gaining flesh, and Oxien is the cause of all this improvement. The doctor who attended me for about 5 years says my heart beats are stronger than they have ever been before. Surely this Wonderful Food for the Nerves has been a godsend to me. MINNIE KOSICK, Salladsburg, Pa.

I Was Greatly Afflicted. I was greatly afflicted with Heart Trouble, and could find no relief. I had two or three sinking spells which left me very weak; but after trying your Wonderful Food for the Nerves, have not been troubled at all. Mrs. A. E. COVINGTON, Farmersville, La.

General Debility.

Heart Troubles.

Throat and Lung Troubles.

Catarrh.

Rheumatism.

Weak Back.

Cured Croup. Our three-year-old boy had a severe attack of Croup. Oxien has completely cured him, and we consider it a wonderful remedy. Mrs. E. M. WALLER, Pasadena, Cal.

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State of Maine, Kennebec ss. Personally appeared the aforesaid Stanley K. Hawkins and made oath that the above statement by him signed is true. Before me, A. G. ANDREWS, Justice of the Municipal Court, Augusta, Maine.

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Completely Cured. I suffered for years with spinal affection and nervous prostration. Oxien has completely cured me. Mrs. ANNIE REED, Cornish, Picking Co., Ind. Ter.

Greatest Relief. I sent for Oxien for my wife, and am proud to say she is greatly improved. Your Plasters are the greatest relief she ever had, for she has been a constant sufferer for years from Backache and cramps of the stomach and bowels, and hardly able to do her household work. Your Plasters relieved her trouble in three weeks' time, where other remedies failed. A. E. MINNEAR, New Matamoras, Ohio.

More than All Doctors. The box I received from you helped my wife more than all the doctors in the country. She used one of your Electric Plasters, and says her spine has not been so free from pain for a long time. WILLIAM HILL, Spotswood, Cal.

Oxien is a Godsend. I have tried your Wonderful Food for the Nerves, and find it is a godsend to me. I suffered so with a soreness in my back. It has all left me. I can sleep well, and feel so much better. May God bless you and Oxien. Mrs. F. M. RANDALL, Ottumwa, Iowa.

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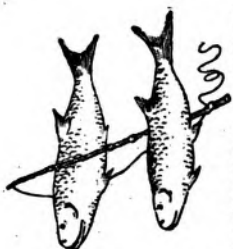
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OW can we do better this month than to read and perhaps experiment with the following instructions for fish-scale work, which our judges found original and practical enough for the second prize? Fish-scales of some kind are obtainable in most parts of the United States; but if any of you find difficulty in procuring the proper kinds, and have no friends in Texas or Florida to whom you can apply, you might write to Mrs. Letts, whose address is given here, who will be able to supply your needs, in all probability. Her own work is considered the best of the kind and as fish-scale work is both rare and beautiful, it ought to be worth while for some of you to know how to do it.

"Fish-scales," says Mrs. Letts, "are easily obtained in the States of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. The red fish, pike, tarpon, June fish, buffalo, and sheepshead, are to be found only in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. I use the scales of the last-named. The samples sent the Busy Bee column, were composed entirely of red fish scales. Tarpon scales are used as dinner cards in Washington, D. C., and also for heavy bouquets of water lilies, which are quite expensive. One pound of red fish scales will do eighteen dollars' worth of work. As my scale work is original, I am safe in saying COMFORT will be the only paper publishing any such fancy work. A bouquet simple in construction, consists of a lily, hedge-rose, myrtle and rose; twenty rose leaves and thirteen ragged-edged leaves. Articles needed for the work: A pair of scissors, an awl to pierce holes, a spool of silver wire No. 12, a skein of white embroidery silk, one spool of No. 8 white thread, a sperm candle about an inch long, and a little flour paste. Cut thirteen leaves of No. 1 in the diagram, seven petals of No. 2, five petals of No. 3, twenty leaves of No. 4, fourteen petals of No. 5, five of No. 6, nine of No. 7, thirteen of No. 8. Place your leaves and petals on a smooth flat board, and with your awl pierce a hole at each end of the leaf. Cut a piece of wire three inches long, and insert it into the leaf, going through once on the top and twice on the bottom; twist the ends together in order to form the stem; leaves and petals are treated the same way. Now use the thirteen rose leaves. Take a piece of white embroidery silk and split it, by holding it lightly between the thumb and fore finger of the left hand, and pulling one end rapidly with the right. Set aside one piece, and with the remaining half form a cluster of three leaves as in diagram No. 9. Slip your silk underneath wire at stem of leaf, wrap downward the length of leaf, and then place a leaf each side of first one. Form two more groups of leaves like this, adding two leaves on the outside of each group. Take the seven wired petals of No. 2, and twenty small stamens; double them, and around them group the petals which will form the lily. Wrap stem of flower tightly with thread, afterward with silk. For the hedge-rose, use the five petals of No. 3. With a pair of scissors notch the edges all around, starting at bottom of petal with slanting cuts downward on the right side, and cutting round the leaf to bottom of left. Make the centre of large sized stamens and wrap your petals around them, arranging them so the right side of one petal overlaps the left of the other. Wrap the stem with white thread tightly, then with white silk. For the rose, place the five small petals next to the stamens in the centre, next to them place the nine of No. 7, and next to them the thirteen petals of No. 8. Very small stamens are used for the centre of the rose. No. 5 is formed by cutting a large sized fish-scale round, and then cutting from the outside to the centre; two petals are made in this manner and placed together and wired; the one on the top is pinched into shape while the bottom one lies flat and forms the flower called myrtle. There are three such flowers on one side of the rose and four on the other. Take the twenty rose leaves of No. 4, and make them into clusters; one of five leaves and the rest of three, the same as the thirteen leaves of No. 1. Now arrange the leaves and flowers to form the bouquet. Place your group of three leaves of No. 1 extending from between two points of the lily; take the other two groups of leaves of No. 1 and place one each side of lily; at bottom of lily place your hedge-rose, on each side of hedge-rose put your myrtle, and at bottom of hedge-rose your rose. Around the rose cluster the rose leaves. The manufacture of the white stamens is very simple; cut pieces of No. 8 thread one inch in length, and holding it double, dip both ends in the paste of flour and water which will form a drop on the end; then have your sperm melted, not hot, and dip the ends in; it will give a glossy coating and harden instantly. To obtain the pearl gloss, scrape the fish-scales with a dull pocket knife. The rose and leaves fastened to a hairpin makes a lovely ornament for the hair. A set of jewelry is composed of fifty-nine leaves, thirty-nine in the breast pin and ten leaves in each earring. After glossing the scales, cut a very small paper pattern, oval in shape, and out of one scale cut seven just like pattern; pierce a hole at each end of the leaf, run the silver wire through; on a No. 5 needle, wrap silver wire nine times, then take it off, wrap again until you have made seven like the first; then group the wired petals around the wire stamens and tie tightly with thread, making a small flower; cut three very small leaves, wire and wrap together with white silk; place at the bottom of

flower and you will have a lovely little earring. A breastpin is made the same way. Place a cluster of three leaves, then group three flowers; on each side place a spray of four leaves, or a large flower containing thirteen leaves; place it at the stem, attach a needle to the under side, wrap carefully with thread first and white silk after, for a finish. Fish-scale work



PART OF A FISH-SCALE BOUQUET.

brings a good price, and can be converted into things both useful and ornamental. For wear, nothing can be more beautiful than a hair ornament or corsage bouquet. For household ornamentation, lyres, crescents, anchors, globe bouquets, etc., are novel. The most beautiful fans for opera are made of the small scales of the silver fish or tarpon. The instructions I give contain the entire method of the work."

Mrs. JOHN H. LETTS,
Rockport, Aransas Co., Texas.

Here is a very practical suggestion which might be utilized in making Christmas presents:

"Take a piece of pasteboard and cut it square, large enough for a photograph. Cut out an oval in the centre, to fit the picture. Bind the edges with ribbon or velvet, then get some corn shucks, the whitest you can find, and cut them in strips two inches long and a quarter of an inch wide. Take one, bend it to form a point, and sew it on the inside edge of the frame with the point up; so proceed till you have a row of points around both edges. Then take a pin and slit each one into fine shavings, leaving a margin at each end to sew it by. Bend it into a loop, and beginning at one corner sew on the loops, taking care to lap them to cover the stems, till the whole frame is covered. Then take another piece of pasteboard the size of the frame, cover it with dark cambric, and sew or paste to the back, leaving the top open to slip the picture in. Some dye the shucks a dark red or green. Pretty shaving cases and clothes brush holders are made in the same way. I think anyone who tries this will be pleased with the result."

AGNES R. LYONS, Dorchester, Va.

Mrs. W. K. Porter, Box 335, Phoenix, Arizona, gives several practical suggestions:

"A paper and magazine stand may be made at home quite cheaply, by sawing out the frame from any old lumber with a smooth surface. Make the uprights 3 feet high, of pieces 2 inches wide by 1-4 inch thick. Make the frame square by fastening pieces 1-2 an inch wide to the ends of the uprights for the top. One foot from the bottom, nail similar pieces on the inside. Paint the frame black or white, and varnish it. With macramé cord crochet a square to fit the top of the frame in plain double stitch, with 1 ch between each dc. Crochet two rows of solid dc all round the square, and fasten to the inner edge of the top of the frame with brass-headed tacks. If properly done it will sink a little. Make a lower shelf similarly. Handsome panels to put over doorways may be made from old window-shades. Cut lengthwise a strip as long as the width of the door, and 1 foot wide. Paint on it a mass of dark red roses, a group of ferns, or a conventional design of poppies, and fasten to the wall at the edge with very large brass-headed tacks. Cushions for the back and seat of a worn-out cane-seat chair may be evolved from coffee-sacking. Cut them enough larger than the size desired to admit sufficient padding. Work a simple design in cross-stitch in the center with worsted. Feather-stitch coarsely near the edge, and tack to the chair through a strip of narrow ribbon, using copper tacks.

A handsome toilet set is the result of judicious use of common crash towel. For the scarf take a piece 2 yards long. Fringe the ends 3 inches deep. Two inches above the fringe, draw threads to admit three rows of narrow ribbon, run in an inch apart. Feather-stitch the edges to match the ribbon. If you have a square pin-cushion make a cover 2 inches larger than the cushion. Fringe all around 1 inch deep. Draw threads on each side for two rows of ribbon to be run in, crossing at the corners and extending to the depth of the fringe. A wash-stand set may be made from the same cheap material. Hem the ends of the scarf and splasher and feather-stitch the hem. Etch a small design at each end of the scarf with marking cotton, and a larger on the splasher. A cracked or worn-out wooden bowl makes a good paper-holder for the kitchen. Break the bowl in halves, turn the open side to the wall and fasten by driving nails close under it at the bottom and sides. At the top bore a small hole each side, draw heavy twine through and fasten to a hook a foot above the bowl. It might be gilded, or painted and decorated, and serve for a better room. A deep cigar-box may be fastened to the wall at the back. In it lay the kitchen scissors, screw-driver, coarse thread, needle-book and thimble. A hole in the bottom allows the end of a ball of string to be drawn through. A row of small berry-boxes tacked to the wall one above another make convenient receptacles for corks, ends of strings, butter-cloths, bills, milk-tickets and other odds and ends."

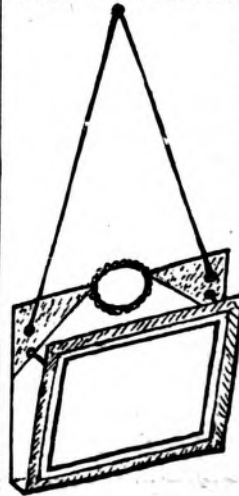
And here are a few more practical suggestions which may prove useful to you in getting ready for Christmas:

"My husband and I made a couple of picture frames out of an empty box procured at the grocery store. He cut four strips of wood the same width, then measured the picture and fitted them together after making them very smooth, and whittling off the ends to take the square look away. When the frame was put together, he cut fancy figures in each corner and the middle, with a gouge. We gave the plain part two coats of gold paint, and the fancy work two coats of white enamel. Another frame was made perfectly plain. On each strip he glued two pieces of splints, pointed each end and scalloped on each side, and painted this frame in white and gold also. My next idea is a rug. I have lately moved, and in unpacking I came across a piece of burlap one and three-fourths yards long and one and one-eighth yards wide. I am bleaching this on the grass. When it is dry I intend to get a study of tulips

for one side and daisies for the other, cutting them from flannel, red and white, and sewing them in place, with the green leaves; after filling each corner, two with daisies and two with tulips, I shall embroider my initial in the center, after which the rug will be ready to line and bind. My last idea is a fancy work valise. I am very fond of crocheting, but how to carry it with me is a question. A box I do not like, and a paper is worse; so I took a piece of black ladies' cloth sixteen inches long and nine wide, put a half inch hem in one end with fancy stitch in blue silk, then turned the end up with fancy stitching outside, to form a pocket four and a half inches deep. At the left side I put another row of stitching to divide the pocket, making a smaller one for thread and a longer for work. About an inch above this I stitched an extra piece of cloth two inches wide and seven long to hold needles or hooks, putting a hem in one end before stitching it on. I then cut blue china silk in one-half inch strips and bound the cloth on three sides, turned it over and put a strap of three-fourths inch ribbon seven inches long on it, for a handle, putting it about four inches from the top and one and one-half inches from the side. Fold the bag so that the handle is across the top, then turning it over put a ribbon about three-fourths of a yard long on each end and use them to keep the bag securely fastened. I think anyone who likes to go out for an afternoon and carry her work along, will find one of these bags both useful and tasty."

Mrs. D. D. PITTEGER,
Cayuga, New York.

"An inexpensive wall-pocket for holding magazines or papers is represented by the illustration. It was made from the covers of an old-fashioned school atlas. The back piece is full size of cover, 12 1-4x9 1-2 inches. The front is cut down to seven inches in depth. The leather back of the atlas forms the bottom, the inside of which is fitted with a strip of shingle firmly pasted to the leather. A half inch strip of wood is bound across the inside of front piece one inch below the edge to keep it from warping, by passing strong thread through holes made each side and tying fast. In the same way a second strip must be fastened to the back, on the wall side, three inches below the top. This top stands higher than the front, and covered with 'watered' black paper, its centre being ornamented with a circular design in silver paper, one-fourth of it projecting above the edge and made firm by a pasted back. The corners are finished with triangles of silver paper cut to fit them. The front of this pocket is nearly covered by a fine chrome on a black ground which had been waiting for a frame. The edge is finished with an inch-wide border of silver paper which extends one inch inside. A straw's width of this paper outlines the picture, leaving a line of black between. The suspension cord is passed through holes in the back, then through the front and brought around the strip of wood to the inside where it is tied fast at either end. The holes are strengthened with stationer's eyelets. Open this pocket as wide as you will, it simply slides upward a little on the cord, settling back again as you let go, thus adjusting its space to its contents."



INEXPENSIVE WALL POCKET.

Some Bedouins became enraged with one of their own tribe on the Plaisance a few weeks ago and tied him to a wild steed, which tore wildly around with him, nearly killing him before he could be released. Over 600 of the finest horses in the world were in a parade on August 30, at Jackson Park. One hundred Shetland ponies, gaily decorated, led the procession and delighted the children. Following them came Russian trotters, German and French coach horses, French trotters, Cleveland Bays, Vermont Morgans, Arabian Steeds, Americo-Arabs, Clydesdales, Percherons, Belgians, and Suffolks.

We have a great many more good things waiting in our Bee-hive, and some of them prize articles too. But I want to mention some of the Bees whose work is entitled to great credit, but who are unavoidably crowded out in the competition. Mrs. Florence Johnson, Irvington, N. Y., sends a good description of how she managed to get extra closet-room, and a paper-holder; Mrs. Ella Minney, Dickens, Neb., describes a dainty bed-room; Mrs. Helen B. Littlefield, Sheboygan Falls, Wis., describes some kitchen conveniences and a boy's room; Mrs. Martha J. Reams, Suison, Cal., "what to do with an old sewing machine"; Susie Snyder, Audubon, Iowa, rugs; Mrs. K. C. Sutton, Cimarron, Kansas, "Comfort divan, and sewing table"; Mrs. L. E. Buffington, Buffington, West Va., letter for prize competition not sent within stipulated time. Of course, those of you who would like to know about these things can write each other.

M. B. BUTLER, Xenia, O.

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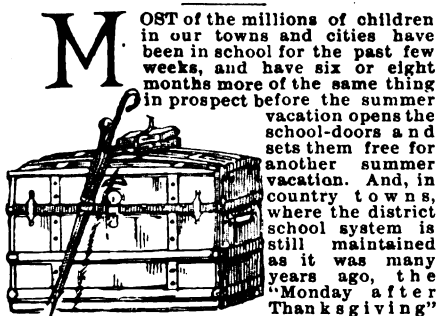
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AT "BOARDING SCHOOL."

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MOST of the millions of children in our towns and cities have been in school for the past few weeks, and have six or eight months more of the same thing in prospect before the summer vacation opens the school-doors and sets them free for another summer vacation. And, in country towns, where the district school system is still maintained as it was many years ago, the "Monday after Thanksgiving" will open the doors again of the "little red school-house in the lane," or its substitute. And then the old dog-eared school-books, which have so long lain unopened will be got out; and the scholars, big boys and girls on the back seats and little ones on the low front ones, will again set their faces toward the difficult Hill of Knowledge.

One of the most glorious possessions of this country, is its system of public schools. A free education for every American citizen is a gift to be proud of; and a nation that can give it, has reason to be proud of itself. One of the first things the noble and patriotic Pilgrim Fathers did, when they had fought starvation and Indian cruelties face to face through that first dread winter of 1620-21, was to establish a church and school-house; and from that time to this, the children of this country have had a chance for education. Harvard and Yale and William-and-Mary's Colleges were established away back in Colonial times. The first two are the best-known universities in America to-day, with several others following close at their heels. And if old William-and-Mary's has shut its doors and gone out of business, so to speak, it is not because they have no use for colleges in Virginia, but because others, more progressive and more accessible, have multiplied in its place. In the cities, our public graded schools are the pride of every citizen; and so closely does the cause of education lie to every American heart, that nearly if not every State now has laws compelling each town to furnish schools, even for a limited number of pupils; and also compelling every child of a stipulated age within its borders to go to school a certain number of weeks in every year. Consequently, no one can grow up in this country in utter ignorance, nowadays, or without the ability to read and write. In the great cities, the child of the poorest citizen has an equal chance for an education with the greatest. He may begin in the free kindergarten when he is three years old, and go up through the primary and grammar schools, graduating from the latter between the ages of 12 and 16, and be ready with the essentials of a good education to go into some kind of business. Or, if he can afford the time, he may spend three or four years more at the High or Latin Schools, from which he comes fitted for college, or for a responsible business position. What does not the boy or girl of to-day owe the city which does all this for its resident youth?

However, it is a question with many intelligent people, whether the country boy or girl who has not all these advantages forced upon him or her, as it were, but who have to make their own way above the district school-house, are not better off. Frequently they are, if they have the ambition and energy which takes them out from under home influence and sets them on their own feet, with the power to fight their way in the world. As long as some children remain under the protecting shelter of home, they do not gain that strength of character or independence of thought, that comes with the necessity of standing alone. Consequently, the wise parent in such cases sends his children away to school, somewhere, in order that they may get the invaluable discipline which comes from contact with young people of their own age, with different tastes and ambitions and aims.

And, even in cities, if a special or higher education is desired, it is often necessary to send the children away from home. Too much wisdom cannot be used in selecting a college, or technical school, for this purpose. Harvard and Yale and Princeton are of course desirable places, but there are dozens of other colleges in the United States, where just as good and thorough a course may be obtained, with less expense, and attended by vastly fewer temptations. The former are notably the schools for rich men's sons. But Dartmouth and Columbia and Bowdoin and Cornell and Ann Arbor and Burlington and Leland Stanford and scores of others are, in many respects preferable, for real, earnest, practical education. Longfellow, the poet, graduated at Bowdoin College in Maine; President Garfield at Williamstown, Mass.; and many other noted men at comparatively unknown schools and universities. In fact, any college is equipped to give a young man a thorough course if he chooses; while no college can make an educated gentleman of a boor or a dunce, against his will.

The fact should be remembered, however, that the common schools are the corner-stones of education, and that many of our most successful business men as well as our most noted statesmen had no schooling beyond what the "district" provided, and very little of that. Abraham Lincoln was a brilliant example of what many a poor boy has made of himself with absolutely no advantages. Nowadays, it is possible for nearly all children to attend some kind of a district school—even in the most remote localities of the country. And it depends largely on the child, himself, whether he succeeds in after life. There is such a thing as over-schooling. There is a man in one of the Eastern States who has spent twenty-four years of his life at schools, colleges and seminaries of learning, and yet he will never make a great mark in life, simply because it takes force of character to do that, either with or without education. Still, it is best, always to give your children the best education within your means, as a starting point.

Again, the number of special schools for higher education are on the increase. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, and similar institutions in various cities throughout the country are highly to be recommended for those wishing to perfect themselves in special branches like engineering, designing, electrical work, and a score more branches requiring thorough training and skill.

And the day has long gone by when our boys alone can have the higher education; just as the day has gone by when young ladies sit discontentedly at home and work samplers, or crochet impossible worsted cats and dogs out of bright colored wools. Girls of to-day feel that they have something to do in life; and they have now pushed open the doors of men's colleges, besides having several completely equipped universities and colleges of their own. They have Smith's, Wellesley and Harvard Annex in Mass., Vassar and Barnard in New York, Girton in Philadelphia and various others; and each year shows a larger number of girls flocking to the colleges for men, as "Co-eds."

This is all as it should be. It is well, how-

ever, for mothers to look closely after the influences that surround their daughters when they go away to school. Know for yourself just what their surroundings will be; at the same time don't draw the line too closely. A girl will develop into a woman much quicker and better if left, to some extent, to depend on herself. Train them right while they are young, and when they are at college they will not depart from it. Sow the seeds of right principles and right thinking at home, and trust them to do their best when they get out from under your fostering care. Don't insist on their repressing all their innocent girl-nature, or demand the impossible. In any case, and out your children's bent early. If they are of a mechanical turn of mind, give them a mechanical training, in some of the higher schools if possible. If they are scientific or classical in their reading proclivities, give them a chance there; but don't make them too bookish or turn them into prigs. Insist on their learning something which shall be of practical value in after life. A smattering of a dozen languages or music or painting is of no earthly use after school-days are over. One of the great benefits of a college training is that it usually teaches thoroughly what it sets out to teach. The fault of one is apt to be that the rudiments are neglected for the higher branches. There are many college graduates who cannot write a correct and elegant letter, or who have sound business judgment. Experience in business offices proves that not one young woman in ten who apply for positions, can write a straight-forward, well-worded business letter. That is one accomplishment which every mother can insist on her daughter's learning, and one which may prove valuable to her hereafter.

The matter of choosing the right school for promising sons and daughters, is one that requires wise judgment and some knowledge of the best educational institutions. Comfort is already considering a plan by which it will be able to suggest and advise, in regard to this all-important matter; and its millions of readers may expect, in the near future, to hear more definitely with respect to making the right choice.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

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HERE is the man or woman who does not like a good cup of coffee; and yet there are people who are prescribed by doctors from using it; just as there are others who are benefited by its use, and to whom the morning cup of coffee, made clear and strong, is absolutely necessary to start the machinery of the physical forces for the day, as a few drops of lubricating oil causes the machinery of the mill to run smoothly. However, in the use of coffee the old adage holds particularly well: "What is one man's meat (or drink) is another man's poison." There seems to be no universal rule for everybody to follow. The bilious person, or sufferers with most forms of heart-trouble, should not drink coffee; again, to those whose heart-action is weak, or whose nervous forces are low in the morning, it seems indispensable. Follow your doctor's advice, or watch and see whether you experience harmful or beneficial effects, and act accordingly.

The origin and history of the coffee habit is not without interest. According to the best authorities, toward the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was traveling in Abyssinia, finding himself weak and weary he stopped near a grove. Being in want of fuel to cook his rice he cut down a tree, which happened to be covered with dry berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that these half burnt berries were fragrant. He collected a number, and, on crushing them with a stone, he found the aroma increased to a great extent. While wondering at this, he accidentally let the substance fall into a can which contained his scanty supply of water, when the almost putrid liquid was partially purified. He raised it to his lips: it was fresh and agreeable; and after a short rest the traveler so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and having arrived at Aden, in Arabia, he informed the mufti of his discovery. That worthy was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the influence of the poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries and was so delighted at the recovery of his former vigor that, in gratitude to the tree, he called it camuha, which in Arabic signifies force. It came into great repute in Arabia Felix about 1450, and passed thence into Egypt and Syria, and thence, in 1511, to Constantinople. It was first conveyed from Mocha, in Arabia, to Holland in 1616, and first taken to England by Nathaniel Canopus, a Cretan, in 1614. The first coffee house in England was kept by a Jew named Jacobs, in Oxford, in 1650. The first in London was opened by a Greek in George Yard, Lombard Street, in 1652. Pope's well-known lines in the "Rape of the Lock" show that it was familiarly known in his time.

"Coffee, which makes the politician wise, And see through all things with half-shut eyes," is a quotation which leads one to wonder if those politicians who have been sitting so long in the Senate Chamber at Washington this fall, deliberating over the silver bill, have not come too much under its influence; and consequently see only "through half-shut eyes."

Coffee is one of those simple, everyday dishes which seem so easy to prepare, and yet it is seldom found at its best among average housekeepers; and very few families know what a cup of coffee in its highest state of perfection really is. Again, among those who do know how to prepare it properly, most of them make it differently, some using cold water and some hot; some boiling it and some steeping it. The simplest and best, however, is what is known as "drip coffee," for which several kinds of special pots are used. It is not necessary to have a French coffee-pot, however. In the first place use only the best coffee—the best is always the cheapest. If possible roast and grind it yourself, and in any case it must be ground to a powder, as fine as dust. This is the real secret of the drip coffee's excellence and economy, as every particle of strength in the coffee is quickly extracted, none of it being left in the grounds. Fresh, clear water must be put in the tea-kettle, not stagnant water, but drawn newly from the faucet or spring. Have a round bag made of unbleached cotton to fit the top of your coffee pot. It can be sewed over a wire which just fits inside the cover, or you can have a piece of tin fitted in by a tinsmith. Do not have the bag more than three or four inches deep, when hung in the pot. Allow a teaspoonful—heaping or not, as you choose—for each person, putting it in this bag. Then pour sufficient boiling water over it, and let it drip through, into the coffee-pot below, which should of course be clean every morning. Some people draw off the coffee and run it through the bag the second time. If your coffee is ground fine enough there will be very little sediment left in the bag; and while you

will need to use no egg-shells, fish-skin or any other kind of clearer, your coffee will be clear as amber. Of course, the bag must be washed out every day, and any coffee left over should be kept in an earthen pitcher until the next morning, when it may be heated and drained through the bag. This coffee, if it does not "make the politician wise" will start the day comfortably for those who drink it.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Do not begin to feed your new corn until the old is exhausted.

Small, unsalable potatoes may be boiled and fed to calves, or poultry.

It is claimed that the corn-fodder from one acre of land contains twice as much digestible matter as two tons of hay.

Manure should always be applied in the fall. If it is not well rotted, it may not give good results for a year after application.

If grain has been put in the barn wet, a few dry bricks or dry tile scattered through it will absorb moisture and prevent injury.

Remember when holding grain back for higher prices that it shrinks with age, and what is gained in one direction may be lost in another.

Don't try to keep too many animals. It is more profitable to adapt the stock to the farm than to attempt to adapt the farm to the stock.

Stock should whenever possible be fed from a low bin, or the ground or floor; an arrangement that causes them to eat slower than when the food is on a level with the head.

Apples that are to be stored should be picked from the tree and handled carefully, so as not to permit of the slightest injury to a single one. One rotten apple in the barrel quickly affects the others.

Don't neglect appearances. Good farming includes many things besides the raising of large crops and fine stock. It includes good fences, good gates, drained land, clean fields, buildings adapted to their purpose, and some attention to beautifying the home.

Here are three good rules for keeping fruit in winter: Keep the temperature within a few degrees of the freezing point. Let it be as uniform as possible; an occasional warm draft is not required to maintain ventilation and uniform cold. Keep all odors away from the fruit.

Heaves in horses is often caused by dusty hay. Hay should be well moistened and shaken before it is placed in the rack, and the rack should be on the floor rather than above the head of the horse; as, in that case, the dust does not get into its eyes, and cause eye troubles.

In setting out an apple orchard give plenty of room between the trees. Less than thirty feet is too close. This will give about sixty-four trees per acre, and will permit of growing some crop of small fruit, or of vegetables every year, until the apple trees begin to take up the land.

Use corn-husks for fodder. They contain 72 per cent of digestible matter, and the butts, or lower portions of the stalks, about 66 per cent. That portion which is above the ear contains 35 per cent, and over 64 per cent of the blades is digestible. Thus no portion need be wasted, as the leaves, husks and even the coarse stalks, can be utilized as food. By cutting and crushing it, cattle will eat and utilize nearly all portions.

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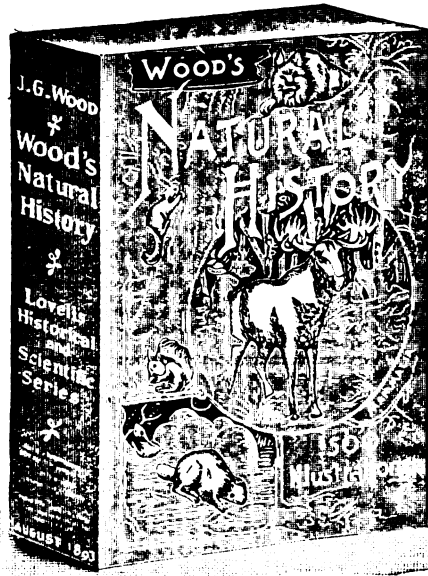
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| 1 Design Pomegranate 4 1/2 inches high. | 1 Cluster Bachelor's Buttons 7 in. high. | 1 Spray Wheat. [5 inches high. | 1 Cluster Apple Blossoms 4x5 inches. |
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good while. As it grows colder, however, they do not sufficiently protect the body below the shoulders in sharp weather.

The jacket, therefore, has come prominently to the front again. The new jackets are neither very long nor very short, but are cut with the same flaring effect around the bottom that distinguishes all the new skirts. The comfortable and becoming reefer front is back again and is one of the prettiest styles for plain jackets. It has a smooth back fitted in at the waist, with the skirt so gored as to hang quite full, but without plaits, and it has a flat rever-like collar, trimmed with rows of stitching or a band of fur. More dressy ones are made of beaver or broadcloth, or even of velvet, with the fancy cape collars, and trimmed with braid, passementerie, cords or fur. Such coats can be bought in style and material suitable to wear anywhere. Their length ranges from thirty-six inches to the bottom of the dress. The popular fur trimmings will be nutria, beaver, mink, skunk, seal and sable, used as narrow bindings or edges rather than wide bands. Brown, black, blue and green will all be used as colors for jackets, the brown or black taking preference. In our illustration the first jacket is a tan-colored beaver fitted tightly to the figure, cut off at the waist with a sewed-on skirt, and double breasted. The sleeves and flat, wide collar are of dark brown velvet or silk, and large fancy buttons are used to fasten it. The second is a black novelty cloth of heavy quality, made to fit snugly and edged with black hare. It is a stylish and quiet looking garment, to be recommended for the use of any lady who wishes to be stylishly but not conspicuously dressed. Any one having a last year's or year-before's Newmarket, can make it into the present style of jacket by cutting it off about half way down the skirt and adding new, full sleeves and cape collar of velvet to match the color of the jacket. It is not necessary to shorten it, however, as long garments will be much worn when cold weather really sets in. One well-dressed New York lady has worn a handsome brown Newmarket trimmed heavily with rich brown fur, for several years. She is going to bring it up to date, however, this winter by taking out the old sleeves and putting in new, large and full ones either of fancy brocade cloth matching the shade of her cloak, or of velvet, and adding a full cape-collar with high standing one, and edge them both with narrow fur to match that already on the body of the Newmarket, and, in the end, she will have an outside garment that will be surpassed by very few if any, at a moderate cost. Ingenuity is often worth a great many dollars, if a woman knows how to apply it in dress.

In hats and bonnets there are some bewitching new things. An Alland hat, (the "Sophie-Alland" hats and bonnets in Boston are spoken of just as the Vivot bonnets and Worth gowns in Paris and the Redfern costumes in London are) is of fine French felt in a tan-color, edged only with a black satin wire. It has a large brim wide and flaring at the front, to fit the round face of the tall woman who is to wear it. The crown is made of loose, black velvet, and a combination of black wings and aigrettes lends an air of French "chic" that gives this head-covering exactly the right stamp. A Pompadour bonnet from the same place is for a middle-aged woman who wears her hair brushed off her forehead in the style of the French *marquises*; it is of black velvet with tiny black and white wings and aigrettes, at each side-front and a dainty rosette of white velvet directly over the face. The long black velvet ties cross over the hair behind and are knotted under the chin. The Napoleon hats—called by some "cocked hats"—are particularly stylish for young ladies and are almost universally be-

coming. The brim is caught up in two or three places with rosettes, and a wing or aigrette on each side lends a jaunty finish. They are all simple; but the beauty of the Alland bonnets is the fact that while they have very little trimming, that little is exactly right, and gives just the needed effect. It is always a mistake to overload a hat or bonnet with trimming, and especially this year when simplicity, correctly and stylishly adjusted, is the proper thing.

We also give a bonnet for an elderly lady, simple and yet stylish. The one illustrated was of soft black felt, trimmed with black velvet and jets, with tiny black satin rosettes, and satin ties to be tied in a double bow under the chin. A pretty hat for a young girl is of bright red felt with a broad brim, at the front of which are a couple of black velvet rosettes. Around the crown is a folded band of black velvet, and at the left side is a huge bow of red ribbon, a black velvet rosette and a long fancy black



AN ALLAND BONNET.

aigrette. This style is particularly fancied by girls from fourteen years old up to twenty. Every woman wants a new dress—that's the chronic state of woman—and so a few words about materials will not come amiss. The new silk home-spuns are having a great run, some of New York's most fashionable and noted dames having sent on to Boston, its headquarters, for it. The new woolen goods are nearly all in rough effects, and mostly in changeable or mixed shades. Camel's hair and hop-sacking continue to be popular and both have the



NEW FALL CLOAKS.

rough effect heightened by surface knots and threads of contrasting color. Blue and brown is perhaps the most popular combination, though black and tan, and black and red are favorites. Silk and wool also appear among the novelties and come in pattern and combinations not unlike the woolen goods. In silks, plain colors are the exception, figured and changeable designs prevailing. In black, of course, the plain heavy goods are used; and there is nothing more elegant or lady-like than a rich black silk. And yet, often, satin dots, brocades and stripes are seen. Heavy black satins, brocaded or plain, with occasional threads of color are seen, but they are much more advisable as trimmings, for sensible people, than for whole dresses.

Velvet occupies a prominent place among trimmings and is popular with the many to whom satin is not becoming. Galloons of many kinds, both plain and with iridescent effects, are used and are very effective with new mixed goods. Jet is again in great favor, as of course it will always be when black is so much worn. Bands of fur, also, will be extremely popu-

lar as trimmings and edgings to woolen and mixed goods. They will be used on both waists and skirts. Lace will be used as a garniture to silk gowns all winter.

The round waist with a belt will be much worn during the winter, the kind under the arm and on the shoulder, being most effective. Stout women have the curved belt set on the outside, giving a slightly longer-waisted effect. Basques begin to appear again however, in the more dressy toilettes. The newest styles have rather long points but are still very short on the hips.

COMFORT readers will be glad to know that skirts of street dresses are made of the same length all around, and escape the ground without being lifted. Stout women should be careful that their skirts are made longer in front than behind, in order to prevent that unseemly "bobbing up" which is sure to trouble women with large abdomens. If the skirt is measured and fitted carefully, that ungraceful fault can be entirely obviated. All skirts except those of serge and other tailor-made suits, have some kind of trimming.

The double and triple skirts are coming rapidly into favor, and cause one to fear that we are fast returning to over-skirts and heavy drapery. Double skirts, it should be remembered, are only becoming to tall persons; short people should beware of them, as a double or triple skirt tends to make them look "dumpy"; and there are plenty of pretty and stylish models to follow. For street wear the hues are generally of the unpronounced type, brown being perhaps an exception, since its most fashionable shades tend toward the bright and sunny varieties. Cinnamon brown, now called *risoir*, is seen in dresses, hats and cloaks; while a little darker shade, about like a light-colored cigar, and known as *tabac*, enjoys an equal popularity. The various shades of purple are much less worn than they were during the past season, the only two shades being much in vogue having a reddish cast; the lighter one is pinkish in tone, and the darker is a reddish plum-color called *Sigurd*.

An attempt is making to introduce the old-fashioned magenta into gowns and millinery; but its general unbecomingness makes it more stylish than popular, and the lucky woman who can wear it may at least feel assured that she will have a novelty that few others will be able to copy.

The five or six shades of blue seen in the new materials promise to be among the most popular. They are not only usually quite becoming, but are especially effective in combination with the ever-recurring black. The grays worn are almost all of the metallic shades, and are among the most stylish colors. Green is not so much worn in solid colors as it is in mixtures, to many of which it gives a desirable tone. It might be well to say right here for the ben-



FOR AN ELDERLY LADY.

efit of those who read our short article on hats in the September number, that we did not expect or desire suggestions in regard to the "Comfort Belt" to be sent to us; but, rather, we threw out a hint that might be of use to some reader who may be able to perfect and patent the belt herself.

In regard to fashionable belts, a great variety of belts are shown in scarlet, pale tan, dark tan and dark red, as well as gray, kid and leather, and in white and black, and are either of the thong belt order or have a decorative metal buckle, often very handsome and of novel design. Belts of velvet in a corset shape or of silk in the soft folds of the "Empire" style are seen with every dress that has not a separate waist-brace in kid, leather or metal.

Sleeves grow bigger and bigger, and there seems to be a prospect that the coming winter will be all sleeves, while the actual woman is ready verges upon this condition.

All kinds of collarettes are worn in the various laces now fashionable, the styles showing fluted, pleated and gathered effects. Sometimes the pleats turn all one way and are kept together, and again they flare out in great bunches. A number of rows or only two are worn, and often a jabot ripple is added to the flaring and pleating which surrounds the neck.

Boys' garments show a prevalence of nautical ideas. Broad sailor collars and anchors form decoration for these. The full blouse, worn out below the short jacket, is usually a feature of the small boy's frocks.

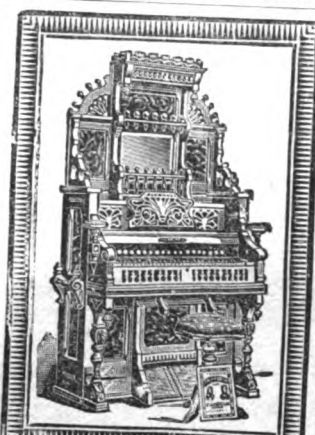
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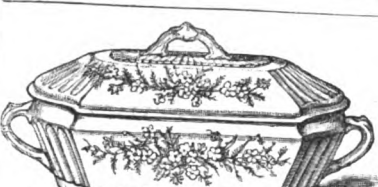
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COMFORT

For All



DECEMBER 1893. VOLUME 6 NO. 2 (MN62) PRICE 25¢ PER YEAR
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Now, a large acquaintance with female human beings in the shape of "college widows" had so hardened me against the genus that I resented, with all the bitterness of my nature, the intrusion of this most harmless and innocent of mortals.

She was an orphan, and only fifteen years old,—special reasons why I should have found it in me to give her, so far as my capacity would permit, those graceful consolations of human sympathy which her orphaned condition had denied to her. More than that, I should not have permitted my headstrong pride to plunge me into a resentful course which eventually destroyed even my hope of succeeding to the possession of my uncle's fortune.

To make all this clearer, I may explain that the following things happened in the order here set forth: First, I was disdainful of the child and contemptuous toward my uncle for having taken her up; second, my uncle resented both of these my attitudes, and displayed a steely firmness that surprised me; third, I left the house in dudgeon, and defiantly, and went out to seek an honest livelihood; fourth, I became satisfied that my uncle would disinherit me and install Laura in my place.

All these things consumed a few years in the happening, and they but added to the sweetness and beauty of the girl. The shrewd reader will instantly reflect that the simplest and most practical course for me would have been the courting and marrying of the girl; and no doubt he has a sly idea that some such denouement will end this story; but I am by profession a historian and not a story-writer; and I propose to spring a surprise or two which doubtless will make the reader ashamed of his conceit.

When Laura was about eighteen or nineteen, and I had established myself in a way to be regarding myself as independent of my uncle's fortune, I was vastly amazed to receive the following letter from the benighted girl:

"By accident I have just discovered, through some letters written by you to your uncle several years ago, that I was the cause of the rupture between you; and I am indescribably mortified to know that you regard me as an interloper between you and the fortune which is right should become yours.

"I cannot bear the humiliation that all this has brought upon me. Many things that happened long ago are now made clear to me. As we shall never see each other again there is no reason why I should not be candid with you and tell you how unhappy your treatment has made me. I could not understand why we should not have been friends. I had never known a brother, and when kind Heaven brought me both a father and a brother at once, I was the happiest girl in the world. I did not know then why you treated me as you did—I understand it now; and that which I comprehend above all things else is the debasing power of money. I now believe that had it not been for your uncle's fortune you and I might have been happy all our lives together, as brother and sister. That I have been the means of driving you from home and from your fortune, and, worse than that, have been the cause of developing in you a trait that I would rather have seen you dead than exhibit, are more than sufficient reasons for the course which I am determined to pursue.

"I have just written my uncle a letter informing him of my discovery and intention, and I write to tell you of what I have done and intend to do, because I cannot bear to have any one think I am mean. I will quietly step out of the place that I have usurped and that belongs to you, and I believe that the manner in which

I have written to your uncle will induce him to restore you to that place.
"Farewell—I wish I could add 'my dear friend.' I am going where I can be in nobody's way, and I have no fears for the future."

Here was a second opportunity to secure the fortune; but the old spirit of perversity again assumed control. Let the fortune go hang—it was not in me to let that girl suffer. I had surrendered my place through my own folly; in nowise was she to blame; and it cut me to the very heart to have her discover that a sordid nature had made a cur of me. I wondered if she realized how deeply she had wounded me.

After all (and this was a problem which my recently acquired experiences in business had enabled me to throw some light upon), my sly old uncle may have had no fortune at all. I was in a place to know about the revenues of rich people, and by no means could I learn that my uncle had any considerable income from investments. He had a few houses, the rentals of which yielded sufficient for his needs; but beyond them there was a trace of nothing whatever. A very old story (which I was unable to verify) ran to the effect that many years ago he had invested his money in diamonds, which he was supposed to have secreted somewhere. His old man-servant (a fellow named Riggs) reposed no faith in the story of the diamonds, as I took the trouble to ascertain. It would have been just like my sly old uncle to encourage a belief in the existence of his wealth, for he was vain of power.

Nevertheless, what he was known to have, though little, was now Laura's by right, and I despised it as much as I did myself. I could imagine the kind of letter that she had written him—it must have been dignified and womanly, but none the less cruel. I could see my uncle raging about the house, swearing at Riggs, and the house-girl, and the cook. I could even see him take the old single-barreled shotgun from the closet of the room adjoining his bed-chamber, as I had often seen him do, and hug it and caress it, and pretend that he always kept it loaded for burglars.

But while taking a secret delight in all these mental pictures, I was losing no time in efforts to find Laura. By some unaccountable means her letter had invested me with a foolish sentiment on her account, though a kind Providence withheld from me an exact understanding of it. All that I thought I wanted was to find her, to make myself right in her eyes, to show her that I would go many a long mile to prove my friendship for her, and, if possible, to restore her to my uncle's fireside. In my softened state I was even touched with pity for the old skinflint, for I knew that his heart was wrapped up in the girl and that her loss would nearly kill him.

Therefore, without any waste of time I put detectives out to find the runaway, and of course they soon discovered her.

I was gratified to learn that my uncle had taken no step so expensive—he had merely charged up and down with the old shotgun, and then cried like a baby.

A sense of delicacy, which I am certain the reader would not have expected, restrains me from setting out all the details of my meeting with Laura. I had not seen her for a long time, and was astonished to observe how very charming she had grown. Whether or not our inter-

view developed a sentimental character, I shall leave it to the match-making reader to infer, my only caution to him being to beware of a trap of my setting. About all I care to say just now is that, after an excellent understanding had arisen between us, she ruefully informed me that she had left something at my uncle's house that she treasured highly, but that as she was fully determined not to return to him (having, in her opinion, burned her bridges in that direction), she was distracted over its loss.

Of course that decided me to go and get it for her—that is to say, I would go and steal it for her; for I had been in business sufficiently long to acquire certain aptitudes, and besides that, I dared not openly visit my uncle's house.

Laura tried to laugh my proposition out of joint; but when she saw that my intention was fixed, and as we both were feeling quite happy and daring, she fell into the spirit of the adventure, and proffered her assistance.

In her present quarters she was well concealed, there being no danger of her discovery by my parsimonious uncle. So Laura agreed to go with me in a buggy to his fence in the dead of night, and wait for me while I should go about the business of my burglarious enterprise, and then drive with me rapidly away.

It was a single-story cottage, and I knew every detail of its arrangement, including Laura's chamber. It would be a simple matter, I thought, to force her window in the darkness, enter her deserted chamber, take what I sought, and retreat undiscovered.

To the house, then, we drove, arriving about one o'clock in the morning, and I proceeded to work.

The unexpected happened. It had never occurred to me to think of danger from the direction of old Riggs—I had conceived my uncle and the single-barreled shot-gun to be the only menaces. It may be inferred, therefore, that I was greatly discomfited when old Riggs, shaking as though he had an ague, suddenly emerged upon a side porch as I was hastening away with the plunder, nervously brought the familiar old shotgun to his quaking shoulder, and blazed away at me with a roar that reverberated throughout the township. I was still more embarrassed to discover that his aim had been murderously good; for the blow which I received from the gun's missiles struck me with so overwhelming violence that it sent me sprawling upon the grass; and I thought that I was hurt to death.

I lay there stunned and bleeding, utterly unable to rise, and only half-conscious of interesting things which were getting themselves to happen. Among these was the prompt and brave conduct of Laura. Seeing me fall, she sprang from the buggy, ran through the gate, and flung herself upon the grass beside me, saying things that sounded too pleasant to be listened to in half-consciousness. She raised my head and kissed me a number of times, and applied other and similar soothing and healing remedies, including tears. Then with a quick and vigorous energy she caught me around the body, under the arms, and began to drag me toward the gate, with the manifest intention of bundling me into the buggy and driving to safety with me. I have no doubt that she would have accomplished this task had not a

Comfort's Nutshell Story Club.

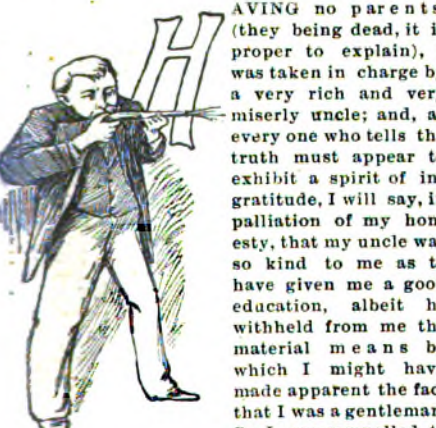


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THE RUSTY SHOTGUN.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY W. C. MORROW.
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HAVING no parents, (they being dead, it is proper to explain), I was taken in charge by a very rich and very miserly uncle; and, as every one who tells the truth must appear to exhibit a spirit of ingratitude, I will say, in palliation of my honesty, that my uncle was so kind to me as to have given me a good education, albeit he withheld from me the material means by which I might have made apparent the fact that I was a gentleman.

So I was compelled to gnaw my thumbs and wait for my good uncle to die and leave me his fortune. As he was a bachelor, and as I was his only heir-apparent, and as he had let it be understood that I should inherit his possessions, and as he was getting old, this waiting for a generous competency was not so irksome as might be supposed. But this complacent frame of mind was shaken, not very long after that most peculiar little wretch, Laura, came into the household.

My uncle, being in his dotage, imagined that he needed the consoling presence of a female human being in his house.

queer distraction supervened.

Just as she had fairly started with me, the most extraordinary lamentations burst forth from the cottage. They came from my uncle, and they were so strange, incoherent, and apparently irrelevant, that they stirred my physical functions to alertness, thereby enabling me to assist Laura in my removal. This is what my uncle said:

"Oh, God have mercy! Why did you shoot him? Why did you fire that gun? Oh, you have ruined me—you have ruined me! You confounded old fool, why did you shoot him?"

"Why," stammered Riggs, frightened now the second time, "I—I—I thought I orter killed him. He's a burglar, sir—he's a burglar!"

"You infernal old fool, if you had killed him it would have been all right; but see there! He's up and going to the buggy!"

"You didn't want me to kill him, sir!"

"Of course I did, you unspeakable fool; but now he is driving away, and I'm ruined, I'm ruined! If he had only fallen dead I should have been saved; but now I'm ruined, I'm ruined!" Saying that, he fell with a despairing groan. Glancing back, I saw him rouse himself with a mighty effort, and heard him shriek like a madman, "Go and catch him! Run him to the ends of the earth! Bring him back dead or alive! I'll give twenty thousand dollars for his body!" And then he fell back all in a heap.

Laura, supporting me with one arm, drove rapidly with the free hand straight to a surgeon's house.

I was very ill and faint; my head fell over upon her shoulder, and the stars swung alarmingly to and fro across the sky. I could feel the blood pouring down my back, and frightful sharp pains tortured every nerve in my body. But it was good to feel Laura's supporting arm, to hear her agonized words of cheer, to rest my cheek upon her warm, comfortable shoulder, and to feel her sweet breath on my face and her lips now and then on mine. It was all so sweet, on my honor, that I thanked Heaven I had been shot.

Her cries at the surgeon's gate brought that gentleman out, and she quickly told him what the trouble was, without explaining its cause.

With no loss of time he led me into the house, stripped the upper part of my body, laid me face down on a table, and began his work. Quickly and dexterously he picked the missiles out of my back, and presently he said:

"The punctures are very shallow—your injury is trivial." Still he worked busily, having my courageous Laura to help him with the water, sponges, and other things.

"Extraordinary!" he finally exclaimed. "The gun was loaded with glass!" He declared that he had never heard of such a thing, as he picked out one blood-covered bit of glass after another and laid it with the others on the table.

But finally he was done, having dressed the shallow wounds, and told me I was able to drive home. Being a wise and prudent girl, Laura gathered the bits of glass into her handkerchief and thrust them into her pocket. Then she drove me some miles further, to the house in which she was living, and put me snugly to bed, declaring that I was in as great need of concealment as she, and, besides, that she wanted me where she could take care of me her very own self.

"Cruel old glass!" she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, as she washed the bits in my presence. "But how bright and beautiful they are!" she cried, bringing them to my bedside, and showing them to me.

I am pained to say that my poor dear uncle died of apoplexy that night, and that none of the people who appeared to administer on his affairs ever found the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of diamonds that he had hidden in the barrel of the rusty old shotgun.

I'll wager my year-old baby Laura's right hand that very few men have been shot rich with diamonds.

CROOKED JOE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HARRY HAUSTETTER.

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stationary settees, and crowds of hurrying people, were not quite as familiar to him, and homelike, as his mother's small bare house, which he knew as little more than a place for eating and sleeping.

He had been but six months old when a dreadful accident happened which, at one fell stroke, made him fatherless, and transformed him from a strong, well-developed infant to a pitiful creature that even death refused to take.

"What a pity that it was not killed outright," said everybody save the mother; but she always insisted that only her constant watching over the little flickering life kept her from going mad in the first dreadful month of her bereavement.

The officers of the railway company were kind to poor Mary Burk. They paid the expenses of the burial, and, after little Joe had slowly mended, employed her about the depot to scrub floors and keep the glass and wood-work bright and neat.

When Joe was seven years old his mother sent him to school.

He went patiently day after day, making no complaint, but she awoke suddenly one night to find him sobbing on the pillow beside her. Only by dint of long coaxing was she able to find out the cause of his grief.

Some of the rougher boys—more thoughtless than cruel, let us hope—had called him "Humpy," and asked if he carried a bag of meal on his back!

Mary flamed with the fierce anger of motherhood. "You shan't go another day," she de-

clared. "The ruffians! I won't have my darling put upon by the like of them."

So Joe's schooling had come to an untimely end. Yet meagre as was his stock of book learning, the development of his mind far outstripped the growth of his stunted and deformed body.

Every body liked the patient little fellow, tugging manfully at his mother's heavy water buckets, and running willingly at every call of the station men.

By the time he was twelve years old he had picked up no small amount of information, especially on railroad topics. He knew every locomotive on the road; understood the intricacies of sidetracks and switches; and could tell the precise moment when any particular train might be expected, with the accuracy of a time table.

Yet the very quickness and ardor of his nature deepened the sense of his infirmity. How wistfully his eyes followed boys of his own age—straight, handsome, happy—who sprang lightly up and down the steps of the coaches, or threaded their way along the crowded platforms!

For one day of such perfect untrammelled life he would have bartered all the possible years before him. Yet he never put his yearning into words—even to his mother.

Mr. White, the telegraph operator, was Joe's constant friend. It was he who, at odd moments, had taught the boy to read, and had initiated him into some of the mysteries of the clicking instrument, which to Joe's imaginative mind seemed some strange creature with a hidden life of its own.

It was growing towards dark one November afternoon. Joe never an un-

welcome visitor—sat curled up in a corner of Mr. White's office, waiting for his mother to finish her work. He was spelling out, by the fading light, the words upon a page of an illustrated newspaper, quite oblivious to the ticking, like that of a jerky and rheumatic clock, which sounded in the room.

Mr. White, too, had a paper before him, but his ears were alive. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, repeating aloud the message which, that moment, flashed across the wire:

"Engine No. 110 running wild. Clear the track!"

He rushed to the door shouting the news.

"Not a second to spare! She'll be down in seven minutes," he shouted.

The words passed like lightning. In a moment the yard was in a wild commotion. Men flew hither and thither. Yard engines steamed wildly away, the switches closing behind them.

The main track was barely clear when 110 came in sight, swaying from side to side, her wheels threatening to leave the track at each revolution.

She passed the depot like a meteor, her bell clanging with every leap of her piston, the steam escaping from her whistle with the continuous shriek of a demon, and the occupants of the cab wrapped from view in a cloud of smoke.

Some hundred rods beyond the depot the track took a sharp upward grade, from which it descended again to strike the bridge across a narrow, but deep and rocky, gorge.

Men looked after the flying locomotive, and then at each other with blanched faces.

"They're gone! A miracle can't save 'em," said one, voicing the wordless terror of the rest.

"If they don't fly the track on the up-grade, they'll go down as soon as they strike the trestle," said another.

The crowd began to run along the track, some with a vain instinct of helpfulness, some moved by that morbid curiosity which seeks to be "in at the death."

But look! Midway of the long rise the speed of the runaway engine suddenly slackened!

"What does it mean? She never could 'a' died out in that time!" shouted an old yard man.

Excitement winged their feet. When the foremost runner reached the place the smoking engine stood still on her track, quivering in every steel-clad nerve, her great wheels still whizzing round and round amid a flight of red sparks from beneath.

"Who did it? Who stopped her?"

The engineer, staggering from the cab, with the pallid face of the fireman behind him, pointed, without speaking, to where a little pale-faced, crooked-backed boy had sunk down panting with exertion beside the track.

At his feet a huge oil-can lay over-turned and empty.

The crowd stared at one another, open-mouthed. Then the truth flashed upon them.

"He oiled the track!"

"Hurrah for Crooked Joe!"

They caught the exhausted child, lifted him from shoulder to shoulder, striving with each other for the honor of bearing him, and so in irregular, tumultuous, triumphal procession they brought him back to the depot and set him down among them.

"Pass the hat, pards!" cried one.

It had been pay-day, and the rescued engineer and fireman dropped in, each, his month's wages. Not a hand in all the throng that did not delve into a pocket. There was the crisp rustle of bills, the chink of gold and silver coin.

"Out with your handkerchief, Joe! Your hands won't hold it all! Why, young one, what's the matter?" for the boy, with scarlet cheeks and burning eyes, had clinched both small hands behind his back—the poor, twisted back laden with its burden of deformity and pain.

"No, no," he cried, in a shrill, high voice. "Don't pay me! Can't you see what it's worth to me, once—just once in my life—to be a little use—like other folks?"

The superintendent had come from his office. He laid his hand on the boy's head.

"Joe," he said, "we couldn't pay you if we wished. Money doesn't pay for lives! But you have saved us a great many dollars besides. Won't you let us do something for you?"

"You can't! you can't! nobody can!"

The child's voice was almost a shriek. It seemed to rend the air with the pent-up agony of years.

"There's only one thing in the world I want, and nobody can give me that. Nobody can make me anything but 'Crooked Joe.'"

The superintendent lifted him and held him against his heart.

"My boy," he said, in his firm, gentle tones, "you are right. None of us can do that for you. But you can do it yourself. Listen to me! Where is the quick brain God gave you, and the brave heart? Not in that bent back of yours—that has nothing to do with them. Let us help you to a chance—only a chance to work and to learn—and it will rest with you, yourself, to say whether, in twenty years from now, if you are alive, you are 'Crooked Joe' or Mr. Joseph Burk."

Not long ago a friend said to me, "Court is in session. You must go with me and hear the most eloquent speaker I ever listened to."

The court room was already crowded at our entrance with an expectant audience, gathered to hear the plea of one of the most brilliant orators, as well as ablest lawyers in the district. Every one was eager to see him.

When he rose I stretched my neck to get a glimpse of him, and I felt a shock at first as the dwarfed figure met my eyes; but one look at the noble, intellectual face, and I forgot that; and when he began to speak, I seemed to feel the lofty spirit free itself from the mis-shapen body. For two hours I was held spellbound by the eloquence, the nobility of mind as well as the logic of the lawyer.

When he was done I turned to my friend. "Who is he?" I asked.

"Mr. Joseph Burk," was the reply.



"HURRAH FOR CROOKED JOE."

The Light That Would Not be Put Out.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ZACH. Z. ZOXY.

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of a soul from the dead.

Three weeks before the night on which this wondrous experience came, my brother, twin to my only sister, died. Ah, how we mourned him, my sister and I! Yet not so deeply did I mourn and miss him as did Alice. Perhaps the mystery of their joint birth knit their souls closer together. Besides I had a comforter; she had none, save the Good Father, whose hand stilleth the wild throbbings of each wounded heart. I had Ellen, my betrothed, whom I loved better than sister or brother, than aught else on earth.

On the night whereof I write, the white snow lay to the depth of a foot atop the black ground, the north winds whistled shrilly, and the fast falling flakes rode fiercely upon the back of the storm. It was a night to make one thankful for the roof-tree above the head and the comfortable bed in which to lie; a night, when the warm glow from a blazing fire tickles the heart.

Sister and I sat by the stove talking in low tones. For the most part we spoke of the dead, of the brother whose vacant chair still sat by the hearth and whose presence still seemed to pervade and hallow the room. For some time the soft blue eyes of Alice had been regarding me wistfully, her tender love shining through their tears. At last, drawing her light shawl closer about her shoulders and moving her chair nearer to me, she said, with a slight tremor in her sweet voice: "John, somehow I feel as if dear brother was very near to-night, and—as if he was trying to tell me something and couldn't. What can it mean, John?" and she laid a trembling hand upon my arm.

"Sister," I replied, as very gently I stroked with my rough palm the soft back of her white hand, "I fear that it is not good for you to be alone so much with your sorrow. Your thoughts grow morbid. The dead come not back to the living; or, if such a thing is possible, this, I am sure, would be dear brother's message to us: 'Love me ever; but mourn me not. I am happy; be happy yourselves.' But come, away with such thoughts! The hour grows late; let us to bed." As I thus spoke I arose from my chair and bade my sister good-night.

"Ah, John," she said gazing up into my face, with a look in her blue eyes that liked me not. "Ah, John, this is a strange world, a wondrous life; and death—what hand hath a key to unlock it to the living!—death hath mysteries you or I know not of. And yet, and yet—good-night, dear brother," she ended abruptly.

"Alice, drive these wild thoughts from your brain. They are not good for the soul," I answered; for I

(NUTSHELL STORIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)

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THE NUTSHELL STORY CLUB.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

liked it not for her to dwell overmuch upon what to my plain mind was beyond all comprehending and therefore not worth the pondering. "Good-night, sister," and I turned and went to my bed-chamber in the upper part of the house.

Perhaps fifteen minutes had passed when, suddenly, the stair door was thrown open and a voice I could hardly recognize as Alice's, so full of fright was it, called: "John! John! Come down! Come down quick! I!" I was out of bed in a moment and, hurrying on a few clothes, hastened to Alice.

She stopped near the center of the room, white as the loose robe which enveloped her form, with both hands leaning upon the table, whereon sat the lamp, staring at its light. From head to foot she was all of a tremble and her eyes were big with a awful terror. "Alice! Alice! What has happened! What is the matter!" I cried, as I quickly sprang to her side and laid a hand upon her arm.

"John," she whispered, "John, thrice have I blown out this lamp and thrice, with the sound as of the muffled beating of a great drum, has the lamp re-lighted itself. What can it mean, John? O, what can it mean?" and turning she seized my arm with both her trembling hands.

"Dear sister," I said, as very gently I stroked the soft brown of her hair and drew her close to my side. "Dear sister, you are weary and nervous and the wildness of the storm without has disturbed your fancy. See, the lamp does not light of itself and there is no sound of the beating of a great drum. Look, I blow out the light." As I thus spoke I bent forward and blew upon the flame of the lamp and the light went out. Alice drew both her arms around my neck and clung tightly to me. For a moment all was darkness and there came no sound, save that of the shrieks of the winds and the groanings of the trembling timbers, for the storm still raged without and beat fiercely against the house.

"See, sister, all is as I—"

I stopped abruptly. The air began to palpitate as with the muffled beatings of a great drum. The sound was not loud and seemed not to come from any particular direction, but to fill the entire space of the room. And then, all of a sudden, a blue flame leaped from the surrounding darkness to the lamp, the drumming died away, and there, not six feet to the front of me, sat the lamp burning brightly.

For the space of some few moments I stood too awed to speak or to stir, with Alice clinging to me. It was the thought of her which first recalled me to my senses. She was trembling so violently that I feared the fright might work her harm and, placing my arm around her, I half bore her to the lounge and sought to quiet her alarm.

"Alice," I said, as I seated myself by her side, "let not these strange things we have witnessed trouble you. Whence came the sound and light we know not; neither need we care. They have not harmed us. See, everything in the room is just as it was. Let the lamp burn; we will not quarrel with the spirits who seem to be the self-constituted guardians of its flame. Come, go to bed and think no more about it. I will lie down on the lounge until morning."

I spoke thus boldly; but it was only tongue-courage. The fear and awe of the dread sound and the leaping flame still shook both her arms around me.

Alice retired to her chamber, which adjoined the room, and I lay down upon the lounge. The lamp continued to burn brightly upon the table and my sleepless eyes oft turned to it; but its clear flame glowed steadily and all was still, save the wild storm without.

Perhaps an hour had passed, when the sound of a heavy body falling against the outer door and a half stifled cry came to my ears.

In a moment a woman, closely wrapped in a great cloak, fell limp and helpless into my arms. By this time Alice was by my side. "My God!" I cried in agony, as I caught sight of the white face of the woman. "My God, Alice, it's Ellen!"

It was my darling. During the day she had been to visit a distant neighbor and, at evening, had started to return home, when the storm, which arose suddenly, overtook her. The snow came down so fast and fiercely, and the darkness was so great, that she could not see. Soon she had lost her way and for hours had struggled on through the deep snow and the blinding storm until, just as strength and courage had deserted her and she was about to sink exhausted to the ground, her eyes had caught the gleam of a light shining through a window, and Heaven had given her strength to reach our door, where she had fallen, in a dead faint, into my arms and was safe.

Rescued, and by the light that would not be put out! I knew not what you may think, kind reader, but Alice and I knew that it was dear brother who saved my darling from the storm that night.

BY THE LIGHTNING'S FLASH.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY EMMA HERRICK WEED.

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It was a sultry night in August, dark, moonless, and without a breath of air.

The road which Harvey Latimer was traveling, at an hour, too, when most honest folks were in bed, lay through a lonely tract of wood and swamp for several miles. But Mr. Latimer was no coward; besides he was full of the exhilaration a youth is

went to feel when "she" has just answered the question in the affirmative, on which hinges to him all future weal or woe.

As he neared the edge of the swamp he noted the preternatural stillness of the locality. Not a leaf whispered in the stagnant air. Not a frog or tree-toad signalled to its fellow. There could be but one meaning to this—a storm was close at hand.

He stumbled along in the pitchy darkness, and had about cleared the marsh, when, a flash of lightning, blinding in its intensity, and followed by a bellowing roar of thunder, lit up the country for miles around as with instantaneous noonday. A strange sight was revealed by that celestial illumination. A few rods away, under a blasted pine, a man with a spade in hand, was busy in the interment of something or somebody in the damp, spongy earth. His hat was off, his hair dishevelled, his whole demeanor that of the intensest excitement and perturbation; and, to his horror Latimer saw, or thought he saw, a human arm protruding from the heap of dirt at the man's feet.

Had there been some horrid crime committed, and had Heaven lent its supernal agency to reveal what else might ever have remained a mystery? For he had recognized the man with the spade as Dick Jessop, a well-known village character.

Our hero did not wait for further revelations, but hurried homeward as fast as a pair of rather long legs could take him. He determined to keep his gruesome secret to himself for a while; keeping, in the meantime, a surreptitious watch on the fellow Jessop.

A few days later, Latimer set out to call on a young man by the name of Elwood, who had moved to the village the year before. The house stood back from the highway, and remote from other dwellings.

He knocked several times at the door, and receiving no reply opened it and stepped in. The room was empty, nor was there trace of recent occupancy. That indescribable something that pervades a deserted human habitation seemed to chill the very air.

Our hero, with a strange sense of dread, began a search of the premises. The young man's watch and metal box, in which he had often laughingly assured Harvey he kept his worldly wealth, were missing; also all the better articles of his wardrobe. A hat on the floor unlike that which Elwood had worn, attracted Latimer's notice. He picked it up. Inside, on a soiled handkerchief, he read the initials "R. J."

Did this hat belong to Richard Jessop? Every one knew he was accustomed to do occasional errands for the student youth—had he dropped it in guilty flight?

Latimer returned to the village and acquainted the authorities with the facts we have related, barring the midnight episode in the woods; that he resolved to withhold, all the occasion seemed ripe for disclosure.

The upshot of the investigation that was instituted concerning Elwood's disappearance, was, that Richard Jessop was summarily arrested as his probable murderer—for that the missing man had been foully dealt with, was not to be doubted, since his valuables were taken; robbery being the evident incentive.

Jessop stoutly protested his innocence, but there were few who believed in him.

His trial soon came off. It was proved that the accused had been a frequent visitor at Elwood's; that the last time the latter had been seen alive, the two had left the express office together, Elwood being the recipient of a valuable parcel, a fact known to his companion.

An old woman also swore to meeting Jessop, at about this time, at one o'clock of a stormy morning, on her way home from a death-bed; "actin' queer and wild like, and carryin' an axe or somethin' over his shoulder." The chain of circumstantial evidence wanted but one link—the body had not been found.

The prosecution closed; and a flimsy attempt at defense was set up. The principal argument advanced by the defendant's attorney being that as Elwood's body had not been found, that gentleman might still be using it for purposes of his own, elsewhere. Professionally he wished to save his client from a hempen necktie; non-professionally he thought he deserved one.

At the close of his plea, Latimer, who had been bidding his time, advanced and whispered in the ear of the prosecuting attorney. All his life he had yearned to make his dramatic debut—the time was at hand.

The district attorney rose and announced that additional evidence of importance was about to be given; and the witness was sworn and gave his testimony, in substance the scene narrated at the beginning of this sketch. "Why," wound up the orator, "why did Heaven send that lightning flash at that particular instant, if not to reveal you murderer to the gaze of angels and men!"

A sensational scene followed. A mob broke loose in indiscriminate confusion, and made for the spot described by Latimer. Meanwhile, the prisoner's face was a study. If one could fancy a smile born under such circumstances, a semblance of one certainly flitted over his pale face, as he listened to Latimer's recital.

Court adjourned; the prisoner was remanded to jail, and the authorities under Latimer's leadership, moved as one man to the "grave" of Jessop's victim. Then, in breathless silence, the earth was removed, shovelful by shovelful, until a suit of clothes identified as belonging to Elwood, but empty as when the tailor sent them home with his bill, were brought to light. "Only these and nothing more."

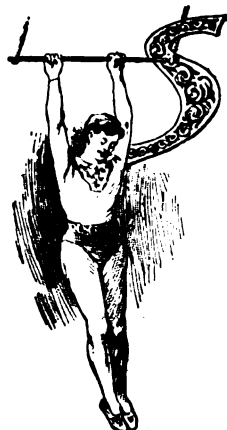
The crowd was nonplussed; Latimer discomfited. Suddenly a voice caused them all to turn about, and no less a person than Elwood himself, advanced among them. "Ah," he said quietly, "that is the suit I lent poor Jessop to go to a party in a few weeks ago. You see coming home he encountered an animal—Mephitis Americana. I think they call it—and as he had no further use for the clothing, selected this as a suitable place for their interment. It was just before I went away on one of my long geological tramps; the poor fellow was awfully cut up over the affair; hoped the earth would remove the taint, as he had no money to make them good and," with a sharp, sudden emphasis, "you were going to hang him for it, eh?"

The crowd collapsed—likewise Latimer! "But what's a 'mephitis americana,' ma?" whispered a youngster, clinging to its retreating mother's skirt. "Jest a common skunk, you little greeny!" snapped the disappointed woman. "Nothin' more nor less!"

ZANITA.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY F. M. P. DEAS.

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blown by the wind.

Everybody liked her, with one exception, and jealousy lay at the bottom of that one.

There was a black-eyed brunette in the company, a handsome girl named Florida Strom, who had been the star up to the time that Zanita came; but she found herself matched now, if not eclipsed, and it made her feel pretty badly, though she tried to keep her mortification to herself. Women folks as a rule do not like to be beaten at anything; they want to take the lead, whether it's in a matter of rope-dancing, or brie-a-brac, or Easter bonnets—it's the principle they go for. Florida had kept ahead so long, she hated to lose the first place, but Zanita was so kind and good tempered it did seem impossible for them to quarrel.

Washington's birthday was at hand, and the town was to give an exhibition in a town called Mayfield, down in New Jersey.

There were some new features in preparation, among others a triple trapeze act that was a little more difficult than anything that had yet been tried. Two were to go up together, and a third had a flying leap, coming in from one side at a critical moment when the slightest miscalculation might have a direful result. The three were Zanita, Florida, and Bob Hanley, leading acrobat and general ladies' man, and the occupant of a very "under spot" in Florida's heart.

It was fixed so that Zanita and Hanley were to go up in the centre, and Florida had the flying leap. They practiced continually the girls sometimes changing parts for the sake of variety, until they became equally expert in both.

Of course a complex act of this sort is a good deal more risky than one in which a performer depends upon his own skill alone. Your safety is in other hands as well as in your own, and if those hands fail you, you can't help yourself. In this case, while the three were all more or less responsible for one another, the chief responsibility lay with the girl

who stayed in the centre trapeze, because she controlled the strap by which her companion let himself down, and if she mismanaged that, either he or the girl who took the flying leap, or perhaps both, would very likely come to grief.

On the evening of the twenty-first, just after the last rehearsal of the new act, Mr. Well, the manager, going into the rear tent in search of something, stumbled over a figure crouching on the ground near the entrance. It was almost dark, but he could distinguish the outlines of the figure sufficiently to discover that it was Florida's, and as she sprang up he saw that she was crying.

"Why, Florida, what's the matter?" he asked kindly.

"Nothing," she answered brokenly, "only I am going away."

"Going away, child? Where to, and when?"

"Now, to-night—this minute; I don't care where," was her passionate reply.

"Oh no, Florida, you don't mean that," said Mr. Well soothingly. He knew that she had a strong temper, and supposed that she had been quarreling with some one, as was not seldom the case; and being a kind heart and anxious to keep matters running smoothly, he set to work to discover the cause of the trouble so that he might remedy it at once. But no satisfactory answer could his questions elicit. She persisted in declaring that she must and would go, and it was only after a long argument that she finally promised to stay, at any rate, until after the next day's performance was over.

"You may be sorry, though, if I do," she muttered.

"No, I won't child; you'll feel better to-morrow, and forget all about this," said the manager, giving her shoulder a friendly pat. "Dry your eyes, now, there's a good girl, and don't fret any more; you're tired and over-excited, and need a good rest."

The next day a big crowd assembled, people flocking in from all the farms around, and the tents were packed long before the time set for the show to begin.

While the first acts were going on, Mr. Well went in quest of Hanley, who was waiting for his turn.

"What's this freak of Florida's," he asked, "about not having the net underneath in the flying trapeze act? Don't you like the risk at all?"

"Doesn't she want the net? Well, let it go then," was Hanley's reply. "I guess that will be all right."

"She's the most headstrong girl alive," said the manager, "and I am afraid to cross her now, for she's in one of her queer moods, and there is no telling what she may do. But I tell you, Hanley, I don't like the risk. You recollect poor little Marcy?"

"That was different," said Bob. "Marcy was a nervous chap, to begin with, and he was not properly prepared. Now I believe we could do this thing in the dark. Don't you worry, Mr. Well, nothing is going to happen."

The trapeze act was called soon after, and Bob went in. In spite of his cheerful assurances to the manager, he rather wished, as he looked at Zanita's pale little face and wistful eyes, that they had not agreed to dispense with the net. It was a foolish whim of Florida's, a very foolish whim; Mr. Well ought not to have been afraid to contradict her.

Florida's cheeks burned in two spots of flame, and her black eyes glittered like stars.

"Come," she said in a tone of forced gaiety, "let us get through with this, and as she spoke she caught hold of the rope of the centre trapeze."

"Hold on," said Hanley, "what are you doing? You don't belong here to-day."

"It's all right," was her reply. "Zanita and I have settled it. She's to take the flying leap."

She climbed up, and Bob followed, feeling considerably nettled. In the first place, he thought that he should have been consulted; in the next, he objected strongly to the sudden change of plan.

"Who proposed this?" he asked. She only laughed in reply. He glanced over at Zanita, who was up in her place by this time, and she telegraphed back a look which plainly told him that she was not to blame.

"What makes you look so sour?" asked Florida as they set to work.

"Well," said Bob, rather curtly, "I object to being taken by surprise, that's all."

"Oh, is that all? I was afraid you might feel disappointed," was the mocking rejoinder. "But after all, Zanita isn't so very far off."

Of course this little speech enlightened Hanley at once. It was jealousy, then, which had made Florida so anxious to keep Zanita and himself apart. He turned off his annoyance with a laugh.

"If you wanted my company," he said pleasantly, "of course I can only feel flattered."

"Yes, I wanted your company," she rejoined, "because I have something to say to you in private, and I may not find another opportunity as good as this."

It occurred then to Bob that she might be going to make love to him, and the idea made him quake and turn hot and cold all over.

While they talked, they were going through the usual preliminaries of the work which came first and required very little attention.

"I want you to know," she continued, "that I've watched you pretty closely, and that you haven't kept your secret from me."

"What on earth are you talking about?" said Bob. "I have no secret that I know of."

"As if you could throw dust in my eyes!" she scornfully exclaimed. "Don't I know that you are in love with that little milk-faced doll over there, and she with you? Any fool might discern that."

"You're crazy," said Hanley. "Furthest back, I must request you to speak in more civil terms of Zanita, if you mean her. In fact you had better not mention her at all."

"I shall mention her only so far as to say that if you are counting on getting her for your wife you are making a mistake, for that will never happen!" she hissed out, her eyes glaring into his.

"I am counting on nothing," answered her companion, coolly. "You are making yourself ridiculous, Florida. There is nothing between Zanita and me."

"You are lying, and you know it," she breathed with suppressed fury. "But you will be sorry enough for this. I hope you said your prayers this morning?"

"Come, enough of this," said Hanley impatiently, for he was beginning to lose his temper. "Let's get to work; time is going."

"And Eternity is coming," she replied, still glaring at him.

Had she really gone crazy? Hanley began to think so, and the idea was not a pleasant one. But their big act was coming, and needed the concentration of all their forces; and as he realized this his brain cleared, and his pulses grew steady, and every muscle in his body seemed to turn into steel.

"Ready!" he said. "Be careful now, and look out for my signal."

As he buckled the strap to his belt, he was as cool and undisturbed as he had ever been in his life. The momentary excitement caused by Florida's remarks had passed off, and he was ready to treat the whole matter as a joke. When he had finished his preparations he looked up at her and smiled.

"Let us be friends," he said, extending his hand. She took it, squeezed it hard and dashed it from her with a sort of smothered sob.

The audience took this for a part of the act, and applauded.

Then he dropped, and swung in mid-air.

Just then the band played a slow, plaintive air, keeping time to the motion of his body as he swayed to and fro. The tune was "Robin Adair."

"Bob," said Florida in a low, tremulous tone. He looked up.

"Bob, I am going to let you drop."

He laughed.

"Are you?" he answered carelessly.

"Bob, I am not in fun. I mean what I say."

"Well, wait till we get through," said Hanley, "then you may drop me, as quick as you like."

"Listen," she said. "I am loosing the strap at this end. When it slips from the buckle you will go down—down, and nobody can stop you. Do you understand? I am going to kill you, so Zanita can never get you—never."

Before she finished speaking he felt that she was in deadly earnest. For an instant he concentrated all his forces, and he should be crying out for help? No, he had never been a coward. Besides, if he should be mistaken, what a fool he would appear!

"I'll give you one chance," went on the low, inexorable voice. "Promise to marry me, and I'll not do this. Will you promise?"

"Marry you?" said Hanley. "Not for your weight in gold."

"Then I will let you drop."

"Go ahead," was his reply, "and be—well, no matter what."

A second later, and he felt himself slip. There was

darkness—a crash—then oblivion.

When he came to himself, he was lying on a bed; people were around him, and Zanita was bathing his brow.

Was it she who had saved him, or an angel in disguise?

They told him, afterwards, how she had made her flying leap, but not as it was on the programme; how, catching a dangling rope, she had seized him, had broken his fall, and broken her own slender wrist in the act.

But a broken wrist is a small matter, when it leads to the discovery of a beautiful secret which brightens two lives—and Florida was forgiven.

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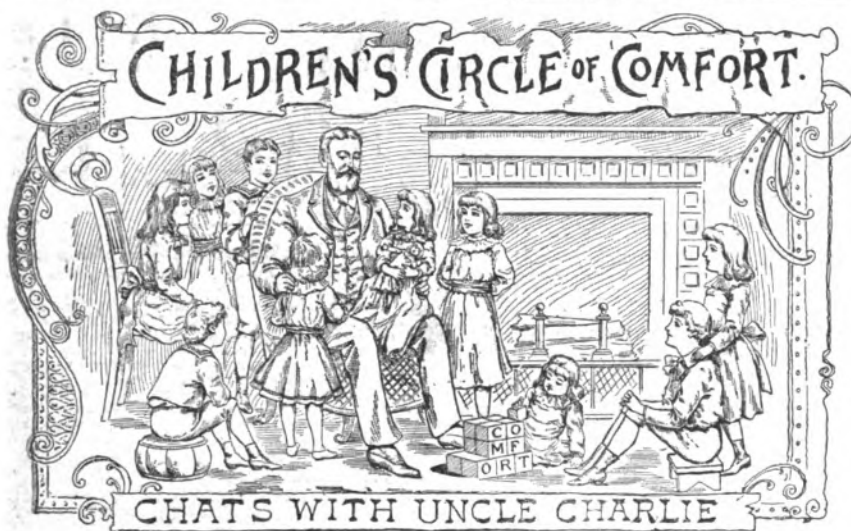
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MERRY CHRISTMAS for all of you, my million and more nephews and nieces! And if I could, I would send Santa Claus to each with a special message and a gift. Who can tell what Christmas means, anyway? A great many of you, I am sure, and yet there are hundreds who can't.

It is a sweet old story; how one December night, just 1893 years ago, a little baby-boy was born, in the far-off city of Bethlehem. They were poor people, his father and mother; and they had to sleep in a stable, because, the Bible tells us, "There was no room for them at the Inn." Perhaps they were too poor to pay for it if there had been. Anyway, the little child Jesus, was laid in a manger for his first cradle. An old English superstition even now, says that all the oxen everywhere, kneel in their stalls on Christmas eve, just as those oxen in the stable at Bethlehem of Judea knelt in adoration of that baby who afterward became the Christ, and whose birth Christmas celebrates.

All the world joins now in making it a festival day; and all countries celebrate it in their own peculiar way. I hope most of you know how to make a Merry Christmas in America. Where is the boy or girl that has never seen a Christmas tree? If there are any, something is wrong, for they have been cheated out of a real birth-right. Since away back in the middle ages all little German and English children have had Christmas trees. A small ever-green tree is brought into the house and propped up with stones, banked with moss. Then it is hung with candles and fancy tinsel ornaments, strings of pop-corn, gilded nuts and queer little toy animals, with plenty of candy bags and apples. Over in North Germany, for centuries, it has been the custom for all the parents to send their children's gifts to some one man, who dressed up in a white robe, a mask and a big flax wig, and went from house to house as "Knight Rupert"; he first inquired of the parents about each child's conduct for the past year, and then bestowed his gifts where they belonged! How do you think you would come off, if a real St. Nicholas should do that, and only give presents to such as had been truly good? And, by the way, that was the origin of St. Nicholas. The German and Dutch settlers who came over to New York more than two hundred years ago, remembering the Knight Rupert of their old country, introduced "Santa Claus" to their new one, and American children can date their "St. Nick" back to him.

In England great preparations are made for Christmas. In olden times they began their holidays December 25th and kept them up until Twelfth Night, which comes on January sixth. Their pantries were stocked with all kinds of good things; geese, turkeys, ducks, beef, mutton, pork, pies, puddings, cakes, nuts, sugar, honey and all the fruit they could get; and the whole family, old and young, ate, drank and made merry for twelve days. Don't you suppose they had to take horrid doses of physic when they got through? Then they built great fires in their, big, open fire-places, all of huge logs, the principal one being called the "Yule-log," and kept them burning until Candlemas eve, which comes February second. Sometimes the bringing in of the yule-log was a great ceremony. The log was wreathed with holly and ivy, and then four stout young men carried it in with great pomp, while others sang and drank from the wassail bowl.

What was wassail? Well, it was something not good for little boys to drink, or for little girls even to smell of!

And then, every evening, all the family with all the guests they could muster, gathered around this great fire and sang and danced and joked and played games; and they asked riddles, and conjured with sleight-of-hand tricks, and played forfeits.

And then the Christmas dinner! You should have been there to see! Poor little Jack Horner who sat in a corner, would have opened his eyes wider than ever; and as for the little boy

who cried because, as he said, he "had eaten so much t-t-turkey, he couldn't eat any p-p-plum pudding" he would have wept and wailed and gnashed his teeth, all because there were so many more and such wonderful dishes! The first dish was always a soused boar's head, with sprigs of green leaves stuck in his nose and ears, borne to the table in great state on a silver platter, while minstrels, if it were a rich man's house, or children, if it were a poor one's, sang Christmas songs and carols. And after that they had venison and birds and roast pork and no end of good things; and to crown all they had an enormous plum-pudding which was also brought on in great state, and in a blaze of fire also; because it was, and still is, the fashion to pour brandy over it and then set it on fire; and if it is a good, well-regulated pudding, the brandy all burns off by the time it gets to the table. But my! how it makes the children's eyes bulge out!

The night before Christmas—which is Christmas eve, you know—all the bells in France and England ring at midnight, because it is believed that was the hour of Christ's birth. And always in the middle ages, and sometimes now, minstrels or children go about all night singing Christmas carols—just as did the shepherds who watched their flocks by night, on the hills of Judea, 1893 years ago, when the

smuggled into the house and hid under beds, in closets and bureau drawers. Mothers and aunts and grandmas have a great deal of mysterious work to be done, although they look very unconscious when the children come around, and they have just stilled Tommy's new cap or Effie's handkerchief-case under their aprons.

And then comes the last great day—the one before Christmas. Sometime in the morning a green fir, or hemlock or spruce tree is brought in and set up in the parlor. In the afternoon, mamma and one or two other privileged older people, shut themselves up in there. And then at night, how hard it is to be sent off to bed! You all hang round that parlor door—not because you want to be naughty but because you just can't help it, and you just can't keep away until Papa says in a tone you all know so well: "Come, children, if you don't go to bed this minute, we shall not have any Christmas tree, and you shan't have any presents!"

And that settles it. But you can't go to sleep. O no! You lie awake as much as fifteen or twenty minutes, trying to hear what is going on down stairs—not because you want to be mean and listen, but because your eyes and ears just won't stay shut. And the next thing you know it's morning of the day when you will see that wonderful tree. And then, when that time finally does come!

Well! aren't you glad you waited? How lovely it looks with all its gay trimmings. Perhaps there are great yellow oranges and big red apples, begging to be eaten; or pop-corn balls that only wait for a chance to melt in your mouth; and a big white angel standing in the top of the tree; and stars, and dolls, and tin whistles, and drums; and, nearly always, fat bags of candy, red and white, and sweet and pepperminty. And if there is a Santa Claus all dressed up in a white cotton-flannel robe, and a full set of cotton-batting whiskers, what fun it is to watch him, as he deals out the presents! Or if there isn't any such a man there, what excitement there is in finding out for yourself what there is on, or under, that wonderful tree that bears fruit only once a year and that in the dead of winter.

"Come, Herman, see your Christmas present!" and there is a beautiful pair of new trousers (made out of father's old ones). Or,

"Here, Helen, here is yours," and out comes a winter cloak and a pair of red mittens. And Johnnie gets a whistle and a slate, and Ella a doll, and Tommie a pair of skates, and so on down the list. None are left out on Christmas day, even if they haven't been perfect children through the year.

No matter what a child's future may be, how rich or great he may become, unless he or she has enjoyed the real, merry, true spirit of Christmas, unless they can look back on the Christmas tree of their early home, they have missed one of the birth-rights of their existence.

But there are families, too, who do not have Christmas trees. They have a pleasant substitute for it, though. You all know about this; how all the children hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, round the chimney; and how Santa Claus drives down all the way from the North Pole, with eight reindeer and a big sleigh full of presents, and driving right up on the roof, jumps out, and runs down the chimney and puts his presents in all the little stockings until they are puffed out and swollen as I hope they never will be on your fat, smooth legs.

You don't believe it? O yes you do; and most of you have tried it.

But, in the midst of all this Christmas gaiety, we cannot help thinking of the poor children, for there are some such, who will have no Christmas, who will see no Christmas trees and hang up no Christmas stockings. Again, there are men and women so unfortunate as to have no children to brighten their home. And others, who once had and have lost them. Why should these not make a Merry Christmas for some poor children who would otherwise have no part in this great holiday? Let them go and get a tree and send it to some poor home with a few simple, useful presents to put on it. Or, better yet, let them set it up in their own home and make it as bright and attractive as they can and invite all the poor boys and girls to come and see it, and enjoy the warmth and sweetness of their house, giving each one some useful present. I am sure no child who is thus "given a Christmas," will ever forget it; and I am still more sure that the good which the older, childless people would receive, would far exceed that of the children.

Do you know the story of the little boy who was very, very poor, and his mother was obliged to sell all their bed-clothes to buy bread? One bitter cold Christmas eve, they had nothing left, and when the little boy complained of being cold, his mother looked around and saw nothing to put on him but the cupboard door. So she put that over him, and they curled down together and began to get warmer; and pretty soon the little boy said: "O, I'm so sorry for the little children who have no cupboard doors to keep them warm to-night."

And so we are all sorry for the dear children who haven't anything—not even an apple or a bit of cake for a Christmas present to-night; and for them, more than for any other, we most earnestly wish a "Merry Christmas and a brighter New Year."

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This box consists of a set of rubber stamps representing the well known "Brownies" in their comical attitudes, such as the Policeman, Dude, Chinaman, Clown, Animals, etc., and includes a pad of colored ink and a paper tablet upon which can be made many amusing pictures with these funny fellows. It is the most entertaining thing gotten up in years and was made to be sold for 50 cents, but on account of the present hard times we will send the whole box, complete, with all the "Brownies," Ink Pad, Paper Tablet, etc., postpaid, for only 25 cents. Send at once, as they go like hot cakes.



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To introduce it, one in every county or town furnished eligible persons (either sex) who will promise to show it, and at once to Investors Co., N. Y. City, P. O. Box 222.



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WE have so many good things in our hive nowadays, that it is difficult to tell just what to present first; but as everybody is on the lookout for Christmas suggestions, a few things that may be used for Christmas gifts will not come amiss. Photograph frames are always acceptable, and here are some good directions from Mrs. F. L. Dayton, Muscatine, Iowa:

"Busy Bees: Take a piece of cardboard, cut it the size you wish, square, round, diamond or heart-shape. Cut out the place for the photo. Take a heavy piece of cotton lace and glue it smoothly on the frame, cutting out and joining at the corners neatly. Tack a cord (a corset lace for instance) around the opening for the picture, size it well with white glue or starch. When thoroughly dry (which must be done between weights to keep flat) paint the white and touch the heavy parts of the lace with gold or silver as may be preferred. Hang with a cord and tassel, or paste a pasteboard standard on the back. Photograph frames are pretty covered with chamois skin, and designs, scrolls, etc., put on in browns and gold. I made some lovely ones of fine white satin damask embroidered in wild roses, clover and violet in natural colors of floss. These covers can be taken off and washed when soiled. In making up white linen ones, I put a layer of sheet wadding between the frame and the cover. Size 8x10. Make the opening for the picture lower at one side, leaving a larger space at the top for a cluster of flowers and a bow-knot of ribbon. A pretty souvenir for a friend's guest chamber was made of a piece of fine silk bolting cloth 7x9, gilding the edge irregularly like the edge of fine decorated china. Use gold powder mixed with gum arabic in a saucer, then none is wasted, as when it is dry it can be moistened again. Then write on the bolting cloth the following lines:

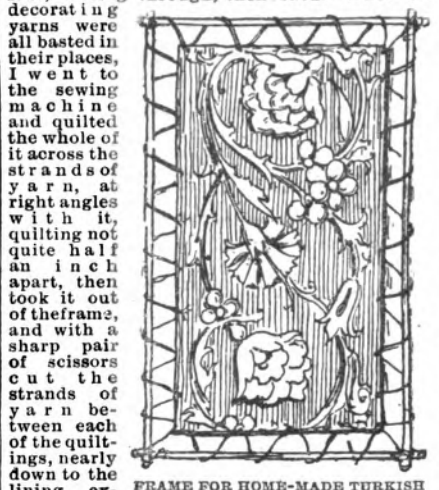
"Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O thou, who'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart;
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend—
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glaring light;
The stars are watching overhead,
Sleep sweetly thou; good-night."

Then take a piece of white satin, lined, and put the bolting cloth in the centre, with as much margin as you like. Paint a crescent moon and little stars in gold, hang on a gilt banner rod and finish with gilt tassels on the bottom. There are many pretty things made nowadays of chamois skin; table covers are especially beautiful. The largest sized skins cost about one dollar and a quarter. One of the prettiest covers had a plain centre of about ten inches, with a circle of scroll patterns around it. From the scroll diverged stems, leaves and flowers, natural size, of various kinds, roses, morning glories, daisies and small sun flowers. After stamping the design paint the flowers, leaves and stems in natural colors; I use oil colors diluted with turpentine or gasoline, thin enough to just tint the skin. If you put much paint on, it will stiffen the skin. When the tinting is dry, take twisted embroidery silk, outline and vein all the leaves. Outline the stems and embroider all the flowers with long and short stitch. Then use metallic iridescent beads No. 8. Put them on plentifully around the edges of the flowers and leaves, two and three in a stitch; the more beads used, the prettier and richer the work will be when finished. After the embroidery and bead work is finished, take twisted embroidery silk and make long and short, uneven stitches between the leaves, flowers and stems, making a kind of crackle work over the chamois skin in the embroidered part, but not in the centre or edge outside the work. The silk should be as near the color of the skin as possible. About three inches from the outer edge, if the skin is large enough, sew a gold braid or a cord of beaded tinsel all around, then slash a fringe of the skin. In case the skin is not large enough, it can be pieced in the fringe and not show, if sewed neatly to the cover under the braid or cord."

Mrs. D. E. Moffett, of Corning, Iowa, also sends a very practical set of rules for using up odd pieces of bright yarns, etc., and making them into useful and practical articles. She says she got her idea from a piece of Brussels carpet, which suggested to her an imitation.

"I went to work at once to carry out that idea, and procuring a smooth piece of fence-wire a yard long, bent it into a square frame, twisting the ends firmly together on one side for a handle, then tied one end of my dark colored yarn to the left-hand corner of the frame and wound firmly and evenly, completely around the whole frame until it was all filled two or three strands deep. This was done for the back-ground for my brighter yarns. I then basted into the frame very tightly on one side a lining like a quilt lining of thin cloth for a foundation, then turned the frame over, and on the right side, or yarn side, I basted (with needle and thread) scraps of brighter yarns, half a dozen strands in a place, Turkish style, basting all the yarns parallel, or nearly so, with the yarn in the back-ground. Any scraps that were long enough I threaded into a darning needle, and basted on with long stitches on the right side, and short ones on the wrong

side, basting through, then back. When the



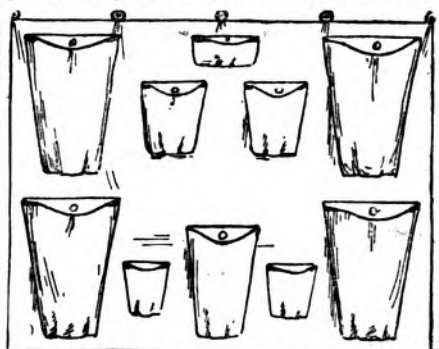
FRAME FOR HOME-MADE TURKISH RUG.

decorations, which should be cut nearly down to the yarn in the back-ground, brushing the tufts backward with the left hand, as soon as cut. A very pretty, velvety, ribbed work was the result, with little labor expended. It was quickly done and it takes but little yarn. I then tried other decorations, roses, leaves, buds and animals, with satisfaction, also different materials, all kinds of yarn, both wool and cotton and embroidery silk, and soft rags, torn or cut fine, with good results. I was now ready to make the ottoman covers which needed larger frames and had to be rolled like a quilt. I used lath for the sides and narrow strap iron for the ends of the frame, and instead of winding on the back-ground, slipped on the skeins to the frame, carefully spreading the yarn, making it very even on the frame, running a knitting needle back and forth until the strands were as even as the warp in a weaver's loom, then after stretching it a little tighter in the frame and lining it, I pinned on two traced paper patterns as large as the frame, then basted with white thread all around the outlines, taking long stitches on the right side, then cut and tore away the paper patterns, put in the decorations as before described and quilted the two covers in the same frame. I have since tried other useful articles such as mittens, which are made in square frames, then cut into shape from a pattern and sewed up. Boys' winter caps consisting of band and crown, or shoulder capes, can be made, as well as long strips for dress and cloak trimming. Wind it on in strips, skipping a space to turn under, or fill these vacant strips with ribbon and pretty work bags can be made of it. Boxes can be covered, as well as chair cushions. Door mats are very nice made of this work. A nice variety of Christmas presents can thus be made, and it is a pretty art to teach. I do not line all pieces, simply wind firmly upon the frame and quilt, cutting nearly down to the bottom strand. Try it, and your success will make you thankful that you ever subscribed for COMFORT, whose successful suggestions have been an inspiration to so many readers."

Mrs. D. E. MOFFETT, Corning, Iowa.

I am sure Mrs. Moffett's suggestions will prove valuable to hundreds of you, as she says this work is useful for home-made tapestry covering for furniture, as well as other articles. Why not make the boys and girls some caps and mittens, cover grandma's chair, or an ottoman for grandpa's feet, or do some of these things for Christmas? Isabella Redford sends an extremely practical suggestion for a sewing combination.

"Take one yard unbleached butcher's linen 24 inches wide, one-half yard turkey red calico 24 inches wide, three pieces flannel for needle book 2 by 3 inches, one piece thin leather 2 by 2 inches for the inside of the bottom of scissors pocket, and five small rings to hang it up by. Take one piece linen 16 by 18 inches for foundation, four pieces 7 by 8 inches, two pieces 3 by 5 inches, two pieces 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches, one piece 4 1/2 by 7 inches, for the pockets. Bind



SEWING COMBINATION.

all around the foundation and across the top of each pocket with the red, cut two inches wide, the widest way. Make a box pleat in the bottom of each pocket, turn down seams, put in place as shown in illustration and stitch down. The four large pockets at the corners are for miscellaneous articles, the one at the centre of the bottom for scissors, the small ones at each side for thimbles, the two above for spools of thread, and needle book at centre of top. To make the needle book, take one piece linen 2 by 3 inches, bind on three sides with the red, pink three sides of each piece of flannel, tack the linen piece above the flannel pieces, insert under binding of foundation, and stitch down."

"Take a large sized cow horn," writes Mrs. M. M. Dee, of Chester, Oregon, "and boil, clean and sandpaper. Place screw-eyes in each end of horn and hang by a ribbon with a bow at each end. Then take your whisk broom and see where it will hang best, and mark the place to cut for it. It can be cut with a sharp knife,



COW HORN CUSHION.

but a small saw would be better. Smooth the rough edge with sand paper, and draw your broom in place. Next fasten six or more hooks upon which to hang scissors, thread and button bags, keys and button hooks. Stuff a ball pin-cushion and fasten with mullage or glue in the large end of the horn while the small end, hollowed out and lined, will hold your thimble nicely. A band of some conventional design in

gilt paint at each end of the horn improves it wonderfully."

No pleasanter surprise could be given a young girl at this season than to refurbish her bed-room; and Mrs. E. L. Hill of Dannebrog, Neb., gives directions for doing this prettily and inexpensively. A young girl's bed-room should always be fresh and sweet and pure, like herself. The one she tells about is papered with a light cream colored paper in a violet floral design.

"The floor is covered with pretty Japanese matting, cool and easy to keep clean. The bedstead is of iron (by all means get an iron one as it is so much cleaner and daintier than a wooden one). Paint it white and with Japanese gold paint and camel's hair brush gild the knobs and paint circles around the posts and where the iron is joined together. For the dresser, take a dry goods box, three to four feet long, two and one-half feet high, and two feet wide. Nail four blocks of wood an inch thick under each corner, and to these fasten castors. Fit in two shelves, cover the top with white oil cloth and paint it white inside and out. Set it with the open side out, and drape with white Swiss muslin with blue polka dots as large as a half dollar. Silkoline in harmonizing colors would also be pretty and cheaper. Over the dresser put a linen scarf of drawn work, and an old mirror with cheap frame painted white and gold. Seven inches above the mirror two iron hooks about ten inches long, painted white and gold, may be fastened into the wall, from which Swiss drape is suspended, falling on either side of the glass, and caught back with ribbons. A common, old-fashioned wash-stand with a shelf in the bottom, may be painted white and the legs and edge of the shelf decorated with gold paint. In one corner of the room, a home-made couch five feet long, two feet wide and one foot high, should be just like a long flat box, and have a cover of boards fastened on the top with hinges, so the top can be raised. This makes a convenient receptacle for keeping bed clothing. Upholster the top with a straw tick, cover with old quilts tacked on at the edge. Cover this with blue denim and put a flounce of Swiss around the box. Make cushions of blue denim embroidered with white floss in outline, or cover with Swiss, with a fringe. Do not forget to fasten castors to the bottom of the couch. Above it put up brackets for a corner shelf. Beside the couch stand a pretty little home-made table and work-basket combined. From the grocer get a round cheese box with cover; in the bottom of the box close to the side at regular intervals, bore three holes the size of broom-sticks. Get three broom-sticks 28 inches long, put them through the holes in the box, leaving them to project 8 inches below the bottom of the box; drive nails through the sticks, which will keep the box from sliding; nail or screw the cover on top of the sticks, cover the top with blue felt and tack deep crocheted lace around the edge. Paint the sticks and box white, and on the legs at intervals of 7 inches paint circles of gold, and an edge of gold both on the top and bottom of the box. Line the box with plain blue cambric, paste it in with glue, gather a lining of Swiss and finish the top edge with a lace fringe. Tie ribbon bows at the top of the box around each leg, one of blue, one of rose color and one of white. On the windows have a sash drape of Swiss tied back with ribbons. A willow rocker and a common kitchen chair painted white and gold complete the furnishing of this pretty and dainty room at a very small cost. The ribbons may be odds and ends left from hats, soiled and faded, the white ones washed and pressed, the faded ones colored blue or rose color."

Now, with so many useful suggestions, none of you can be at a loss for ideas on the subject of holiday gifts. And I wish you all, collectively and individually, a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" BUSY BEES.

Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption by a New Discovery.

Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

FREE A GRAND OFFER. FREE MME. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.

MME. A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of ladies in the United States that would like to try my World-Renowned FACE BLEACH; but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2.00 per bottle or 3 bottles taken together, \$5.00. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will give to every caller, absolutely free, during this month, a sample bottle, and in order to supply those living outside of city, or in any part of the world, I will send it safely packed, plain wrapper all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c., silver or stamps."

In every case of freckles, pimples, moth, sallowness, black-heads, acne, eczema, oiliness or roughness, or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression) FACE BLEACH removes absolutely. It does not cover up, as cosmetics do, but is a cure. Address all communication or call on MADAME A. RUPPERT, 6 East 14th St., NEW YORK.

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If you send us the names of people you know who are ruptured we will cure him free. Send stamp (if convenient). SUREHOLD CO., NORTH WINDHAM, MAINE.

How She Saved \$9.90.



She wanted one of those fashionable capes with a triple collar, but the price was \$10 and times were hard. She was telling Mrs. Handyman about it. "But why don't you buy a package of Diamond Dyes, and color that old drab cloth circular of yours?" said Mrs. H. "That faded, shabby old cape!" "No matter how old and shabby it is," interrupted Mrs. H., "Diamond Dyes will make it just like new." "But I don't know how," Mrs. H. laughed and said: "Why, it's the easiest thing in the world, if you use

Diamond Dyes."

And the end of it all was, she bought a package of Diamond Dyes for 10 cents, and colored that old cloak a rich brown, to match her new dress, and everybody complimented her upon her stylish new coat.

Anybody can color anything with Diamond Dyes. Direction book and 40 samples colored cloth free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

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Our large 24-page Catalogue, profusely illustrated, full of information on the proper construction of Pianos and Organs. We ship on test trial, ask no cash in advance, sell on instalments, give greater value for the money than any other manufacturers. Send for this book at once to BEETHOVEN ORGAN CO., WASHINGTON, N. J. P. O. Box 1024.

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There never was such a craze for anything as there is for crazy patchwork. We have made arrangements to get an unlimited supply of silk remnants and cuttings from the following first-class manufacturers: Silk parasol makers, Broadway gent and ladies' silk neckwear manufacturers, leading dressmakers on Fifth Avenue and elsewhere, so as to produce a brilliant assortment of crazy patchwork. Each package of Silk Remnants contains a beautiful lot of assorted pieces, different colors. Ladies will find great amusement and profit making these remnants into quilts, tidies, scarves, etc. We will send Two Packages of Silk Remnants and the best story and family paper, three months on trial, for only Twelve Cents. Address HOURS AT HOME, 285 Broadway, New York. P. O. Box 1198.

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Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from homespun or factory, wool or cotton yarn. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address, J. E. GEARHART, Clearfield, Pa.

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Colored with "PERFECTION" Dyes will make beautiful carpets and rugs, and are guaranteed not to fade. If you mention the paper we will send a package each of "PERFECTION" Turkey-Red, Green, Wine, Medium-Brown, Rose and Orange Cotton Dyes, with new sample cards and catalogue, for 40 cents; single package, 10 cents. W. CUSHING & CO., FOXCROFT, MAINE.

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Our Lightning Mending Tissue will repair clothing, all kinds, kid gloves, umbrellas, mackintoshes, and every conceivable kind of rag, better than needle and thread and in less than half the time. Sample package 10 cents, 12 years 75 cents by mail. C. M. FULB, Co., 68 Court St. Boston, Mass.

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Don't pay 50c., but soft and white, or peeled package, to make your skin soft and white, cure pimples, freckles, moth, wrinkles, &c. Warranted. F. R. HIRD, Box 142, Augusta, Maine.

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100 HOLD TO THE LIGHT CARDS

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LADIES—For pleasant, light employment, \$15 weekly; inclose stamp.

Box 583, Rochester, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS PERPLEXITIES.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CARRIE MAY ASHTON.

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ALTHOUGH to many the glad holiday season brings peace, prosperity and happiness, to others it brings perplexities and vexations. The busy woman who fills the various offices of wife, mother, housekeeper, cook, nurse and seamstress, has little if any time for holiday preparation unless she steals it from the wee sma' hours of the night. Now the question is, what can she give her loved ones that will come within the limited amount she can spend.

If during the few months preceding the holidays she has kept a small notebook, such as was suggested in COMFORT recently, for jotting down therein from time to time any little hints or suggestions dropped by her friends as to their wishes, she will find it comparatively easy to do her shopping. There are a few good rules to observe in purchasing Christmas presents.

To be appreciated, first of all. A large number of remembrances are bought with no regard for the eternal fitness of things. Articles which combine usefulness with beauty are more acceptable in a majority of cases, than merely ornamental ones. It is not the value of the gift that makes it dear, but the thought that prompted the sending of it. O that we could simplify this exchanging of gifts!

A pot of ferns or a growing plant oftentimes carries more sunshine with it than a much more elaborate gift, and it will be a source of continual pleasure for many months to come.

Let us give what we have. It was Emerson, I believe, who advised the artist to give his picture, the musician his music and the writer his book.

Among the many beautiful remembrances received last year by a Northern woman, nothing was more welcome than a box of holly with its crimson berries, sent from the sunny South by a thoughtful friend.

What can be more thoroughly acceptable to a housekeeper living in the city than a jar of golden butter, a basket of eggs, or a plump chicken?

For the teacher, student or clerk who lives too far from home to spend the holidays beneath the parental roof-tree, a delicious cake nicely frosted, or a large box of home made pickles or preserves will prove most welcome.

Many who have heretofore been accustomed to all of the comforts of life and many of its luxuries, have met with reverses of fortune during the past few months and must economize in every possible manner, and the holiday season will bring to them more of sadness than joy.

No matter how simple the gift, do not let the day pass by unremembered. There are many inexpensive little trifles which can be made from scraps of silk, wool and other fabrics which will carry with them good cheer and festivity.

Needle books, pin balls, pen-wipers, calendars, blotters, button-bags, shoe-bags, handkerchief, glove and jewel cases and work bags, are all easily made by willing and skilful fingers.

Needle books have the leaves of soft flannel or other wool, button-hole stitched around the edge, with covers of chamois skin, kid or any soft leather. Pin balls are either round, oval, heart, diamond or star shaped. Two sections of cardboard are neatly covered and then sewed together. Velvet, silk or wool is used for this purpose.

Pen-wipers can be made in a variety of styles. A very simple one shows three circular pieces of soft flannel with a doll's head on top, around the neck of which is tied a bow of narrow ribbon. Chamois skin makes a good pen-wiper.

Calendars of water color paper decorated with a pretty little sketch and an appropriate quotation, are always acceptable.

Blotters are frequently made in the form of a book with stiff covers and several pages of blotting paper within. Others have a chamois skin cover or one of water-color paper, ornamented with two rows on a branch, a spray of holly or a little winter scene, the back being fastened together by means of a ribbon run through tiny holes or a silk cord and tassel.

Little bags of silk on which are embroidered "Button, button who's got the button?" are very cunning and useful.

Shoe-bags, made of figured satine with four or six pockets, are very acceptable gifts. One made for a friend is of cream-colored satine with pink roses scattered over it. Six plaits form the pockets and are stitched in place. This is bound all around with pink satin ribbon and finished at each corner with a bow of the same. A brass rod is run in the top to keep in place, and the bag is suspended by means of a brass chain.

Handkerchief, glove and jewel cases have a foundation either of cardboard, wood or tin, and are wadded and then covered both inside and out with some pretty fabric. A spray of flowers is either embroidered or painted on the cover. An exquisite little handkerchief box is of sheer India mull over blue satine. The cover of the box is embroidered with tiny clusters of forget-me-nots, while the sides are puffed. The inside of the box is tufted and tied at regular intervals with baby ribbon of a pale blue shade. The size of it is eight inches square.

Another box no less artistic has a yellow interlining and buttercups are embroidered on the cover, while yellow ribbon is used for tufting the inside. Glove cases to correspond would be lovely gifts.

Pretty fancy-work bags have a circular bottom cut from cardboard and covered with silk, silkolene or satine, on both sides. A bag twelve or thirteen inches in depth is sewed to the bottom and ribbons are run in the shirr. An especially dainty bag is of china silk of a creamy ground, with Jack roses sprinkled over it. It is lined with white wash silk, and red ribbons are run in for strings.

Fan bags made of four lengths of satin ribbon or silk, cut pointed at the bottom, and with narrow ribbons run in a shirr at the top, are dainty and useful.

Among the inexpensive gifts found in the shops there are little silver stamp boxes, button hooks and glove buttoners, hat pins, hair pins, and fob watch chains. Calendars are found in a great variety of styles and prices.

Table linen makes a most acceptable gift for the housewife. A dozen napkins, a set of doilies, some tray cloths, or a centre piece will delight almost any woman, for one can never have too many of such things.

A pair of towels with initials or a monogram embroidered on them, will prove both useful and ornamental. A half-dozen wash-cloths made of turkish towelling, with a crocheted edge around them, are very easily made and quite inexpensive, but they are far more acceptable than many an expensive present.

The little folks must not be forgotten by any means. The simplest trifles afford them so much enjoyment. A pretty doll with a dress crocheted of pink or blue saxony, and a cap, school-bag and parasol of the same, would please the most fastidious little girl. A set of dishes, doll's cradle, a set of furniture, a work-basket, books and a toilet case are all appropriate gifts for a little girl. A drum, set of garden tools, ball, wagon, train of cars and a bank, will delight a boy. For the wee ones there are building blocks, hobby horses and numerous other toys.

It is an excellent plan to jot down in one's Christmas note-book, all through the year, the many useful hints and suggestions that come through COMFORT's Busy Bee columns. Then when another December comes, we shall be ready with many practical ideas which will do away with Christmas perplexities.

CRADLES.

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THIS is the month that celebrates the birth of the Christ-child, whose cradle, the Bible tells us, was a manger, a few facts in relation to the cradles of the world will not come amiss.

Adam and Eve were probably the first persons who were ever rocked in a cradle, simply because they were—as the little Sunday-school girl said—"not born, but made."

And as they missed the griefs and sorrows of childhood, so also they missed its joys. And among these joys what more delightful than a downy cradle, with the privilege of being rocked to sleep to the tune of some soothing lullaby? How many grown people, tired with the struggles and cares of life, would not gladly be children again, if they could, and forgetting their worries and weariness, be soothed to peaceful slumber by a loving mother's song! How many have never echoed that beautiful wish of the poet:

"Backward, turn backward O Time in thy flight;
Make me a child again just for to-night;
Mother come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to thy arms as of yore.
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep.
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

Doubtless the first cradle was of savage ancestry. Eve's children were probably swung from the pendulous boughs of some tree, or were wrapped in the skins of animals. Perhaps she was the first to sing "Rock-a-bye-baby on the tree-top."

The ancient Greeks used cradles and called them "little bed," "boat," etc. They were mentioned by their pastoral poet, Theocritus. The ancient Romans also used cradles. German cradles are as old as the German nation. They were clumsy, wooden affairs that oscillated on two rude rockers; and those people retain the form to this day. In the fifteenth century, swinging between posts at the head and foot, were substituted for cradles, they being considered an improvement on rockers. In the early Norman manuscripts there are descriptions of rocking cradles. The Swedish cradles of to-day are made like little boxes suspended from the ceiling by a spiral spring—something after the fashion of hanging bird-cages. The cradle of a Navajo Indian is a basket decorated with feathers, and it swings like a hammock from tree to tree, rocked by the friendly winds; or it is fastened onto the mother's back, where the baby stares wisely all around him.

Many cradles of great antiquity have been preserved in museums. Some of these were on exhibition at the World's Fair. The cradle of King Henry—Harry of Monmouth, as he was familiarly known—is still kept in Monmouth castle, England, and shown to visitors.

The most celebrated cradle of which there is any account, is that designed for the children of Queen Victoria. It is a marvel of fine wood-carving in the Italian style, from Turkey box-wood. The shape was designed by her majesty, and consists of flat head and foot panels, united by a cylinder similar to Italian and Flemish cradles. The carvings are numerous and exquisite. A beautiful female head with closed eyes supported on bat's wings, and surrounded by seven stars, representing night; a bold head of Somnus, surrounded by poppies; and carnations tied with ribbons, are the principal decorations. One end represents the arms and national motto of England, and the other crests and insignia of Prince Albert. The arms of England are surrounded by the lion's crest, a bunch of English roses, flying birds, poppies, ornaments springing out of acanthus leaves, two angel heads, a ball and crown, and friezes of arabesque dolphins. The cradle of James I of England is on exhibition in an English museum. Among the cradles of pioneers there are many ingenious ones. Among them is the cradle made from a barrel, laid on its side, sawed into shape, furnished with rockers, and covered with cretonne or hand-painted. Then there is the settee cradle, which is also a home-made affair with the cradle at one end. Many a fine baby has had no more luxurious cradle than the family clothes hamper, supplied with temporary rockers.

The early fathers made very comfortable cradles from hewn-out logs, which were lined with bear or deer skins. The old-fashioned cradle with its low body and rockers has gone out so completely that it is only in the country that we find it. Doctors now decree that rocking is bad for the baby, but mothers have never relinquished the rocking idea. The perambulator, or the mother's arms, still rock baby to sweet slumber; and baby, deprived of its cradle, is still permitted the rocking motion which induces sleep. Some mothers swing a hammock across the corner of the room, and baby is tied into soft little bed in that. Of course there is no jar in the swinging motion of such a cradle.

In a letter published in our Busy Bee column for August some very unique and practical cradles were described. As long as there are babies in the world, there will be cradles for them, unless progressive ingenuity evolves something better.

SHEET MUSIC FREE TO YOU!

There are numerous offers of cheap music this season, but here is the cheapest and best of all. The small sum of ten cents will bring you our charming musical and literary magazine three months on trial. You will also receive absolutely free, 163 pieces of popular sheet music, including "That is Love, After the Ball, You Will Never Know a Mother's Love Again," "Twist Love and Duty, Ever Faithful, Old Madrid, Sweet Heather Bells, Two Little Girls in Blue, Better Bide a Wee, Comrades, Ta-Ra-Ra-boom-de-ray, Little Fisher Maiden, Pussy Cat, Annie Rooney, Bob Up Serenely, I Whistle and Wait for Katie, Bonnie Doon, Stop That Knocking, Kissing over the Garden Wall, Five O'clock in the Morning, Let Me Dream Again, When Red Leaves Fall, In a Cottage by the Sea, Speak to Me, Maiden's Vow, Brave Old Oak, She Wore a Wreath of Roses, Take Back the Heart, Love Among the Roses, Anvil Chorus, Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow, Think of Me Nevermore, Lullaby, Old Zip Coon, On to the Field of Glory, Swiss Boy, Old Day of Joy, Douglas, Tender and True, Annie Laurie, The Parting, and many others. In addition to the 3 months' subscription and 163 songs of popular music, we will send an elegant art production in color (worth \$1.00), entitled, "The Interruption." All the above will cost you only 10 cents. Get the most for the least money by sending a silver dime to AMERICAN NATIONAL COMPANY, 325 H Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

ODDITIES.

Thirty thousand frogs a week are brought to Buffalo, N. Y., for the market, frog's legs being a delicacy demanded at all first-class hotels.

A cylindrical tunnel, 43 feet in diameter, with four floors for pedestrians, vehicles, cars and telegraph cables, is soon to be built under the Neva at St. Petersburg.

What are said to be the largest pair of driving-wheels in the world are being constructed for the New York Central railroad. When completed they will be seven feet in diameter.

DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

HAVING TESTED ONE

The Publisher of COMFORT takes pleasure in recommending Gibb's Patent dust protector advertised on page 9, for there is hardly a man or woman in any walk of life who could not at some time or other in the day wear one with welcome results. Janitors when sifting ashes or sweeping floors. Farmers when threshing grain. Housewives when sweeping or beating carpets. Stevedores when unloading coal. Millmen when sawing lumber, as well as cotton or woolen mill operators. For teamsters, professional men, or pleasure drivers, they are invaluable in summer to arrest the dust, and in winter to prevent a frost bitten nose or the inhalation direct to the lungs of frosty air.

A VERY ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.

An accurate Portrait elegantly framed of some loved one is the most acceptable Christmas gift one can receive, and for this purpose the orders for COMFORT's Artist Proof Portraits are being already entered.

Our facilities are very large, but may be overtaxed; it is therefore wise to send order and photograph now. See full particulars on page 14.

This Grand Organ

\$45.00



complete with stool and instruction book. Safe delivery guaranteed. Free trial in your own home without a penny in advance. Price \$45.00 cash or \$50.00 on credit, \$10.00 down and \$5.00 per month. This offer stands unequalled in the annals of organ making. It is the red letter offer of a lifetime—never equalled, and never will be. This is our No. 23,000

GOOD HOPE ORGAN

brand new, (exactly like cut) absolutely perfect, containing all the latest and best improvements. Solid Black Walnut Case. 10 Effective Stops, 3 Sets Orchestral Toned Reeds, Double Octave Couplers, New Tone Swell, Grand Organ Swell, all known modern improvements, making a complete Parlor Organ, specially warranted 10 years. The regular retail price of this Organ is \$75.00. This is but one of MANY BARGAINS in Organs and Pianos to be found in our mammoth Illustrated Catalogue. Organs from \$27.50 up. Pianos from \$175 up. We send it absolutely FREE to anyone, anywhere. Send for it at once and see how much better you can do by buying from our factory at manufacturer's prices. It shows you how you can get the best Organs and Pianos at bed rock prices for cash or

ON EASY CREDIT.

Remember we do the largest business in the world, and can do better for you than anybody in the world. Investigate our methods. Compare our prices and our instruments with those offered by dealers. Ask any bank or commercial agency in the U. S. about our responsibility. Our factory is always open for inspection, and if you live within a reasonable distance and wish to purchase, we will pay your expenses. Don't delay—act at once. This offer will not last forever. When writing mention this paper.

CORNISH & CO., Established 27 Years. Washington, New Jersey.

OUR ORCHARD KNIFE

contains three blades, Pruning, Budding, Cutting; finest razor steel price \$1. This cut is exact size of 2-blade 75c. Jack knife; special offer sample, postpaid, 48c; five for \$2; blades warranted. Family shears, best steel, 7 inch, 60c. 75c. knife and shears, postpaid, \$1; hollow ground razor, \$1.25; 5c. stop, 50c. Illus. \$30-p. free, also "How to Use RAZOR."



MAHER & GROSH
71 A St.
Toledo, Ohio

FREE



Each person answering this advertisement can get a handsome stem-winding, stem-setting, dust-proof case watch, absolutely FREE. This is no guessing match-a watch for every subscriber. We can show proof and testimonials for 21,766 watches we have distributed this season; we are determined to swell our yearly subscription list within the next 60 days to 60,000 new subscribers. We intend to make our Illustrated Home Weekly one of the most interesting and popular weekly papers published. The Illustrated Home Weekly is beautifully and profusely illustrated, issued every week and contains comments on every thing of home interest, all the news, latest fashions on dress and fashions, humorous sketches, witty sayings, etc. Is a welcome visitor to every home. Send for the paper on trial, it is bright, cheerful and instructive. Our offer is unrivalled. Send 10 cts. silver or 15 cts. stamps and we will send you regularly every week for three months copy of our Home Weekly and send you one of our handsome watches FREE every week your subscription is received. Send at once, ILLUSTRATED HOME WEEKLY, NEW YORK CITY, P. O. BOX 2126.

REMnants

FOR CRAZY PATCHWORK

BRIGHT, HANDSOME, ODD-SHAPED AND PRETTY COLORED GOODS.



We have thousands of pieces of silk and satin on hand which we are going to give you a big trade on. People at a distance have hard times getting the right assortment to put into sofa-pillows, quilts, etc., and we can help you out now. We are going to dispose of this immense lot of the best quality assorted goods, and we want to get a lot introduced into every home; then you can order as you like for your friends, and MAKE MONEY doing our work and helping yourself also. Remember these pieces are carefully trimmed, and especially adapted to all sorts of fancy art, and needle work. Many ladies sell tidies, fancy pillows, etc., at a great price made from these remnants. Order one sample lot now for only 25c. It would cost many dollars bought at a store. GRAND OFFER: If you order our great assorted lot AT ONCE, we will give you, absolutely FREE, five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. This silk is worth nearly the price we ask for the remnants; but we know if you order ONE lot we will sell many in your locality, so make this liberal offer. Three lots for 50c, five for \$1.00. BEST WAY. We send ONE of the above complete assorted lots FREE to all who send 25 cents for 6 months subscription to "COMFORT," the best Home Monthly now published, or if you send for more than one lot as above, "COMFORT" goes for one year.

BETTER YET. To all answering this ad. before 30 days we will also send 6 pieces of elegant PLUSH FREE. They come in Red, Blue, Green, Old Gold, etc.

40,000 BEAUTIFUL SOFA PILLOWS

Left over from the World's Fair, to be Given Away for Christmas.

These Fine Satin Pillow Covers come in light blue, pink and cream colors, with a most elegant picture of the LANDING OF COLUMBUS stamped upon them; they make the most showy piece of fancy ornamentation you can place in your Parlor, and although thousands have been sold at a high rate, we secured the remainder at Panic prices. And having the fine engraving unwreathed by Ferns, Roses and other flowers, they are all ready for use after backing, filling with down or cotton, and sewing up. Will send one free to anyone ordering one of the large 25c. packages of Remnants advertised above if 5c. extra is enclosed for mailing, or will send a pillow alone with 3 months' subscription to COMFORT for 13c., or two for 25c. You can easily sell one of these beautiful Art Work Covers for 25c. Address, COMFORT Pub. Co., Box 133, Augusta, Maine.

TURKISH HAIR ELIXIR

Grows a Heavy Beard, a Glossy Mustache, beautiful Eyebrows. Lustrous Hair as Black as Rats. In one month or money refunded. A preparation that may be relied on, and every pledge is solid with guarantee. Price 25c. ready for use, 50c. for 50c. sealed by mail. TREMONT MANU CO., No. 4, Boston, Mass.

Mountain Rose.

The great Vegetable Home Treatment for inveterate women. Something entirely new in medical treatment. Succeeds when everything else has failed. Send for symptom-sheet and treatise, free.

SPRINGSTEEN MEDICINE CO.,

382 Central Ave., Cleveland, O.

GOLD WATCH FREE

These watches are fully warranted and at retail would cost \$25 to \$30, but to introduce our paper they will be given free. We will give you one without a cent of money from your pocket. Remember, you take no chances—you cannot lose—for we give a watch FREE to every person complying with our offer. If you want one (lady's or gents) write to us without delay. With your letter send us 50c. postal note for our large 16 page story paper one year and you will receive our offer at once and send watch by registered mail postpaid. Address: ONCE A MONTH CO., 7 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Box 463.

Once a Month Co., Genie—I have received the watch just as you said I would, and I must say I was very much surprised, as I went beyond all my expectations. JACOB BARKER, Toledo, Ohio.

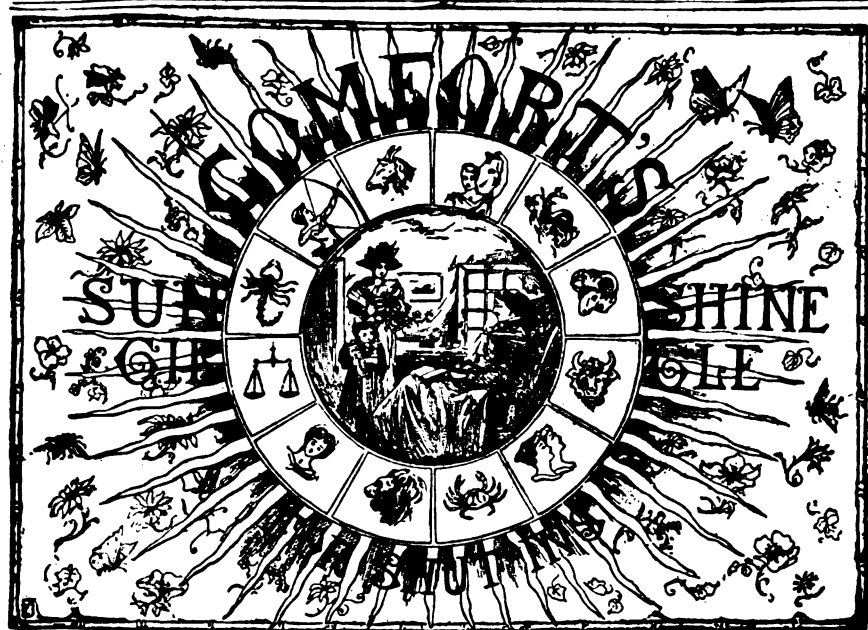
Gentlemen—My gold watch just received, and it is a beauty. It is astonishing how you can give away so fine a watch but you have done precisely as you promised. MARY ANDERSON, England, Oregon.

OUR BIG ALBUM

PREMIUM.



ELEGANT SILK EMBOSSED PLUSH ALBUMS. Extension Silvered Clasp, Gilt Edge, Spring back and the most stylish, best gotten up LARGE PHOTO ALBUM ever imported into America, being a foot long, over nine inches wide and more than three inches thick, coming in finest colors most tastefully arranged leaves for cabinet and photo size pictures you ever saw. They will last for years, and you can now get one of these superb premiums FREE for a Club of 6 yearly subscribers to COMFORT, at 25c. each. We do not sell them but if you have not time to obtain all the subscriptions, you can subscribe for some of your friends and sell the Album for several dollars as it is such as was sold for \$8.00 at one time. Address, PUBLISHERS OF COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Every Shut-In who will get up a club of five or more yearly subscribers for COMFORT at twenty-five cents apiece, may send us ten cents for each subscriber, and keep the other fifteen for herself.

The only condition given is that you must furnish satisfactory proof that you are a Shut-In. Get your physician and clergyman, or two other responsible persons, to sign a statement saying they have known you (and how long), that you are an invalid, unable to work, and that you properly belong to the Shut-In Circle.

No club will be received of less than five subscribers, and these must all be sent at one time, together with the amount necessary for the club.

Money may be sent by money-order, postal-note, check, draft, registered-letter, or in postage stamps. Never send money loose in a letter.

Try among your friends, neighbors and relatives. Your children at school or in factories, or your servant-girls among their friends can bring you names of new subscribers. Take it up seriously, as a matter of business, and you will succeed.

All correspondence for this department should be directed to Sunshine Circle, care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR FRIENDS:

When this letter reaches you the busy preparations for another Christmas day celebration will be going on; streets and stores will be thronged, and in city or country homes: busy fingers will be preparing their part in this most universally celebrated holiday of all the year.

Let us consider for a moment the origin of this day—a babe born in a stable, the son of humble country people, yet by His wonderful character transforming the world.

How would He have liked best to have His birthday celebrated? Surely not by feasting and merriment alone, but by giving ourselves, or some part of ourselves, for the good and the happiness of others—by self-sacrifice, and this all can do in some degree. One need not be rich in money or in health to celebrate Christ's birthday, for any act of love, any sacrifice we make for the comfort of another, is a better gift than gold.

Remember the story of the widow's mite and give, not for the sake of giving, not in hope of return, not to the rich who need nothing, but give out of a loving heart all that you have to give, if it is only one grateful, kind word, one smile that covers perhaps a sigh, to those about you, and truly your effort will be rewarded. A great deal of the giving of gifts at this season is a mere mockery—a conventional show, and there is nothing of the true spirit of Christmas in it; let your gift be sincere.

Another suggestion. Be ready to receive graciously and gratefully what is given to you. It may not be the gift you would have preferred; it may be less than you hoped for, or had reason to expect, but whatever it is, receive it with a thankful word, and do not mar the beautiful spirit of the day with ingratitude or repining. Expect nothing; be thankful for the least trifle. Wear a cheerful face, and so add your mite to the day's good cheer, and gain a victory over your own spirit more valuable to you than many gifts.

"Just as Thou wilt is just what I would will, Give me but this, the heart to be content, And if my wish is thwarted to be still, Waiting till puzzle and till pain are spent, And the sweet thing made plain which the Lord meant."

FRANK R. HUGHES, Albany, Oregon, writes:—"I have been a Shut-In for over a year with hip disease. I have to be still and lie down most of the time, and would be glad to have anyone send me reading matter and flower seeds. I am fourteen years of age. I think COMFORT is an excellent paper."

CARRIS L. PURINTON, Holyoke, Colorado, writes:—"Dear COMFORT, you are rightly named. I feel as if addressing a friend. You are very kind and generous in your offer to us invalids. I can get quite a number of subscribers among my friends who are glad to help me for I have suffered a long, weary illness, terrible to bear. But I am thankful and happy to be better, though I know I can never be well in this life, yet I fully believe I shall have perfect health in Heaven, and be richer and happier for what I have suffered here. I send twelve names, which nets me a profit of \$1.50 cash, and can get more when my friends come to see me. Your paper is growing in favor here."

MRS. KATE THAYER, Thompson Falls, Missoula Co., Montana, writes:—"It is comforting to know we have so many kind friends though we may never meet them in this world, but we will meet in Heaven where there is no more suffering and sorrow. I have had poor health all my life. I live eight miles from town; my nearest neighbor lives three miles from me. The town has about seventy-five houses, and there is no church, minister or doctor. I have three little boys, their ages are one, three and four years. If some of the kind friends will send me pictures for a scrap-book, also silk, satin or velvet pieces, I will be very grateful. We are very poor, and it is all we can do to live."

Mrs. H. GAMES, Brandy Station, Va., writes:—"I enjoy reading COMFORT as I am a Shut-In from October to April. I spend most of the time during those cold months making quilts, doing fancy work, and reading. I can knit fine lace and would be glad to correspond with Mrs. C. O."

OLLIE WOOD, Cinnamon, N. J., writes:—"I write to you once more; perhaps you did not get my letter. My mother and I are both Shut-In and we would be glad to finish the quilt for Mrs. C. O. We cannot do tatting or knitting, but can crochet anything, particularly in zephyrs. I was sorry to read in COMFORT about some being so ungrateful for reading matter. If anyone sends me any I assure you I shall not say, 'I have no taste for light reading'; but sometimes one does not know where to write, and sometimes one cannot afford even postal cards. I want to suggest that in writing to Shut-Ins, if two one-cent stamps are used instead of one two-cent stamp, it will aid those who are collecting. I should be glad of stamps, reading matter, or remnants of zephyr for an afghan. I can send a cinnamon vine to anyone who will pay postage."

This letter suggests a few words. In answer to Mrs. C. O.'s expressed wish for some Shut-In to finish a crazy quilt and make a little edging, I had, and am still having so many addresses sent in it is both impossible and useless to send or to publish them all. I sent her in a personal letter those I thought the most available for her purpose, and I have copied the addresses of many more, together with what their special work is, to keep for future reference. Ollie Woods being among the number. I wish also to say again that a general acknowledgment through COMFORT of favors received, is all that is necessary.

MISS MOLLIE E. WILLIS, Lamont, Ga., writes:—"It has been so long since you let me in I fear all my COMFORT friends have forgotten me. I am the little Shut-In girl so small for her age, and confined to her wheel chair. I have a nice baby carriage to go out in. I enjoy being a member of the 'Sunshine Circle' very much. I will be twenty-eight years old the 23rd of December. My weight is thirty-five pounds. I should be thankful to be remembered on my birthday with letters, stamps, or anything the friends will send."

ALLEN G. MILLER, Asheville, N. C., writes:—"I think I can give you a little information about stamps. There are stamp companies that buy cancelled stamps and pay from ten to twenty-five cents a thousand when they are whole, free from paper, slightly cancelled and fresh-looking. I can buy nearly a hundred kinds of stamps at twenty-five cents for a thousand. I would rather send anyone ten cents than spend two or three years saving a thousand stamps for them."

HERBERT M. LINN, Mace, Ind., Box 12, writes:—"I would like to correspond with Shut-Ins younger than myself. I was born May 31, 1875, and am blessed with health."

FRANCES A. BROWN, Kinde, Huron Co., Mich., Box 11, writes:—"Will the friends from each State please write me about their State and amuse me by sending samples of flowers of all kinds? I have been ill many long weary years, and live in a strange place. Dear friends, please write and keep me company this winter."

NELLIE ALLEN, West Burke, Vt., Box 92, writes:—"I wish to thank all who have sent me reading matter. I have received so many letters I cannot reply further except to those who send stamps. I will give a large number of pieces and blocks ready worked to anyone who would like to superintend a 'Comfort Missionary Quilt.' I would not let my pieces go for any other purpose than to aid the missionary cause." (All interested address as above, with stamp if reply is wished for.)

Mrs. M. M. BUTLER, Lee, Childress Co., Texas, writes:—"Yes, dear friends, it is very discouraging when your kindness is not acknowledged, but sometimes we cannot help it unless return postage is sent, as I know from experience, although I am very thankful for any kindness shown me, even the sweet flowers cousin Wee Wee sent me. We have had drouths here for the past two years, and people are almost destitute. Do not, dear cousins, be discouraged, for the good Lord will reward you. I send such reading matter as I have to cheer others. Much love to the cousins."

W. H. WILLCOB, Ipswich, Mass., extends an invitation to all Shut-Ins who desire to join in a circle of bible study, to send him their address. This is an excellent plan whereby our friends in the "Sunshine Circle" may find both pleasure and profit, and I hope that many of them will avail themselves of it.

MISS MARY MCMANN, Blystone, Pa., Box 4, would be glad to join the "Sunshine Circle," and to receive a letter party Christmas day.

Miss E. E. M., (exactly the same address as above,) sends the same request.

WILLARD FREELAND, Jr., 274 Mt. Vernon Ave., Marion, O., asks for the address of crippled boys who are Shut-Ins, to whom he would like to send cancelled stamps and reading matter. Such boys may write directly to his address.

M. ALEXANDER, Bathurst Village, N. B., would like directions for making crazy work and a square showing how it is done, also a few scraps of silk or push to help with her quilt. Has received reading matter, crochet patterns and flower seeds for which she is very grateful.

HAROLD MCKEE, Talbot, Benton Co., Oregon, a cripple and paralytic 19 years old, would be very thankful for good religious reading.

Mrs. J. N. WHITE, Romney, Eastland Co., Texas, a confirmed invalid, wishes to join the "Sunshine Circle," and to get up a club.

Miss A. REED, Covington, Ind., Box 262, would like a Christmas or New Year's letter party. Has been a Shut-In over 25 years from spinal trouble; would be glad of old Columbian stamps.

MOLLIE MEADE, Palmer, Christian Co., Ill., an invalid of ten years, is piecing a silk quilt to sell and would be glad of a block 5 inches square, and will put the sender's name in her "Sunshine Book."

Mrs. WILLIAM KNOER, Huntland, Tenn., Box 12, would be glad to correspond with Shut-Ins, and to exchange house plants.

C. E. MCNEEMAR, Fairfield, Kansas, would be glad of story papers, and of cancelled stamps.

SUSIE RYMER, Buffalo, W. Va., expresses her enjoyment in reading COMFORT, and would like pieces of calico or gingham for quilts. Will pay postage on same.

PEARL GAY, Turnip, White Co., Ark., writes that she is a little girl just 14 and is going to join the Baptist Church. She wants to begin doing good and wants all the "COMFORT" band" to help her. Her plan is one which asks for financial aid, and as I receive many letters of like requests I reply, hoping my answer will serve for others.

In the first place, my dear little girl, you cannot have read COMFORT very carefully, or you would have seen our statements that we cannot publish any requests for money. If we did it for one we should have to do it for thousands of people, for, unfortunately, there are multitudes of men and women who would rather ask for money than to work for it. If you really want to do something for your poor, crippled friend, why not try to get up a COMFORT Club and give her the money you can earn in that way—15 cents for every subscriber? You can also do good by visiting, reading to her, waiting on her, giving her cheerful words, and sunny smiles—that is the best way to begin a Christian life. All the church-going in the world is of no use if it does not teach you self-sacrifice, and the beauty of a life full of personal goodness. I sometimes think we are too zealous about doing something outside our own homes, and do not remember that true religion begins in our own hearts, and is shown by a pleasant temper, and anxiety to do our little daily duties faithfully. While we are striving to do this, we need not be troubled if we cannot do great things outside our homes. It is the little duties that tell on the character and make happiness for ourselves and others.

Mrs. M. A. Belanski, Nora Springs, Iowa, a paralytic, has sent in a club of subscribers. Also clubs have been sent by Percy L. Eaton, Mrs. O. M. Penn, Mollie Meade, Miss Carrie Purinton, S. S. Martinez.

Very earnest and heartfelt thanks for letters, reading matter and other favors have been received from the following friends who express great regret that they cannot answer all letters and send personal thanks. Laura Strong, Henderson, Kusk Co., Texas; Georgia H. Lyon, Fredonia, Kansas; Margaret Hamill, Floy, Ala., (has got her wheeled chair); Miss Rhoda E. Baker, Bentleyville, Pa., (much of the time unable to read or write); Elsie Heath, Cecil, Pa., Box 57, (a sufferer from liver and kidney troubles, would be glad of more reading matter and worsteds); Mrs. Mattie Oswald, Little Creek, Harolson Co., Ga., (will give letter next month).

And now I must bid you farewell for this time. Would that I could send you all that most precious gift, good health. But there is something, even better than health, dear friends, something without which neither health nor wealth can bring happiness—a loving, cheerful, and resigned spirit. That this blessed spirit may be yours on Christmas day, filling you with its benediction of peace, is the sincere wish of
SISTER MARGARET.

Signs of Health.

You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action.

Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

CHEAP HOMES. Cash or time. Real Estate Journal, Arcadia, Florida. With Map, 10 cents.

\$4.00 Per 1,000 CASES, 50c. Distributing elsewhere. Business Stamp, American Art Union, Chicago.

LADIES. Get up club orders. Reply to 25 cents for month's work. INFANTAL TEA CO., CADD, O.

WATCH FREE—If you want one, send stamp to the National Ill. Magazine, Washington, D. C.

\$2,500 in Prizes for Gardeners. For particulars address FRANK WICH, (Box 15) Clyde, N.Y.

GUITAR self taught, without notes, 50 cts. BANJO, 51. Circular and cat. of instruments free. A. PARKE, 234 La Salle St. Chicago.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

AGENTS—Salary or Commission. The greatest invention of the age. The New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Sells on sight. Works like magic. Agents are making from \$25.00 to \$125.00 per week. For further particulars write the Monroe Eraser Mfg. Co., x 87, La Crosse, Wis.

SHORT-HAND Send for Catalog of Books and helps SELF TAUGHT for self-instruction by BENN PITMAN and JEROME B. HOWARD, to THE PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE CO., CINCINNATI, O.

FREE Dr. Judd Electric Belt and Battery combined sent you on trial free. Will cure you. Also Catarrh Battery. Costs nothing to try them. Give size. Dr. Judd, Detroit, Mich. Want Agts.

WE WANT YOU to distribute COMFORT, magazine, for us. For our own use, send us your name, address, and a recent photograph. Send to: THE COMFORT CO., 210 N. 10th St., New York City.

CARDS To introduce new cards we need THEM—do you have any? Send us your name, address, and a recent photograph. Send to: THE COMFORT CO., 210 N. 10th St., New York City.

7000 TRANSPARENT & Acquisitive CARDS, Serpentine, Picture, Game, Book, Stamp, etc. Send to: THE COMFORT CO., 210 N. 10th St., New York City.

480 Sample styles of New Cards & Acquisitive CARDS, Serpentine, Picture, Game, Book, Stamp, etc. Send to: THE COMFORT CO., 210 N. 10th St., New York City.

LADY WANTED at home, to assist in preparing address, also other writing and easy office work. \$25 to \$30 per week entire year. If convenient send stamp WOMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE TOILET CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. (14)

HOME STUDY. A practical and complete course given by MAIL at student's HOME. Low rates and perfect instruction. Trial Lesson Free. Catalogue 2c. Bryant & Stratton, 21 Lafayette St., Buffalo, N.Y.

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YOUR NAME on 90 WORLDS FAIR CARDS 100 VIEWS, GAMES, etc. 30 Pictures. Send to: THE COMFORT CO., 210 N. 10th St., New York City.

FREE BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS. YOUR NAME on 25 beautiful cards. Send to: THE COMFORT CO., 210 N. 10th St., New York City.

FALSE MUSTACHES. Goodness, Side Whiskers, Full Beard, Negro Wigs, etc. any color, for parties, entertainments and the stage. Mustaches, 7 cts. Goodness, 5 cts. Side Whiskers with Mustache, 50 cts. Full Beard, 1.00. Negro Wigs, 75 cts. Large Illustrated Catalogue sent free, of Water, Rings, Novelties, Embroideries and Trunks for Agents to sell. Address, CHAS. E. MERRILL, Lockport, N.Y.

YOUR NAME on 25 Cards. Send to: THE COMFORT CO., 210 N. 10th St., New York City.

A MONEY-MAKER FOR AGENTS. Josiah Allen's Wife's New Book "Samantha at the World's Fair." 11 large 8vo, nearly 100 illustrations by Ed. Grimm; 600,000 copies sure to be sold; Cloth, \$2.50; Half Russia, \$4.00. Agents wanted now. Apply to Funk & Wagnall Co., Pub., 18-30 Astor Place, New York.

Cut this Out and return it to us with 10c silver or stamps, and we will insert your name in our Agents' Directory. You will get thousands of Papers, Cards, Magazines, Novelties, etc., from publishers and manufacturers who want agents. Do this and you will be well pleased. WESTERN MAIL CO. St. Louis, Mo.

PRINTING OFFICE 150. A large font of Type (over 44) with Figures, Holder, Indelible Ink, Pad, Trimmers, Cutters, etc., at short notice. Send for this but send no cash. Boston Marker, Card Printer, etc. Regular Price 50c. Sample portfolio for 10c, to introduce, with Catalogue of 1000 new articles. CAT FREE. INGLETON & Co., 65 Cortlandt St., N.Y. City.

RUPTURE CURED. Positively Holds Rupture. WORN NIGHT AND DAY. Has an Adjustable Pad which can be made larger or smaller to suit changing condition of rupture. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE sent securely sealed by G.V. HOUSE MFG. CO., 744 Broadway, N.Y. City.

FAT FOLKS reduced 15 lbs. in a month. Anyone can make remedy at home. Dr. Isaac Brooks, Woodbury, O. "This is a safe and powerful fat reducer and is curing me of Bright's Disease." Miss M. Atney, Supply, Ark. says: "I lost 48 lbs. and feel splendid." Costs a trifle and is easy to make and use. Write today as this ad may not appear again. Particulars (sealed) 5c. MAIL & CO., "B" Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

600 SONGS WORDS AND MUSIC. Including Ta-Ra-Boom-Ta-Ray, Comrades, Little Annie Rooney, Baby Mine, The Bridge, Come Home Father, Annie Laurie, The Danube River, Kiss Behind the Door, Ten Little Niggers, Hard Times Come Again No More, Pulling Hard Against the Stream, Captain Jinks, Tassels on the Boots, Old Grimes, Maggie's Secret, Whiskers Pile a Bag, In the Gloaming, I Cannot Sing the Old Songs, We Never Speak as We Pass By, Who's Dat, Calling 68 Sweet, Ring Dem Bells, At There Stay, etc. 15 songs and 500 others every one with words and music, will be sent by mail together with Cheerful Moments three months for 75c. 20c. C. M. PUB. CO., 68 Court St., Boston, Mass.

ARE YOU OUT OF WORK? A Good Business To Get Into. YOUNG or old people will find it greatly to their profit to read just how we can place you in an independent position for money making. Knowing how many people have been thrown out of work, we have gotten up an outfit that will bring many dollars to those who have a little, or much time of their own. Every home, shop, or place of business has repairing to be done in the tinware line. You can do it and make money. Women find many ways to use our outfit and save much money doing the work themselves at home. Nearly all make more than enough to pay for the outfit the first hour. Some mothers have their children collect injured dishes, etc., around to the neighbors and do the soldering themselves that has always given much money to large dealers. Young men who want to start in a good, honest, profitable business, cannot do better than secure one of these Soldering Outfits and set themselves up at once; it requires no capital whatever, and little by little they can work up a trade that will enable them to run a tin and fancy goods store of their own. The most successful merchants have started in this small way. Many men have given months and years of their time to learn a trade that our full directions we send free with this great outfit fully explain, just what and how to go to work and repair everything in the line of tin and household wares. We send a complete set of tools DOUBLE-POINTED ADJUSTABLE SOLDERING IRON, WRENCH for changing same, SCRAPING IRON, BAR OF SOLDER, RESIN and full directions for using same, all packed complete in a strong sliding cover wood case. The complete outfit sent FREE, express paid, to any one sending a club of 4 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. per year, or we will send COMFORT for 6 months on trial and the outfit, all charges paid, for only 50c. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine,
as second-class matter.

TERMS: 25 cents per year in advance.

Circulation, OVER TWELVE HUNDRED
THOUSAND copies. Guaranteed and Proved.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are entered on our books as soon as received,
and are always dated from the current issue, unless otherwise
ordered.

POSTAGE to all parts of the United States and Canada is pre-
paid by us.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS. When ordering change in address,
be sure to give former as well as new address. We cannot find
your name on our books unless you do.
PAPERS are only sent up to time paid for in advance. Due
notice given upon expiration of subscriptions.

Published Monthly by
The Gannett & Morse Concern, Augusta, Me.
Boston Office, 225 Devonshire St. New York Office, Tribune Build'g

Those born in December should wear the
turquoise, which ensures success and prosper-
ity in love.

December got its name from the Latin *Decem*,
or ten. The old Roman year dated from March
making December the tenth month instead of
the twelfth, as now.

The lucky days for December are the 1st, 2nd,
10th, 12th, 15th, 17th, 25th, 28th and 31st;
unlucky ones the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 9th, 14th, 16th,
19th, 20th, 21st, 26th and 29th. The astrolog-
er who predicts these also says the public
health will be much improved and the death
rate will fall below the average; bank and com-
mercial failures will occur; strikes will de-
crease; trade will not materially improve and
a number of accidents will take place.

In another part of this issue will be found a
highly interesting account of the workings of
the United States patent office, together with
brief directions how to proceed, after one has
made an invention, to obtain a patent. While
it is not absolutely necessary to employ an at-
torney, it is often well to do so, for while a man
may be able to invent a valuable article, he
may not be able to set forth his claims so as to
provide against infringement of his rights. But
wherever an attorney is employed it is well
to engage one of recognized standing who
makes a specialty of this one branch of the law.
It is always best to beware of the "no-patent-
no-pay" attorney, because there is "nothing
without labor." Work well done is worth pay.
Firms that claim to have special influence with
the government, not only as to securing patents
but in the prosecution of land and war claims,
Indian depredations, pensions, etc., should be
avoided. COMFORT readers should remember
that a Jack-of-all-trades is master of none, and
that there are no free passes issued on the
royal road to wealth.

It would be well if we could remember—all
the year round, as well as at this, the Christ-
mas season—that there is never a time in any
life when a soul should sink into the utter
depths of despair. No matter how dark the
prospect, if we can just "hold on" to the fringes
of golden hope for a season, luck will turn and
prospects brighten. The distinguished humor-
ist, Marshall Wilder, tells of a frog, which, with
a brother frog, found himself in a pail of cream.
The brother frog lost his nerve and cried, "I
sink!" The companion replied in a disgusted
tone, "Hustle, you duffer! who knows what
may turn up?" and he hustled and jumped up
and down all night long. Dawn came, and his
continual agitation and unflagging zeal had
meanwhile churned the cream into butter, and
the two walked out on dry land. There is a
moral in this tale which may well be taken into
consideration in the present hard times. Many
a sufferer from financial depression feels like
crying, "I sink!" but let him keep "hustling"
and he is bound, somehow and sometime, to
walk out on dry land.

There is a strong movement in the literary
world against the too-plentiful love-stories,
which give young people a false idea of life. A
well-known New York woman, Mrs. Eliza
Archard Connor, recently said before that most
famous of women's clubs, Sorosis: "The girl of
to-day soaks her brain in mawkish sentiment-
ality as a drunkard soaks his in alcohol until
there isn't a grain of sense left, and her
emotions are ready to gush out and slop over
to the first man that smiles on her. The work-
ing girl dreams of the hero that will come
along and lift her out of her misery. But he
doesn't come, because there isn't any such
man." This is a strong statement, but it is
based on the truth. The average love story,
although it may not contain an immoral line in
the ordinary sense of the term, is a pernicious
distortion of the life it professes to portray.
The men of this country are not divided into
two grand classes of heroes and villains. They
make the best husbands in the world, and they
revere womanhood as it deserves to be
reverenced, but they are brought into too close
contact with prosaic realities to take many ex-
cursions into the rose-tinted domain of
romance. There can be no objection to the
portrayal of love between the sexes when it is
done with reasonable fidelity to the facts. But
the novels that disregard the wide diversity of
elements which go to make up human life, and

dwell on love and marriage alone, fill the minds
of young girls with a set of false ideals that
frequently do infinite harm in later life.
Fiction has an important place in literature,
and must continue to hold it. But young folks
should read more healthy fiction and less mor-
bidity and mawkishness. Among the eight or
ten short stories which COMFORT gives its read-
ers every month, it is our aim to cover a wide
diversity. Stories of adventure, of experience,
pathetic home-tales, and pure, simple love
stories, we intend to present each month; but
so long as COMFORT exists, it will never will-
ingly be the means of introducing any but pure
and wholesome literature into the family cir-
cle.

Among the good things which the New Year
has in store for COMFORT readers is a kitchen
chat which will be expressly prepared for it by
an old bachelor who has traveled all over the
world, and knows what good cooking in famous
lands really means, and an old maid who has
also had experience as a traveler, but who had
the advantage of an early training by a New
England mother of the genuine sort. The arti-
cle will be both unique and practical, and will
contain many valuable truths for COMFORT
housewives.

With the closing of the old year, good reso-
lutions will be in order for the new. While
COMFORT doesn't wish to take any stand against
the custom (which may be better than none), at
the same time we cannot help the remark that
the great trouble with many people is that
they set aside only one day in the year for mak-
ing good resolutions, which are as promptly
broken. One of the strongest arguments that
may be advanced against the strictest Sab-
batarian is, why set apart one day in the week
to be good, while the rest of the week one may
do as one pleases? The same rule applies to
New Year's day. Why set apart one day, and
that New Year's, for making resolutions for the
coming twelve months? Why not use every
day for doing and being good? Every day be-
gins a New Year. Why not act as though we
thought so? This habit of wearing our Sunday
manners with our Sunday clothes only one-
seventh of the time, is not to be commended;
no more is the practicing of good resolutions
one week out of the year. Perhaps one reason
why the ordinary servant girl breaks so many
dishes is that she is allowed to bang about the
common ones six days in a week, and conse-
quently does not know how to be careful of the
best ones on Sunday. It is a great deal easier
to live a right life—a life of self-sacrifice and
unselfish living for others, all the time, than
occasionally. We are creatures of habit. Let
us form the habit of doing good and being
good; then we shall not need to reform our-
selves every New Year. In the meantime COM-
FORT wishes a Merry Christmas and Happy
New Year to everyone of its six million readers.

Compliments are plentiful and cheap per-
haps, especially at this time of the year. We
receive a great many compliments which are
all duly appreciated and for which we desire
to thank, publicly and individually, the per-
sons and papers to whom we are indebted. But
most of all, we, like the rest of the world, ap-
preciate a compliment that costs something to
bestow. And the fact that a paper of such
well-known standing as the Christian Herald,
has chosen COMFORT as the medium through
which it would reach several million readers,
is a compliment that costs, and one of which any
paper might well be proud. Of course our
advertising rates are in proportion to our
enormous circulation; and consequently are the
highest in the world, being at the rate of
five dollars per line and seventy dollars per
inch of single column insertion. The regular
cost of a whole page, single insertion, is over
three thousand dollars; and therefore, when a
paper of such recognized standing and worth
as the Christian Herald selects us as an adver-
tising medium, it is a merited compliment to
COMFORT's deserved popularity and purity of
purpose. It shows that our desire, both in our
reading and advertising columns, to put worthy
and elevating matter before our readers is ap-
preciated.

OUR NUTSHELL STORY PRIZES.

A large number of letters have been received
by COMFORT in the past few weeks, impeaching
the originality of two of the Nutshell prize
stories, "Sold for a Silk Rag," by Addie Good-
wyn, and "What the Camera Did," by Addie C.
Topham, and also "The Yellow Kitten," by Mrs.
Alaine Watts. The editors of COMFORT have
investigated these charges and in each prize-
story case the \$10 offered will be awarded to the
writer of the first complaint received by us;
while a special award will be made for the
"Yellow Kitten" which does not come within
our offer in regard to Nut-Shell prize-stories.
"The Silk Rag" had, previous to its publica-
tion in COMFORT, appeared in several other
papers, and Miss Topham's story in a longer
form, was published over her own signature
some time ago in another periodical; while the
"Yellow Kitten" was, to quote the words of a
New York editor "stolen bodily from one which
appeared in 'Short Stories' a year ago."

Some of our correspondents have expressed
surprise that our several manuscript readers
should have been so imposed upon, but, in
view of the millions of short stories published
every year, it would be impossible for the best
posted literary men and women to keep suffi-
cient run of all of them as to protect any paper
against the chance of plagiarism. As an in-
stance of this, one of the leading daily papers
of New York recently purchased and pub-

lished as a prize winner, a story that had pre-
viously been paid for, published and copy-
righted by COMFORT.

As long as the world exists some of us will
continue to be imposed upon. All that COM-
FORT and all honest people can do, is to expose
deception and protect other publishers from
being victimized by the same writers. COM-
FORT's printed conditions, under which the
Nutshell prizes are awarded, are so clear as to
admit of no misunderstanding.

The World's Fair is over. It was a success.
By the time this issue of COMFORT reaches our
1,221,000 subscribers, the White City will be lit-
tle more than a memory, but the proud con-
sciousness will remain that ours was the grand-
est exposition the world has ever seen. The
paid admissions reached 21,469,461, and free
passes were used for 6,052,188 more; bringing
the total attendance to 27,521,649. The total re-
ceipts came to nearly \$14,000,000, as compared
to \$8,300,000 at the Paris Exposition in 1889—the
only fair that will bear comparison with that
at Chicago. It is estimated that the Chicago
street railways transported 78,000,000 passen-
gers between May 1 to October 31, with only 26
accidents. Other lines carried from 8,100,000 to
22,500,000 each; so that the total number of pas-
sengers traveling on all lines in Chicago, dur-
ing those six months, amounted to 150,000,000;
with 1,758,665 more traveling by Lake Michigan
steamers.

Inside the Fair grounds, the electric launches
had a total patronage of 830,757; the steam
launches of 176,698; and the gondolas—more
romantic but less comfortable and speedy—
149,192. About 15,000,000 people were fed at the
restaurants on the grounds; and the lunch-
basket accompanied nearly as many more.
Only 175 mistakes in handling the millions of
tickets were made, and so carefully was the
money guarded that not a dollar was lost by
robbery.

The average temperature was 64 degrees, and
there were only eight real, downright rainy
days; 18,500 cases were treated at the Emer-
gency Hospital, most of them trivial; 105,000
rockets, 15,000 shells, twenty-five tons of red
fire, and any quantity of wheels and other de-
vices were used as fireworks. The World's
Fair post-office handled over 15,000,000 pieces of
mail, of which a very small proportion was
lost. The Fair was a stupendous thing—a
thing of which America may well be proud.

The more may we congratulate ourselves,
when we reflect how small a proportion of the
exhibits were made by foreign countries. Cal-
ifornia or Oregon alone, and other States as
well, made exhibits as large combined as all
the foreign exhibits put together; all of which
shows how little, comparatively, other coun-
tries care to compete with America, as well as
how great a country this is. Princes and
potentates made no effort to visit the Fair. Be-
yond the reigning powers of some insignificant
island, or the bankrupt duke of some castle in
Spain, who desired above all else to make
capital of the adulation of silly Americans, no
royal visitors came to view our splendid dis-
play. But who cares? The people—millions of
honest, industrious and praiseworthy Ameri-
can citizens—saw the Fair; and millions more
wanted to, who were prevented by circum-
stances. It was an education, and one we shall
feel the direct benefits from, for the next
decade. When we look back to the Philadel-
phia Centennial, for instance, the ways seem
innumerable by which the country was profited.
Take the single instance of Vienna Bread. Be-
fore the Centennial, this delicious form of the
staff or life was unknown here; since its intro-
duction at that time Vienna bakeries are in
every city. Thousands of similar instances
might be quoted; but it needs no further argu-
ment to prove that the stimulus to industry,
invention and art, which the World's Fair
gives to America, cannot yet be comprehen-
sively, or even fractionally, estimated.

LARGE FRAMED PORTRAITS.

COMFORT's Artist Proof Portraits are produc-
ing quite a sensation, and no wonder, for al-
though many free portraits have been adver-
tised, never before have the public been able to
procure an absolutely accurate Portrait of
themselves or loved ones which enables them
to decorate their homes even cheaper than
with the cheap prints or lithographs now used.

The frames are very ornamental and durable,
and would ordinarily cost several dollars more
than the elegant Portrait complete as fur-
nished COMFORT readers.

This latest in Art is sure to become very popu-
lar since it insures mechanical correctness,
which is impossible with either pen or brush,
to which is added the "stipple effect" giving
the tone and softness of the finest engraving.
Art and Science to-day enable us to announce;
give us a good photograph and we will give you
a good Portrait.
See Premium announcement on page 14.

GLIMPSSES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Is a charming and original book published by
Messrs. Laird & Lee, Chicago. The characteristic
sights of the great Fair have been captured by this
satisfactory camera, and although the book is modestly
entitled a "selection" of gems from the White City,
it does not appear that anything has been neglected
or omitted. The engravings are very satisfactory, and
one look at the "glimpses" will call up delightful re-
collections of the fleet flying hours spent at the
World's Fair. Agents ought to make lots of money
with it.

FREE Conan Doyle's Study in Scarlet. Exciting
novel, postpaid, to any one sending three
2-cent stamps for three months' subscription
to THE WHOLE FAMILY, illustrated magazine; cash ques-
tion contests monthly. Russell Pub. Co., Boston, Mass.

MAGIC SQUARE.
A PUZZLE OF LETTERS AND
SMALL, NEAT, DURABLE.
A LASTING NOVELTY
MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS FOR
TWENTY FIVE CENTS
Prizes For Solutions.
MAGIC PUZZLE CO.,
P. O. BOX 1115, CHICAGO, ILL.

COINS If you have any money coined before 1870
Keep it and send two stamps to W. VOL-
BERGEN, Numismatic Bank, Boston,
Mass., for his Circulars on rare American
and Foreign Coins and Continental and
Confederate Paper money. A fortune for somebody.

Send
7 CENTS
FOR A
3 MONTHS' TRIAL
HOME QUEEN
A Bright, Sparkling and Clean
PAPER FOR WOMEN.
Positively enchanting—profusely illustra-
ted. 50 cents a year.
Splendid Art Covers worth \$1.00 each,
given away to new yearly subscribers.
When these premiums are taken, a small
extra charge is made to cover postage and
packing. Full particulars in HOME
QUEEN. 3 months' trial, 7 cents.
Address **HOME QUEEN**,
819 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please mention COMFORT when you write.

Glimpses 190
...of the
World's Fair...
A Selection of
***190 GEMS OF THE WHITE CITY**
Seen through a Camera.

Instantaneous Photographs—"Snap Shots"
All Main Buildings
All State and Territorial Buildings
All Foreign Buildings
Grounds... Statuary... Lagoons...
Also Characteristic Scenes from
The Midway Plaisance
A Beautiful and Lasting Souvenir
of the Fair.
A Grand Holiday Gift.

PRICES—Paper covers, enclosed in handsome en-
velope ready for mailing, 50c. Beautifully bound in
Cloth, gold embossed, in a neat box, \$1.00. Sent post-
paid to any part of the world on receipt of price.
Liberal Terms to Agents.

LAIRD & LEE, Publishers
265 WABASH AVENUE CHICAGO, ILL.
Please mention COMFORT when you write.

HONEST WATCHES WHOLESALE PRICES.
14 k. GOLD FILLED
Warranted 20 Years. \$12.75
A genuine gold filled case ladies or gents size, hunting or open face, stem
wind and set, beautifully engraved and fitted with a GENUINE ELGIN,
WALTHAM or HAMPTON solid nickel works, full jeweled top plate, double
jeweled expansion balance, patent hair spring, safety pinion, polished con-
cave dial, quick train (18,000 beats an hour) patent dust band and absolutely
dust proof, warranted to wear and hold its color and keep correct time for 20
years, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Retail value \$25.00, and
C. O. D. subject to examination before you pay for it. If found satisfactory
you pay express agent \$12.75 and express charges one way, no risk whatever
guarantee with each watch, send 50 cents with each order as a guarantee of
good faith, which amount will be deducted from price of the watch. Free
cash in advance we send an elegant 5 year chain free. Write for free
catalogue address **Jos. F. Conlan, Succ. to Queen**
City Watch Co., 85 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THE YANKEE BLADE 16 PAGES, has
Readers every week. Regular price,
\$2.50 per year. Sent on trial
10 weeks for 10 Cents.
Daily gifts to sub-
scribers.
1 year on
trial for \$1.00;
2 years for \$1.75;
3 years for \$2.40;
4 years for \$3.00;
5 years for \$3.50. The Best Family
Story Paper in America. One-cent stamps taken.
THE YANKEE BLADE, 92 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader
\$6.00.
RIFLES \$2.00
WATCHES
10 WEEKS FOR 10 CENTS
1 year on
trial for \$1.00;
2 years for \$1.75;
3 years for \$2.40;
4 years for \$3.00;
5 years for \$3.50. The Best Family
Story Paper in America. One-cent stamps taken.
THE YANKEE BLADE, 92 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

BICYCLES \$15
All kinds cheaper than else-
where. Before you buy,
send stamp for catalogue to
POWELL & CLEMENT CO.
166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

OLD COINS Wanted. Highest prices
dated before 1870. Send stamp for our 16 page book, and by
keeping your eyes open you may get wealthy. National
Coin Co., 88 Exchange Building, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS coin money selling our Mending Tissue
women and children. Sample 10c. Catalogue free.
MRS. G. SINGLETON, Box 665 Chicago, Ill.

YOUR NAME ON 25 BEAUTIFUL CARDS
1. PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, 1 RING, 1 KNIFE
2. GOLD PEN, 1 GOLD PEN & AGENT'S OUTFIT
3. GOLD PENCIL, 1 GOLD PENCIL & AGENT'S OUTFIT
4. GOLD RING, 1 GOLD RING & AGENT'S OUTFIT
5. GOLD WATCH, 1 GOLD WATCH & AGENT'S OUTFIT
6. GOLD CHAIN, 1 GOLD CHAIN & AGENT'S OUTFIT
7. GOLD BRACELET, 1 GOLD BRACELET & AGENT'S OUTFIT
8. GOLD EARRINGS, 1 GOLD EARRINGS & AGENT'S OUTFIT
9. GOLD NECKLACE, 1 GOLD NECKLACE & AGENT'S OUTFIT
10. GOLD BROOCH, 1 GOLD BROOCH & AGENT'S OUTFIT
11. GOLD PIN, 1 GOLD PIN & AGENT'S OUTFIT
12. GOLD RING, 1 GOLD RING & AGENT'S OUTFIT
13. GOLD WATCH, 1 GOLD WATCH & AGENT'S OUTFIT
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33. GOLD NECKLACE, 1 GOLD NECKLACE & AGENT'S OUTFIT
34. GOLD BROOCH, 1 GOLD BROOCH & AGENT'S OUTFIT
35. GOLD PIN, 1 GOLD PIN & AGENT'S OUTFIT
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EDITOR'S NOTE. The following rules govern the publication of matter in this department.

Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to *Comfort*, and every contribution must bear the writer's own name and post office address in full.

Original letters only, which deal with matters of general interest will be published. They must be as brief, plain and correct as the writers can make them and may vary in length from one hundred to four hundred words. Only letters of exceptional merit and interest may reach \$50. Contributors must write on one side of their paper only.

Every month a number of prize monograms composed of the writer's initials, will be awarded to those sending the best contributions. These monograms, which will be most desirable ornaments for stationery, cards, etc., will be printed in connection with the respective letters, and new electrotypes of same will be mailed, post paid, to the prize winners.

\$10 CASH PRIZES \$10

In addition to the foregoing, the following cash prizes will be paid monthly:

1st. For the best original letter	\$3.00
2nd. " " second best original letter	2.50
3rd. " " third best original letter	2.00
4th. " " fourth best original letter	1.50
5th. " " fifth best original letter	1.00

Competitors for these monthly cash prizes must comply with all the above rules, and in addition must bring at least one new cousin into the *COMFORT* circle; that is, they must send one new subscriber with each letter, together with 25 cents for a yearly subscription.

These cash prizes will be announced monthly in this department.

No premiums will be given for subscriptions sent in under this Prize Offer.

All communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.

CASH PRIZE WINNERS.

Grace Joy White,	First prize,	\$3.00
Will H. Gleason,	Second prize,	2.50
Edward H. Ziska,	Third prize,	2.00
Nellie R. Bennett,	Fourth prize,	1.50
Mrs. William Knoer,	Fifth prize,	1.00

PRIZE-MONOGRAM WINNERS.

James Unsworth,	Nellie R. Bennett,
Oscar C. Snow,	Grace Joy White,
	Earl W. Newman.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a joyful New Year to all the cousins; may you all prosper, and may our circle be trebled during the coming year! For although now we have a little family group of a million and more, there is always room for more. And so I hope thousands of new cousins will come in, and that I shall hear from you all! I am glad to present to you a new cousin in a most interesting letter. Historic Massachusetts has an interest for everybody, north, south, west and east, for if everybody does not live there now, most people's ancestors have at some time since 1620.

"It is my good fortune to live in an old historic New England town, Dedham, the shire town of Norfolk County, the garden of Eastern Massachusetts; and I have thought that some of the cousins might be interested in its relics of colonial days. Of the old Fairbanks house, which is the oldest now standing in New England, having been built in 1636, no doubt you have heard a great deal; so I will say only that it is occupied at present by a Fairbanks who is a many times great grand-daughter of Jonathan Fairbanks who built the house; and that it has never been occupied by a person of any other name, and that every occupant has been a direct descendant of this same Jonathan, who was one of the original settlers of the town. In showing the house and its belongings, Miss Rebecca Fairbanks, the last of the line, can exhibit something belonging to every past member of the family, and as the relics of each differ, everything in the way of old china, furniture, portraits, jewelry, and wearing apparel are there, making a collection which drives every lover of the antique wild with envy. On the main street of the town is an old stone, which looks not unlike a rough monument. It is in reality, the stone base on which a bust of William Pitt once stood, in honor of the 'Great Commoner.' However loyal to him the hearts of the early inhabitants of Dedham might have been, and however great their admiration, their pocket-books were not sufficiently well-filled to admit of their honoring their hero in marble, so a bust carved from wood was placed on the pedestal. This was demolished many years ago, leaving only the stone standing. That still is called 'Pitt's head.' On the opposite side of the Charles river, high on the rocks, stands an odd shaped building of brick, as it stands alone, high above river and road, it gives the idea of being part of a strong hold. And a strong hold it surely was in colonial days, for it is the old Dedham powder house. It was built with the town which was incorporated in 1636—and was for some time no more than any other powder house. But at the beginning of the Revolution, Lord Percy made his memorable journey to Concord for the stores of powder, which the 'rebels' had stored there, it was speedily removed, while the British were being engaged at Lexington. This of course gave it fame, and Dedham inhabitants regard it with pride and veneration. The present townspeople, and in fact all since the earliest days, have preserved every thing historical from hands profane. The grounds where the first Dedham soldiers drilled is fenced off and a stone inscribed 'Ye training ground, 1636,' keeps out all intruders save the boys who occasionally show their patriotism by playing the national game there. One more relic is an old tree which stands just a little out of the village

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DEDHAM POWDER HOUSE.

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proper. One can hardly imagine that any dignity pertains to its scraggy, irregular branches, but of its wood two hundred and fifty years ago, the seal of the town was cut. Since the old town has had 257 birthdays, no doubt you will join me in wishing it many more.

GRACE JOY WHITE,
Ashcroft, Dedham, Mass.

The next cousin has a familiar face and one we are glad to welcome into our circle once more. He always has something interesting to say. This time it is about the Chinese New Year:

"Just after the Lenten season had begun this year, the Chinese New Year was ushered in. Amid the bursts of joy and music (Chinese) the New Year was declared open by the high priest in the Temple. The year was opened by igniting long strings of fire-crackers and by beating tom-toms. Chinese New Year festivities last eight days. The Chinese visit their friends, go to the theatres, smoke opium and have a fine time. Chinatown in San Francisco is usually crowded for days before the opening of the fete. The laborers from the country come into town to celebrate with their friends. The streets are crowded with peddlers; there are trinket-sellers, clothing men who fit their customers on the street, and the men who sell the sacred-lilies. There are also stands or booths where sweetmeats of all kinds are sold. Glassware of all kinds is for sale and some very delicate bits of china, while here and there one comes across a plate of rare old Satsuma. When the 'new year is in,' all the peddlers desert the streets. Men who are styled musicians blow ear-splitting horns, beat tom-toms and clash cymbals and play instruments of wood. At this season also the houses and windows are scrubbed and cleaned, as rare an occurrence as the new year. The table of each house is set according to the wealth of the leige-lord. The richest silks Cathay can yield are on display in houses of the rich Chinese. There are banners and fine table-cloths of silk, that would cause one to be envious. Ebony chairs inlaid with mother-of-pearl are brought forth for this occasion. In the merchant's house silver wine goblets grace the table, so also do brazen urns, in which incense burns. On every hand is a tray containing sweetmeats, olives and nuts, also little red papers wrapped around a coin. When you enter a house you are expected to clasp your hands and bow low to your host. He rises and reciprocates. You are then entertained, having the freedom and hospitality of his house. You are also expected to partake of refreshments. This part of the entertainment varies. You receive champagne in the merchant's and tea in the laborer's house; you should also partake of the sweetmeats. As there are days to receive and pay calls, every one in the Chinese house has his day. Common clothes are set aside at this time and the best flowered silks are donned. Each person has on his hat, a crest showing the family case. Clothes are of all colors of silk, but Nile green, magenta, purple and sky-blue



CALLING WITH HIS PA.

predominate. The Chinaman visits his most intimate friends first. In his hand he carries a bunch of red papers; these are his calling cards. He leaves one at each place he calls, and in return takes one of the aforementioned coin papers. He partakes of very little and sometimes smokes a bit of opium with his host. Such is the mode of visiting. The temples are usually crowded, day and night at this season. More white people go than Chinese. You are expected to purchase something in the temple. The high priest lights the tapers and incense punks and fires. He mutters some prescribed prayers which are answered by the associate priests. The altars are hung with red silk and gold tapestries and the walls are lined with banners and fret-work. The display of silk and ebony is something gorgeous. There is a mingling of incense, sandalwood and punks, and the odor created causes one to leave the temple sooner than otherwise. At the temple the younger members of the household come to offer service. They recite Confucius by the page. When they meet they go through more ceremony than their elders. When three or four meet it makes a fine picture of Orientalism. Refinement and politeness are well expressed by these little queued foreigners. The baby of the house is the first to attract attention. Its head is covered with a cap and cape; the cape is like an Arab's turban. It has two tufts of fur, one on the right and one on the left side. When the baby's back is toward you, it reminds you of an infantile Mephistopheles. The cap is of red flannel as is also the dress. The Chinese girl is a sight to be remembered. Her hair has been dressed in the most intricate design her dresser can invent. Intertwined in her raven and plastered locks are bands of pearls and gold. Her cheeks are carmine with rouge, so are her lips; as she waddles along all eyes are turned on her. This is what is wanted, admiration and flattery. Her dress is of the finest silk and sometimes edged with pearls. When one once has seen the true picture of China in its gala days, and next when it returns to its usual squalor and filth, he cannot help but think how easily we can change our view of the Chinese.

WILL H. GLEASON,
824 Union St., San Francisco, Cal.

The next letter, too, is from a familiar cousin, one whose letters are always read with the deepest enjoyment.

"Letters received from *COMFORT* cousins ask for more history of this 'Golden State,' so I will describe a few of the famous California resorts. Lake Tahoe claims the attention of all sightseers, as the most interesting mountain retreat in California. Its attractions cannot be numbered, or more than very imperfectly described, and the eye that beholds can alone appreciate their grandeur and significance. Within a short distance are a number of smaller lakes, all partaking of the same grandeur that characterizes that locality. The Geysers are always full of interest; the trip is short and easy and the route abounding in a variety of interesting and beautiful scenery. This is one of the most popular health resorts in the State. Hotel Del Monte is with its magnificent grounds and beautiful surroundings a most delightful spot; and there is nothing to compare with the famous 18 mile drive which surrounds the Monterey peninsula. Mount Shasta is now the focal point of sightseeing in Northern California, and in many respects eclipses all other scenes. It is one of the mightiest of the Sierra's towering giants, and for nearly 200 miles of the Shasta route its bold peak is in plain view, but is seen best at the city of Sisson. Castle Crags is another point of rare interest in the Shasta region, rapidly coming into fame as one of the popular mountain resorts on the coast. It derives its name from the mountainous granite crags in the vicinity. Santa Barbara has a delightful climate, and is justly prominent among the world's famous seaside resorts. It is a haven of perpetual sunshine, fanned year in and out by soft, balmy sea-breezes. Santa Cruz is by the sea, where the wild waves talk; but their fascinating tales must be heard if their charms are to be known. Tens of

thousands rush to this delightful resort every season to enjoy a breeze from the sea, a dash in the surf, and a stroll on the beach. Many other attractive places might be named, as the Lick Observatory, on the summit of Mount Hamilton; the Big Trees of Mariposa and Calaveras are wonderful sights, and Anderson Springs, Lake County, is a charming retreat."

EDWARD H. ZISKA,
448 Jessie Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Here comes another new cousin with a few remarks on newspapers—a subject she seems to have studied to some purpose:

"As everyone knows, the newspaper is a sheet of paper printed and distributed at regular intervals for conveying news and items of general interest. It is the world made smaller, held in the hand and brought under the eye. Great pains are taken in fitting it up to make a respectable appearance in our homes; but in the best condition, its pretensions are very humble. The newspaper is treated very unjustly, for once read, it is often crumpled up and thrown into the waste-basket to ignite the morning's fire. Yet there is nothing more worthy of preservation, especially the old newspaper, as it is often a valuable reference to past events or dates. It is the great dial-plate on the clock of time. The information obtained is almost always reliable, varied in character, new and interesting. The eagerness to obtain them on the part of those who are out of reach of actual communication is always noticeable. The first newspaper was printed in 1704, conducted by John Campbell. The first daily was printed in 1792, and there were only seven in 1750. Restrictions upon the press were so great that no paper was published in Virginia until 1736 and that was controlled by the government. The number published in London in 1843 was 79, in 1877 it was 320. There are now eighty papers published in Greece, mostly at Athens. San Francisco has a Chinese, and the Indian Territory a Cherokee paper. Benjamin Franklin started the *Pennsylvania Gazette* in 1729 and it continued weekly till 1745. The British Museum has an immense collection of all dates and from all parts of the world. While in Illinois I saw a Confederate paper, printed on the reverse side of wall-paper, because it was published in Vicksburg where paper was scarce. It is dated July 3rd, 1864. Most of the type was set the day before Grant took Vicksburg, and they were allowed to put in that item of news, but when the papers were printed the press was destroyed. I like to read all the papers, but think *COMFORT* has lots of general news as well as good departments and stories."

NELLIE R. BENNETT,
Mayview, Kansas.

We have probably heard less about Tennessee, that beautiful and picturesque middle-southern State, than of most others:

"Tennessee is divided into three distinct sections as follows: Eastern, Western and Middle. Franklin County is included in the middle section and lies next to the Alabama. Winchester is the county seat with a population of a little over 3,000 inhabitants. There are several other towns and two very fine summer resorts, Swanee and Mont Eagle. Both of them are on the mountains surrounded by beautiful scenery. The country is provided with plenty of good water-power by the Elk river and its tributaries. The topography of this part of Tennessee is very much diversified; a part lies in the Elk river valley, part on the Highland river and still another portion on the Cumberland plateau. Some of the land is very fertile and productive, especially along the base of the mountains and in the river valley. In other places it is so poor that it is said you can hear cotton grunt two miles away, in its effort to sprout through the ground. (Of course I never heard it.) Most of the poor lands are called Barren Lands, and are mostly used for grazing purposes for thousands of cattle. Most people brand in some way all cattle not wanted at home during the summer, and drive them to the Barrens where they are turned loose to feed until brought home for winter shelter. They make excellent pasture, being well watered and timbered, excepting in a few places. The principle products in agriculture are wheat, corn, rye, oats, field peas and live stock. Considerable coal is found, and mined to a great extent. We have woolen and cotton factories, one iron furnace, several tanneries, one creamery and cheese firm. The region is supplied with a number of good schools; the Normal for both sexes and Mary Sharp College for women, at Winchester; the latter has a fine home for pupils and is in the finest part of the city; rates only \$195 for a whole year, everything included but dress and books. Then there is the University of the South at Swanee, and academies at several of the small towns. The railroad have their termini in the county, and an electric railway is being built from Decherd to Louisville, which will furnish electric lights to the towns it passes through. The people are very hospitable and generous. Most drudging labor is performed by negroes. Tennessee people are many of them moving to Texas, and northern people are taking their places here. There is many an excellent chance for anyone to get a home for little or nothing at any time, and some splendid chances here in my own neighborhood to-day. The climate is fine and very healthy."

MRS. WILLIAM KNOER, Huntland, Box 12, Tenn.

Now let us return East.

"Seeing so many letters about different parts of the country I thought I would write and give you an account of one trip only, that I made while wheelsman on a steamer. Comparatively few Americans have made the complete trip by water from Montreal to Chicago. When the steamers leave Montreal they pass up the Lachine Canal (7 miles), cross Lake St. Louis to Beauharnois (20 miles), thence through the canal of the same name to Valleyfield (12 miles), thence across Lake St. Francis (40 miles), up the St. Lawrence river to the Cornwall Canal; at the head of this canal you have a splendid view of the Long Sault Rapids, also passing the Canada Cotton Co., Cornwall Cotton Co., and Toronto Paper Co. After leaving the canal, we again enter the river, passing Prescott on the Canada side and Ogdensburg, N. Y., on the American side. These steamers gauge the time so that the afternoon is spent passing through the world-famed Lake of the Thousand Islands, the picturesque scenery of which has been so often described in poetry and prose. For a distance of about 80 miles the islands are dotted with handsome cottages and brightened by brilliant tints, which illuminate the evening and present a spectacle that suggests the scenes of the Arabian Nights. Calling at Kingston and Toronto, the passenger is quickly brought to a very interesting part of the trip—the Welland Canal—which is practically climbing a mountain in a boat. This gigantic work and wonderful piece of engineering skill cost the Canadian government sixteen million dollars. A special feature of the trip is a carriage drive from the canal and around Niagara Falls, four hours' time being allowed at the falls to visit the points of interest. After leaving the Welland Canal the boat proceeds direct to Cleveland, Ohio, on Lake Erie. Ample time is given to visit Euclid Avenue, Garfield monument and numerous other points of interest in one of the most beautiful and charming cities of the United States. From Cleveland the boat proceeds to Windsor, Ont., and Detroit, Mich. (opposite ports on Detroit River), thence up the river, across Lake St. Clair, up the river of same name to Sarnia, Ont., and Port Huron, Mich. (opposite each other.) At this point the Grand Trunk railway has a tunnel under the river. Up to three years ago the cars had to be ferried across. After leaving Port Huron we stop no more. Crossing Lake Huron through the Straits of Mackinaw, and Lake Michigan, we arrive in Chicago about eight and one-half days after leaving Montreal. I will close by saying that we make about ten such trips every season, and if some of the cousins ever take a trip on the steamer 'Acadia,' if you will look in the pilot-house you may possibly see your truly."

JAMES UNSWORTH, 1813 Memphis St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

And now here comes a tale of wild hand life, widely different from those we have been listening to.

"Will you allow a New Mexican to enter your



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J. P. PRIMLEY,

Chicago, Ill.



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band? If so, I will tell you of the way two horse thieves secured two horses from the Harland ranch. About midnight on December 4th, 1891, two horse thieves stole forth from a bunch of mesquite bushes in which they had been hiding, and with noiseless tread secured the friendly shadow of the corral. One man braced himself against the adobe wall of the corral, and the other quietly climbed onto his shoulders, and climbed over; Bernel, the man on the outside threw a rope over to his pal, and they commenced sawing the wall with the rope. After considerable hard work, the greasers cut an opening into the wall large enough to take a horse through. When morning dawned a large opening into the corral stared the cowboys in the face, and two of the best horses were missing, while two greasers were off for Mexico. But the way of the transgressor is hard. Before an hour had passed, armed men were on the trail with Harland in the lead. At the close of the second day all the men had returned except Harland. As the last lingering ray of sunset light lingered on the distant mountains, a man was sighted down the trail. It proved to be Harland with the stolen stock, and one greaser. When the boys asked for the second man, Harland tapped his gun. That night the captured Mexican got a way and hadn't been heard of since. Perchance he has taken his last trail over the great divide. An armed guard sleeps in the guard-house now on the corral wall at the Harland ranch, and electric wires lay hidden there."



BERNEL.

Another cousin wants to speak before we bid each other good-bye for another month. He says:

"I will tell you a story which was told to me by an old soldier about how a deserter was executed. During the year of 1863 desertions from the army became very frequent. If captured, they were usually sent to Dry Tortugas, a small island, or group of islands in the Gulf of Mexico belonging to the United States. The islands are very low and swampy, partly covered with mangrove bushes, a species of tropical fruit resembling the paw-paw and banana. It is a dismal place and here deserters were compelled to serve a term of years with a ball and chain, the same as other prisoners. Occasionally a man was hung, and sometimes shot. When captured the provost marshal of the county returned them to their regiment and received the reward offered by the State in which they were found. They were then tried and sentenced by the court martial. Then they were put in a tent under a guard, usually consisting of two or three armed men. If sentenced to be shot, the court martial appoints a regiment of soldiers as guard, who escort the prisoners to the place of execution, and form in a half-circle around him. The prisoner is then blind-folded and made to kneel on his coffin. Ten soldiers are previously appointed as executioners, and are commanded by a general or colonel. Their muskets are loaded by a committee appointed for that purpose, one blank cartridge being placed in one of the guns, so that each man may think his gun contains the blank. A quarter-sheet of common note-paper is then pinned on the coat of the victim, over the heart. The order is given to fire and if the shot of the platoon fails to kill, the commander himself must shoot the man. The bravest man in the army would weaken if he had this duty to perform, but such is the order and it must be obeyed."

EARL W. NEWMAN, Strawn, Livingstone Co., Ill.

In addition to these we have letters from many others, which cannot be presented for lack of room. Some of the best of them are from Minnie V. Sweet, North Sterling, Conn.; C. W. Mcrse, Marshalltown, Iowa; Nettie H. Brown, Mountainville, N. Y.; Robert E. Boggs, Cottageville, Ky.; and Alice M. Rice, Elmwood, Ill. Mr. Boggs is a blind organist and would like to hear from cousins who are interested in music. Mrs. Catharine Ladd Ruff, of Greensburg, Pa., had ancestors by the names of Joseph and Dorothy Ladd who settled near Montpelier, Vt.; she would be glad to hear from anyone who can give her any trace of them. Now, how many are going to send me a New Year's gift of twenty-five cents to pay the subscription of one new cousin apiece? Hundreds of you, I hope. Remember that monthly cash-prize offer; somebody wins; is it you? Please notice that competitors for cash-prizes are not entitled to any other premiums. Some cousins send in the price of one subscription for themselves, (not reading carefully the conditions of our offer) and ask in return the first prize of \$3.00, a prize-monogram, COMFORT for a year, and a premium besides. What do you think of that?

AUNT MINERVA.

THE SECRET OF AN ANDIRON.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY C. A. WESTON.

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THE room into which my landlord ushered me was large and pleasant, yet an indefinable shiver crept over me as I crossed its threshold.

A large open fire-place in the broad chimney attracted my attention, and I crossed the room to stand by the cheery fire that blazed on the hearth. In this fire-place stood a pair of large andirons, whose unique design and burnished appearance caught my eye at once. They represented dragons, with wide open jaws, and nostrils distended, from which the smoke and sparks of the fire poured forth.

The grotesque heads fascinated me, and the more I looked at them the more horrible they appeared. I turned my attention to other objects in the room, and found them all to be the common-place appurtenances of a hotel bed-chamber.

I was weary with a long day's journey, and had partaken of a hearty supper; perhaps that accounted for the uneasy state of my nerves; but the loneliness of the surrounding country, and the isolation of the house in which I was obliged to take refuge for the night, made me nervous and fidgety.

My gaze returned to the hideous andirons, and I wondered what their strange influence over me meant. I resolved to go to bed and forget my fears in sleep.

Preparatory to doing that I took a careful survey of the room to see if there were any concealed traps for unwary travelers. There were only two doors in the apartment. One led to the landing outside, and the other opened into a long closet that ran under the eaves the whole length of the house. It

was a low, dark, woody-smelling closet, and I hardly liked the looks of it; but on holding my lamp into its recess I found it to be quite empty. I closed the door and retired to rest.

But once in bed my fears did not abate. I thought of all the stories I had ever heard of travelers disappearing, and of plots and foul play that sometimes occurred in remote lanes. To be sure, my landlord looked like an honest, good-hearted gentleman, but who could tell what the secrets of his life might be? I had quite a sum of money with me as I was traveling for a large firm in New York, and though I had always called myself a brave man, I owned I was a coward that night, and put the money under my pillow and had a loaded revolver close at hand. At last I fell into an uneasy slumber which must have lasted an hour or two.

Suddenly I awoke to full consciousness, disturbed by that unaccountable feeling that some one was near.

My bed was in such a position that I could command a full view of the room and fire-place, yet the bed itself was in shadow. My eyes turned to the fire-place, and there to my alarm I saw the figure of a man bending over the andirons. The fire was not out, and its ruddy glow formed a bright background for the stooping figure. I recognized him at once as the man servant who had brought me my supper. He passed his hands silently and skillfully over the burnished dragon's heads, as if seeking for a hidden spring.

In a moment a heavy trap-door in the hearth slowly lifted, and revealed a dark aperture in the floor. To my surprise the man stepped into the opening and seemed to be descending some stairs.

What did this mean? It was all done in perfect silence, and I felt sure there was but one solution to the mystery. It was a plot against my life. I felt that when the man returned I must be ready for him. Doubtless I was in a nest of thieves and any attempt to leave the room would be useless.

Grasping my revolver I slipped from the bed, and stood in a dark corner farthest from the fire-place. At this moment the closet door softly opened, and another figure crept forth into my room, and concealed itself in the chimney corner. As he crossed the fire-light I recognized him as my landlord.

"Here is a conspiracy," I thought. "Evidently they intend to kill me and hide my body in this hidden vault."

At this instant the man's head appeared above the trap-door. He looked cautiously around at my bed,



and stepped upon the hearth. He had something carefully concealed beneath his coat. As he paused a moment I felt that this was my opportunity. Taking careful aim with my revolver I cried:

"Stir an inch, either one of you, and I shall fire!"

At this the landlord from his dark corner, cried:

"For heaven's sake calm yourself, sir! Let us explain matters please."

As he called out the servant started violently and looked towards the chimney corner.

"Is that you, master?" he said, faintly.

"Yes, it is," replied the landlord, "and I have a little account to settle with you, but first let me assure my guest that we mean him no harm, and request that he will not shoot us."

There was something in his voice that reassured me, and I hastened to say that I was anxious he should explain how they both came in my room at dead of night.

The landlord then confronted the abashed servant and said, "Look here, my man, what have you got under your coat?"

The man produced two bottles of wine and handed them to his master.

"Ah!" said the landlord, "I knew some one was stealing my wine long ago, and that was why I had it removed to this hidden cellar. I did not suppose any one knew of this stairway except myself, but it seems you, too, knew the secret of the andirons."

"I saw you once through the key-hole, sir," admitted the servant.

"I have been watching you for some time," continued the landlord, "and to-night followed you. Why did you undertake this trip when the room was occupied?"

"Well, you see sir," said the servant, humbly, "my old croney, Joe Barton, came to see me to-night, and I wanted to treat him, as we ain't met for so many years. I thought the stranger here would sleep sound, bein' so mortal tired, and I run the risk. I thought if he did wake up I would explain matters a little."

"May I ask how you came from my closet?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir, there is a door at the further end that opens into my room. I crept along under the eaves."

"And I after you," said the landlord. "Well, we will settle this to-morrow, now let us leave this gentleman to finish his nap."

He closed the trap-door, and with many apologies they left me. I slept better the rest of the night.

The next day the landlord explained more fully the secret of the andirons, and as a parting gift gave me a bottle of the rare old wine that came from the hidden cellar.

HINTS FOR WOMEN.

Oxalic acid is the best liquid for cleaning brass. Cover the hands with paper bags while blacking the stove.

Pare fruit with a silver or plated knife, if you would not stain your fingers.

A pinch of soda added to stewed sour fruit makes less sugar necessary in sweetening.

Let potatoes lie in cold water an hour before cooking, if you want them white and mealy.

Blankets and furs sprinkled with borax and done up airtight, will keep free from moths.

A few drops of essential oil of lavender on cotton-wool quickly rids a bed of troublesome insects.

Salt extracts the juices from the meat in cooking. Steaks ought not, therefore, to be salted until they have been broiled.

Stair rods should be cleaned with a soft woollen cloth dipped in water, and then in finely sifted ashes. Then rub them with a dry flannel until they shine.

Powdered borax and soap is the best thing for cleaning copper kettles. Wet a coarse cloth in hot water, soap it well, and sprinkle over it the powdered borax.

Boiling water made strong with ammonia and applied with a whisk broom cleans willow chairs admirably. Soap should never be used, as it turns them yellow.

A cloth wet in hot vinegar will remove paint from window glass. Finger marks may be removed from varnished furniture by the use of a little sweet oil upon a soft cloth.

Don't set food in the oven to dry up, but put it in a covered plate or dish and set in a pan of hot water on the back of the stove. This will keep the food warm and moist if the water is not boiling.

Cayenne pepper sprinkled freely in the haunts of rats will make them leave the premises. Ants do not like powdered alum scattered on shelves, nor moths damp salt, if used in sweeping carpets.

If the cat needs medicine don't try to force it down her throat, mix it with her milk. Smeat it on her sides, and she will lick it all off clean. In Ireland everybody knows how to give medicine to a cat.

Have a small blank-book, or make one of note-paper, and in it jot from time to time, the little con-

veniences or comforts which occur to you for Christmas presents for your friends. Then you will not be troubled at the last minute with the question "what shall I get for so-and-so?"

A WISE DECISION.

There are thousands of young men standing upon the very threshold of life, trying to make a wise decision as to what business or profession they will follow. To all such we would say, before deciding the question write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. They can be of service to you as they have been to others.

A severe but effectual way to kill a felon in its first stages (nothing can cure it afterwards) is to dip the affected part in strong turpentine and then hold it over a lamp-chimney, as close as you can possibly endure the heat. Repeat this operation several times in succession, and you won't have a felon. Another way is to take sassafras bark and grind it in the coffee-mill or otherwise—stir into a poultice with cold water and apply to the felon. Keep wet by putting in cold water; that is, do not let it get dry. In a short time the felon will be killed.



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CONDUCTED FOR COMFORT BY ELLEN L. HALE.

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which is expensive or difficult to obtain, and to pass over that which is cheap or near at hand. This applies to cooking as well as to other things.

Take for instance, the rabbit. In those parts where it is scarce it is considered a great delicacy and is highly prized, as well as high-priced, on account of its flavor. Yet millions of country people can get them for little or nothing. They can be prepared like English hare-larded, braised and jugged. They may be cooked simply like chicken if you wish, roasted or fricasseed; or they may be cut in suitable portions and dropped into deep, hot fat and fried until they are brown and tender, after having been rolled, or not, in bread-crumbs, as one prefers.

Larding is a process much used by foreign cooks and one which should be learned by Comfort readers, as it gives juiciness and flavor to otherwise dry meats. Barding is still easier; it means covering the breast of a bird, grouse, quail or other game, with a thin slice of fat pork, securely tied on, which preserves the flavor and juiciness of the bird and prevents dryness or wasting.

Larding is done with a needle (like illustration) which can be bought for ten cents from any well-appointed kitchen furnishing store. Select a piece of salt pork, dry-salted if possible, that is free from lean. Cut it into slices parallel with the rind and these into strips of four equal sides and the required length. Thread the larding needle with these strips and run the point into the meat about one-third of an inch deep, and holding the end of the strip so it will not come through, letting it come out about an inch from where it was inserted, with the pork strip projecting a little at either end.

But to come back to our larded rabbit. As has been said, it may be roasted, fricasseed or jugged. The latter is a favorite dish wherever it is known. Skin, draw and wash with care. Cut into pieces and roll them in flour. For two rabbits take one onion, two bay leaves and three cloves, six allspices, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, four tablespoonfuls of sherry (it may be left out), half a cup of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour, three cups of water, and one tablespoonful of mushroom or tomato ketchup, (if convenient). Put the butter into a frying pan and when hot put in the meat, browning it well on both sides. Drain from the butter and place in a stewpan. Stir into the butter in frying-pan such of the flour as was left. Stir until the mixture is smooth, then add the water by degrees and cook for ten minutes. Pour over the meat in the stewpan. Add the spice, salt and pepper, putting in the onion whole. Cover closely and cook slowly an hour and a half or until quite tender, then add the wine, lemon juice and ketchup. Dish on a hot platter and strain the sauce over it. Serve with boiled rice. Squirrels may be cooked in the same way. Of course where rabbits cannot be easily obtained, geese, ducks or any wild fowl may be substituted.

If the generous provider has brought home more rabbit or squirrel than can be used at once, a marinade or pickle may be made. Take one pint of vinegar, one pint water, one onion into which stick 3 cloves, 2 bay leaves, half a dozen allspice, one tablespoonful of salt, one dozen whole pepper corns or one dozen chili peppers cut in halves. Prepare the game as for roasting, place in a stone jar or crock and cover with the liquid. Let it remain two or three days; then take from the jar and stew or braise it. Braising is done in a deep pan with tight-fitting cover, either in the oven or on top of the stove. Only enough water is used to keep the meat from burning. Herbs and vegetables such as carrots, turnips and potatoes may be added if liked. To braise one rabbit we should cut one-eighth of a pound of salt pork in slices to cover the bottom of the baking pan. If vegetables are used place upon the pork two tablespoonfuls each of chopped onion, carrot, turnip and celery. Lay the meat upon this and dredge it with flour. Cover and cook one-half hour in a moderate oven. Then pour over one pint of hot water or stock, dredge again with flour and salt and pepper. Cook very slowly closely covered, for two hours longer. At the

end of the two hours add more stock or water, and a thickening made of one tablespoonful of corn starch mixed with one-half cup of cold water. During the last half hour cook the meat uncovered to a delicate brown. Serve on a warm platter. Strain a portion of the gravy over it and put the rest in a gravy dish. To braise successfully the cooking must be slowly done, and it is well to place a grate or iron ring under the braising pan.

One of the nicest ways to utilize chicken, turkey or goose livers is to cook them *en brochette*. The lover of good things orders this dainty at a hotel, under this high-sounding name; and it comes to him on a handsome silver monogram skewer, for which he pays the modest little sum of one dollar, which does not include the skewer. Yet this prize delicacy is within easy reach of most Comfort readers, especially at this season of the year when so many fowls of various kind are being used. Many families, indeed, throw away the livers and hearts, thinking them unfit to eat. It is not necessary to have a silver skewer, as a home-made wooden one will do just as well. String on it, alternate thin slices of liver, which have been thoroughly seasoned with salt and pepper, and bacon (or salt pork). Rest the ends of the skewer on a narrow cake tin and cook ten minutes in a very hot oven. Serve each skewerful on a slice of toast.

It is well at the holiday season to cook several fowls at a time. The labor is not much more, when all are done at once, and by eating them cold for a day or two after the grand feast the mother and the cook are given a rest or a holiday; these fowls which are to be eaten cold should, by all means, be larded, as they are much more juicy and sweet and tender in that case. Other Christmas dishes may be prepared as follows:

ROAST GOOSE.

First remove all pinfeathers and singe the goose. Remove the liver, heart and gizzard, and be sure the "crop" is taken out, as market-men are sometimes very careless in this respect. Wash thoroughly, using a little soda in the water to remove any strong or oily flavor. Stuff with mashed potatoes highly seasoned with onions, sage, salt and pepper, or with equal parts of bread crumbs, chopped apples and boiled onions seasoned with salt, pepper and sage. Many add the chopped liver, heart and gizzard, previously boiled. A chestnut dressing also is delicious. Sew and truss. Cover the breast with thin slices of fat pork, put on a rack in a baking pan. Place in the oven for three quarters of an hour, then pour off the oil which the heat has extracted. Take off the pork and dredge well with flour. Place again in the oven and when the flour is browned, add a little hot water and baste often. Dredge with flour after basting. Cook until brown and tender. Serve with apple sauce.

Carving is almost as much of an accomplishment as cooking. It was Mr. Kinsabby who asked, "Will the coming man or woman be able to carve gracefully anything except soup and apple sauce?" The present generation needs a hatchet and saw and a step ladder, so that when papa carves the goose Johnny can climb up to the chandelier and fish out the wish-bone." No better general directions can be given than first to slice off carefully at their joints, the legs and the wings, leaving the body free to be cut—according as the meat is dark or light. Bear in mind always this refinement of good carving; the dark meat is to be cut into thick, solid bits, the light meat to be sliced thin and daintily.

Never forget the vegetables, nor of course the salads. The older a nation grows the less animal food it uses and the more cereals, fruits and vegetables become the food of the people. Comfort readers have carrots and turnips, parsnips and squash, cabbage and onions, one or two varieties of which should be served with



LARDED FOWL.

a dinner, but never more, as too great a variety is the bane not only of the American table but of the American kitchen.

There is no more attractive, palatable or wholesome dish than a good salad, nor one more easily prepared. They are made of almost any kind of meat or fish, with some vegetable as lettuce or celery or cabbage, with one vegetable alone or a combination of vegetables. Salad dressings are of various kinds. The French dressing is the simplest and best for a vegetable salad. The ingredients are 1 salt-spoonful salt, one-half salt-spoonful pepper, 3 tablespoonfuls oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar. A little onion-juice is sometimes added or a small portion of mixed mustard. Add the oil to the salt and pepper, then the vinegar. A very delicate, creamy salad dressing is

MAYONNAISE A LA REINE.

Into a porcelain or granite ware sauce-pan (do not use one of iron or tin) put a teaspoonful of dry mustard. Add four dessert-spoonfuls of oil, or the same of melted butter. Mix well, using a wooden or silver spoon. Add one teaspoonful of sugar and one scant teaspoonful of salt. Break in three fresh eggs. Beat well. Add two-thirds of a cup of sweet cream, and stirring it in a little at a time, half a cup of vinegar. Mix thoroughly. Place the sauce-pan in a dish of hot water and stir slowly until the dressing is about as thick as boiled custard. Be careful and not let the mixture curdle.

Of course begin a holiday dinner with a soup. Cream soups have quite superseded other or heavier varieties at dinners. They are of infinite varieties. Under that name they may be found from cream of chicken, said to be the favorite of England's Queen, to one made of onions, carrots or potatoes. One formula answers for all. It consists of a thickened milk or cream foundation and the addition of the vegetable or meat or fish from which it takes its name. Cream of celery is one of the most delicious and easily prepared.

CREAM OF CELERY.

One head of celery. One pint of water, one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half salt-spoonful of pepper. Having washed and scraped the celery, cut it into small pieces, put it into the pint of boiling salted water and cook until very soft. Mash in the water in which it was boiled. Cook the onion with the milk in a double boiler, (or a tin pail placed in a kettle of water) for ten minutes, and add to the celery. Put all through a strainer and return to the double boiler. Melt the butter in a small sauce-pan, add the flour and stir until smooth. To this add a little of the liquid mixture, then stir it into the boiling soup. Add seasoning, boil five minutes and serve very hot. It may be varied by using chicken stock (the liquor left from boiling chickens), in place of the water, and adding a cup or less of cream to the hot soup just before serving. In this way you have a much richer soup.

Now having had soup and roast and vegetables and salad, the question is, what shall we have for dessert? As an answer to this query we dedicate to our readers a new, attractive and wholesome dish, which shall be known as

COMFORT PUDDING.

Take half a cup of pearl tapioca soaked two or three hours or over night in cold water, one pint of water, half a cup of sugar, a little salt, the grated rind of one orange or lemon. Put the soaked tapioca into a double boiler, or a tin pail set in a kettle of boiling water, with one pint of warm water. Place on the back of the stove and cook until clear, stirring occasionally. Then add the salt, sugar, and orange-rind, one banana cut in rather thin slices, and one orange cut into thin slices across the fruit. A little white wine or sherry may be added if liked. Let it stand on the back of the stove for half of an hour. Serve warm with cream sauce. Almost any fruit may be substituted for orange and banana, and this receipt may be varied by adding half a cup of grated pineapple.

Make by the same rule, substituting for the above fruits, canned or fresh apricots, peaches or plums, strawberries, raspberries or blackberries, you will find the pudding delicious. In using canned fruits add some of the juice, using less water. Sage may be used for a change in place of tapioca. Prunes previously cooked until tender then added with some of the juice give a delightful variety.

CREAM SAUCE.

Whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth; add to them by degrees one cup of powdered or granulated sugar (the powdered is best). Stir in if liked a wine glass of wine, cider would do, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and one tablespoonful of hot cream or milk. Serve at once. The flavoring may be changed by using grated lemon or orange rind and juice.

Another novelty for our readers is the

COMFORT SQUASH PUDDING.

One pint of steamed and strained squash or pumpkin, one quart of boiling milk, one cupful of sugar, 5 eggs, a little salt, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, rind and juice of a lemon if convenient. Add the sugar, salt and spice to the squash, slowly pour on the boiling milk and stir well. When a little cool add the eggs (well beaten). Bake in a pudding dish, placed in a pan of hot water, in a moderate oven until firm in the centre. Serve with cream, warm or cold.

The newly advanced theory that the food of our first parents, viz.—fruits for bread and nuts for meat, is the royal road to health, suggests a new field for the housewife who longs for wholesome novelties for an after dinner dainty. This fruit and nut food is delicious. Select dates, take out the stone and in its place put a nut, almond, half an English walnut, or hickory nut. Prunes may be stuffed in the same manner. Selected layer-raisons may be strung on little wooden skewers alternately with walnuts, and are a novelty in desserts.

Our next article will deal with "day after holiday" dinners; and now having provided you with a varied and wholesome menu for a Christmas dinner, may you all partake of, and enjoy it with bright prospects for the future, and increased interest in good, wholesome, home cookery.

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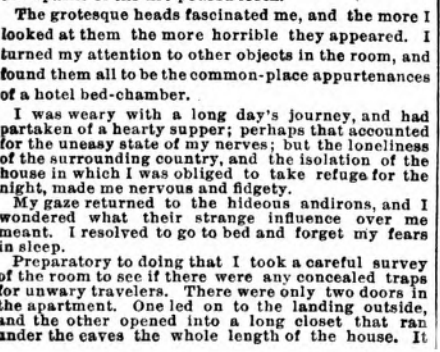
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COMFORT'S KITCHEN

DECEMBER 1893

CARNIVAL



CONDUCTED FOR COMFORT BY ELLEN L. HALE.

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OY and good feeling should reign supreme at this season of the year. And Comfort's clever artist has made it perfectly clear that even the pots and pans of the kitchen—the crocks and kettles—should smile and join in this jollity on account of the good things they contain at Christmas time. Our Chats this month will, therefore, deal chiefly with holiday dinners.

It is one of the weaknesses of human nature, to long and strive for that which is expensive or difficult to obtain, and to pass over that which is cheap or near at hand. This applies to cooking as well as to other things.

Take for instance, the rabbit. In those parts where it is scarce it is considered a great delicacy and is highly prized, as well as high-priced, on account of its flavor. Yet millions of country people can get them for little or nothing. They can be prepared like English hare—larded, braised and jugged. They may be cooked simply like chicken if you wish, roasted or fricasseed; or they may be cut in suitable portions and dropped into deep, hot fat and fried until they are brown and tender, after having been rolled, or not, in bread-crumbs, as one prefers.

Larding is a process much used by foreign cooks and one which should be learned by Comfort readers, as it gives juiciness and flavor to otherwise dry meats. Barding is still easier; it means covering the breast of a bird, grouse, quail or other game, with a thin slice of fat pork, securely tied on, which preserves the flavor and juiciness of the bird and prevents dryness or wasting.

Larding is done with a needle (like illustration) which can be bought for ten cents from any well-appointed kitchen furnishing store. Select a piece of salt pork, dry-salted if possible, that is free from lean. Cut it into slices parallel with the rind and these into strips of four equal sides and the required length. Thread the larding needle with these strips and run the point into the meat about one-third of an inch deep, and holding the end of the strip so it will not come through, letting it come out about an inch from where it was inserted, with the pork strip projecting a little at either end.

But to come back to our larded rabbit. As has been said, it may be roasted, fricasseed or jugged. The latter is a favorite dish wherever it is known. Skin, draw and wash with care. Cut into pieces and roll them in flour. For two rabbits take one onion, two bay leaves and three cloves, six allspices, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, four tablespoonfuls of sherry (it may be left out), half a cup of butter, four tablespoonfuls of flour, three cups of water, and one tablespoonful of mushroom or tomato ketchup, (if convenient). Put the butter into a frying pan and when hot put in the meat, browning it well on both sides. Drain from the butter and place in a stewpan. Stir into the butter in frying-pan such of the flour as was left. Stir until the mixture is smooth, then add the water by degrees and cook for ten minutes. Pour over the meat in the stewpan. Add the spice, salt and pepper, putting in the onion whole. Cover closely and cook slowly an hour and a half or until quite tender, then add the wine, lemon juice and ketchup. Dish on a hot platter and strain the sauce over it. Serve with boiled rice. Squirrels may be cooked in the same way. Of course where rabbits cannot be easily obtained, geese, ducks or any wild fowl may be substituted.

If the generous provider has brought home more rabbit or squirrel than can be used at once, a marinade or pickle may be made. Take one pint of vinegar, one pint water, one onion into which stick 3 cloves, 2 bay leaves, half a dozen allspice, one tablespoonful of salt, one dozen whole pepper corns or one dozen chili peppers cut in halves. Prepare the game as for roasting, place in a stone jar or crock and cover with the liquid. Let it remain two or three days; then take from the jar and stew or braise it. Braising is done in a deep pan with tight-fitting cover, either in the oven or on top of the stove. Only enough water is used to keep the meat from burning. Herbs and vegetables such as carrots, turnips and potatoes may be added if liked. To braise one rabbit we should cut one-eighth of a pound of salt pork in slices to cover the bottom of the baking pan. If vegetables are used place upon the pork two tablespoonfuls each of chopped onion, carrot, turnip and celery. Lay the meat upon this and dredge it with flour. Cover and cook one-half hour in a moderate oven. Then pour over one pint of hot water or stock, dredge again with flour and salt and pepper. Cook very slowly closely covered, for two hours longer. At the

end of the two hours add more stock or water, and a thickening made of one tablespoonful of corn starch mixed with one-half cup of cold water. During the last half hour cook the meat uncovered to a delicate brown. Serve on a warm platter. Strain a portion of the gravy over it and put the rest in a gravy dish. To braise successfully the cooking must be slowly done, and it is well to place a grate or iron ring under the braising pan.

One of the nicest ways to utilize chicken, turkey or goose livers is to cook them *en brochette*. The lover of good things orders this dainty at a hotel, under this high-sounding name; and it comes to him on a handsome silver monogram skewer, for which he pays the modest little sum of one dollar, which does not include the skewer. Yet this prize delicacy is within easy reach of most Comfort readers, especially at this season of the year when so many fowls of various kind are being used. Many families, indeed, throw away the livers and hearts, thinking them unfit to eat. It is not necessary to have a silver skewer, as a home-made wooden one will do just as well. String on it, alternate thin slices of liver, which have been thoroughly seasoned with salt and pepper, and bacon (or salt pork). Rest the ends of the skewer on a narrow cake tin and cook ten minutes in a very hot oven. Serve each skewerful on a slice of toast.

It is well at the holiday season to cook several fowls at a time. The labor is not much more, when all are done at once, and by eating them cold for a day or two after the grand feast the mother and the cook are given a rest or a holiday; these fowls which are to be eaten cold should, by all means, be larded, as they are much more juicy and sweet and tender in that case. Other Christmas dishes may be prepared as follows:

ROAST GOOSE.

First remove all pinfeathers and singe the goose. Remove the liver, heart and gizzard, and be sure the "crop" is taken out, as market-men are sometimes very careless in this respect. Wash thoroughly, using a little soda in the water to remove any strong or oily flavor. Stuff with mashed potatoes highly seasoned with onions, sage, salt and pepper, or with equal parts of bread crumbs, chopped apples and boiled onions seasoned with salt, pepper and sage. Many add the chopped liver, heart and gizzard, previously boiled. A chestnut dressing also is delicious. Sew and truss. Cover the breast with thin slices of fat pork, put on a rack in a baking pan. Place in the oven for three quarters of an hour, then pour off the oil which the heat has extracted. Take off the pork and dredge well with flour. Place again in the oven and when the flour is browned, add a little hot water and baste often. Dredge with flour after basting. Cook until brown and tender. Serve with apple sauce.

Carving is almost as much of an accomplishment as cooking. It was Mr. Kinsabby who asked, "Will the coming man or woman be able to carve gracefully anything except soup and apple sauce?" The present generation needs a hatchet and saw and a step ladder, so that when papa carves the goose Johnny can climb up to the chandelier and fish out the wish-bone." No better general directions can be given than first to slice off carefully at their joints, the legs and the wings, leaving the body free to be cut—according as the meat is dark or light. Bear in mind always this refinement of good carving; the dark meat is to be cut into thick, solid bits, the light meat to be sliced thin and daintily.

Never forget the vegetables, nor of course the salads. The older a nation grows the less animal food it uses and the more cereals, fruits and vegetables become the food of the people. Comfort readers have carrots and turnips, parsnips and squash, cabbage and onions, one or two varieties of which should be served with



LARDED FOWL.

a dinner, but never more, as too great a variety is the bane not only of the American table but of the American kitchen.

There is no more attractive, palatable or wholesome dish than a good salad, nor one more easily prepared. They are made of almost any kind of meat or fish, with some vegetable as lettuce or celery or cabbage, with one vegetable alone or a combination of vegetables. Salad dressings are of various kinds. The French dressing is the simplest and best for a vegetable salad. The ingredients are 1 salt-spoonful salt, one-half salt-spoonful pepper, 3 tablespoonfuls oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar. A little onion-juice is sometimes added or a small portion of mixed mustard. Add the oil to the salt and pepper, then the vinegar. A very delicate, creamy salad dressing is

MAYONNAISE A LA REINE.

Into a porcelain or granite ware sauce-pan (do not use one of iron or tin) put a teaspoonful of dry mustard. Add four dessert-spoonfuls of oil, or the same of melted butter. Mix well, using a wooden or silver spoon. Add one teaspoonful of sugar and one scant teaspoonful of salt. Break in three fresh eggs. Beat well. Add two-thirds of a cup of sweet cream, and stirring it in a little at a time, half a cup of vinegar. Mix thoroughly. Place the sauce-pan in a dish of hot water and stir slowly until the dressing is about as thick as boiled custard. Be careful and not let the mixture curdle.

Of course begin a holiday dinner with a soup. Cream soups have quite superseded other or heavier varieties at dinners. They are of infinite varieties. Under that name they may be found from cream of chicken, said to be the favorite of England's Queen, to one made of onions, carrots or potatoes. One formula answers for all. It consists of a thickened milk or cream foundation and the addition of the vegetable or meat or fish from which it takes its name. Cream of celery is one of the most delicious and easily prepared.

CREAM OF CELERY.

One head of celery. One pint of water, one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half salt-spoonful of pepper. Having washed and scraped the celery, cut it into small pieces, put it into the pint of boiling salted water and cook until very soft. Mash in the water in which it was boiled. Cook the onion with the milk in a double boiler, (or a tin pail placed in a kettle of water) for ten minutes, and add to the celery. Put all through a strainer and return to the double boiler. Melt the butter in a small sauce-pan, add the flour and stir until smooth. To this add a little of the liquid mixture, then stir it into the boiling soup. Add seasoning, boil five minutes and serve very hot. It may be varied by boiling chicken stock (the liquor left from boiling chickens), in place of the water, and adding a cup or less of cream to the hot soup just before serving. In this way you have a much richer soup.

Now having had soup and roast and vegetables and salad, the question is, what shall we have for dessert? As an answer to this query we dedicate to our readers a new, attractive and wholesome dish, which shall be known as

COMFORT PUDDING.

Take half a cup of pearl tapioca soaked two or three hours or over night in cold water, one pint of water, half a cup of sugar, a little salt, the grated rind of one orange or lemon. Put the soaked tapioca into a double boiler, or a tin pail set in a kettle of boiling water, with one pint of warm water. Place on the back of the stove and cook until clear, stirring occasionally. Then add the salt, sugar, and orange-rind, one banana cut in rather thin slices, and one orange cut into thin slices across the fruit. A little white wine or sherry may be added if liked. Let it stand on the back of the stove for half an hour. Serve warm with cream sauce. Almost any fruit may be substituted for orange and banana, and this receipt may be varied by adding half a cup of grated pineapple.

Make by the same rule, substituting for the above fruits, canned or fresh apricots, peaches or plums, strawberries, raspberries or blackberries, you will find the pudding delicious. In using canned fruits add some of the juice, using less water. Sage may be used for a change in place of tapioca. Prunes previously cooked until tender then added with some of the juice give a delightful variety.

CREAM SAUCE.

Whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth; add to them by degrees one cup of powdered or granulated sugar (the powdered is best). Stir in if liked a wine glass of wine, cider would do, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and four tablespoonfuls of hot cream or milk. Serve at once. The flavoring may be changed by using grated lemon or orange rind and juice.

Another novelty for our readers is the

COMFORT SQUASH PUDDING.

One pint of steamed and strained squash or pumpkin, one quart of boiling milk, one cupful of sugar, 5 eggs, a little salt, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, rind and juice of a lemon if convenient. Add the sugar, salt and spice to the squash, slowly pour on the boiling milk and stir well. When a little cool add the eggs (well beaten). Bake in a pudding dish, placed in a pan of hot water, in a moderate oven until firm in the centre. Serve with cream, warm or cold.

The newly advanced theory that the food of our first parents, viz.—fruits for bread and nuts for meat, is the royal road to health, suggests a new field for the housewife who longs for wholesome novelties for an after dinner dainty. This fruit and nut food is delicious. Select dates, take out the stone and in its place put a nut, almond, half an English walnut, or hickory nut. Prunes may be stuffed in the same manner. Selected layer-raisons may be strung on little wooden skewers alternately with walnuts, and are a novelty in desserts.

Our next article will deal with "day after holiday" dinners; and now having provided you with a varied and wholesome menu for a Christmas dinner, may you all partake of, and enjoy it with bright prospects for the future, and increased interest in good, wholesome, home cookery.

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"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED," TRY

SAPOLIO



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BEAUTY to the sum of the world's good things; and yet, if one does not mingle a judicious amount of common sense with the latest fashions, one is apt to become very ridiculous. COMFORT's aim has always been, not to present its readers with the latest ultra styles from Paris, which were meant only for the boulevards of the Parisian capital, and for the few hundred in this country who make a business—and a hard business at that—of being fashionable; but to give such good, practical ideas on dress as are suited to the sensible, reasonable American women, young or old, who will be able to adapt our hints to their everyday life and circumstances.

Our copyrighted illustration shows a capital case in point.

Twenty-seven years ago there was born up in Vermont near Lake Champlain, a rosy, healthy girl-baby. Exactly one year and a half from that date, came another—a little sister. They were born under just the same conditions, and as babies and little girls, were as alike as two peas. They grew up and were girls together in their native village; and one day along came the fairy prince, in the shape of a rich young broker from Boston, and married the elder. On the day of their wedding, so much alike did the two girls look, that if it had not been for the bridal veil the bridegroom would have been in danger of marrying the wrong girl. Not half the people in town could tell them apart on the street, and often was one accosted for the other. This was five years ago. To-day, even were the two sisters dressed exactly alike, as they used to be, there would be no difficulty in telling them apart. Their pictures might well be marked like those in advertisements—"Before and after taking"—a dose of fashionable city life. The older girl went to Boston as mistress of a princely mansion on Commonwealth Avenue. Her husband's position was such that she was immediately introduced into the most select circles, where she reigned a queen. Her fresh, young beauty was the theme of every tongue and every society paper printed her name weekly in connection with high social functions. For a time she enjoyed all this with the zest of an unsophisticated country girl; but after a while her health began to fail; her cheeks grew thin; lines (designated by the envious as wrinkles) began to appear around her sweet mouth and at the corners of her eyes; and the lovely rosy complexion for which she had become noted, gave place to a sickly pallor. To-day she is stylish but sick; fashionable but faded; winsome but weary. Everything that money can buy is hers. Servants wait her beck and call; fat, well-groomed horses wait in the stable her pleasure; milliners and modistes reserve all their richest novelties for her coming, sure of finding in her a purchaser for their costliest treasures; and still she is not happy.

Why?

She gives dinners and teas and receptions to noted Americans and titled foreigners; her annual ball is the event of the year with Boston's "400"; she has gowns made to order by Worth costing anywhere from one thousand dollars to five thousand dollars. For the grand "Pageant of the Year," a fashionable carnival of last winter in Boston, she had ordered a Parisian gown which cost \$2,100, just to wear on that one occasion; the day before she was to wear it she started by the doctor's orders for Florida. She is admired and courted and envied by thousands of less fortunate women. And yet, sometimes in the midst of gay scenes, in the crowded ball-room; in the dimly lighted fashionable church; and often in the dead of night in her own royally furnished chamber come flashes of vision in which she sees the old-fashioned homestead in Vermont; its comfortable, home-like living-room with a big open fire-place; the fresh, glowing, healthful face of her sister; and the loving, elderly faces of father and mother. And at such times she asks herself:

"Does it pay to sacrifice life and health and happiness to the giddy whirl of fashionable society?" And deep down in her heart she knows it does not. In fact, to the writer of this article she once owned that she would gladly exchange places with her healthy rosy sister among the Green Mountains.

And yet, her husband's position must be maintained. He is in politics and a fine establishment and a fashionable wife are great helps to him. She has tasted the fatal cup; she has entered the charmed circle; she cannot retreat. "Life," she says, "to the society woman is slavery, and there are nowhere such hard-worked women as the society belles."

And the other?—the younger sister up in Vermont. Why does she not take her to the city, introduce her to society and make her a "good match"? Simply because the younger one is too sensible. "I love you, sister," she writes in response to all invitations, "but I can't afford to pay so high for pleasures as you have had to. Good health and the privilege of exercising my own common sense, of being an individual instead of a dressmaker's dummy, is dearer to me than a carriage and horses, a house on Beacon street or anything you can name. I am happy here. I have taken the village-school for the winter. I love the children and they love me. Father and mother are growing old and need one of their two girls at home. I am happy now. I should not be so in your shoes (begging your pardon! you know they were always too tight for me). So I will

stick to the old red school-house and my Sabbath-school class on Sundays, while you fight it out alone on Commonwealth Avenue. The healthy, life-giving air of old Vermont and the Green Mountains is good enough for

Yours truly." Now which of these two is the most sensible? Which one would a sensible girl desire to imitate? Look at the picture? At one side the fashionable young matron has just stepped out of her carriage to enter the fashionable church. Her be-ruffled skirts are stiff and heavy; underneath she wears a rustling silk petticoat which is insufficient for warmth. She discarded sensible underwear when she came to Boston, tempted by thin, lace-trimmed substitutes in the fancy shops. Consequently, chronic bronchitis. A glance at the size of her waist would explain the lines in her face, were there no late hours and unhealthy modes of living behind. Those hip ruffles and fancy revers must not be jammed or crushed. So the heavy, sealskin



coat must be kept thrown back, leaving her throat and chest exposed to the sudden chill which sometimes brings on pneumonia.

Now look at the sister. Underneath her sensible rig she wears a complete set of fine, soft and warm under-flannels, made up into combination garments. Soft cashmere hose, or in the coldest weather hand-knit wool stockings keep her feet warm, while the well-fitting boots of kangaroo-skin keep them dry and protected. A warm but light woolen petticoat and a dress-skirt of unlined, fine woolen material gives her sufficient warmth with no heavy garments dragging on the hips. A plain round waist with a bright neck-tie is under the round reefer jacket which she wears to school and whenever she takes her daily walks abroad. A felt sailor hat with a simple pigeon's wing protects her head sufficiently; and I submit to COMFORT readers whether such a girl in such a rig, with the bright healthy blood coursing in her veins and giving a splendid color to her well-rounded cheeks, is not infinitely prettier than the haggard beauty-looking ten years instead of a year and a half older, by her side? Every man and all thoughtful women, will answer heartily—Yes.

Now this is no fancy sketch; and there is a lesson in it for every woman in the United States. And so girls, don't envy society women or fashionable women any more; for they would often be willing to change places with the healthy, happy country girl who can live a sensible life, go to bed at seasonable hours, and do as she pleases in a great measure.

There are many items which the average mother of a family should know before making up the wardrobes of her daughters.

In making over an old dress, use just as much or more care as though it were a new one. Many half-worn fabrics are improved by turning, especially silks, flannels, beiges and home-spuns. All wool materials may be dyed successfully; mixed or cotton ones, never. Black cashmere or merino is often improved by washing thoroughly and ironing on the wrong side. Old plush, velvet or velveteen should be steamed. Lay a hot flat-iron on its side, and a wet towel over that. Then hold the velvet or other material in the steam, face up, when the

nap or "pile" will straighten itself up and look like new.

Skirts are now made four yards, or even less, round the bottom. Double and triple skirts should never be cut at home as they are difficult things. Thin goods should have a straight breadth in the back, while heavy ones may be cut with a bias seam.

Skirt trimmings are very simple, and many skirts are made entirely plain. Some have a band of trimming around the knees, and others around the hip eight or ten inches below the waist; but these fashions are all short-lived and therefore not to be commended.

Shoulder trimmings are as elaborate as ever, and if possible more so. Sometimes they are formed of two or three ruffles and fur-edged, so that it is impossible to get an ordinary jacket on over them. One young woman, living on the eleventh floor of a city apartment house, got part way into a gown of this sort, and finding herself alone and unable to get either out of or in to her dress, rang all the bells she could reach, for help. The result was that a fireman came up from the basement and rescued her from her strange predicament. The quantities of shoulder-trimmings on winter gowns is one reason for the popularity of the cape as an out-door wrap.

In children's garments there are few changes. Cloaks for the smallest ones are mostly in Mother Hubbard styles with tiny shoulder capes, or the Angora fur as trimming; while their bonnets are still made close and warm.

For young girls, ooth jackets and redingotes are worn. The skirts to all coats are cut with a decided flare, fitting tightly around the belt, while most jackets have two or three shoulder capes.

Elizabethan ruffs and fancy collarettes are worn on dressy occasions and are made in many ways of ribbon, lace and velvet. As they may be worn with any dress, one of them should be included in every woman's wardrobe. Many women are making collarettes of corded Bengaline cloth or broadcloth for winter house wear. For this style the two circular ruffles should be lined with any warm material, the upper ruffle being fuller than the lower, which



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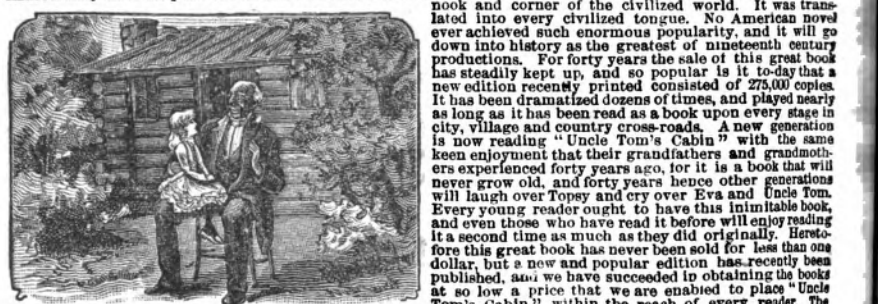
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How We Outwitted the Enemy.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY H. K. GRIFFIN.

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I T was during the late war; the country was overrun with soldiers, unrestricted by law or order.

Father had just made arrangements to send mother and me away from it all, when martial law was proclaimed and travel, without passes from federal officers, cut off.

My only brother (Allen), a delicate strapping fellow of fifteen, had early marched away, mid our prayers and tears, looking so young, in his new gray uniform (of which he was so proud), to fight and suffer for our beloved South. It had been nearly three months since we heard from him, when one evening, sitting alone in my room, I was startled by hearing a pebble thrown against the window. Roused from a reverie, I glanced fearfully around the room. For in those perilous times, one was almost afraid to think. A few seconds passed in silence, then I distinctly heard it again.

Mother and I were alone that night, and I could almost feel my hair rising on end. All sorts of superstitions about death raps and so forth, flashed through my mind. When a third rap, the raps were repeated in quick succession as if some one were in urgent need. It almost seemed as if they spoke, and without stopping to reflect, I hastened to the window, nervously unbolted and threw up the heavy sash, expecting to see, I hardly knew what.

Discovering nothing at first, I gained confidence and leaned farther out, but dark muffled with a dreadful jerk, when a dark muffled figure emerged from the shadow of the house. What I would have done next, I do not know; probably run. But I was arrested by a familiar voice saying in a low tone:

"For God's sake, Mary, let me in quick! The federals are on my track like a lot of blood hounds, with a noose made ready to fit my neck."

"Oh, Allen," was all I could say. Without further remark, he put his hands on the sill and lightly jumped into the room. Together, we quickly encircled and secured the window, then faced each other in mute indecision.

"There is little hope of escape," he said, "but intend to try my chances, and if I'm caught, fight to the end; though if it comes to the worst, I'm not afraid to face death, any more than many another fellow, who loved life as well, that has died for his country's sake."

Looking at his honest boyish face, I knew he spoke the truth. A great lump rose in my throat, and for a minute my sight was blurred by a mist of tears.

All kinds of impracticable plans surged through my brain like rushing water. Allen, good examining his pistol as if leaving the arrangement of things to my judgment, and, with the thought of that poor young life about to be sacrificed, it came like inspiration.

"How long will it be before they are here?" I asked.

"At any moment," was the cool reply. "What's best to do? You were always a hustler, Mol."

"I can see but one thing," I answered. "There is no safe place you could think of hiding in. But listen. Do you remember the plays we used to have? when you dressed up for a girl? Well, they all said you would make a fortune on the stage. We will try acting in real life; if all there is to do."

There was no time to discuss the matter. I hastily produced a pair of corsets and managed to lace him into them; next a hoop-skirt; one of my prettiest lace befrilled wrappers, and an old pair of knit blue silk slippers, which he put on as to get his feet in. Then going to a drawer, I got out a curly yellow wig, that had served me in place of my own hair the summer before, when a spell of typhoid fever left me bald. This I fastened on securely, knotting in a coquettish snood of ribbon to hold the curls in place. Catching a glimpse of myself in the mirror, both of us laughed out at the perfect transformation my fingers had wrought. A little powder brushed over his face and a bit of red ribbon, dampened with cologne, and rubbed on both cheeks and lip, gave the finishing touches.

Allen pranced up and down the floor trying to accustom himself to skirts and imitating to such perfection, the affected manners of my cousin Sophy Payne (a noted Kentucky belle), that I almost shrieked.

When the part had been rehearsed, I hastened to tell mother what I had done.

She almost went into hysterics when she found Allen was in the house, and knew the risks he was running.

We made her lie on the lounge in the library and pretend to be sick, for fear her pale face and agitated manner would arouse suspicion.

These preparations had scarcely been completed when the tramping of horses, voices raised, and the clank of arms, made a sickening fear creep over us.

Looking through the window, I saw by the faint starlight, that the yard was filled with soldiers, and a second later our attention was drawn to the door, by the fall of heavy muskets. Several officers were standing there.

At the sound, I could feel the blood receding from my face. Instinctively I glanced across the room to where Allen was reclining on a low divan, in a very graceful position, running his fingers lightly over the strings of a guitar. Evidently he was more familiar with such sights.

The excitement of the moment, the terrible risk he was running, and the fate awaiting him, if it proved a failure, brought a sparkle into his eye and an added color to his already pink cheeks, that made him fairly beautiful.

I saw the colonel's gaze rest on him, in undisguised surprise and admiration. The scowl on his face disappeared on seeing the apartment only occupied by ladies. Removing his hat, he apologized for the intrusion, and addressing himself to mother explained his business in a brief but gentlemanly manner. She assured him there was no one in the house. Then introducing me as Miss Laurence, and Allen as her niece, Miss Payne, said we would show them over the premises if he wished to institute a search.

After this he introduced himself and his fellow officers, adding, with some elegance of manner, that, being a Kentuckian, he had often heard of Miss Payne, and was glad of an opportunity to meet her, also that he hoped we

would pardon his seeming rudeness in this matter, as of course he took my mother's word, but was compelled to perform this disagreeable duty, as a mere form.

Cousin Sophy managed her train beautifully as she arose, and volunteered to lead the way, saying with a saucy toss of her yellow curls, "I have heard of Colonel Randolph, but never expected to meet him in the present guise, insisting on the search of a countryman's house."

We had not proceeded far, before I saw, very plainly, that he was fast succumbing to Sophy's



charms. She with daring raillery insisted on his exploring every desk and drawer, and even on his looking up the chimney, making many audacious remarks, the while, however, with coquettish glances from long-lashed dark eyes.

When the search was over, and we returned to the library, mother ordered refreshments, knowing it was best at all hazards to appear friendly. But when they were partaken of, the officers still lingered.

Sophy was carrying on a most outrageous flirtation with Colonel Randolph, who was in a fair way to lose his head, and soon became her abject slave.

Several of his staff turned to me for like pastime, but I was so silent and reserved, that they soon left me alone, and Sophy's quick eye, taking in the situation, made the conversation general.

By this time, Allen's genius for acting was apparent to us all. Flushed with success, his daring witticisms and personal beauty made him the centre of an admiring throng. The old room rang out with peal after peal of laughter, called forth by his wild flow of spirits and great gift of conveying them to others.

It was late that night before our unwelcome guests departed, and even then the Colonel lingered, as if loth to go.

Standing just within the door, having finished my adieux, these words were wafted to me from the vine covered porch where he still held Sophy's white hand. "This evening makes a man feel like laying down arms. It goes against a fellow's heart to fight a country that—" I could not catch the rest of the sentence, nor Sophy's low rejoinder. But as the last sound of their retreating footsteps died away in the distance, she triumphantly drew from her pocket three passes with Colonel Randolph's signature.

These gave to mother and me a safe passage out of our troubled South, and enabled Allen to rejoin his regiment, taking with him a package of papers, which at the time were considered of great importance, though they amounted to little in the end.

And Colonel Randolph, from that day to this (unless his eyes should glance over these pages), does not suspect who the beautiful girl really was, who, for the space of a few short hours, made him disloyal to his country and his cause, for the sake of a pair of hazel eyes.

ABOUT OIL.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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IS not more than a quarter of a century since a kerosene lamp was considered a luxury to be afforded only by the well-to-do classes, and not much more than that since the art of producing kerosene from petroleum was discovered. Scarcely thirty years have passed since the first barrel of refined oil was offered for sale. And yet to-day the exports rank fourth in the list of value, and are surpassed only by cotton, breadstuffs and provisions. For the year ending June 30, 1884, the total exports were 23,000,000 gallons. Five years later they had increased to 100,000,000 gallons, in 1874, to 200,000,000, and in 1891 to 700,000,000 gallons. A larger percentage of the oil product of the country is sent abroad than of any other except cotton. Considering the time since its first inception this is remarkable; but the reduction in the price of petroleum is quite as noteworthy as the increase in production, quantity and exportation. A gallon of oil in bulk cost in 1861 not less than fifty-eight cents; in 1893 it brings not more than three and a half cents, or hardly one-seventeenth of the old price. Pipe lines aggregating 25,000 miles in length have been laid, and 9,000 tank cars have been built, which if forming a single train would extend sixty-five miles. Besides these cars, and a number of bulk sailing and other vessels, fifty-nine bulk steamers are now employed in transporting the oil to foreign countries. The value of the Pennsylvania oil wells and lands is estimated at more than \$87,000,000. Sixty-five million dollars more must be added to cover the value of the plant employed in producing crude petroleum. This valuation does not include the pipe lines, through which oil is pumped, underground, hundreds of miles, and from city to city; tank cars, the great fields of tankage and costly refineries, docks for exportation, nor the fleet of bulk vessels carrying the product to foreign shores. The estimate of total capital required for the production, manufacture and trans-

portation of petroleum and its products is not far from \$300,000,000.

When the first well was opened in 1858 it ushered in a period of wonderful excitement. Numerous others were sunk and fortunes were made in a few days. Many of the sites of the first famous oil-wells are to-day peaceful farms, the supply having given out, and the seat of operations having been changed to more productive spots; still most of the product comes from the same general locality, and the oil-wells are located principally in Pennsylvania and Ohio. At first wells were opened by drills and run by pumps. The first flowing well was struck in February, 1861, and yielded 300 barrels a day. It flowed for fifteen months. This surprise had not spent itself when the Phillips well was struck, shooting forth ten times as much oil per day as the first well. This was soon followed by the Funk well, which matched the Phillips in productiveness, yielding 3,000 barrels per day. The Noble well yielded as much, while the Sheridan yielded 2,000 barrels per day. It is stated that the Noble produced \$3,000,000 worth of oil, and that the average flow of the Sheridan for two years was 900 barrels per day. One of the consequences of these new discoveries was a rapid decline in the price of petroleum, the cost having been reduced from 58 to 31-2 cents a gallon. So many poor land-owners have become rich, and so many adventurers have grown to be millionaires since the petroleum fever first broke out, that an expressive slang expression has long been current in the land, meaning unexpected good fortune: "He struck oil."

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YANKEE INGENUITY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY RENE BACHE.

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CITY people take out most of the patents. Living amid the rush and hum of many industries, novel ideas of all sorts are almost forced upon them. Where there are factories, improvements in machinery are constantly being made, and so it is with everything else. Country folks, though they have more time to think out new things, lack opportunities for obtaining suggestions.

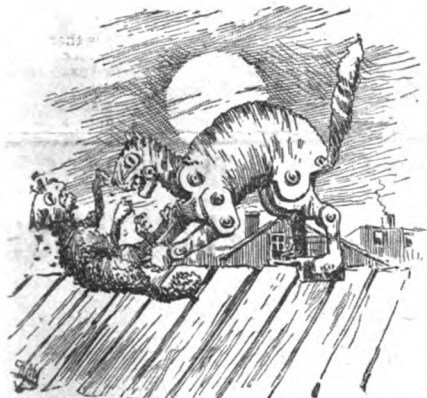
Nevertheless, the names of many farmers' wives are included in the list of 4,000 women whose inventions are recorded at the Patent Office in Washington. The familiar ice-cream freezer was the original contrivance of Mrs. Nancy Johnson, a naval officer's widow. She sold it for \$1,500, though she might have made \$1,000,000 out of it. The patents granted to ingenious persons of the gentler sex cover all arts and industries.

Among these women's inventions are a deep-sea telescope, for examining the ocean bottom for wrecks; a perspiration-proof shirt, a smoothing iron that heats itself, a dish-washing machine, a robber-proof chicken-coop, a musical skipping-rope, a trap for bedbugs, a pocket spittoon for tobacco-chewers, a fish-sealer, a moustache-spoon, a pair of scissors and tape-measure combined, a step-ladder that is an ironing-board in disguise, a window-cleaner that also serves for a fire-escape, a sofa that can be transformed into a bath-tub, and a war-vessel that may be converted into a land fort by taking it apart. Women have paid more attention to sewing-machines than to any other single development of invention, the result being a long list of useful improvements.

Chance hits in trifling matters have earned riches for many inventors. The wooden shoe-peg won a fortune for the person who first thought of it, and wealth has rewarded the originator of the rubber pencil-clip, the metal paper-fastener, the copper toe for shoes, the barbed-wire fence, and the notion of utilizing the feathers of chickens and turkeys as a substitute for whalebone in corsets. The idea of the roller-skate produced \$1,000,000, and the man who patented the "return-ball" (at the end of a rubber cord) got an income of \$50,000 a year from it. Other playthings, such as the chameleon top, the walking alligator, and the "dancing nigger," have enriched their authors. The pasteboard compartment-tray for packing eggs has made the country girl who invented it independent for life.

A new process for making artificial hens' eggs was patented not long ago. The white is imitated with a mixture of sulphur, carbon, and beef-fat, while the yolk is composed of beef-blood, magnesia, etc., colored with chrome yellow. The shells to be filled with these preparations are shaped with a blowpipe from a moist composition of lime and gypsum.

Some of the models of inventions shown at the Patent Office are very funny. There is a sheet-iron



SHEET-IRON CAT.

cat, worked by clockwork, which, placed on the roof at night, tears to pieces with steel claws and teeth the strange grimalkins that come to fight with it. Other curiosities are a fishing contrivance to catch tape-worms, which is swallowed by the patient for that purpose; a "nose-improver," to be clasped on at night, for molding the proboscis; a clockwork apparatus that lights the kitchen fire in the morning; a tickless clock, without pendulum or spring; a crimping-pin that is at the same time a bouquet-holder, a paper-cutter, a skirt-supporter, and a file for papers; and a refrigerator hat, with a compartment in the top to hold ice in summer.

Yet other patented oddities are a vessel, to be propelled by a windmill on board; another kind of ship, the propeller of which is to be driven by a gigantic pendulum hanging from aloft; a plow, the beam of



WINDMILL VESSEL.

which is a cannon, for use where Indians are on the rampage; an automatic cradle that rocks baby to sleep while mamma goes out to her club; a device to prevent hens from scratching, rubber earthworms for fish-bait, and a contrivance for dumping the hired-girl out of bed at 5 A.M.

But these are only a few of the queer ideas ex-

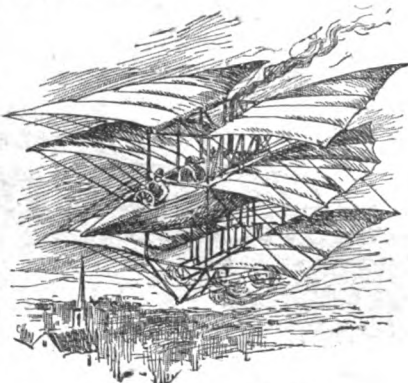
pressed by the 156,000 models in the Patent Office. Perhaps the one which attracts most attention from visitors is Abraham Lincoln's invention for getting vessels off shoal places in rivers. It consists of accordion-shaped air-bags of enormous size, to be built into the hull of the craft and inflated in cases of emergency, buoying her off. A scrap-book devised by Mark Twain is shown, which has its pages covered with dry muckilage, like postage stamps, so that they have only to be moistened when scraps are



THE CANNON FLOW.

stuck upon them. There is also a complete sewing machine made out of a single strip of copper 6 inches long, one end of which is sharpened to a fine point for the needle. It is worked with thumb and forefinger, and will actually sew.

Many curiosities in the shape of guns there are—such as canes and umbrellas that one can shoot with on occasion. Then there is a revolver that will fire big bullets or little ones, just as may happen to be requisite. Speaking of deadly weapons reminds one of coffins. One sort of patent casket for preventing burial alive permits the supposed corpse, on reviving below ground, to climb out of his grave by means of a ladder communicating with the upper world. In case he should not be strong enough to climb, a bell is attached to his wrist by a cord, so that he may summon assistance.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S INVENTION.

The first woman to whom a patent was granted in this country was Mary Kies of Connecticut—the State that has more inventors in proportion to its population than any other in the Union. Her idea was for weaving straw with silk thread. The notion of types for printing syllables, instead of single letters, was a woman's. But the records at Washington give no adequate notion of the great contributions which ingenuity in petticoats has made to invention in this country. Think how many women there must have been who preferred to remain in the background and permit their fathers, husbands, and brothers to appear as the authors of their creations! If the famous Galvani's wife had not been sick, so that he was obliged to make frog-soup for her, a frog would not have been lying on the table near his electrical apparatus; a live wire would not have touched a leg of the batrachian, setting the dead animal off into a frantic fancy-dance, and galvanism would have remained for the time being undiscovered.

The Patent Office is forever haunted by perpetual motion fends and flying-machine cranks. Some of the latter would use folding wings and gigantic tail-feathers for aerial volitation; others prefer balloons with propellers, while others yet depend on revolving fans to lift them or air tricycles to be worked with the feet.

Many American inventors have become millionaires. Bell, of telephone fame, McCormick, originator of the reaper that bears his name, and Edison, all began poor. The youngest holder of a patent on record was a Canada boy named Murphy, who at 6 years of age designed a "sounding toy." The patented devices utilized in shoemaking are more numerous and valuable than those employed in any other industry or art.

Not a day passes that people do not apply at the Patent Office for rights in inventions which were patented long ago. The most pathetic spectacle to be seen in Washington—not even excepting the disappointed office-seeker—is the would-be patentee who has come to the Capital with a wonderful idea and finds that it has been thought of before.

To secure a patent, however, one need not go to Washington. Having got his idea, the inventor should write out a full description of it, giving every detail. If it is a thing of which a drawing is possible, let him have one made, on a sheet of cardboard 15 by 10 inches, leaving one inch all around for a border. Unless these conditions are strictly complied with, the drawing will be refused. The specifications must be in English, and on only one side of the paper.

But, if the inventor will furnish rough sketches and a good description of his device, the Patent Office will make the drawing for cost price. This is an easier and safer way. No model is required in any case. From the Patent Office he can get, free of charge, a copy of its rules; also blank forms for the oath and petition which must accompany the application for a patent. The inventor fills out the blanks and forwards them to Washington, together with the drawings, specifications, and \$15. If his idea is really a new one, he will get his patent without much delay, on paying an additional fee of \$20.

QUEEN VICTORIA HAD 132 DOLLS.

"MAMMA, WON'T YOU BUY ME A DOLLY?" SAYS BABY CLEVELAND.

Yes, for she can now get.

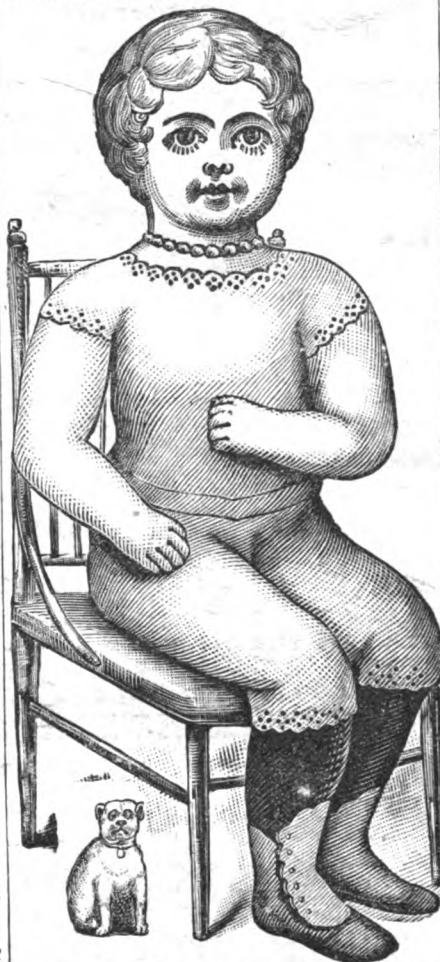
A Big Jointed Doll For 12c.

A Wonderful Invention, a Revolution in the Mechanical Construction of Dolls

Has brought about the possibility of furnishing a large handsome jointed doll for almost nothing. The doll here illustrated is the very latest thing out; so late in getting out, in fact, that they are not yet on sale in the stores. We have been promised the first ten thousand, and are going to give them away with every 12c. three months' subscription to our Prize Story magazine COMFORT, during the next few weeks. Patent was only obtained on them two months ago, although bright inventors, artists and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect a low priced jointed indestructible doll that would sit down, stand up, bend over, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. You can see by doll here shown in cut how well they have been repaid for their long weary years of toil; it is certainly a most wonderfully successful result, as they are beautifully finished, very life like, and will last for years; and being made of improved and elegant colored goods already to sew up and stuff with hair, cotton, bran, or the like, they can be sent to any part of the world and will soon find their way into every quarter of the Globe. Although Queen Victoria had so many, many very expensive dolls which she dressed to represent different characters, she would have been more pleased to have been able to have one of these cute babes than anything she could have gotten hold of. This is a late Yankee invention, however, and now every child in the world can afford to play with a doll all the way along from Baby Cleveland to Thomas Jefferson Smith. Every one knows that a common cloth doll body (without a head remember) costs any where from 25c. to \$1.00 at the stores. These dolls, head and all, thanks to machinery, do not cost you hardly anything. And although they do not require any dressing, they can be dressed in as many styles and in as fine clothes as French or German dolls, and look much better, last much longer, thus giving more pleasure. For selling at church fairs and the like they are just grand, and when fixed up easily bring 50c. each. One lady said she raised enough last year on a dozen old style dolls she bought and named for people to guess on at their fair, to almost pay the church debt. And these dolls are so much better than anything ever gotten out before; what great possibilities for raising money are now opened up to you. Dolls take the best of anything else in the market. Millions of this kind will be sold, so we invite all to order at once, either by the dozen, hundred or thousand. When you realize that 24,000,000 dolls are sold from Germany alone in one year, you can get an idea what can be done selling these dolls, as they sell like hot cakes compared with the stiff hay stuffed objects offered for sale at many of the stores and costing four times as much as these.

Originally dolls were made of wood, then of papier mache, then of plaster, and then of china, finally of wax, and at last of parian, beautifully colored. Gutta percha and rubber are still used for babies' dolls, but there are no such satisfactory dolls as

THIS BIG JOINTED DOLL
and no more artistic dolls either.



COMFORT for Three Months, this Large Jointed Doll, and the Cute Little Pug Dog, all for 15 cents.

Eve was probably the only woman that never had a doll. That was one of the things she missed by being born grown up.

It would not be surprising if Cain and Abel played with dolls, for the most careful research fails to find a time when children did not have their dollies.

No one knows who made the first one or who suggested it.

The instinct which makes a child hug its dolly and be happy is as natural to it as breathing. The rea-

son of the passion has interested scientists and been a subject of study for many a psychologist.

It is a love as common to the most savage and uncivilized of races as it is to the most refined of nations. The savage child in the wilds of Africa hugs a baby of carved bone or one rudely cut from wood to its heart with the same satisfaction with which the baby of a New York millionaire's household presses to her heart the latest thing from Paris with eyes that can open and shut and a talking machine inside of it.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

as well as in 1851 at the London Exposition there was no more interesting booth than that where the dolls were shown of all ages, from the cradle to white hair, and in all sort of garbs from baby clothes to court toilette. And at the Paris Exposition a few years ago the show was magnificent.

The little princess Victoria's dolls would be despised even by poor children to-day for their ugliness. They were Dutch dolls, little wooden figures from 6 to 9 inches long and painted in the crudest way. But fifty years ago that was the kind of plaything with which even the heiress to the throne of Great Britain had to be satisfied.

HERE IS A GENUINE SURPRISE, JUST OUT.

A 16 inch tall indestructible Boy Doll with a pretty suit of clothes in bright colors
Furnished Free.

Boy dolls have always been very scarce. Children can't get enough members into their doll family, if they even have twenty they still want twenty more, and a nice Boy doll with a pretty pair of pants, a handsome coat and waist, just makes the child who has even fifty other kinds of dolls, just too happy for anything. This bright idea of furnishing a suit of clothes

all ready to sew up with a Boy doll, was indeed a happy thought and millions of children who never saw a real Boy doll can now have one. Every body can afford to buy one or two to give away and make some little tot extremely happy, even Baby Cleveland could not be really happy until Papa bought one for her. If you send for three months' subscription to COMFORT it only costs



12c. with [this Boy doll, suit of clothes and all; or for 15c. we include the Pug Dog. They come by the dozen same price as Jointed Dolls, either assorted or all Boys; they will have a great sale both before and after the Holidays, and are just the thing to sell around to neighbors or at Church Fairs, and being entirely new will simply go fast. Don't delay in sending orders for early delivery. Only 25c. for Jointed Doll, Boy Doll with Suit and Pug Dog.

DOLLS THAT WILL MAKE SICK PEOPLE WELL.

At a recent church fair held in Boston there were a number of dolls donated, not for sale but to be sent to the children's hospital for which the fair was given. They were colored dolls. Their black faces were beautifully painted by an artist. They had real woolly hair, real stockings and shoes, and were dressed throughout with great care. Their gingham frocks and white aprons made them most fetching.

The physician at the head of the hospital said afterwards that those dolls did more good than all his medicine or skill.

As there is a great demand for Negro Dolls we have also got a genuine PICCANINNY. Yes, colored doll babies that are too funny for anything, and every child wants one to go with her other dolls; they are large size, made in the same manner only the arms are printed on in colors, and as you will notice from cut require no dressing. The price is the same as Jointed or Boy Dolls, and will send the three, one of each, and include a Pug Dog for 35c.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. We also have a new doll about same size and shape as the Piccaninny here illustrated, only to represent Little Red Riding Hood; they come same price as the other dolls, will send the four and include the little Pug for 40c.; will send one dozen of any one kind or assorted, and include 4 Pug Pups for \$1.00, post or express paid. Address, COMFORT, Box 267, Augusta, Maine.

We advise all who have any spare time at all to order at least one dozen, fill and sew a few of them up for samples and get orders for them around the neighborhood. You can make a good profit and thus be enabled to get your own articles for nothing. We have sold Thousands of the old style dolls and other articles, and these are so much better than anything ever produced before that they will go quickly. Better order 50 for \$3.50, or one hundred for \$6.00, and offer a three months' subscription to COMFORT with each article sold.



CHRISTIAN HERALD

FULL OF PICTURES.

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

EVERY WEEK IN THE YEAR.

Published Every Wednesday, 52 Times a Year, at the Bible House, New York City. Louis Klopsch, Publisher.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is always Bright, always Breezy, always Cheerful, always FULL of PICTURES, always Printed on excellent Paper, Issued 52 Times a Year, and sure of a Hearty Welcome wherever it goes. It is First, Last, and all the time a Family Paper, and always Interests both Old and Young. DR. TALMAGE edits it in his Happiest Vein, and every number is Beautifully and Profusely Illustrated. You may have a really Happy Home, and yet, without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, something is Lacking, for no Home is complete without it.



T. De Witt Talmage

As to Attractive Features, there are so many that a few only can be mentioned here. NAPOLEON SARONY, of world-wide Fame, Contributes a series of peerless Illustrations. MARION HARLAND, whose pen has charmed multitudes, has written, for the Exclusive Use of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a NEW SERIAL Story that every man, woman and child should read. IRA D. SANKEY, whose name is a household word, contributes a CHARMING PIECE OF MUSIC to each issue. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMONS, and his stirring EDITORIALS, command the attention of the enlightened world. C. H. MEAD'S unequalled CHARACTER SKETCHES are so full of pathos and humor that they cause tears and laughter at the same time. DR. A. J. GORDON and DR. R. S. MAC ARTHUR are contributors who at once edify, entertain and instruct.



Marion Harland

In order to convince you that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is the BRIGHTEST AND BEST PAPER, if you will send \$2.00 TO-DAY, Dr. Talmage will send THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for ONE WHOLE YEAR, and a beautiful Cloth and Gilt copy of

HIS LATEST AND GREATEST BOOK FREE!

This Wonderful Book, "FROM MANGER TO THRONE," is pre-eminently THE Book of the Century. It Contains 544 large pages, with over 200 PICTURES, many of them full-page —including full Half-tone latest Portrait of Dr. Talmage. It is substantially Bound in Rich Cloth and Gilt, and measures, OPEN, from tip, to tip 9 x 15 INCHES.

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From Cover to Cover, this most Remarkable Book is a VERITABLE PICTURE GALLERY, full of delightful surprises. It is Printed from LARGE TYPE on Toned Paper and Handsomely Bound in CLOTH and GILT. It has heretofore never been offered at less than \$3.75.

Besides being a New Life of the Saviour, it contains Dr. Talmage's vivid Account of his Journey "TO, THROUGH AND FROM THE HOLY LAND," in which he practically brings Palestine to the Doors of Multitudes who may never see the CHRIST-LAND in any other way.

Many of the Pictures are from Photographs taken on the spot by Dr. Talmage's party. One represents Dr. Talmage Baptizing a Candidate in the Jordan, another shows him Tasting the Waters of the Dead Sea, and in still another, we see him on the back of a huge Camel in Egypt.



MARION HARLAND

HAS GONE TO THE HOLY LAND for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to study HOME LIFE in PALESTINE and Syria. Her Journey covers over 20,000 MILES.

She will write on this subject EXCLUSIVELY for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and every line will be protected by Copyright. She will describe a CHRISTMAS in BETHLEHEM, a WEDDING at CANA, HOUSEKEEPING in BETHANY, a SAIL on LAKE GALILEE, a WEEK in NAZARETH, a FUNERAL at NAIN, a WOMAN'S LIFE in PALESTINE from the day she is BORN to the day of her Death, including both of these important events.

These articles will be Profusely Illustrated from PHOTOGRAPHS, taken by Marion Harland herself.

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Remember, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the Brightest Illustrated Family Weekly in the World, and "FROM MANGER TO THRONE," the most wonderful Book of the Century, may EACH BE SENT TO SEPARATE ADDRESSES. "FROM MANGER TO THRONE" was never sold for less than \$3.75, and as WE Pre-pay Full Express Charges in every instance, we here Offer you

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AUGUSTA MAINE



COMFORT'S NUTSHELL STORY CLUB.

\$100.00 PRIZE STORIES \$100.00

The following conditions will hereafter govern the awarding of cash prizes for Nutshell Stories, and the manuscripts of such writers only as have complied with all these requirements will receive consideration.

All the necessary particulars being here clearly set forth, it will be useless for any one to seek further information or personal favors by addressing the editor, as such letters cannot be answered.

1. Only persons who are regular yearly subscribers to "Comfort" and who send with every manuscript at least two new yearly subscribers (together with 25 cents for each subscriber so sent) may compete for the prizes.

2. All contributions must have the number of words they contain plainly noted thereon in addition to the writer's full name and address with nom de plume if desired; must be referred to one side of the paper only, addressed to EDITOR NUTSHELL STORY CLUB care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

3. All stories must be strictly original with the contributors who may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace, or city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 2,000 or less than 1,000 words.

4. No manuscript will be returned under any circumstances and competitors should therefore retain a copy of what they send.

5. The writer of the best original story will receive \$30 cash; of the second best, \$25 cash; of the third best, \$20 cash; of the fourth best, \$15 cash; and of the fifth best, \$10 cash. Remittances will be sent by check as soon as awards have been made.

No premiums will be given for subscriptions sent in under this Short Story Prize Offer.

The Publishers of "Comfort" reserve the right to purchase at their established rates any stories submitted under the foregoing offer, which failed to secure a prize.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JANUARY.

Evelyn Foster, First Prize.
Wm. A. Lewis, Second Prize.
Dorothy Lundt, Third Prize.
Mrs. E. T. Mudge, Fourth Prize.
Minnie Thomas Boyce, Fifth Prize.

NOTE.—With reference to the prize story deception of which we spoke last month, we have sent the ten dollars offered in the case of Miss Goodwyn's story "Sold for a Silk Rag," to George M. Grafton, of Morgana, S. C., and in the case of "What the Camera Did," by Miss Topham, to Miss Lillie Adams of Wheeler, Mich., these being the first to furnish us proof that we had been imposed upon. Our offer only referred to prize stories, but if the correspondent who wrote us in regard to Mrs. Watts' story, "The Yellow Kitten," will send to our Boston office full address, we will take pleasure in awarding a special cash prize.

THE GHOSTLY RIVAL.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY EVELYN FOSTER.

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with assumed names, and by a skillful manipulation of circumstances, I can make my words

This evening, not an hour ago, we were dreamily chatting in the firelight. Val and I. We touched on many matters, lingering over none. At last, in the natural course of our talk, we came to the reason for my present visit here. For now, during her husband's brief trip to New York, I am Val's guest in their dear old home, "Mere Manse," on the Massachusetts coast. Douglas Tyler, himself, brought me here, and begged me not to leave Valerie until his return, even for a day. Not that she is afraid to be alone. Val is no coward; far from it, but—wait, you shall understand.

It began two years ago, before Douglas Tyler and Valerie West were man and wife.

His first wife, a handsome Spaniard, several years his senior, had died two years before. It was the evening, at Valerie's home in Boston, when Douglas told her of his love. Of course she had seen and welcomed it before, but not until this evening had the sweet silence between them broken into sweeter speech. He lingered late in his new found Eden. At last, the final "good night" had been whispered; and he left her, standing fair and gracious, in the little inner room, the library. Gazing with rapt eyes into the rosy face of their future, in the shaded light of the lamp, she stood. His hand was on the door of the outer room, the smile yet on his lips. How still the night was! only a soft, chance footfall overhead.

"Douglas!"

Did she call? or did the soft wind sigh his name through that great room?

"Valerie," the name dropped gently from his lips; he turned to look at her through the parted draperies of the inner room. She still stood as he had left her; no, she had not spoken, that was clear; and yet—

"Douglas!" louder this time, and unmistakable with its foreign tone.

Douglas Tyler is a sturdy fellow, square shouldered, square jawed, and square brained. His nerves are like fine steel, yet at this sound they quivered and his face grew white.

"Valerie!" he stood beside her now and she had grasped his arm. They were looking into each other's eyes.

"Yes, I heard," she breathed. A voice, a foreign voice had come between them from the grave. Valerie understood.

Later, in his own room, Douglas Tyler was sitting before a smoldering fire. A little packet of feminine letters lay on his knee, and he held an ivory type. Out from its frame of blood red jewels looked a dark, imperious face. The true type of southern beauty, full Andalusian, she was; black eyed, black haired, and heavy lidded, with a flush of carmine in the lips and cheeks. This man looked calmly into the brilliant, painted eyes.

"Have you kept your word, Carlotta? have you indeed come back?"

Only the low sigh of the night wind answered him.

"If so, it is well. I wish you to know, to understand. I never deceived you, would not now. You know I did not love you, but I paid my debt; I was faithful to the end. The bonds of the law are snapped by death—thank God!" He threw back his head and breathed a long sigh of relief. "Only the ties of the heart outlive the flesh; if death had not freed us from bondage I should surely have done so myself. It was a living lie!" He rose and, with firm step, paced the floor.

Blinded by a boy's infatuation, he had married the brilliant Spanish widow. What their life had been his nearest friend never knew; and that friend, who had followed his steps

querades as love; while he endured, faithfully, silently, patiently, unto the last. Even to himself he did not complain; he had rashly sown the wind; the whirlwind he would bravely reap.

At the last, when a quick, fierce fever was burning her vehement life away, she tried to bind him by oath to remain single for her sake. But Douglas Tyler had learned his lesson; he had done, forever, with false vows. In the solemn presence of death he gently refused to perjure himself, and swore to be faithful to truth alone.

With these words on her lips "Beware! I do not die. I will come—again!" she died.

Two years later, at midnight, he stood in his room holding her letters; and looking, for the last time, on her pictured face. Quietly, he took the likeness from its frame and laid it, with the letters, on the dying coals. The lazy tongues of flame curled slowly around their food as a low moan clearly echoed through the room. Douglas Tyler raised his head, and looked steadfastly about him. "Is the veil so thin," he mused, "that falls before the face of death?"

The next was two months later, during our glorious cruise along the Massachusetts coast.

It was on the evening of our third on board, and we were having our first taste of storm. A fine taste it was, too!

The "Kelpie," Douglas Tyler's new steam yacht, was bravely grappling with her foes, the elements; most of our party had discreetly retired; only Douglas, Val, and I were astir in the little cabin.

I had been given grace to bury myself in a book in a far corner; while Val and her Douglas, at the other end of the cabin, looked out together into the wild night.

There was that evening an almost superhuman sympathy—Val said so afterwards—between the two; they had talked, felt, thought, almost like one being. She had just consented to their marriage in the coming month; he folded his arms about her, bent his head, and—fairly choking with horror, I sprang to my feet! Never, till I cease to hear, shall I forget that sound; that long, awful howl of rage and anguish that swept through the boat.

"Douglas! Douglas! Douglas!" wailed that unearthly voice with the curious foreign flavor in the tones.

Outside the storm fended tore with furious fingers at our boat, rattled fiercely at the window panes, and hurled its white fire in our eyes. But through the crash of thunder, over the whistle of wind, from end to end of the boat, pierced that ghastly cry from unseen lips. In wild alarm, rushed both men and women from their rooms.

"Valerie!" called Mrs. West. "Val, my child, is it you? What is it? Who is it?" She grasped her daughter and Douglas for support, while her voice sank to a horrified whisper, seeing them so white and still.

"Lost! lost! lost! Oh!" the wail rose almost to a shriek.

Just then a smothered scream came from another point. Leaving the almost senseless mother to Valerie and myself, Douglas rushed to his sisters' room. They were both hysterical from fright.

"Douglas Tyler," gasped Clare, "that voice, her voice! Did you hear? Did you hear?" She shook him wildly by the arm. He took her feverish hands in his.

"Clare, be still! hear me, there is nothing to fear. I will—"

"Listen!" Elsa, the younger, shivered as she spoke. A volley of sharp raps played a quick

"those raps, they will not stop," her teeth chattered as the raps increased. Just here that most ungodly wailing recommenced.

"Douglas! Douglas! Douglas!" up and down the cabin in wild moans until the mad wind seemed to pick it up and bear it shrieking through the world.

The horror of it was that nothing could be seen; search as we would, not even a shadow could be found; and that bloodless voice wailed on.

That was a hideous night! Of course we could not leave that boat, there was no escape. No one slept; no one left the cabin; there we huddled all the long hours through, wondering, doubting, fearing, till the dawn broke, faint and gray. They had begged, both Val and Douglas, that none of us should speak of this outside. So, for their sakes, we kept it as quiet as we could; but some, if not all, of us wondered at Val's courage, when next month she kept her word and married that voice-haunted man. And now, for the first time in the two years of their happy married life, he is forced to leave her for a little time; I am with Valerie, or I was an hour or more ago.

How lovely she did look to-night! I see her now as she leaned among the pillows in her husband's great arm chair—the mellow lustre of her creamy silken robe; the soft lamb's wool around her full, white throat; the open sleeves falling away from her dimpled arms.

I lounged near her on the soft divan, while the firelight from the big pine knots danced fitfully around us both.

I asked her about that voice. Had she, had they, heard nothing of it since that time?

"Not Douglas, no; but I—well, yes, and no, but never the same as on the boat that night; oh, no!" She shivered a little, and held her small hands toward the blaze.

"One night I waked, I don't know why, and saw—I know I saw it, dear!" she smiled at me; "I saw my rocking chair—you know the big bent rocker in my room?—move slowly back and forth. It stood just in the moonlight, in plain sight. I saw it rocking to and fro for—oh! it seemed a long, long time."

"Rocking alone?"

"Alone, so far as I could see. Another time, about three weeks ago, I waked and saw the same chair rock again. This time, though, I saw something more; a form, a shadowy form, of her; you know, his former wife. I sometimes saw her when she was alive. She looked the same but vaporous and pale; all but her eyes, they gleamed like fire. She looked at me—no through me—for a while, then smiled. That smile! I'd rather have heard her shriek than see that smile. Bye and bye she left the chair and glided to the bed. She bent low over me and hissed into my ear, into my brain, these words: 'You have him now, poor fool. Keep him while you can; for here he's mine, mine. Do you hear? I'll have him forever more!' She seemed to laugh in ghastly, mocking mirth and melt away."

I had written thus far last night, when there came a quick rap on my door. I rose trembling and opened it. It was only Ellen, Val's maid.

"Oh, ma'am, Mrs. Tyler's very ill; she begs you'll come to her room, and—" but I was in Val's room. In half an hour the doctor had been summoned, and a despatch sent to New York. Oh, that weary night! My poor, brave Val! Her suffering seemed mainly mental, she was battling with grim terrors which we could

"ard. She's here, right close beside us, there!" she pointed, and I shrank from where her gaze was fixed. "She's trying to get me from him; but she can't, she can't! You'll see, I'll win!" She did, thank Heaven, she did.

At noon to-day her husband came; and, after that, we knew that she was safe. This afternoon at two Valerie's boy was born, and now there's heavenly peace through all the house.

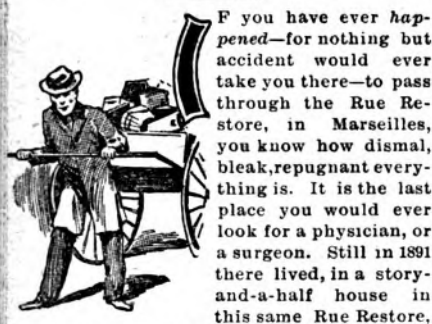
And she, that sad, malignant phantom of the past? In the presence of such love and trust as theirs, what can such poor spite do? Love conquers all. Even hate and woe must one day bow before its heavenly spell. I think Carotta's power is spent, and she will trouble Douglas and Valerie no more.

THE GREAT SURGEON.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY WILLIAM ALBERT LEWIS.

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If you have ever happened—for nothing but accident would ever take you there—to pass through the Rue Restore, in Marseilles, you know how dismal, bleak, repugnant everything is. It is the last place you would ever look for a physician, or a surgeon. Still in 1891 there lived, in a story-and-a-half house in this same Rue Restore,

short, slim, pale young man; and upon the door frame was a painted tin with the words:

"Pascalier, M. D."

M. Pascalier took possession of this three-room abode early in July. When he moved in which he did between dusk and bed time) he was assisted by a sweet-faced young lady having the brightest golden hair one ever beheld. The few home-keeping utensils were brought upon a hand dray; in the shafts of which the new tenant—the M. D. himself—wearily tugged; not that the load was heavy, but because the motive power was weak. Behind, pushing as much as she was able, followed this young woman.

When they halted before No. 21, the doctor was forced to sit on the door rock to recover breath. The young lady, by no means "blown" through the exertion, pulled off her gloves, unfastened the rope which bound the load, took the big key from the doctor's thin hand, unfastened the door, and had the hand cart unloaded before the man was able to rise.

This ungallant willingness to accept assistance did not result from the man's indolence. It lay in his helpless weakness.

"There, Luke," exclaimed the now ruddy-faced girl. "Let's go in."

And she placed her arm about the emaciated form and assisted the doctor to arise.

"Why, Louise!" was the vainly attempted exclamation. "You have me all settled a-ready! Ah, but I am poorly!"

"Yes, indeed you are, Luke; and I know you will be no better living in this hideous locality. Abandon it, dear! Give it up! It isn't worth the attempt! It is going to kill you, Luke, and then I'll reproach myself for consenting to your coming here! Do, Luke! Come, let's look it up, and come back home with me!"

The yellow-faced skeleton of manhood sank into a chair and gazed into the bright blue eyes bending over him. He tried several times to speak, but failed; and shook his head in that slow sign of resolution which dispenses with words.

"Send my books down to-morrow, Louise," he gasped at last.

A large quantity of books was brought by a hired drayman the next day. He piled them in the middle of the floor.

The young doctor was lying helpless on his bed.

Hard-headed M. Kepplon had absolutely refused to permit his daughter—the heiress to his three immense silk mills—to receive the addresses of poor, sickly Luke Pascalier, the lately graduated doctor of medicine. Importunations were futile. The rich mill owner was indurate. M. Pascalier must cease to visit Mlle. Kepplon.

"My discovery is before the Academy, Louise," explained the doctor. "I know it has merit. Perhaps I may be rewarded. If I am, my practice will instantly spring into fabulous eminence and product. My name will be upon every lip. You will be proud of me, dear. Then we will be married!"

And Louise—no waiting to be asked if she could wait for him—placed her fair, full arms about the wasted neck of the frail discoverer of skillful, delicate surgery which would revolutionize a certain branch of the science, and aid:

"Yes, Luke. And Louise will take such good care of her Great Surgeon. Won't she, Luke dear?"

The National Academy had postponed from week to week, for several months, the demonstration by Dr. Pascalier of his asserted claim of triumph in a certain branch of intricate surgery. Members from remote points remained in the city, patiently awaiting the recovery of Dr. Pascalier from his "temporary indisposition." They were eager to witness what would be, if successful, the greatest discovery of the century in surgery. From August until November word came weekly from the unknown discoverer that he was too ill to appear before the Academy to demonstrate his system.

Repeatedly the obscurity of the name of Pascalier tempted the trustees to decline further rifling with a seemingly hopeless invalid; but they were deterred through the enormity of the principles involved, and the incalculable gain he profession would derive should anything come of the matter.

At length, after many postponements, Dr. Pascalier informed the Academy he would positively appear before them on the afternoon of December 24th and expound his system of practice. The hall was packed with delegates from all over the world; when, at precisely three o'clock, the side door opened, and a slender, stooping, tottering staff of humanity made his way to the front, bowing his acknowledgments of the applause which greeted him. In the apex of his loose coat he wore a violet that Louise had pinned there when she assisted him into a cab in front of No. 21 Rue Restore.

The assemblage marvelled at the extreme youth of the now interesting discoverer; and

he held the rapt attention of the thousand members as step by step he unfolded a principle of scientific and heretofore dubious practice to the amazed and enthusiastic intelligence of the Academicians. Little by little the emaciated form seemed to acquire rotundity. Moment by moment the ashy pallor surrendered to the temperings of eager interest, until the cheeks blazed with the ardor of conscious success. At length came the experimental demonstration. Members struggled with each other in offering to assist the strippling, who approached the operating table with a step of invincible power. When the unconscious subject lay stretched before him, Dr. Pascalier seized his scalpel with the deftness of inspiration, while above and around him were grouped the most eminent surgeons of the universe. For fully an hour he swept the keen blades through the flesh of the oblivious being, dilating upon his principle and its result. Finally when the incontestable accuracy of his methods were established, the wildest confusion of approbation met the triumphant discoverer.

They cheered him!

They elected him a member of the body!

They voted him a decoration!

The ordeal concluded, Nature, which for the few critical hours had kindly favored the cause of ambition with her smile, once more became the disciplinarian; and the man whose name was vibrating over the telegraph lines of the world, tottered down the steps of the Academy and sank into his cab.

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold. Immediately after breakfast, during which her family loudly commented the now world-famed Dr. Pascalier (whose surgical triumph was recited in the morning press) Louise, flushed with joy at the words of her father, who bade her invite Dr. Pascalier to dine with the family, hastened to the Rue Restore. She rapped at No. 21. Receiving no reply she pushed open the door.

Upon the bed, still clad in his simple suit of black, about his neck the ribbon and decoration of the Academy, in his hand the roll of parchment constituting him a member of the august body, lay the Great Surgeon. On his face, a smile. Beneath his cheek, Louise's violet.

Dr. Pascalier was famous, successful, and—DEAD.

HITCHED TO A HOME.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY DOROTHY LUNDT.

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"UGGINS!" roared the station superintendent, with his head out of the window of his little lighted office, and apparently hurling the name into rain-threshed, wind-blown darkness.

"Yessir!" came, responsively, in a prompt, hoarse growl.

A burly figure, in dripping oilskins, came from the outer darkness into the open window's circle of light.

"Have we an engine not in use?"

"Yessir. 1219's on the siding, sir."

"Well, she's got to come off the siding. Read this."

Huggins took the telegram from his superior's hand, and read it, giving a dismayed grunt as he did so. "Freight car 1010 broken loose from train, somewhere between you and Craghill Junction," it said. "Send out engine at once and bring her in."

"Yessir," handing the telegram back. "Nice road, 'twixt here and Craghill; what isn't up grade's down grade. Nice night!" as the wind slammed the window shutter, to the imminent peril of the superintendent's head. "Nice job altogether. But got to be done. Mornin' express due at nine. There'd be the devil to pay with a wild car on the track, and the fog and forest fire smoke shuttin' off everythin' further'n a foot ahead."

"Who'll take out the engine?"

"I can't, with this here game hand," holding up a bandaged member. "Reckon Jack Harkins'll do it. It's his vacation, but he'd rather run an engine'n go a-courtin'. I'll go too. Fire for him."

Half an hour later Jack Harkins, keen-eyed, crisp-curved, stalwart, also in dripping oilskins, was taking the superintendent's final charges, from the cab window of No. 1219.

"Don't go too fast. You've got the night before you. And don't forget to look down all those abandoned switches, on the left of the road. They changed their minds so many times when they built this piece, there's about as much old switch as straight track. Like as not 1010 has blown down one of 'em. It's blowing enough to run off a town, let alone a freight-car."

"Yes sir! That's all?"

"That's all! Start her ahead." And engine 1219 pulled out into the wild October night.

There was excitement at the grocery shop at Creekin Four Corners. Tommy Pinkham had just told the news. He had, according to his own statement, brought in the milkin' a little earlier than common, the night bein' so bad; an' the door between the kitchen and sitting-room being wide open, Deacon Jones' words had come to him as plain as if he was a-hollerin' 'em in his—Tommy's—ear.

"An' Hetty White, she was a-cryin' fit to make you beller, too, jes' to hear her!" Thus Tommy, to the open-mouthed listeners his tale had wiled from molasses-barrel and cracker-box. "An' says she, 'The good Lord knows,' says she, 'Deacon Jones, when I took the children, not havin' a roof to our heads, to live in that old freight-car, and put our few poor beiongin's there, an' made a sort of home; the good Lord knows,' says she, 'I didn't s'pose that old freight-car belonged to anybody, arter the railroad condemned it.'"

"No more it don't!" in indignant chorus.

"Wal but I'm fraid it does!" thus the shop-keeper, meditatively scratching his head. "I jest happened to be round—sho! Didn't I never tell ye—that day that old car was condemned. An' says Deacon Jones to the railroad man, 'What'll ye sell her for?' says he. An' the railroad man looked at her—one side partly staved in, an' all—'Guess we'll call it a trade for seventy-five cents,' says he, grinnin'. An' the Deacon planked down and took a bill of sale."

"The old skinflint! What for?"

"Said there was wood enough in it to build two pig-stys."

"Why didn't he build 'em?"

"Cos 'twas next week poor Mis' White died, an' the children was turned off the farm. Hetty White—plucky's she is pretty, by thunder!—took the children an' the cook-stove, and camped out in the old freight-car, never s'posin', as she said, it b'longed to anybody."

"Well what's struck Deacon Jones to make her trouble now ef he didn't then?"

"Lemme tell!" thus, shrilly, Tommy Pinkham, bitterly aggrieved at public attention thus wandering from him and his tale. "'Deacon Jones,' says Hetty, 'you'd never turn me an' my little brothers out o' the car, this dreadful night, an' us with never a roof to turn to.' 'But you have a roof,' says he, 'an' if you're too proud to come under it as my lawful wife!'"

"Lawful fiddlesticks!"

"He's wus'n Bluebeard!"

"An' his fourth wife with hardly time to get comfortably asleep in her coffin!"

"An' Hetty White young enough to be his grand-darter!"

"An' he says"—Tommy's voice shrill again, above the indignant chorus—"an' he says, 'one hour will I give you for a last thinkin' on it over; an' then I'll come down to that car, an' my hired man with me; an' either you come with me to the minister's or out o' that car you go, neck an'—'"

"Oh doos she?"

"Well this is a leetle too much!"

"I reckon there's them here'll git to that car 'fore the Deacon doos, an' when it comes to turnin' out, we'll see!"

"I'm a goin' too! I'm a goin' too!"

"But, Daddy, your rheumatiz!"

"Dod burn my rheumatiz! Ef that ol' skunk's agoin' to get his come-uppance, I'll be there to see it! He allers wuz the Jonah in this town's ointment."

"I guess 't'wuz the fly in the ointment, Daddy. Jonah wuz in—"

"Cose he wuz! Cose he wuz! Jonah wuz in the ass's belly! I knew my Scripser 'fore you ever saw daylight!"

They all were going. In pea-jackets and weather-worn tarpaulins, with here an ox-goad and there a hoe-handle as possible weapons of offence—"It's a good cause! Help yourselves, gentlemen! Help yourselves!" said the militant shop-keeper—they made their way through the lashing rain and buffeting wind, down the bit of road that lay between the village and the rusting, grass-grown bit of deserted track where the old car lay.

The feeble light of a single candle glimmered mistily through the one, tiny, barred window. The large door at the side, ordinarily open, was now close-barred against the storm. Through the wind, they caught a child's frightened cry, and the sound of a girl's sobbing.

"Ketch hold o' your sticks, boys! There's the Deacon's lantern a-comin' down the road. Hear him hollerin' for her to open the door? Hear—Lord A'mighty! What's THAT?"

"THAT" was a vast, shapeless bulk, that suddenly rushed upon them out of the stormy dark; a black bulk, vomiting flame, and with a yell that tore their ears. It dashed past; then back down to the old car in a twinkling. There was a hoarse shout or two; a sound of clanking iron; another yell; more blasts of fire; and before the Deacon on one side of the track or the deliverers on the other had paused in their horror-stricken flight, the fiery monster was gone, and the old freight-car was gone with it.

They said afterward the Deacon ran to Squead Centre without stopping.

As for the rescue party, they sat down in a puddle that they mistook for a fallen log, and discussed the situation.

"Speakin' o' Scripser, ef that wasn't the fiery, fiery chariot—"

"Thet tuk away the bears that eat the bald-heads."

"Didn't look much Heaven-sent!"

"Thet's so. More like t'other place. Don't ye s'pose Beelzebub made a mistake, an' thought he'd got the Deacon in that car?"

"Well, devil or engine—an' I reckon it wor an engine, though why sent down that ol' sidin', Providence only knows!—I guess 't' took Hetty out of the Deacon's clutches, permanent!"

It had. When Huggins and Harkins, catching sight of the light in the car they had so unceremoniously picked up, and stopping to investigate, had found instead of piled-up merchandise, a roughly fitted up home-place, two frightened children, and a girl with eyes as brown as oak leaves in the autumn sun, there was wonder and amazement. Hearing her story, they said things, at least Huggins said things, and Harkins looked at Hetty. He has looked at Hetty several times since. In fact he releases him to home and wife. He says it isn't every man who hitches on to a home, unintentionally, as it were, when he is out chasing a wild freight-car.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MRS. E. T. MUDGE.

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It was in the spring of 1824 that I entered the law office of my uncle, Frank Clements, to study, and at the same time to make myself useful to him in duties pertaining to that business, particularly that branch which required traveling through the neighboring towns and villages, looking up titles, serving

notices, etc.

On my return from one of these trips, I noticed that my uncle's clerk, a middle aged man, who had served him for a number of years, seemed to be gazing at me in rather a peculiar manner, as though he wished to address me, and was a little doubtful as to how I would receive his advances. For with the conceit of youth I imagined myself fully the peer of my uncle in the knowledge of law, and vastly his superior in appearance, and manner of approaching a client. Mr. Allen had undoubtedly discovered this failing of mine, and hesitated to place himself in a position to be snubbed by a man of half his years and experience.

Finally one morning, my uncle being absent, he braced himself up and addressed me, thus: "Alfred, I have a little matter that I wish to speak to you about, but hardly know whether it is right to do so. I am in your uncle's employ, and have served him faithfully for many years, but of his past life I know nothing. We all know what a silent reserved man

(NUTSHELL STORIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)

"German Syrup."

I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Earlsville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.

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(Continued From Page 2.)

Bob was superintendent of the electric light plant

... ..



CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE H. WYNNE.

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The AVERAGE housekeeper regards the idea of made-over dishes as just as disagreeable, as the ordinary small boy does the idea of made-over trousers from his father's. And yet a good housewife knows, or ought to, that made-over dishes are often better than new ones.

In some other countries, people live, not only much more economically, but far better than the average family in America. And this is not wholly because they buy rich, juicy meats, on the theory that the best is always the cheapest in the long run; but because over there the average housekeeper saves every scrap of food, even to crusts and bones, knowing that they will help to make up many a savory dish afterwards. Most women know they can often make over a dress so that it will be prettier and more attractive than when it was new. But most women do not know that they can make over a roast of beef, or a leg of mutton, so that it will be much more gratifying to the taste than when it appeared on the table, hot and juicy, fresh from the oven.

An English housewife, like a French cook, saves everything. Cold baked beans can be made into a delicious soup, by boiling them to shreds in a little water and adding pepper, salt and tiny squares of salt pork. Turkey or chicken bones, even if you think they are picked clean, can be made up into delicious soups.

Cold vegetables may be utilized in the same way; in fact, there are a hundred ways by which appetizing and wholesome dishes might be offered the home circle; and this gives a much greater variety of living. During the cold winter weather, too many families are treated to a big roast on Sunday and then eat cold meat the rest of the week, with no attempt at a variety. Comfort's kitchen motto is to the effect that a happy family is a well-fed family, and that does not necessarily mean that it is expensively fed.

Take bread, for instance. Beyond making toast or a bread-pudding, and that, too often, after a most unpalatable fashion, the average housekeeper has no idea what to do with stale pieces. Toast should not be made of bread that is very dry—as no amount of wetting or disguising in butter or cream, can make it taste really fresh and nice. And let us note right here that when bread is once mouldy, the only advisable thing to do with it is to throw it away. I have visited in places where everything else about the table was dainty and nice, and yet the morning toast, browned and buttered to a tempting degree, was made of mouldy bread; and of course it was simply impossible to swallow it. The wise way is never to let bread get into that condition.

The bread jar should be carefully watched, and should be thoroughly scalded and dried before receiving each fresh lot of bread. Then, after every batch, all the left-over pieces should be disposed of. Any pieces of bread or toast that are left over at table should be put in the oven until they are a pale brown and crisp and then crushed with a rolling pin square fine. Or they may be cut in half-inch squares and treated in the same way when they will be "croutons," and may be used in soups.

The browned crumbs are especially useful for dishes that require browning, or anything to be fried in egg and crumbs. These will keep any length of time if put in a jar or in a dry place, and they are excellent eaten with milk. Children especially, are very fond of these crumbs in milk and this is a healthy dish to give them between meals, when so many children tease for something to eat. For it is not well, when they are hungry, to refuse them, unless it is pretty near meal-time. Children's digestive organs work faster than old peoples'; and when they demand something to eat, in the middle of the forenoon or afternoon, it is because Nature is behind them clamoring for food. Instead of giving them rich pies and cakes, at such times, just try browned bread-crums and milk.

Another good way to prepare crumbs for scalloped dishes, is to put a colander into a bowl or dish, and break stale crumbs of bread into small pieces; rub them with the hands and then through the colander. This is quicker than grating and makes the crumbs fine and free from lumps.

If you want an economical and wholesome pudding, you can make a new kind by soaking about one quart of the crumbs in cold water. When quite soft, squeeze dry and mash with a wooden spoon. Add one cup of flour, one-half cup chopped suet, one-half cup currants, one-half cup raisins, one-half cup sugar, a little grated nutmeg and ginger and two beaten eggs, with sufficient milk to moisten. Bake in moderate oven about one hour, and serve either with butter, or with the cream-sauce given in Comfort's Christmas number.

Let us serve our oysters first.

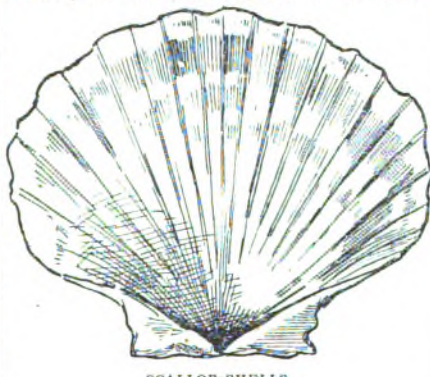
Do you know how to cook oysters on skewers? Probably not, since this is one of the dishes we have experimented with, and flatter ourselves is presented now to the public for the first time. It is a dish that is very easily prepared, and ought to be very popular. Skewers, you remember, were described in the last number also, and as they can be made at home, every housewife should be provided with them. Our grandmothers, in the days of kitchen fireplaces, found them indispensable.

For skewered oysters, first see that your skewers are clean. Then to each oyster allow a piece of bacon cut into a small and very thin square. String on the skewer, oysters and bacon alternately, running the skewers through the hard part of the oysters only. Place skewers, each end on the opposite sides of a baking dish, which should be deep enough to allow the oysters to hang without touching the bottom. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. Place the skewers on toast and pour over them the juice which has run into the dish. Serve at once.

Do you see this scallop-shell? and do you know that they are very much used to serve fish or oysters on? The food to be served should be arranged on them before cooking, and nicely browned in the oven. Then the shells, on plates, are placed before each member of the household, who find this novel dish both wholesome and hot. Anyone living near the coasts where scallop-shells are found may easily supply themselves, and all others can get them by sending to any of the large kitchen-furnishing houses.

As soup comes next on the bill of fare, let us try an original and most appetizing soup. If the cold meats and poultry have been used in other ways, there will remain the bones which, boiled together, make excellent soup. Put all the bones with a small piece of carrot, turnip, onion and celery, a sprig of parsley if you have it, a few spices and a small bunch of herbs into a stew pan, and cover with water. Boil gently three or four hours. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Thicken with a little corn-starch if desired. This soup is improved by adding a small quantity of Worcestershire sauce. Take the pieces of fat and onion that have been strained from curry sauce, and put in also; it will add to the flavor and nothing will be wasted.

Turkey, chicken, rabbit or game, warmed in white sauce is very much liked, prepared in this way:—Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan. When boiling stir in one table-



SCALLOP-SHELLS.

spoonful flour, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful pepper, and add gradually one cup milk or milk and water, heated. Stir quickly until well mixed, and boil one minute. Take one pint of chopped meat and one small onion (whole) and stir into the sauce. Place on the back of the stove about fifteen minutes to thoroughly heat it. Remove the onion before serving.

CURRIED MEATS.

For those who like curry, a simple way to prepare a dish is to cut all the fat and skin from meat or poultry and fry with a small onion ten minutes, stirring frequently. Mix one heaping tablespoonful of flour, one even tablespoonful of curry powder, or less if you do not like it strong, and one teaspoonful salt and stir into the fat and onion. Then take the frying pan from the fire and add two cups of cold water, or better still, gravy or stock; put back and boil two or three minutes. This quantity of sauce is sufficient for three cups of meat which should be cut in small pieces and put into a stewpan, with the sauce strained over and boiled five minutes. Boil half a cup of rice and pile it around the edge of dish, leaving a nest in the middle, and pour the curry in the centre. If there should not be much fat on the meat, use two tablespoonfuls butter to fry with the fat and onion.

MINCED MEAT.

An English method of preparing left-over meat is to put into a stewpan mutton or beef bones, with an onion, two or three whole peppers, cloves and allspice. Cover the whole with water and stew for two hours. Then take out the bones and thicken the liquid slightly with flour and brown with a little burnt sugar. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Mince your cold meat and strain over it the gravy. Simmer this mixture for a few minutes and serve garnished with dry toast cut in small triangular pieces.

SCALLOPED MUTTON.

Another method of warming over cold mutton is to put in a baking dish a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of mutton cut into thin slices, then cold boiled macaroni cut in small pieces. Over this pour some gravy; repeat this process till the dish is full. Cover the whole with a thick layer of crumbs moistened with one-fourth cup melted butter. Season

each layer with salt and pepper. Bake until nicely browned. Tomato sauce may be used instead of gravy.

Another original dish which we are able to present to our readers this month is known as

COTTAGE PIE.

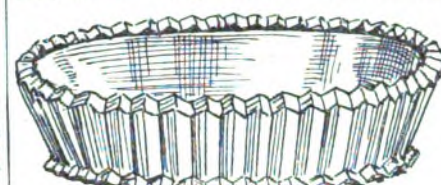
A nice dish may be made with left-over meat and vegetables in this way. Put in a baking dish a layer of cold cooked beef or mutton, cut into small pieces, then one of carrots, turnips and onions (cooked, of course), with a little chopped parsley. Then add another layer of meat and another of vegetables. Season with salt and pepper. Pour over this stock or gravy and cover the whole with mashed potatoes. Bake until the potatoes are nicely browned.

Now a word about these "paper collars" before passing on to puddings. It is no longer necessary to buy expensive fancy pudding dishes, in order to set a neat and attractive table. These collars are made of white paper and come folded as seen in the lower part of the cut.

They will stretch to fit any baking-dish and entirely conceal it from view, and as they are exceedingly pretty in themselves and cost but a trifle (at any large crockery establishment), every housewife may have one. The following



PUDDING-COLLAR CLOSED.



PUDDING-COLLAR.

pudding which is entirely original also with us, and which is so simple and so healthful that every woman should add it to her list of easily made and dainty desserts, needs no collar, as it is best served on a platter or large deep dish. The dish is known as

RICED PEACHES.

Boil one-half cup of rice, with a little salt, and a tablespoonful or so, of sugar, for twenty minutes. While it is boiling, take as many cloths, (unbleached cotton is the best, although any strong cloth will do,) as you have people to dinner, with one or two extra if you desire. Wring them out of hot water. Lay them over a small bowl. Spread the rice over the cloth about one-third of an inch thick. Then take twice as many halves of canned peaches as you have cloths. Lay one in the centre of each cloth and fill the cavity at the core with rice and a bit of lemon peel or stick cinnamon. Fit the other half of the peach over it, and draw the cloth up close around to form a ball, covering the peaches smoothly with the rice. If peaches are not convenient, use canned apricots, plums or any small fruit in the same way, first removing the stones in whole fruits. Small apples pared and cored are delicious used in this way. After the cloth is drawn tightly over the rice-fruit, tie it very securely around the top, as the cut shows. Then steam half an hour, (longer if apples are used). Take the cloths off with care and surround the balls on a dish with either boiled custard, whipped cream or apple sauce.



IN THE PUDDING CLOTH.



RICED PEACHES.

Another delicious pudding is made by putting a layer of marmalade, (which is not so much used by Americans as it should be,) in a baking dish, then a layer of thin slices of bread and butter, then more marmalade and bread and butter until the dish is three parts full. Pour over this a custard made with two eggs, two cups milk and one-fourth cup sugar. Grate a little nutmeg on top and bake until the custard is firm. Serve hot.

STALE CAKE PUDDING.

Break one pint stale cake into small pieces and pour over it one cup scalded milk and let it soak. Then add a custard made with two eggs, one cup of milk, one-fourth cup of sugar and a little nutmeg. Flavor to taste. Grate nutmeg on the top and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with jelly.

With this list of new, original and economical dishes, there is no excuse for stale monotony, or for poor living. Is there?

And now, after this long cooking lesson, you need a rest; and while you are sitting in your kitchen rocker just turn to our new department, "COMFORT'S PALMISTRY CLUB," where you will find something unique and interesting; something you cannot find duplicated anywhere else in America.

A Wonderful Discovery—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

There is good news for our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, in the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

WALTZING Quickly learned at home by Shobe's Waltz Chart. Price 50 cts. Write for particulars. SHOBES CHART CO., 197 Kinzie St., Chicago.

ODD \$'s ARE EASILY PICKED UP
Imperial Geared Mop.
It's a boon to agents, a blessing to housewives. Circular free. Imperial Mfg. Co., Cleveland, O.

Cute a Circle. No Good Kitchen complete without a Cutter. They sell at sight. AGENTS WANTED. Samples of round and square mailed for 25 cts. Sidway Mfg. Co., 32-40 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.

AGENTS! I send samples of this Chopping Knife, FREE, yes free, postpaid also other new fast selling articles just out. Immense sellers. Big pay. Write at once, a postal will do. The Rundell Mfg. Horseheads, N.Y., or Joliet, Ill.

"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT." GOOD WIFE, YOU NEED

SAPOLIO

IF YOUR HUSBAND FINDS FAULT
with your cooking, send us ten two-cent stamps for Miss Parlo's new Cook Book and make him happy.
E. B. GOODNOW & CO., Box 1687, Boston, Mass.

COFFEES, SPICES & EXTRACTS
direct from Importers to Consumers. For 18 years we have been offering Premiums to Clubs and large buyers of Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silver Ware, Table Linen, Lace Curtains, etc., all of our own importation, and bought for Cash direct from manufacturers. Our fully illustrated 150-page Catalogue will interest, and we will be pleased to mail YOU one upon receipt of your address.
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DELICATE CAKE.
Easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. We send 2 layer this by mail for 30 cts or 3 for 45 cts. Write for Circulars to Agents Wanted. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., C St., Bath, N.Y.

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A trade easily learned; costs little to start. I will furnish outfit and give work in part payment. Circulars free.
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WANTED. Male and Female, to sell our new Meat Chopper and Slicer. Entirely new; sells to every housekeeper. Also our bread, cake, and paring knife, carver, kettle, cleaver, sharpener, etc. Catalogue 6 cts. Easy to sell. Big profits.
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Pinless Clothes Line
SALESMEN to handle our celebrated Pinless Clothes Lines, the only line ever invented that will hold clothes without pins; the harder the wind blows the firmer the clothes are held on the line. Also our famous Fountain Ink Eraser, the only eraser in existence that will not deface the paper; it works like a fountain pen, erases ink and other stains instantly. These articles are a perfect success. Agents wanting exclusive territory, must secure it at once. On receipt of 50c. will mail sample of either, or sample of both for \$1. with price lists and terms. Pinless Clothes Line Co., No. 121 Hermon St. Worcester, Mass.

Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper. The Perfection of Chewing Gum and a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion. Each tablet contains one grain Beeman's pure pepsin. Send 5 cents for sample package.
THE BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO.
17 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

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This Ladies' Solid French Dongola Kid Button Boot delivered free anywhere in the U.S., on receipt of Cash, Money Order, or Postal Note, for \$1.50. Equals every way the boots sold in all retail stores for \$2.50.
We make the boot ourselves, therefore we guarantee the fit, style and wear, and if any one is not satisfied we will refund the money or send another pair. Opera, Toe or Common Sense, width C, D, E, & EE, sizes 1 to 8, and half sizes. Send your size; we will fit it.
Illustrated Catalogue FREE.
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General or local Agents \$75 Ladies or gents. Exclusive territory. The Rapid Dish Washer. Washes all the dishes for a family in one minute. Washes, rinses and dries them without wetting the hands. You push the button, the machine does the rest. Bright, polished dishes, and cheerful wives. No soiled fingers, no soiled hands or clothing. No broken dishes, no mess. Cheap, durable, warranted. Circulars free.
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SPOONS FREE!

To introduce goods quickly I make this liberal offer: I will give any lady one dozen Tea Spoons, Heavy Silver plated, latest artistic design, warranted to wear, who will dispose of 1 dozen boxes of Hawley's Corn Salve (care warranted) among friends at 25c a box. I ask no money in advance, simply send your name; I mail you save postage paid. When sold you send the money and I will mail you the 1 dozen handsome Tea Spoons. I take salve back if you can't sell. I run all the risk. Address **R.D. HAWLEY, Chemist, Berlin, Wis.**

THIS RING FREE.

It looks worth \$5.00, but retails as low as \$1.50 or \$2.00. Beautiful in design, the fashionable ring in New York for lady or gent. We want the names of well-to-do people, to whom we desire to send a sample of our great monthly paper **THE GUILD**. These names are worth 10 cents each as subscribers, and we pay for them by sending you this ring FREE. SEND US ONLY 15c. for the GUILD 4 months, also list of 15 people, and we send you at once absolutely Free this Beautiful Ring and our paper 4 months. The Agents' Guide, 122 Nassau St., New York, N.Y.

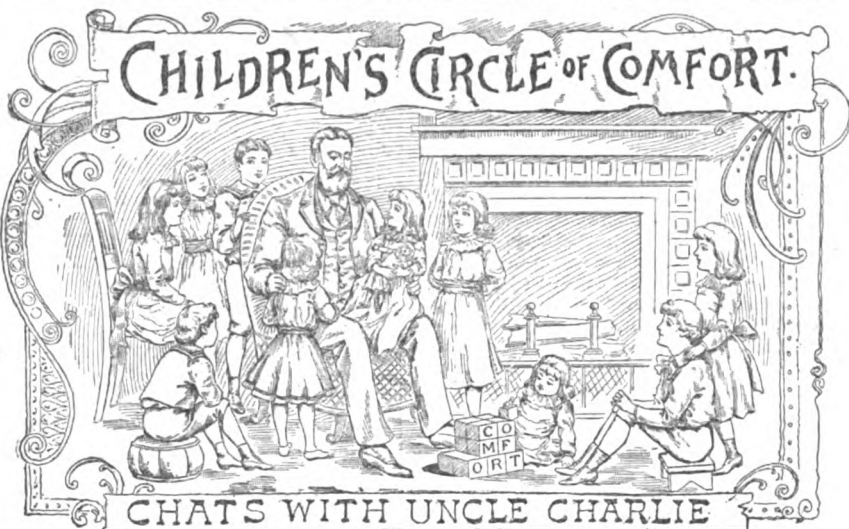
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We will send 5 Complete Stories by celebrated authors 151 Latest Comic and Sentimental Songs, Mrs. Caudy's Curtain Lectures, funniest book ever published. A Guide to Needle-work, Knitting and Crochet, and a good Cook Book, FREE to all who send 10 cents for a 4 month's trial subscription to MODERN STORIES, a large 16 page, 64 column handsomely illustrated Story Paper. Address **MODERN STORIES, 57 Warren St., New York.**

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You can now grasp a fortune. A new guide to rapid wealth, with 240 fine engravings, sent free to any person. This is a chance of a lifetime. Write at once. **Lynn & Co., 48 Bond St., New York.**

CATARRH CURED.

Look here, friend, do you suffer with Catarrh—are you constantly hawking and spitting—have you a running from the nose? If so, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the **Coryza Remedy Co., 1327 Columbus Ave., New York**, and you will receive a recipe free of charge that will cure you of this dreadful disease.

CHILDREN'S CIRCLE OF COMFORT.



CHATS WITH UNCLE CHARLIE

Copyright, 1894, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



THIS is a bonny fire-laddie, children, blowing his horn to clear the way on the crowded streets. Why does he want to clear the way? Because somewhere, a fire has broken out and there is danger of somebody's house or business block being burned to the ground. And according to the law in all cities, every other kind of team or car must keep out of the way to let the hose

carts and engines with their company of brave men, hurry to the fire and have a chance to fight it before it gets too much headway.

How many of you ever went to a fire in a big city? A great many, no doubt; and yet there are thousands of country children who haven't. And I am quite sure that very few city boys and girls could describe the entire workings of the fire department in their own town.

Let us talk about it.

You know first, that there is what is called a fire-alarm system in every large town; that is, a system of electric wires, all connecting with a central office and reaching out to every part of the city. Stations are appointed all over the town, where an office or an engine-house is opened. In the large cities these engine-houses are very fine buildings. In each station, there is an alarm and a set of instruments much like telegraph instruments, all of which connect with the bells in the engine-house, and many of the church bells. Then at the corners of certain streets or at some other convenient place, are fire-alarm boxes. These are scattered about conveniently, so that no building shall be left very far from one. They are fastened on the walls of buildings or on big lamp posts; and inside these boxes an electric bell connects by wire with the whole fire-alarm system of the city.

Now what do you do, in case a fire breaks out in your home, or your father's office? Well, the first thing to be done is to run as fast as possible to the nearest fire-alarm box. On it will usually be painted "Key will be found at so-and-so's"—which will be some place close by. The boxes have to be kept locked to keep mischievous boys from ringing them and raising a false alarm. You run and fit the key, open the box and touch the electric bell. In less time than it takes me to write it or you to read it, the little instruments in every station in the city, are clicking out the fact that there is a fire in your vicinity, and every bell in the city is ringing out the number of your fire district. Now, in a regularly equipped engine-house, the company—that is, a captain and four or six or eight or ten men—live all the time. They stay there all day and sleep there at night, except the watchmen who have to stay up and be ready should an alarm come in in the night. Their reading and sleeping rooms are up stairs. Down stairs, opening right on the street, by means of great glass doors, is one large main room where the carts, the hose, and the ladders, are kept, all ready to start at a moment's notice. At the back of this is a place for the horses, of which there are three or four and sometimes five. In the centre of the main room, the harnesses are kept suspended on hooks from the ceiling, all in place and ready to drop onto the horses at a moment's notice.

Now, suppose an alarm is run in, in one of these station houses. Do you think the men have to go into the stalls and lead the horses out? O, no; not unless they are new at the business. A well-trained horse—and every horse belonging to a fire department must be an intelligent animal—recognizes an alarm himself; for he can hear it in his stall. And no restless, wide-awake boy was ever more eager to run to a fire than many of these noble horses. At the first call of the alarm they start nervously. A man is always in attendance; he removes the bar from their stalls, and these horses rush madly to their own particular place under their harnesses—never making a mistake. Another man touches a wire and down come the harnesses on the horses' backs. In less than a minute they are buckled on and the prancing horses are ready to dash out of the doors which are being opened by another man. Meanwhile the firemen have seized their fire-proof glazed hats, and their oil-skin coats and are getting into their hose-wagons and carts, each in his own place; and in less than two minutes, often, from the time you touched off that fire-alarm, the entire force in your district, men, horses and all, are rushing towards you. It is easy enough to find a particular house, when they are once in the neighborhood; and in most instances, so perfect is their system, the fire is all out in a few minutes more. That is, if it was a small one, of course and has not gained much headway. But suppose they

go to a large building, and the fire has gained such headway that the first batch of firemen and men, cannot easily subdue it—what then? Why, then a second alarm and, sometimes, even a third is rung in, and companies from all parts of the city come tearing down to the scene of the fire. See how the horses dash along as if they understood the danger and enjoyed the excitement as much as anybody. In the little light cart which goes ahead of



PUTTING OUT THE FIRE.

the fire engine, the trumpeter blows his horn; horse-cars stop and heavy teams get out of the way while the engine, the hose-cart, the ladder wagon and all, rush madly by. Everybody on the street turns and looks and small boys run wildly after the engine; for there is something in human nature that makes everyone interested in a fire.

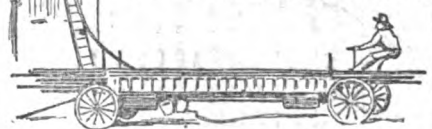
In a few minutes the brave laddies with their hose and ladders are at the fire. They connect the hose with the hydrants, which in their turn connect with the water pipes of the city or town, and in a few minutes they have several streams of water pouring into the thickest of the flames. And let me tell you, it takes brave men to do these things. For some of them must mount the burning building and risk their lives on the roofs. There is a long ladder cart which is pushed up, and the ladders are placed against the burning walls. Up these the fire-laddies hurry. They crawl into smoke-crowded rooms and rescue people who would otherwise perish in the flames, and they climb on the top of buildings and often work there fighting fire until their clothing, their beards, their very faces are singed with the hissing flames. Sometimes they stay there a minute too



FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

long, and then they disappear in the falling, blazing ruins; and afterwards a few charred bones is all that is found of them. Indeed they are brave fellows, these fire-laddies; and many a man's tale can be told of the lives they have saved, of the brave deeds they have done, of the sacrifices they make for others. Hardly a winter passes but what some brave fireman loses his life in trying to save the lives and property of others.

There are lots of interesting stories told about the horses. As I told you, they are very intelligent and well-trained. There was one horse on the New York force in particular, who seemed to know everything. "Old Ben," said one of the men who worked with him, "was the best horse I have ever seen. Why, his intelligence was not almost, but really, human. He knew as much as any man, and more than many I have seen. With all this he was a worker. Horses in general can only be worked in one place when in the fire service. That is to say, a horse that is used to being driven on



SCALING THE WALL.

the left side of a team will not work well on the right, and vice versa, and a horse used to the engine will not be any good on the tender. But with old Ben it made no difference. Any day we wished to change him we would simply take him over to the vehicle he was to draw and, put him between the shafts for a moment. That settled it. Back he would go to his stall, but the moment an alarm sounded, swish! away, would go Old Ben to his new place, as surely as

if he had practiced it twenty years. Sometimes we would get mixed up ourselves and try to get Ben away from his assigned place, but it was no use. He had his orders from the foreman and always executed them in spite of all our protests. We would try to drive him by the shafts assigned to him, we would hoot at him, pull at him, yank him. But that was all the good it did us. The old fellow knew his business and only replied by laying his ears back and shaking his head."

An interesting story is told too about another fire-horse named Jerry, who had been sold to a farmer in his old age. His owner was using him to draw a milk wagon. One day he left him with a load of full milk cans outside a house. Suddenly a fire-company came down the street at full speed. Jerry recognized the sound of the bell, and started out in full pursuit. The owner soon succeeded in tracing his horse to the fire, and found him there with a ruined remnant of wagon but not a single can. You see poor old Jerry was just as crazy over a fire as you would be, boys.

Now before I close, I want to call your attention to the new department which will be devoted to COMFORT'S Palmistry Club. Don't you know what palmistry is? Well, read that, and see.

UNCLE CHARLIE.

A Pennsylvania man with a shock of brilliant auburn hair rejoices in the real name of Mr. Redhead.

Owing to the Great Demand for Dolls and Other Indestructible Goods of this Nature, we here illustrate a Dozen Special Low Priced Premiums for Trial Subscribers to COMFORT.

Girl Jointed & Boy Doll with Suit, Free.

Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit down, bend over, stand on their heads, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions, either when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cut, just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long, weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and, being jointed, can be placed in any natural position. The **Dressed Boy Doll**, made in same manner, not jointed, but with fancy suit of clothes to match, consisting of pretty cutaway coat, fancy shirt blouse waist, and a fine pair of pants, so you can dress and undress. It is a wonderful bargain, and just out. They will last for years. Are more life-like than anything ever gotten out before. Best of all, they are sold cheap, as you can fill with bran, sawdust, or cotton, and easily sew them up. We will mail one boy or girl, all charges paid, if you send 12c. now for a three months' subscription to **COMFORT**, the **Prize Story Magazine**, with the largest circulation of any monthly in the world; or send 15c., and we also include a cute little Pug Dog pup; boy and suit, girl and pug, all for 25c. Over a million of the articles will be sold the next few months, and we give you the chance to get samples early and make money taking orders. Boys and girls assorted, 5 for 50c. Order a dozen and 4 pugs for one dollar. Just the thing for church fairs and the like. One sent sold one thousand. Address "COMFORT," Box 268 Augusta, Me.



This shaggy fellow is called "Tatters" and is a fine large animal same price as Pug, 12c. each.



Red Riding Hood is about same size and comes same price as "Piccaninny" and every little girl wants one at 12c. each.



The Large Pug Dog is called "Bow Wow." Costs the same as Dolls, 12c. each, postpaid.

Indestructible Stuffed Toys, Free!

We will send, postpaid, one Doll, one Cat, four Kittens, one Globe, and one Elephant, to any one sending fifty cents for two years' subscription to **COMFORT**, which is full of Prize Stories, and has the largest circulation of any monthly in the world. These 8 wonderful, attractive articles and fast-selling goods have been so well advertised, and our illustration is so complete, that further description would seem needless. The Dolls are eighteen inches full life size. Elephants and Globes as large as can be conveniently handled. Millions of these goods have been sold the past few months from house to house, at Church Fairs, etc.; and agents just the thing for the very young children. With arms and legs to pull without injuring it in the least. It is an appropriate and lasting souvenir of this three months' trial subscription to **COMFORT**, Columbian year and just fifteen cents each. The price is the same as other large Stuffed Dolls. They all come in bright Lithograph colors, heavy goods, and are a great success of the World's Fair year. A child to Dolls and toys we advertise 12 cents each including 3 months' subscription to **COMFORT**; or \$1.00 per dozen, postpaid. **Prizes given to those who sell the most this season.** Address **COMFORT**, Box 412, Augusta, Maine.



"PITTI-SING."

THIS sweet little Japanese girl is one of the latest and daintiest subjects that we offer. Her charming oddity is enough in itself to give her a hearty welcome in every family where there are children. The price is cheaper than the large Stuffed Dolls and toys we advertise 12 cents for 4 including a 3 months' subscription to **COMFORT**; or \$1.00 per dozen, postpaid.

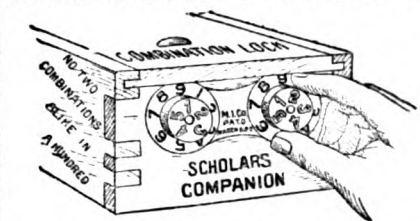
Columbian "Sailor Boy."

THIS Columbian Doll is just the thing for the very young children. With arms and legs to pull without injuring it in the least. It is an appropriate and lasting souvenir of this three months' trial subscription to **COMFORT**, Columbian year and just fifteen cents each. The price is the same as other large Stuffed Dolls. They all come in bright Lithograph colors, heavy goods, and are a great success of the World's Fair year. A child to Dolls and toys we advertise 12 cents each including 3 months' subscription to **COMFORT**; or \$1.00 per dozen, postpaid.



Owing to the great demand for these stuffed goods every month in the year, all the year round, we advise every one who has been thrown out of employment to order at least an assorted dozen to start with, and canvass for their sale at once. When selling the goods agents get 15c. each, the regular retail price, including a 3 months' subscription to **COMFORT**, and we furnish them for \$1.00 per dozen, postage or express paid, or \$3.50 for fifty, or \$6.00 per hundred, express not paid. More money is being made from the sale of these goods by active home workers than from anything ever placed on the market. Address, **COMFORT**, Box 268, Augusta, Maine.

MAGIC SCHOLAR'S COMPANION.



This Combination secures its contents by means of a Real Combination Lock, similar to those in use on burglar and fire proof safes, and yet so simple that any child knowing the proper combination can readily operate it, but one scholar cannot open another's companion, as hundreds are made without any two combinations being alike. The combination is handsomely finished in ash and cherry (either cherry body and ash lid or ash body and cherry lid), has dovetailed corners, and is divided into neat compartments for pencils, pens, chalk, sponge &c. This is an article prized by every little scholar who owns one, and as its neat appearance commends it to the use of every child, none should be without it. Given free as a premium for two yearly subscribers to "COMFORT" at 25 cents each, or sent postpaid on receipt of 17 cents; one dozen by express, \$1.25. They are fast sellers. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.



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Published Monthly by

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Boston Office, Hancock Build'g. New York Office, Tribune Build'g.

A happy New Year and Comfort for all!

January is named for the heathen deity—
Janus.

The lucky stone for January is the garnet
which is said to bring constancy and fidelity.

The publishers ask as a special favor of their
readers that in answering any advertisement
appearing in this paper, they will mention the
fact that they saw it in COMFORT.

According to England's foremost astrologer,
the lucky days for January are the 1st, 2nd, 5th,
6th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 19th, 20th and
31st. The unlucky ones are the 3rd, 9th, 14th,
18th, 21st, 23rd, 26th, 27th and 30th. The other
are of minor importance or are under mixed in-
fluences. The same authority predicts many
sudden deaths, much sickness and severe epi-
demics. He says the latter part of the month
will witness some disaster in a public place
either in this country or in Europe.

There is an old song to the effect that "Uncle
Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm."
When the song was written, doubtless this was
true; but is it, now? Hardly. With the dis-
posal of the Cherokee strip last fall when
thousands of frenzied beings rushed madly for
free land, and several people were killed in the
crush, Uncle Sam gave away his last farm, and
it is argued by many that this is a good thing,
and that a new era of prosperity is now to
dawn. In less than forty years, since the close
of the war nearly 100,000,000 acres of virgin land
have been brought under cultivation. This
fact alone would account for much of the de-
pression in value of farm products. The rest
of the whole habitable globe in the same period
only increased its cultivated acreage by 14,000-
000 acres. Other causes, such as excessive rail-
road charges, uncertainty about the nation's
finances, foolish legislation and excessive im-
migration of foreign pauper labor have justly
caused the farmer to believe that his lot was
not a happy one. But as time goes on the intelli-
gent farmer will have a much better chance
than he has had for a few years. Banks may
fail, commerce may decline, and navigation
come to a stand-still; but the nation cannot
fall so long as the farming population of the
United States is what it is, and the country is
covered with fertile farms from one side to the
other. "The farmer feeds us all," and there is
no going back of the returns.

January has rolled around again on the wheel
of time and begins another new year. How
many who were with us—beloved ones, famous
ones, and seemingly indispensable ones to the
world's progress—have disappeared from the
arena of life since last January! How many of
us will remain next January? And who of us
will have to go? And yet, our motto should al-
ways be, "Look forward and not back." Let us
make the most of life while we have it—not by
getting all the pleasure out of it that we can,
regardless of the rights of others, but by living
a right life and by doing good. We have many
blessings to be thankful for; and the greatest
of all, often unappreciated until it is lost, is
health. While it is claimed that the average
duration of life has increased of late years,
fewer people live to old age now than was the
case forty years ago. More men live to be forty
years old, but not so many live to see sixty-five
and beyond. Science has helped the young,
but apparently has done nothing for the old.
The real causes of this greater mortality among
the old are, doubtless, the greater strain im-
posed by the conditions of modern life which
consume the vitality earlier than formerly, the
lack of exercise on account of the greater
facilities for getting about, improper diet and
use of stimulants, and the larger percentage of
people who live in cities. Every man cannot
be a Gladstone and live to direct a great
nation's destinies when he is past eighty-four
years, but a proper attention to the laws of
health will carry an increasing number of men
past the age of sixty-five, and enable them to
enrich modern life with the fruits of their ripe
experience. So that now, as always, the famous
motto of old "Rip Van Winkle" is a wish ap-
propriate to the new year—"May you live long
and prosper."

We desire to call attention to the last page of

our present number, where will be found a new
department, which has no equal anywhere; as
a unique, interesting and practical subject it
cannot be gainsaid, and COMFORT's Palmistry
Club will cover a field that has never yet been
intelligently occupied. In these days of enter-
prising journalism, publishers are everywhere
looking out for something novel, fresh and un-
hackneyed to bring to their readers. After
long search COMFORT has secured the services
of an expert whose research into palmistry—a
subject too often given over to charlatans and
bogus fortune-tellers—gives him the ability to
present it in a simple, interesting and sci-
entific fashion. The good results of a knowledge
of palmistry, its use in averting errors of
judgment, and its assistance in choosing a
vocation for life, will all be dwelt upon in such
a way that members of this novel club will be
not only enlightened but astonished, not only
pleased but benefitted, by the new views of
this old subject. And in the near future we
shall be able to give our six million readers the
benefit of a plan by which they may, each and
every one of them, know what is written in
their own individual palms, and what bearing
it may have upon their several and individual
lives.

On the fourth of last month the greatest
scientist of the age, Prof. John Tyndall of Eng-
land died at the age of 73. He was another ex-
ample of the self-made man—and the making
of such a man is more difficult there than here.
He was born in Ireland in 1820, and began work
for himself as civil engineer in the Irish and
English ordinance surveys, and with this work
he was connected from 1839 to 1844. Then he
was a railway engineer for three years, and so
it was not until 1847, when he was 27 years old,
that he really found himself in a position to
study according to his own bent. A simple
record of his achievements would more than
fill this paper. Suffice it to say that he worked
and studied in his field of science until he was
one of the greatest prophets and advocates
living, of the theory of evolution as an explana-
tion of the development of species; he was of
the fellowship of Darwin, Spencer and Huxley,
and was associated with Huxley in many of his
most valuable investigations. Last year he de-
livered a course of lectures in this country, for
which he received the sum of \$22,000. This he
unselfishly devoted to the founding of scholar-
ships in science in Harvard, Columbia and the
University of Pennsylvania, "in aid of students
who devote themselves to original research." Such
a man is a loss to the world; he leaves a
name which will be remembered for many
years to come.

One sad thing, however, is connected with
his death. The coroner's inquest showed that
he died from an over-dose of chloral given him
by his wife under the impression that it was
magnesia. And his remark when he discovered
the mistake "You have killed your John," is
one that will embitter this poor wife's life un-
til her dying day. Doubtless he regretted the
thoughtless remark in the brief hour that re-
mained to him. And here lies the lesson for us
all to remember. This fault, of making hasty
and ill-judged remarks to those nearest and
dearest to us, is not peculiar to husbands alone.
How many of us have said things in the heat of
anger, or under a sudden impulse, that we
would have given years of our lives, afterwards,
to recall? Would we part from any member of
our family with a gruff manner and a cross
word in the morning, if we knew that never
again should we see them alive? Would we
ever "let the sun go down on our wrath" if we
stopped to think that the sunrise might bring
forth sorrow and bereavement? We can never
know. And the best way, perhaps the only
way, to save ourselves from life-long regret
for hastily spoken words—is never to speak
hastily.

BABY ROGER.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

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N a slight elevation near the bustling
and beautiful city of Providence in
Rhode Island, stands a little old-fash-
ioned red cottage, just exactly as it
stood more than a
hundred years ago. To
the thousands of
young people who
see it every year,
it is nothing but an
odd, quaint little structure, hardly worth a
second glance. But to the crowds of older people it
brings up sacred memories of youth, the country
farm house and the little red school-house that
used to stand at the cross-roads. While its beau-
tiful surroundings have more interest to the
present generation, this old-time cottage has a
history of its own; for it marks the spot where
the Williams family have lived for many gen-
erations. Away back in old Puritan days, a
certain Roger Williams came over from Europe
to find the same religious freedom that the
other colonists had found. But alas! he did
not believe exactly, in all particulars, as the
Puritans did; and with the rigorous intoler-
ance they had come away themselves from
England to escape, the pilgrim fathers intimat-
ed to him that his room would be decidedly
preferable to his company. Roger Williams
then went south and settled in Rhode Island.
The little red farm-house of which we have
spoken, was the homestead for a hundred and
fifty years, more or less, of the Williams fam-
ily—and was doubtless, when first constructed,

considered quite a mansion. The windows—
with small square panes—were imported from
England long before glass was made in this
country; so it will be seen that this was quite a
luxurious abode. Its interest to the present
generation, however, lies principally in the
fact that here was born, within the last cen-
tury, Miss Betsey Williams, the last heir to the
historic place; here she lived a long and useful
life, never having gone aboard a steamboat or a
railway car, or travelling twenty miles from her
home; and here she died. But when her list of
days was full, and she was about to leave this
world, she made a handsome gift to her native
city—nothing more or less than the entire
Roger Williams farm of 104 acres, with the one
condition that it should always be used as a
public park for the people. She was as quaint
and old-fashioned, herself, as the little red
house where she lived; but her sympathies
were broad and her heart in the right place.
And by her benefaction will she ever be remem-
bered by the city that grew up and flourished
around her. The city of Providence accepted
the gift and named the place Williams Park,
which they point to now with justifiable pride;
and they have spared no expense to make the
spot all that a public park should be. Indeed
there is perhaps no more beautiful park in the
country, although there are larger ones, than
the Roger Williams Park of Providence.

The city bought, among other things, a large
collection of fine animals from Carl Hagenbeck,
the German tamer about whom all COMFORT
readers will remember to have read in these
columns last summer; and whose famous show
on the Midway Plaisance all visitors to the
World's Fair will have seen. The menagerie
which they have formed contains some of the
finest animals in captivity. A California man
has recently donated \$50,000 worth of stuffed
birds, also; but the park lacked one thing which
the children wanted, and that was an elephant.
Children, you know, always consider an ele-
phant the most important feature of a menag-
erie.

Now what did these Providence children do
about it?

Well, instead of sitting by and wishing the
city council would raise money enough to buy
an elephant, they bought one themselves. That
is, they started private subscriptions in all the
schools and each child brought what he or she
could afford. Some brought a penny, some five
cents, some a dime and some a dollar. And in
an incredibly short time they were able to, and
did, buy a young elephant from a Mr. Cole in
Liverpool, England, and had him brought over
to Providence. He is called Baby Roger, and is
growing and flourishing finely; and all the
children now take a proprietary interest in
him, because they all paid in something towards
the \$1,500, it took to buy him. So, though they may
properly be said to have an elephant on their
hands, they have got what they wanted, and are
happy.

The fact that they did raise this purchase
money, however, points a moral as well as
adorns a tale. Only think how much the chil-
dren of our country can accomplish, and what a
mighty force they are when they once combine.
In large cities, in States, and even in smaller
towns they might unite and form a library, or
raise a monument to some great and good pub-
lic man. It is the old story of co-operation,
which can work wonders. "A long pull, a
strong pull, and a pull altogether," children,
and you can accomplish anything you under-
take.

NELL'S MISTAKE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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ORTY-FIVE minutes
late." Ben Pooshaw, the
man who querulously
uttered these words,
was a fat, red-faced,
middle-aged, locomot-
ive engineer, who had
entered the service of
the W. V. R. R. as fire-
man and, by his indus-
try and good habits,
was assigned to one of
the most responsible
runs in the service.

Ben, in the main, was a jovial fellow but, hav-
ing lost time on his run, did not feel in the
best of humor.

He had, however, a panacea for all his ills.

Unlike the Jolly Jack tar, Ben did not have a
wife in every port; he had become severely
smitten with his landlady's daughter; a slender
winsome belle of twenty-nine summers.
He was engaged to Nell and the wedding-day
was set.

After eating his supper, Ben sauntered up
town, and entered the store of a village mer-
chant. The rear of the building was parti-
tioned off for storing boxes, barrels, etc., and
it was here that engineers and shopmen gath-
ered to discuss the news of the day, and pass
an idle hour. Therefore, it was not long be-
fore Ben began explaining the cause of delay to
his train.

"You see," (one thing he did not see, and that
was Nell as she entered the store to buy some
molasses for the morning pan-cakes) "she com-
menced foaming and blowing; I didn't know
what had got into her. Generally speaking, the
old gal's all right, but of late, she's been acting
quite cranky."

Nell pricked up her ears instantly and be-
came a very attentive listener; for she readily
recognized Ben's voice and thought she was
the subject of his conversation.

"I tried my best to adjust her," Ben con-
tinued, "but she thumped and pounded and

her lost motion, owing to about thirty years'
service, didn't help matters any. Finally I
got on my knees and commenced oiling her up
some; thinking, you know, I'd humor her a
little. When I got up I'll be gosh darned if the
rocker-arm wasn't broke."

"Wretch," exclaimed Nell under her breath,
and almost stifling with rage; "who would be-
lieve that Ben Pooshaw would talk of me be-
fore a lot of men in this fashion? I know the
rocker-arm broke one time when Ben was hug-
ging me awful tight, but to think the fool
would go and tell of it; I could scratch him."

Ben, unmindful of the bomb which was liable
at any time, to be hurled at his unoffending
head, went on: "Then the darned critter got on
the dead centre and there I was. Well, says I,
I'll fix you; so I got down and tried to pinch
her along a little."

This was the last straw. In founced Nell,
her whole being hot with emotion, and fairly
screamed: "You pinched me, did you? you
pinched me? you brute; take your ring, and I
only wish I had the worth of the paltry thing
in pennies that I might fling them one by one
at your head."

Having discharged this volley at the aston-
ished Ben, she turned on her heel, swept out of
the store and disappeared in the direction of
her home.

It took poor Ben some little time to know
just exactly "where he was at," and the rest of
the night was devoted to "adjusting" matters
with Nell. When she fairly understood the
situation, she was overcome with remorse. She
begged Ben to take her back and forget the
past; which he manfully did, telling her that,
in future, it was always better to be sure than
sorry.

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A Lioness for Breakfast! A Zebra for Dinner!!

"A small herd of zebras was quietly feeding on a plain, all unconscious of the stealthy approach of several lions, which were creeping towards them in regular order, under cover of a dense reed thicket. So quietly did the lions make their advance that their progress was unnoticed even by the zebra-sentinel. The lions crept on, until they reached the thicket, when the sentinel took the alarm. It was too late—with a single bound, the leading lion sprang over the reeds, felled one of the zebras, and set the others scampering so as to fall an easy prey to his companions."

"Early one morning, one of our herdsmen announced that a lion was devouring a lioness, only her skull, the larger bones, and the skin were left. On examining the ground more closely, the fresh remains of a young spring-bok were also discovered. We therefore conjectured that the lion and lioness, being very hungry, and the antelope not proving a sufficient meal for both, had quarrelled; and he, after killing his wife, had coolly eaten her also."

This is from page 136. Every one of the book's 500 illustrations is by an eminent artist, and the facts contained on every one of its 800 pages would be cheap at one dollar each, having cost more than a hundred times that sum.

A Giant Among Giants! 125 Feet Long!!

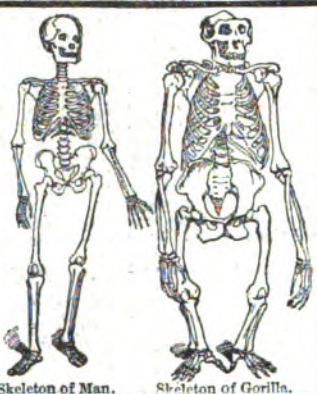
The huge Rorqual, says this most wonderful of all books on page 528, roams the Arctic seas at will, being seldom molested by the hunters, and scarcely ever captured. The bulk of this animal is greater than that of any other whale, some specimens reaching a length of 125 feet. It is sometimes mistaken for the Greenland Whale and harpooned, but it is seldom killed. On one occasion the Rorqual started off in a direct line and at such a speed that the men lost their presence of mind and forgot to cut the rope that connected the whale with the boat. Making directly for a neighboring ice-field, the Rorqual shot under it and drew the boat with all its crew beneath the ice, where they disappeared forever from the gaze of mankind.

On its 800 large, closely printed pages the book recounts hundreds and hundreds of thrilling adventures with and hair-breadth escapes from marine monsters and beasts of the forest of every kind and every land. Although several days and nights are required to read it through at one sitting, no one who once takes it up wishes to lay it down until it is finished. And all—young and old—want to refer to it again and again for knowledge and entertainment.

The picture of the attractive gentleman holding the above book is copied from this wonderful work, and is, according to Prof. Darwin, the likeness of one of your ancestors.

Are you descended from a monkey? Whether or not you believe in the theory of evolution, you can doubtless select people from among your acquaintances who would seem to you to be descended either from a monkey or that more domestic animal popularly known as the mule. Before you decide this question of heredity, however, you should read about the entire monkey race in this book, which is the best authority in the world on this subject. There are all hundred varieties of monkeys, all as different from each other as the penguin is different from the South Sea Islander, or the citizen of New York from the wild Hottentot. As Horace Greeley used to say, "This is mighty interesting reading." There are stories both comical and pathetic of the remarkable intelligence of the monkey tribe. There are descriptions of bald-headed long-haired monkeys, long-tailed monkeys, and no-tailed monkeys; monkeys as big as a man and monkeys no bigger than a kitten. And there are hundreds of interesting and instructive tales of other animals besides monkeys.

So, whether or not your remote great-grandfather was a monkey, you should not neglect this opportunity to decide for yourself. Why pay out your money to take the whole family to the circus when you can have a menagerie of the whole world's animals at home? Most large cities have Zoological Gardens where wild beasts may be seen, or their exhibitions of wild animals or winter circuses. In the summer the country is travelled over by menageries which it costs a family several dollars to see. With this marvellous book every one can study the habits and look at the life-like pictures of all the animals in the world, at any time and at no expense. While as a guide to those



visiting the Zoological Gardens or Circus it is invaluable. The countless anecdotes which it contains will make merry many a long winter evening, and the hundreds of pages of thrilling adventures which those daring people who traverse mountain and morass, jungle and desert, to learn the habits of the animal kingdom undergo, will furnish true, heartfelt enjoyment to every member of the family—young and old.

As the book contains full descriptions of all domestic animals, also, with treatment and cures for their diseases, no farmer should be without it, and as the list embraces everything, from the gnat to the giraffe, the bat to the bear, the mouse to the mastodon, the coyote to the cactus, no boy, no hunter, no student—in fact, nobody should neglect this grandest of all offers.

So thrilling and exciting are many of these adventures as to equal the wildest tales of the tropics, or the most blood-curdling ghost story; and yet they are all true, being the transcripts of personal experiences of noted travellers. Not only are they of sufficient importance to amuse and instruct the young, but they will absorb the attention and pass away many a dull hour for the old and world-worn reader; while every teacher in the land should provide herself or himself with the means of allaying that eager thirst for information which characterizes all young and restless minds. As a supplementary reader for schools, nothing could excel Wood's Natural History; because, in the first place, it will so absorb the attention of every scholar as to keep him interested in his work; and, in the second place, it is so instructive as to be well-nigh indispensable. And this is why every teacher and every scholar in the land should avail themselves of this unparalleled offer.

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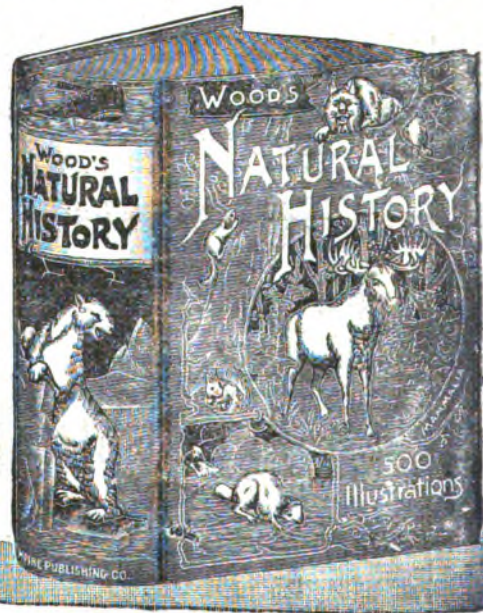
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O many people no room, no corner of a room," writes Edith H. Wheeler of Boston, Mass., "is so attractive as that where rows of books turn their backs on the visitors. I will disclose the secret of a very ornamental book case that stands in my own sitting-room. The foundation was a shallow boot-box, three feet long, with three boards nailed in at convenient distances for shelves, leaving room for the largest books at the bottom. Over this rough looking affair I tacked neatly a cover of the double-faced canton flannel, with the dark olive side out, letting the goods run back several inches from the edge on the inside of the case, and on the upper and lower sides of the shelves. All this secured with the tiniest tacks, I finished the edges with brass-headed furniture tacks and fastened across the front an inexpensive brass rod for my curtains, which were also of the canton flannel, the bright side serving as lining and turned up on the right side at the bottom in a border eight inches deep. With a cost of very little more than my time, I had a piece of furniture preferable to any oak or cherry case of five times its cost, which I have used steadily for eight years without its showing any signs of fading or wearing out. I know, also, of another after my model, covered with maroon felt, and trimmed with a cut fringe of the felt on the edge of each shelf. Though many people have utilized the illustrations of papers and magazines for decorating their 'living-room,' few arrangements are as interesting as that of a young friend of mine, who has made the frieze around her room of centre pictures from 'Life,' drawn by the celebrated illustrator Gibson, whose style she particularly admires. Her example might suggest a host of other collections, as varied as individual tastes. Another useful disposition of such pictures is to paste them over the holes which the best-meaning person in the world cannot avoid making in a Japanese screen, and the greater the damage, the more interesting will your screen prove to the callers who would never give a second glance to the regulation article with silken panels. Indeed you might make it from the beginning, by pasting manilla wrapping paper over the common pine frame, and putting your pictures on that foundation. There is no end to the things that a deft-fingered woman can make, with a little practice with tools. For instance, a tea-table graces a friend's reception room, which no one suspects was the work of a girl. It is on the plan of the book-case illustrated in the July COMFORT. Four wooden rods to form foundations of the legs must be the right size to just fit inside a silk spool, and should be picked out by some experienced person who can tell when the wood is so seasoned as not warp. I recommend silk spoils, because the indentation is so slight that, when glued together they produce an effect not unlike bamboo. String the spoils on your rods and glue them until you have reached the distance from the floor at which you want to place a shelf, generally eight inches. Any smooth board, one-half inch to one inch thick will answer for this, with a hole in each corner just large enough to let the rods through. The shelf will, of course, determine the size of your table, and you must have a board exactly like it for the top. Glue the shelf to the spoils on which it rests, and continue to fasten on spoils until you are ready for your table top. A very pretty finish is to let each rod project far enough above the top to pass through a twist spool of the smallest size; then cutting it off even with the spool, sandpaper the whole quite smooth. Ebony stain was used with fine effect on the original of my description, but any other stain or enamel paint may be substituted.

"Perhaps some of the Busy Bees are girls like myself, with a desire to have their rooms at school or at home 'like other people's' at small expense. Even the older ladies may not object to hearing, or scorn to put into practice, some of the ingenious contrivances with which the college girl can make shift when at the end of her allowance or perhaps, with no other allowance than bright wits and nimble fingers. I have never seen or heard of any ideas like these in print, and as all have been used by myself or friends there is no question as to their practicability.

"In the first place a great bed is always an embarrassing object in a small room where you receive company. If you have a cot there is no difficulty in transforming it into a Turkish couch by a plain drapery of any material, from art muslin to silk, or, if you have a little extra time, by a more elaborate cover just fitting the cot with a generous flatter reaching to the floor all around. For the latter purpose art muslin is too thin unless lined, which may be done with book-muslin, or any cheap white cotton goods. I knew a Scotch girl who rejoiced in a dark blue cover, woven with a pattern of native thistles in white. But another equally effective couch was draped with the ever-serviceable 'blue denim,' with a deep border of scroll-work in coarse white linen floss; while a pillow to match was decorated with a huge spider web and captive fly, and finished around the edge with a heavy white cotton cord or rope. Chenille portieres in soft blue and brown with light borders are popular among college girls, but the double-faced canton flannel, which comes in handsome patterns, olive on one side and gayer colors on the other, is the most elegant and satisfactory thing to be obtained for a small price. Then pile on your sofa pillows in as cosy a fashion as possible and if you have no abundance of the regulation 'down' squares, you will find your ordinary pillows just as picturesque and more substantial, if you will button them, pillow case and all, into a pretty plain or ruffled cover of any fancy goods. For real comfort, the balsam pillow is too cold and slippery, though a small one in among the rest gives a pleasing fragrance to the atmosphere about the lounge. Even if you have to cope with a real bedstead, you can prevent it from being the most conspicuous object in the apartment by abstaining from those 'snowy draperies' so charming in a sleeping-room solely. Let your dark cover come over the foot-board and down to the floor. You can drape the head-board with a scarf or cover it with pictures stuck behind tightly drawn ribbons.

A desk is considered as necessary a piece of furniture in a college-girl's room as a bureau. To only a few did I confide that mine was an old-fashioned wash-stand, discovered in the attic, and begged from the owner with promises of great care for the precious heir-loom. It was of light varnished wood with dark trimmings, a shelf beneath which held a row of books and my russla-leather writing desk, while the drawer was filled with stationery. Neither did I disclose that it was half of an old red china sash which, tacked firmly to the open frame at the back (originally intended to hold a splasher,) furnished such a fine background for half a dozen photographs, while the other half supplied a scarf for the top. The fringed ends draped at the same side made a fine bit of color, and harmonized with the decorations of my capacious waste-basket, which was nothing more than a clean peach-basket with red and pale green ribbons woven in and out through the slats. The tone of the room had been determined at first sight by the red and green carpet, for which I was not responsible, but its cheery appearance in winter quite satisfied me with the predominance of red, which 'Helen Hunt' has so strongly recommended. I suppose everyone knows the possibility of transforming a trunk or shoe-box into a window-seat, by a cushioned cover, but few realize the convenience in limited quarters of a box low enough to slide under the bed and covered to keep out the dust. Some of the college girls use them for 'preserve closets,' but they are useful for anything, from hats or gowns to shoes—if you haven't a big cretonne or ticking shoe-pocket on the inside of your closet door, like mine, which has six small pockets, and a big one at the top where I stow my unmended stockings."

While we are talking about what may be done with old boxes, let us listen to what this Bee has to offer concerning them.

"If it is new ideas concerning articles of solid comfort that the Busy Bees wish to hear of, I think I can describe something they will see to be useful as well as ornamental. It fell to our lot once to board where we had but one narrow closet; so we found it quite necessary to invent some place in which to put those things that cannot find a place elsewhere in a room, no matter how large it is. Necessity being the mother of invention, I turned my attention to this, and soon had an idea. I went to a furni-



A WASH-STAND DESK.

ture store and bought a second-hand two-story safe. It was divided into two parts, a little below the centre, by two small drawers. The top part I used for dishes and the lower part as a cupboard, both being furnished with shelves, and having doors. This cost me about \$4.50. Then I bought a brass rod and rings at 35 cents. Two and one-half yards silkoline at ten cents per yard, two cans of black enamel paint at 25 cents per can and a brush for 15 cents. I took the top doors off, hinges and all, and applied my paint to the safe, giving it two coats overall except the back, which needed none, and the panels in the lower doors. While this was drying, (and it took only a few minutes) I made two curtains of the silkoline, but before I put them up traced lines of gold across the small drawers and over the top of upper portion of safe. This added quite a good deal to its appearance. Then I got out my box of oil colors and decorated the panels in the lower doors. On one I painted a milk-maid coming across a meadow with a brown jug, and on the other a group of baby chickens in the grass reaching for a worm. I put a few extra touches on my work for I was long-sighted and knew that we would want a book-case when we got into our own home and would probably be short of funds about that time; and when we moved into our own home and no longer needed to use it as a wardrobe and general catch-all, we stood it in the hall and filled its shelves with books, while the lower part was exactly the place for magazines, pamphlets, etc. Many an admiring glance was cast upon my book-case that it could not have merited had it been a cheap bought article.

"Another convenient article to have in a bedroom is a soiled clothes or laundry box. Get a box about two feet square and have a stout cover fastened to the top with small hinges. Line the box with calico, or good thick paper. Cover the outside with chintz, cretonne or bur-lap outlined with white, tacking it smoothly on with brass tacks. Before covering the lid, pad it, using three or four thicknesses of an old comforter or an old pillow or cushion. Over this fasten the cretonne finishing the edges with a fringe if desired, and the brass tacks.



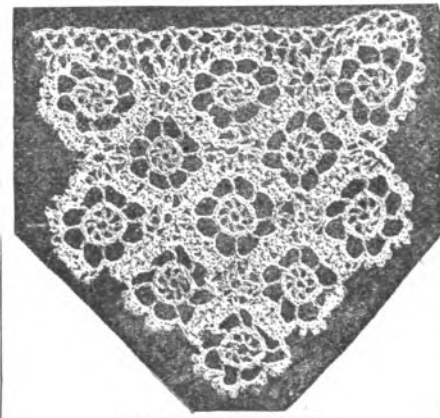
LAUNDRY BOX.

Inside the cover tack a large pocket of the cretonne, to be used for such small articles as ties, handkerchiefs, laces, etc. This is an inexpensive as well as convenient and useful 'comfort.' Mrs. Carrie Bradley, Little Rock, Ark.

Some of the Bees having sent in requests for crochet patterns, I am glad to offer this rose lace, furnished by Mrs. A. A. Kennelly, Houston, Texas.

"The lace is made of rosettes and joined together as you make them, filling the inter-

stices with stars. For each rosette make a foundation of 6 chain and close with slip stitch. First round: five chain, work 7 double crochet, separated by 2 chains around the loop, and slip stitch at third stitch of 5 chain. Second round: a single crochet on every stitch in last round and slip stitch in first single crochet. Third round: ten chain, one double crochet on every third stitch separated by 7 chain; then 7 chain and slip stitch in third of 10 chain at beginning. Fourth round: around every 7 chain work two single crochet, 4 chain, 2 single crochet, 4 chain, 2 single crochet, 4 chain, 2 single crochet, which forms a picot. This completes the rosette. Work the rest in the same manner, connecting as seen in design. For the



CROCHETED ROSE LACE.

stars in the interstices make 7 chain, join with slip stitch, chain 3, fasten with slip stitch in one of the picots; in the space made by joining 4 rosettes, chain 3, one single crochet in loop, chain 3, slip a stitch between where the picots of two rosettes are joined, chain 3, single crochet in loop and so on until you have 8 points; close with slip stitch on first single crochet. Having joined rosettes enough for the lace, make a heading as follows. 1st row. One double crochet in first picot of rosette, 2 chain, 1 single crochet; in each of the next picots chain 2, one single crochet in each of the next 3 picots, 2 chain, one double crochet in next picot, one double crochet in each 3 points of star separated by 2 chain, 2 chain, 1 double crochet in next picot, and so continue until end of lace. Second row: Put the thread twice around the hook, insert in a stitch; thread over hook draw through, making 4 stitches on hook; thread over hook, skip two stitches of foundation insert hook in third stitch; draw thread through, thread over, draw through 2 stitches, thread over, draw through 2, thread over draw through remaining stitches on hook, chain 2, 1 double into centre of cross treble; repeat from beginning."

As this is an uncommonly pretty pattern, and not at all complicated, I hope many of you will try it and that it will help fill up, pleasantly, the long winter evenings. There are, however, several other good things in my work-basket.

Mrs. Ida E. Clark, Clinton, N. Y., sends several practical ideas, among which is a clippings basket.

"Procure a small wooden box, length twice the width, having a cover that turns backward. Cover the outside and the top of the cover by fastening blue velvet on with mullage. Divide the inside of the box into two equal parts by fitting in tightly pieces of wood the height of the box. These must be covered with blue silk. Line the box and cover with blue silk; paint or embroider a pretty flower for the top with the inscription 'Gems from many minds' or something pleasing to the fancy. This is a pretty ornament as well as a convenient place for clippings from newspapers, poetry and other articles one desires to preserve. A slipper case for a gentleman may be made thus: Cut two pieces of pasteboard the shape of a slipper, about two feet long and one foot wide, with high heel, high in front and square back. Also a triangular piece for the toe. On the inner side of one of the pieces sew two pockets of cambric to hold the slippers. Sew up the bottom and back of the slipper, bending in the back to make it round; fit the triangular piece into the toe, and cover the whole with black velvet, sewing the edges with yellow or old gold silk in button-hole stitch. Paint or embroider a row of bachelor's buttons down the front, and on the side a spray of ladies' slipper with these words beneath: 'Not found here.' The words should be in gold."

I wonder who can send me the most original thing to be used as a birthday present for mother? Something practical, pretty and plainly understood?

Be sure you read the new department this month—COMFORT's Palmistry Club. You will find it both unique and interesting. I expect the Bees will do their share of buzzing over it, and will all want to join. Busy Bee.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

THERE is one remedy you can try without danger of humbug. Send to H. G. Colman, Chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for a trial package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 4 cents. Judge for yourself. Mention this paper.

PERFECTION DYES

Make BRILLIANT and FAST Colors. Send 40c. for 6 sample packages (any colors wanted) and try them. Single pkg. 10c. Beautiful sample cards showing new colors sent FREE. Agents wanted. W. CUSHING & CO., Box 12, Foxcroft, Me.

THE DIAMOND COLLECTION OF SONGS

Over 600 Songs, and Every One a Gem. Words and Music Complete.

THIS BOOK IS A VERITABLE TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S POPULAR SONGS

"The Finest Collection of Songs, both new and old, ever bound between the covers of one book."—N. Y. Times

CONTENTS: Buy a broom. First love. Jim along Josie. My country. Over there. Ah, how death. Forget me not. Johnny sands. Miss Winkie. The blind. Anvil chorus. Garibaldi hymn. Johnny Soda. Maggie's secret. The pirate. The sailor's love. Girls and Boys. Jack Rattlin. Old J. e. The sailor's love. Blue eyed Mary. Juanita. Old Pee Dee. The sailor's love. Brave Wolve. Killarney. Old King Crow. The sailor's love. Bachelor's fare. Green sleeves. Oh, Arabella. The sailor's love. Auld lang syne. Bessy's mistake. Kitty Tyrrell. Poor old maids. The sailor's love. Auld Grey Kirk. Gaffer Grey. Kathleen Aroon. Paddy Snare. The sailor's love. Alice Gray. Home so blest. Lord Lovell. Folly. The sailor's love. Bye and bye. Hull's Victory. Lullaby. Money musk. The sailor's love. Believe me. Captain Megan. Highland Mary. Lullaby. Robin Adair. Ten o'clock. Betsy Baker. Capt black Rose. Happy thought. Lou'siana belle. Reel o' bogie. The sailor's love. Bryan O' Lynn. Crookkeen lawn. Harvest home. Lullaby. The sailor's love. Bryan Boru. Dearest Mae. Hall Columbia. Lucy Neal. The sailor's love. Hobbin' around. Duncan Gray. Huntress fair. Nancy Lee. The sailor's love. Bonnie Doon. Ding dong bell. I have riches. Lanigan's ball. The sailor's love. Bonnie Dundee. Dolly Varden. I won't be a nun. Lou'siana belle. The sailor's love. Billy boy. Dream on. In my cottage. Little Bo-Peep. The sailor's love. Liv gone hours. Do not mingle. I wish you well. Lorelei. The sailor's love. Beware. Dream song. I saw thee weep. Little Birdie. The sailor's love. Baby mine. Ever of thee. In the starlight. Love, love, love. The sailor's love. Belle Brandon. Farewell, ladies. In the gloaming. Light and gay. The sailor's love. Don't tell bells. Flying tangerine. Jolly raftermen. Market choros. The sailor's love.

All of the above and 444 other songs including the great popular songs Comfords, Ta-ra-ra-boom-dee and others are contained in this incomparable book, every one will want this collection of over 600 words and music. Only by buying in half million lots, and desiring to obtain 500,000 new trial subscribers COMFORT, can we offer them free to all sending 15c. for a 6 months' subscription to COMFORT. Address, Publishers of COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

PRETTY VALENTINES FREE
We are giving away a package of sweet valentines to all who would like to take our Magazine. COMFORT, on trial for the month of February. They are the regular cupid darts with Lithographic lace work. Send 6 cents to Story Magazine, Three lots and one, a giant package of SILK PLUSH contain 36 square inches, together with five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors, all for 25c. postpaid; three 25c. lots for 65c., five for \$1.00.



BIG JOB LOT OF SILK REMOVAL

FOR CRAZY PATCH-WORK
WINN to the hard times there has been a market for an extra big lot of odd pieces of silk that are just what ladies want for crazy patch-work. We were fortunate in securing them cheap, and will give one of our special PAMPHLET PACKAGES to any one sending 10c. for a three months' subscription to COMFORT, the First Story Magazine. These lots and one, a giant package of SILK PLUSH contain 36 square inches, together with five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors, all for 25c. postpaid; three 25c. lots for 65c., five for \$1.00.

A Cute Foot-Rest

FREE.

Useful Ornaments are sought after all seasons of the year. People do not realize the quantities of good things sold through the mails. Inventors are daily trying to get up something to sell by mail that will be pretty, useful, and cheap. A pretty foot-rest could never be obtained at a low price before (they sell for \$1.00 each at the stores), but by getting up something that is turned out by machines in pretty colored durable goods, to be filled with cotton or any cheap or cast-off material then sewn up, we can now give a premium to everyone in every room in all the homes of Maine to California. It comes in the hands of a handsome Spanish Shoe-Woman, lying down, six inches, and can always be placed for an ornament in use by grandma or yourself or company as it will create untold merriment when lying in bed. It is so life-like in shape and color, that new, 57,396 have already been sold, and will be in use before many months. Agents with great sellers, and should order at least a dozen. To introduce, we will send a sample of any one sending 15c. for a three months' subscription to COMFORT. Two Rests and COMFORT 6 months for 50c., one dozen, \$1.00; one Rest and 10c. lot for 25c., one Rest and 25c. lot Remnants, 25c. Address, COMFORT PUB. CO., Box 133, Augusta, Me.

GOOD LUCK ALL THROUGH THE YEAR

Happy New Year

THE LATEST NOVELTY

A SOUVENIR

THROUGH all Europe in every state in the greatest land now of Souvenir Spoon collection has its speciality represented by a spoon who travel can easily be taken for a home collected there and yonder. The spoon is so high, however, it could not afford to be bought one or two and some people not even a single spoon for their high price has costs many hundreds of dollars to get up special dies to make spoon different and very one kind are sold. By mail for nearly a million, "Comfords" have been able to get up a unique pattern at a very low price as they are turned out in quantities and the price has taken such a drop that of asking two or three dollars for a pretty Sterling spoon, we can actually give away to all persons sending yearly subscribers to "Comfords" 25 cents each. The spoon is a perfect little treasure made up of a combination of the Lucky Emblems, regular Mascot. Good luck surely smile on you in one of these gems in the On the front handle is the Wish Bone, the Clover, Forget-me-nots, words Good Luck. On the back of the spoon we have the combination of Horse Shoe and Heart, words Good Luck. And doubly pretty and guaranteed to be Sterling warranted to wear to the hilt for a lifetime. Engagements, Voyages, Love, Friends. For centuries past the beautiful custom of giving a new born babe a couple with a Silver Spoon has been in vogue. It denotes Good Luck all through life and the Luck Spoon is especially appropriate for all occasions. They come packed in a box and will be sent postpaid as soon as the two yearly subscriptions are received. We will send sample Spoon for 25 cents, if you want to enter for getting up clubs. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

\$1,200 for a Cancelled Postage Stamp.

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MILLBURY, MASS.



THE RAREST AMERICAN STAMP, WORTH \$1200.00.

There is absolutely no truth in these particular stories; but, at the same time, cancelled stamps have a value and are made to serve many a useful and charitable purpose.

The collecting of stamps in quantity is carried on to a great extent, by almost all branches of the King's Daughters and the Shut-In Society, and millions upon millions are sold every year, the proceeds of which go almost exclusively for the charities of these various organizations.

So vast has the business of collecting, exchanging and disposing of stamps become, that firms in the large cities all over the world do nothing else but buy and sell stamps; and millions of dollars annually change hands in this novel branch of trade. It is said that one concern in New York City, does over half a million dollars of business every year in cancelled postage stamps.

There are still thousands and thousands of houses in this country where the garret contains sources of wealth, hidden among the correspondence of our fathers and grandfathers, back in the forties and fifties. At that time envelopes were unknown and the sheets of paper, on which the letters were written, were simply folded and sealed and then the postage stamp attached. Thus, if the letters have been preserved, the stamps also have been preserved and some of these little pieces of paper, used in 1844, 1845, and 1846, are worth as much as \$100.00. Again, the Brattleboro, Vt., stamp is worth \$500.00, and that rarest American stamp, the Millbury, is worth \$1200.00. Many a family has been made happy and preserved from want by a hunt among the old family papers and many further rich "finds" are there within easy grasp. It must not, however, be supposed that all old stamps are valuable, as some of the very oldest are almost as common as the stamps of the present day. Age never determines the price, as this depends entirely upon the scarcity.

Another fruitful source of search are the business houses and houses in the South, where the letters received during the existence of the Confederacy are treasured and stored.

In the early days of the Confederacy the postal service was not very highly developed and it took almost a year before that government could furnish its postmasters with stamps for the prepayment of correspondence. However, the use of stamps had become so universal, that it was almost impossible to carry on the service by the old-fashioned methods, and many postmasters decided to print stamps of their own and sell them to the patrons of their offices. Thus resulted the stamps of the various cities of the Confederacy. As far as known the postmasters of the following cities adopted this temporary expedient: Athens, Ga.; Baton Rouge, La.; Charleston, S. C.; Columbia, S. C.; Danville, Va.; Fredericksburg, Va.; Goliad, Tex.; Greenville, Ala.; Kingston, Tenn.; Knoxville, Tenn.; Lenoir, N. C.; Livingston, Ala.; Lynchburg, Va.; Macon, Ga.; Madison, Fla.; Marion, Va.; Memphis, Tenn.; Mill- edgeville, Ga.; Mobile, Ala.; Nashville, Tenn.; New Orleans, La.; Petersburg, Va.; Pleasant Shade, Va.; Rheatsville, Tenn.; Ringgold, Ga.; Salem, N. C.; Spartanburg, S. C.; Tellico Plains, Tenn.; Tusculum, Ala.; Victoria, Texas.

Some of these stamps are worth as much as \$50.00 for a single specimen and the very commonest one of them is worth at least 50c.

There may have been other cities which had stamps of their own, but so far no specimens have been discovered. All were used in 1861 and they form very interesting relics of that troubled period of our national existence.

Another question frequently asked by our readers is, what becomes of all these stamps? Some claim that walls are papered with them, others believe that papier mache is made of them. The latter idea is absurd as any kind of stamps are worth more money than their weight as papier mache, to say nothing of the labor of converting them into that material.

It may occasionally occur that an odd fancy prompts the papering of a wall with postage stamps, but instances of this are rare and would account for only an infinitesimal fraction of the quantity of stamps collected annually.

Almost all the stamps collected find their way into the collections of philatelists, the name by which a stamp collector is known. It would be impossible to form any idea of the number of collectors in the world or of the number added each year, but they amount to many millions. There is no section of the globe in which there are no stamp collectors, and wherever civilization leads the way, the stamp album follows.

It is human nature to collect something, and as stamps are easy to obtain in limited quantities, and the information in regard to the subject is very accurate, this phase of the collecting mania has become one of the most widespread and popular.

It is a great education also. The invalid confined

to her room and shut away from everything, may travel all over the world by learning to read and understand the stamps of different nationalities. The student of history finds volumes of information in the stamps of different decades; and the child learns many things about geography when he begins to learn to tell at a glance the nationality of a foreign stamp, and the pictured face thereon. A stamp album ought to be included in the possessions of every child, and young person; nothing better can be suggested for a Christmas or birthday present. A school teacher will find stamp-collecting useful in many ways, and if she can arouse an enthusiasm among her pupils on the subject, they will all be benefitted. Let the children understand how to solve all these questions when they see a foreign stamp:



A RARE CONFEDERATE STAMP.

What country issued this stamp?

Whose head is on it?

When was it issued?

What do the letters in the corner mean?

What does the H. M. S. postmark mean?

When did the ruler whose head is pictured ascend the throne or the chair of state?

What is its coat of arms?

When were stamps first issued?

Who was the originator of them?

And as many more as you can think of.

Again, how many know that the stamps of our own country are much handsomer than any others, and that the United States is called upon to print stamps for foreign countries?

Those who are collecting stamps, either for pleasure or profit, or both, should have a proper place to keep them; and all such should secure a copy of the Philatelist's Album for American and foreign stamps, which has already reached its tenth edition, and which has representations of all kinds of stamps with their valuations, currencies and something of their histories. By special arrangement with the publishers, COMFORT is enabled to send a copy free to every reader who will send two new yearly subscribers with twenty-five cents for each. Such an offer as this has never before been made, and it is not likely that it will be again, as the edition is nearly exhausted. Parents should see that their children are supplied at once; and teachers cannot select a more useful or appropriate gift for their pupils, as it affords many pleasant and profitable hours for old and young.

We shall have another article prepared before many months, giving many interesting facts about foreign stamps—what they are worth—what they signify—and what may be learned from them. Meanwhile we hope that all the readers who have written us, or have been tempted to write regarding the stamp-craze, will have found much valuable and useful information in this article.

We are indebted to the Scott Stamp & Coin Agency of New York City, for facts contained in the above article.—ED.

VOLUMES COULD BE WRITTEN,

filled with the testimony of women who have been made well and strong by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It's a medicine that's made especially to build up women's strength and to cure women's ailments—an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial, and bracing nerve; purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless. For all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses that afflict womankind, the "Favorite Prescription" is the only guaranteed remedy.

It must have been the medicine for most women, or it couldn't be sold on any such terms.

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WE WILL POSITIVELY send a genuine American Lever Watch, which will run and keep good time for 99 cts. To introduce at once into every town our new Brand of Cigars. For 99 cents, we will send during the next 60 days any person (either sex) one of our beautiful Watches, who will send us an order, with 99 cts., for a box of our QUEEN OF MANHATTAN CIGARS. These are the very best Cigars we sell, and we are anxious to place them in the hands of agents and new customers at once. We know of no better way than to make such liberal inducements, that every smoker will give them a trial. Every Trial Box is sure to sell 100 others. Understand they are full size Havana Panetelas Cigars, 4 1/2 inches long. We do not send 100 little Cigarettes. The Watch is made by one of the largest and most widely known American manufacturers, and is timed and adjusted before leaving the factory, and is warranted one year. We will NOT send die inquiries, we have no time. But we DO guarantee satisfaction, or refund money. Postage 20 cents extra. KIRKLAND BROS. & CO. 62 Fulton St. N. Y.

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As you will notice in preceding column, we offer a fine, good sized Stamp Album, bound in heavy stiff covers, Free, as a premium for only two yearly subscribers to "Comfort" at 25c. each. This Philatelist's Album is arranged to contain about three thousand different stamps and is sold for 25c. if you do not care to get up a club. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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PIANO FREE An elegant highly finished UPRIGHT PIANO will be given to each of the first 100 persons who send this advertisement and agree to show it to their friends and help us make sales. If you want a PIANO free write quick. U. S. PIANO MFG CO., 9 Murray St., N. Y.

RUPTURE CURED

For only 12 cents to pay for our beautiful 16-page magazine for three months we will send, absolutely free, Fine Rolled Gold Ring, Pearl Top Ladies' Pin, Gent's Scarf Pin, Rolled Gold Cuff Button, Fine Pen, 6 Envelopes, 6 Sheets Note Paper and 100 Beautifully Colored Pictures, all different. We send this immense package FREE as per above offer. H. L. ESTHER, HOME CIRCLE PUBLISHING CO., P. O. Box 2628, New York City.

THE STANDARD GEM ROLLER ORGAN.

IS THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

PLAYS OVER 600 PIECES. SO SIMPLE A CHILD CAN PLAY IT.

Our Gem Roller Organ now stands unparalleled in the history of Automatic musical instruments. It is as near the ideal of a perfect home instrument as it is possible to make it. Requiring no knowledge of music, any one can play the most elaborate and difficult pieces, such as Sacred Music, Waltzes, Schottische, Polkas, Quadrilles, Medleys, Hornpipes, &c. It is a perfect accompaniment for singing. It will save its cost in one evening in furnishing music at a dance. Its reeds are full size, and furnish as much volume as an ordinary Organ. Sacred—Sweet Bye and Bye; Nearer, My God, to Thee; I Need Thee Every Hour; Onward, Christian Soldiers; Hold The Fort; Almost Persuaded; Where is My Boy To-night? Bringin' in the Sheaves; Precious Name; Pleyel's Hymn; Federal Street; Rock of Ages; Old Hundred; Beulah Land; God Be With You; Happy Day; Gathering Home; Jesus, Lover of My Soul; He Leadeth Me; Abide with Me; Shall We Gather at the River. Popular—Old Folks at Home; Home Sweet Home; Auld Lang Syne; Nelly Gray; Annie Laurie; Waltz—Gypsy Heart; Listen to the Mocking Bird; Blue Bells of Scotland; Little Old Log Cabin; Yankee Doodle Marching; I'm from Georgia; Dixie; Star Spangled Banner; Kitty Wells; "Gee Life" Quail; The Old Dog Bone; Sunset Schottische; The Girl I Left Behind Me; Gen. Grant's Grand March; Razzle Dazzle; Lazybones. All applications for organs will please be sure to enclose this advertisement and enclose with it 25 cents, for a form, for six months' subscription to THE METROPOLITAN AND RURAL HOME, a large eight-page illustrated, Agricultural and Family Monthly, on receipt of which our full descriptive catalogue, containing list of tunes played by the organ, describing how to apply for same, and the way in which the organ can be sent FREE, will be mailed to you. Address THE METROPOLITAN AND RURAL HOME, P. O. Box 3045, NEW YORK CITY.

AS IF BY MAGIC

OXIEN ELECTRIC PLASTERS BANISH PAIN

The Only Sure Preventative and Cure for that Awful "Grippe" and Pneumonia.

The Plasters, by banishing pain, supplement the effects of the wonderful food for the nerves, which feeds and vitalizes the system, and thus establishes a common-sense system of co-operative cure. Even in this age, so rich in marvelous electrical inventions, the discovery of the Oxien Electric Porous Plasters marks an important era. Already thousands of grateful men and women, who have by this magical agent of healing been transported from agony and helplessness to joy and activity, sing its praises.

These Plasters differ from all others, in that they not merely give temporary relief, but when used in connection with Oxien, the Wonderful Food for the Nerves, effect a permanent cure. And, while their effect is truly electrical, their soothing, healing, and pain-banishing properties render their action upon the network of nerves accessible to the senses. They do not irritate or blister, but soothe, heal, and strengthen, and may be worn by the most delicate and sensitive person. Their construction is such that they may be worn on any part of the body, and may also be cut up into pieces and applied with equal effect in parts, thus making one plaster do for many different ailments.

HOW THEY ACT.

They act as an infallible safeguard against contagious and infectious diseases, and nothing equals them as a CHEST PROTECTOR for BOTH CHILDREN AND ADULTS. Their electrical action and soothing, healing, and vitalizing qualities render them a blessing to Weak, Nervous, and Despondent Men and Women, whose starved nerves and pain-racked systems cry out for that Nourishment, Relief, and New Vigor which Oxien, the Wonderful Food for the Nerves, and Oxien Electric Plasters alone have been found to give.

THEY ESPECIALLY HELP

Sufferers who have either lost faith in medicine, or who cannot or will not spend their lives in hopeless doctoring; but will, by applying an Oxien Electric Plaster to the small of the back every ten days, and taking the Wonderful Food for the Nerves, Oxien, as directed, experience a NEW LIFE. In cases of chronic and other ailments which have been pronounced incurable, these magical prize specifics, by imparting Vitality, Power, and Youthful Strength to every organ, make new men and women of weak, faded, despondent mortals.

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That may be able to test their virtues now, and to prevent or cure "La Grippe" or Pneumonia, we will send a sample 2c. Plaster free, and special box of Oxien, size 5x8 inches, if you cut out this coupon and enclose with 10c. for postage, before 30 days. If not in need of the sample remedies yourself, you can make 40c. by selling to friends.

THIS COUPON GOOD FOR 50c. The Giant Oxie Co., Sole Prop's, Box 831, Augusta, Me.

THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS PAPER know the Giant Oxie Co., of Augusta, Maine, to be reliable, and assures the reader that they will do as they agree.

SPECIAL. The above great offer was inserted in the December No. of "Comfort," and owing to the rapid increase of enablers who failed to avail themselves of this great opportunity, to secure samples of these wonderful household remedies while so much sickness and misery stalks through the land. During this protracted season of cold and unhealthy weather, we can only supply one sample to a family at this low rate, so if you have already secured a coupon please allow some other family to avail themselves of the use of this...

\$3 PAID per 1000 for DISTRIBUTING CIRCULARS.

LARS. MALENA CO., WARREN'S MARKET.

TURKISH HAIR ELIXIR Grows a Heavy, Glossy, Beautiful, Healthy Hair on Bald Heads in one month or more. A preparation that may be relied on, and every place is sold with guarantee. Price 20 cts. ready for use, 5 for 50 cts. retail. TREMONT MANU CO., Etc., Boston, Mass.

FREE

Each person answering this advertisement can get a handsome stem-winding, stem-setting, dust-proof case watch, absolutely Free. This is no gaudy match, or cheaply made article. We can show proof and testimonials for 21,766 watches we have distributed this season; we are determined to swell yearly subscription list within the next 60 days to 60,000 new subscribers. We intend to make our Illustrated Home Weekly one of the most interesting and popular weekly papers published. The Illustrated Home Weekly is beautifully and profitably illustrated, issued every week and contains news on every thing of home interest all the news, latest hints on dress, fashions, humorous sketches, witty sayings, etc. It is a welcome visitor to every home. Send for a paper on trial. It is bright, cheerful and instructive. Our offer is unrivalled. Send 10 cts. silver or 15 cts. gold, and we will send you regularly every week for three months copy of our Home Weekly and send you one of our handsome watches FREE, same day your subscription is received. Send at once. H. L. ESTHER, HOME WEEKLY, NEW YORK CITY, P. O. Box 218.



For us at home during your spare time. We have simple wonderful discovery. Send stamp (if convenient). SUREHOLD CO., Box C, No. Windham, Maine.

FREE! One person in each place.

You do a few hours' work for us at home during your spare time. We have simple wonderful discovery. Send stamp (if convenient). SUREHOLD CO., Box C, No. Windham, Maine.

118 Grand Articles FREE!

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It uses rollers the same as a music box, and it can be worn out. Finished in the very best of style and workmanship it is a home beautifier in every sense. Just think of it! A full sized organ, playing 600 pieces, free, used in Churches and Sunday Schools. Now is the time to adorn your home with this beautiful instrument. The offer is made to introduce our paper and organs into distant parts of the country, and is open to reliable persons of either sex, who will promise to show them to our advantage.

A Few of the Tunes the Organ Plays: Every Hour, Onward, Christian Soldiers; Hold The Fort; Almost Persuaded; Where is My Boy To-night? Bringin' in the Sheaves; Precious Name; Pleyel's Hymn; Federal Street; Rock of Ages; Old Hundred; Beulah Land; God Be With You; Happy Day; Gathering Home; Jesus, Lover of My Soul; He Leadeth Me; Abide with Me; Shall We Gather at the River. Popular—Old Folks at Home; Home Sweet Home; Auld Lang Syne; Nelly Gray; Annie Laurie; Waltz—Gypsy Heart; Listen to the Mocking Bird; Blue Bells of Scotland; Little Old Log Cabin; Yankee Doodle Marching; I'm from Georgia; Dixie; Star Spangled Banner; Kitty Wells; "Gee Life" Quail; The Old Dog Bone; Sunset Schottische; The Girl I Left Behind Me; Gen. Grant's Grand March; Razzle Dazzle; Lazybones. All applications for organs will please be sure to enclose this advertisement and enclose with it 25 cents, for a form, for six months' subscription to THE METROPOLITAN AND RURAL HOME, a large eight-page illustrated, Agricultural and Family Monthly, on receipt of which our full descriptive catalogue, containing list of tunes played by the organ, describing how to apply for same, and the way in which the organ can be sent FREE, will be mailed to you. Address THE METROPOLITAN AND RURAL HOME, P. O. Box 3045, NEW YORK CITY.

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paw and then the other in the most comical way. To see him play at hide and seek is too funny for anything. I take a ball and hide it. When I am searching for a good place, Jip puts his head in a corner, or in the folds of Aunt Carrie's dress, until he hears me say 'ready,' and then he begins to hunt, smelling around and now and then looking at me to see if he is 'burning.' If he finds it I give him a penny, and what do you suppose he does? He barks at it and puts it in his mouth and goes to the baker's and buys himself a roll. I know you won't believe what I am going to tell you, but it is true, and I will cross my heart to it. The other day a beggar woman came to our door, and when Jip saw us giving her money and things he trotted up stairs and came back with the last penny which he had earned, and offered it to her. When she said thank you, he barked, as much as to say, you are welcome. We couldn't help laughing at Jip's charity. But you should see him play the wolf in Little Red Riding Hood. One of my dear friends and I taught him. Her doll is Red Riding Hood, grandmother and mine the little girl Red Riding Hood. We dress Jip up in a gown and cap and he makes believe he is asleep when Red Riding Hood comes in, just as well as an actor. But the little fellow has got so fond of my doll's carriage, that he deliberately throws her out of it when he is tired, to take a nap on her soft white pillow. Whenever I tell him to 'say how do you do,' he bows and barks; but he will not let strangers in the yard at all, and if they should try to enter he would bite them. But he likes children, and would not bite them. I nearly left out the most important thing. He goes to the post-office and gets the mail, and once he went after it found a dollar bill. He picked it up and brought it home. I could tell you a great many more of his wonderful tricks, but it would make my letter too long."



the southern and western states to write to me, as I will make it to their interest."

W. H. BODELL, Romeo, Mich.

Yes, he sent a beautiful picture of a little child, and it hangs on Aunt Minerva's desk, just under the owls, all the time!

And now here are a lot more letters which we shall have neither time nor space to open this month. Among them is a good one from Frank F. Beall, Derwood, Md., on patents, a subject already covered by an article in this number of COMFORT; and others from Willie May Brook, Lexington, Ga., on teaching; Mrs. Isadora Clark, Elliott, Iowa; Lena Myrtle Brown, Dobby, Ky.; A. W. Ellis, Wellington, Kansas; Maggie Lothian, New Buffalo, Wyoming; Daisy M. Keathley, Wilmington, N. C.; Hattie E. Hagaman, Temple's Mills, Fla.; Nellie E. Leacock, McLane, Erie Co., Pa.; Anna Ordway, Mapleton, Iowa; Claudius O. Philbrick, Ord, Neb.; Dora Charles, Pittsburgh, Kansas; Leonie A. Hooper, Wanchese, N. C.; Lorena H. Houghton, Mona, Utah; Miss Lina Craig, Davis City, Iowa; Lula M. Fiscus, Wadsworth, Ohio; Julie Addington, Adairsville, Ohio; Ira Reele, Baltimore, Md.; Ida Fenton, Attica, Wis.; Ethel Parratt, Exira, Iowa; Inez Lundy, Magnolia, Ill.; Carl Fleming, (no address given).

Many of you do not know that in order to get your letter into any particular number of our paper, it should be sent at least three months in advance. I received ever so many letters intended for the Christmas number long after the December issue was made up. COMFORT, like any of the large monthly magazines, is necessarily entirely planned out and put in shape several weeks before it comes out. Consequently when stories and letters reach us the last or even the middle of one month marked for competition in the next, they stand a poor show. Our cash prizes are taking splendidly. Are you trying for one?

Before closing I desire to call your attention to the new and original department which has been added to COMFORT on the last page of this number, and which is called COMFORT's Palmistry Club. I think (just between ourselves, you know) that it is going to eclipse all the other departments of our beloved paper. "Digitus," who has consented to conduct this department, is certainly capable of making it do so, and it will cover novel ground. No other paper has ever taken up the subject of palmistry in anything like this generous, thorough and scientific way; and it is pretty certain that it will create something of a sensation. I want you all to read it very carefully. Probably some of you have looked into this matter already, and to such I need only to mention that, we have a COMFORT Palmistry Club. Others will perhaps treat the whole matter with incredulity, and to such I must say that only after one has thoroughly studied a subject, has he or she a right to criticize it. Read that article, and you cannot help becoming interested. And sometime, perhaps in the next issue, I will submit my hand to our illustrator and Digitus may tell you what he sees in it.

AUNT MINERVA.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

GRIP ABOARD A LIGHTSHIP.

Capt. Beare of steamer Gen. Whitney, which arrived at New York yesterday from Boston, reports speaking the Vineyard sound lightship yesterday. She needs medical assistance, as most of the crew are sick with the grip. The light house inspector at Boston will send medical aid at once, either from Woods Hole or New Bedford.



A "RUN DOWN" and "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work. And, with a torpid liver and the impure blood that follows it, you're an easy prey to all sorts of ailments.

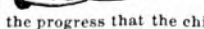
That is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, to repel disease and build up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

For every disease caused by a disordered liver or impure blood, it is the only guaranteed remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

\$500 is offered, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for an incurable case of Catarrh. Their remedy perfectly and permanently cures the worst cases.

HAVE YOUR OWN WORLD ON HAND.

The Columbian Globe is a great geographical toy for young or old, being made of heavy goods and gotten up in bright Lithographic colors; it is a grand object lesson toy or useful ornament, showing the grand divisions of both hemispheres, the route over which Columbus sailed in 1492, and a picture of the ship Pinta in which he sailed. Every one understands how necessary a globe is in the study of geography. The child who has one will make double the progress that the child will make who has none, and for all practical purposes ours is just as good as one costing five or ten dollars. Ours cannot be broken, no fear of the children breaking it. Agents will make money selling them, because every school boy or girl will have one, and one or more can be sold to every family. They even amuse small children to use as a Football. They come same as the other stuffed toys, so you can fill and sew up, no cutting out. If you send 12c. for a three months' subscription to COMFORT, we will send one free postpaid.



Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THE HEARTHSTONE

Is a very large and very interesting, illustrated literary and family publication. In order to secure 100,000 new subscribers, for only Thirty-five Cents we will send THE HEARTHSTONE for one year, together with Twenty Complete Novels by Famous Authors.

These Twenty Novels are bright, breezy and very interesting, are printed in readable type, from new plates on good quality of paper, and illustrated. We manufacture the books ourselves and therefore save all intermediate profits. The Twenty Novels are as follows:

THE TRUE LOVE OF HER LIFE,
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.

UNDER THE WILL,
BY MARY CECIL HAY.

WANTED—A WIFE,
BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

ONCE LOVED NOT FORGOTTEN,
BY WALTER BESANT.

HOW HE WON HER,
BY RETT WINWOOD.

MYSTERY OF STIRLING HOUSE,
BY MARY A. DENISON.

AN ENGAGED MAN,
BY EIRENE KNOWLTON.

MY HUSBAND AND I,
BY COUNT LYOF TOLSTOL.

THE BEAUTIFUL WIDOW,
BY MARTHA H. WILLARD.

A HOUSEHOLD SAINT,
BY MRS. W. H. PALMER.

ALTHOUGH HE WAS A LORD,
BY MRS. FORRESTER.

IN DEADLY EARNEST,
BY ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

MISS RIVERS'S REVENGE,
BY HUGH CONWAY.

A WOMAN'S PLOT,
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.

TWICE SAVED,
BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

HE LOVED AND RODE AWAY,
BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

THAT LAST REHEARSAL,
BY "THE DUCHESSE."

THE LIFTED VEIL,
BY GEORGE ELIOT.

SHE LOVES AND LIES,
BY WILKIE COLLINS.

LUCY'S LOVER,
BY KATHERINE S. MACQUOID.

Note This The literary matter in the Twenty Complete Novels would ordinarily make twenty books similar to those sold at ten to twenty-five cents a copy, and would therefore cost \$2.00 to \$5.00. Upon the receipt of Thirty-five Cents, in silver, postage stamps or postal note, we will send THE HEARTHSTONE for one year and all the Novels mentioned above. Not one novel but the whole list of Twenty. Address N. Y. HEARTHSTONE, 285 Broadway, New York.

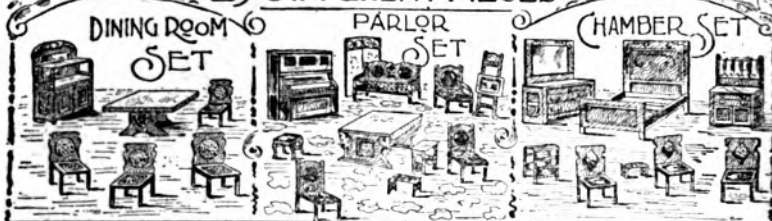
A SOFA PILLOW TWO FEET SQUARE.

A Souvenir Sofa Pillow Cover two feet square, FREE. A Great Work of Art—a genuine Comfort Sofa, Lounge and Chair Pillows are the most useful and sensible articles one can have around the House. All City Homes have from three to a dozen in all the rooms; it is a great fad to get up new and novel designs in these unique and comfortable articles. A bright artist has designed a lasting souvenir of the Columbian Exhibition. They are gotten up in good, durable, pretty goods in no less than fifteen colors and shades, and make a bright and striking effect for any room. Besides the Flags of 25 Nations you can see the American Eagle perched on the shield of the Union over the Administration Building. In the four corners you notice the Naval and other exhibits. That famous warship Illinois being prominent and surrounded by electric launches and other pleasure boats. The Art Palace before which lazily float the gondolas of Venice. A view of the Machinery building standing by the lakeside bathed in the light of a full moon, and the Electrical Building guarding its wonderful works of the new found science. This is all portrayed on a deep blue field embellished by twining vines, myriad stars and graceful festoons of drapery. As they are now being turned out to fill large advance orders we advise all to send for a sample and you then can decide how many you want for your own home or to sell to neighbors. Every person in the land will want at least two, one for front and back of a pillow. As you probably have plenty of cotton, down or feathered sofa hand, and they only require to be filled and sewed together, they come within the reach of all, and we give each; 2 for 25c.; 5 for 50c.; one dozen for \$1.00. Address, COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



THREE SETS OF DOLLS FURNITURE

25 DIFFERENT PIECES



The furniture comprises a Parlor Set, consisting of Upright Piano, with stool, Centre Table, Sofa, three Easy Chairs, Small Table, Foot Rest, Folding Screen, Enamel and Picture. Dining Room Set, Dining Table, four Dining Chairs, and handsome Side Board. Chamber Set, Bedstead, Dressing Case, with mirror, Wash Stand, Towel Rack, Foot Stool, and three Chairs. The furniture is printed on heavy card board, in a rich mahogany color, and when cut out, and set up, looks exactly like real furniture, and correctly represents the handsome and expensive furniture of the present day. The set consists of twenty-five different pieces, which will completely furnish Doll's house, and delight Doll's little mamma. Any one can set up the furniture ready for use in a few minutes, from the plain directions sent with each set. One lot of twenty-five pieces will be sent complete and post-paid for 25 cents, or three lots for 50 cents. MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

FREE FOR 30 DAYS ONLY. If you will send us a photograph of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you an Artistic Life-Like **CRAYON PORTRAIT—FRAMED**, complete, absolutely FREE—provided you will show it to your friends and recommend our House. Put your name and address on back of your photo and send it to NEW YORK ART UNION, 63-65 West 14th Street, New York. We will forfeit \$100 if we do not keep our promise to you. Refer you to all Mercantile Agencies, Banks and Express Companies in New York City.

A SILVER SOUVENIR

OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

The Great Ferris Wheel, The Giant of the Midway, Reproduced, on a Beautiful Silver Lace Work Tray.

A USEFUL ORNAMENT, an elegant card receiver, representing the finest piece of workmanship ever invented. The Ferris Wheel was the wonder of all Nations, and this marvel of mechanism was a revelation to mechanics and incomprehensible to the multitudes. It was the greatest single attraction at the Fair and in its 36 cars could carry a thousand dollars worth of passengers every twenty minutes, thus it gained over a million dollars in four months. Knowing from its great prosperity a unique, pretty and useful representation of this mammoth American wonder, would be desired in every home, we have produced this Fine Silvered Lace Work Souvenir to present Free as a premium to all persons who will send the names of two yearly subscribers to "COMFORT," at 25 cents each, or if you send 50 cents to renew your own subscription for two years we will mail one Free. Try for the two subscribers and you can easily sell the souvenir for 50 cents if you have no use for it yourself. We will sell sample tray for 33 cents. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



GEORGE W. MORRIS, 64 John St., Providence, R. I. Let us turn our eyes southward now, and look for waving pines.

"As I've never seen a letter in COMFORT from Aiken, S. C., (my home for more than two years), I thought some of the sick cousins might like to hear something about this noted winter resort—the Mecca of consumptives and all others with throat and lung diseases. 'Tis a beautiful little city of 3,500 inhabitants, with streets 200 feet broad, laid out with small parks and planted with shade trees, with many beautiful residences surrounded by lovely flowers; so there is plenty of space between next-door neighbors! There are many beautiful drives and places of interest in the neighborhood, and gayeties for those well enough to enjoy them. An effort is being made to raise enough money to build a 'Sanitarium' for the benefit of such invalids as are not able to stand the northern winters, and yet can only pay a small sum for nursing and attention. Thousands would be so much benefited by it that I hope it may be erected soon, as they own the ground on which to build and have \$500 in money towards it. Being lighted by electricity, with telegraph and telephone offices, and on the direct daily route from New York to New Orleans and Jacksonville, Florida, via Washington, D.C., and Richmond, Va., it is quite accessible. The climate and temperature are the same as that of Nice, Italy, and this being the common water-shed of the Savannah and Edisto rivers, and also owing to its elevation of 565 feet above sea level, the soil is so porous that mud is unknown; the water runs off so rapidly that an invalid can walk out an hour or two after a heavy rain. The usual mildness of the winter, with bright sunny days, permit the sick to go out and enjoy the remarkable dry and pure air, laden with life-giving fragrance of the pine forests which surround and protect Aiken from high winds. This wonderful climate has wrought miracles upon many, but a great mistake is made by leaving too early in the spring, and going north, the most trying month in the year—cold, bleak March. Invalids should remain till May or June. If one cannot spend the whole winter in the south, then come in January or February and stay until the middle or last of April, then go to Asheville or Trion City, N. C., until June, when you will feel and appreciate the benefits of the Aiken air." Yours truly,

ALICE W. SHEPHERD, Aiken, S. C.

How many of the cousins have ever tried amateur photography? Those who have will be interested in the following.

"I am a professional photographer, and that is what I am going to talk about. Of course most of you have had your pictures taken, but very few know how fascinating the work is, although it is possible for you all to understand it if you wish. When I commenced I bought a camera about like the one COMFORT offers. Six months later I went into a gallery to work and a month after I was running a gallery of my own. That was a year ago, not very long, is it? I don't pretend that I know everything about photography, but I can take a picture, and am going to send Aunt Minerva one that I took. Now cousins, if you want fun, just exert yourselves a little and get up a club, and earn a camera from COMFORT. I am sure it will please both you and your friends; and I advise you, after you have taken the first picture, to go to your local photographer and have him develop it, and ask him to let you accompany him into the dark room. If he isn't a crank, he will explain many things worth knowing. I should like the cousins in



Four-Handed Ancestors.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

1894, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



DID we, or did we not descend from monkeys? that is the question. According to the latest theory of evolution, we did. And it is a

a more complete knowledge of their strange and interesting habits. As our remarkable offer is made exclusive to COMFORT readers, to get this book free, it must be added here that no magazine or paper in America, no matter what its price may be, will present so varied, valuable and entertaining matter during the coming years as this marvel of newspaperdom, which costs but twenty-five cents for a whole year.

CURIOUS FACTS.

4,000 Americans live in Paris.
Coal brings \$12 a ton in London.
The Chinese had the first compass.
Paris is the richest city in the world.
Germany has 34,350,000 acres of forest.
The world mails 8,000,000 letters every year.
Great Britain had the first life-station in 1824.
There are 850 protestant missionaries in India.
Sunflower-paper is the latest thing in Kansas.
England's wealth is estimated at \$50,000,000,000.
There are now 50 abandoned ships on the Atlantic.
Goethe, the great German poet, was a tailor's son.
A Scotch castle has cost 5 million dollars to build.
About 4,000,000 copies of the Bible are sold annually.
There are now 165 women ministers in this country.
Euclid's Elements of Geometry dates back to 300 B.C.

A single bakery in New York makes 20,000 pies a day.

The first United States war-ship was a cruiser of 1775.

Canals stretch over 25,817 miles of the world's surface.

They have three harvests a year in some parts of India.

A single cheese, made in Canada, weighs 22,000 pounds.

New York State has a larger population than all Canada.

A stone saw, in use at Rutland, Vt., does the work of 100 men.

There are 80,000 stuttering children in the schools of Germany.

12,000 bushels of oysters are eaten every day in New York city.

Paper false teeth are a modern achievement—paper bed-quilts also.

A locomotive engineer travels on an average, 20,000 miles a year.

The roof to Greenwich Observatory, near London, is made of paper.

Termite ants in South Africa often have nests twelve feet high.

A man in Kansas City has a step-son ten years older than himself.

Hydrographic engineers say the Gulf of Mexico is one foot higher than in 1850.

The world's steam-power equals 49,000,000 horsepower, or that of 1,000,000 men.

A gum tree has been discovered in Australia that is 415 feet high—the tallest tree on earth.

The coldest place in the world is the interior of Alaska which is 80 degrees below zero.

It took 21,000 soundings and 8,000 borings to excavate Hell Gate—near New York City.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's (the writer) armchair was recently sold at auction in Wales for \$275.

The first dictionary was compiled by the Chinese about 1100 B.C. and contained 40,000 characters.

A bridge in China is five and one-fourth miles long—and a tunnel in Mexico is 32,800 feet in length.

An apple-tree recently blew down in Connecticut, which was known to be a century and a half old.

In every mile of railroad the space left between rails for expansion amounts to seven feet four inches.

The earliest coins made for America were cast in Bermuda in 1615. Only two pieces are now in existence.

During the past 20 years, 328,000 divorces have been granted in this country—90 per cent of them to women.

Of the \$9,050,000 worth of silver used annually in the United States, \$2,500,000 is made into solid spoons and forks.

A Harrisburg, Pa., man has an umbrella that has been in the family 105 years. Probably it has never been bent.

So great was the year's catch of whales that the price of whale-bone is only \$2 a pound, lower than ever before.

There are, according to the last census, twenty inhabitants for every square mile of territory in the United States.

Catarrh is almost unknown among Quakeresses—doubtless because their bonnets are a real protection to the head.

In a ton of gas coal there are 1,500 pounds of coke, 20 gallons of ammonia water and 140 pounds of coal-tar, besides the gas.

A Vermont paper-mill has just closed a contract with the U. S. government for 600,000,000 postal cards, which will amount to 11,000 tons.

An Indiana woman has been married three times and divorced as many. She is now nineteen years old and looking for number four.

Of the 1,500 medals awarded to exhibitors in the Women's Building of the World's Fair, the Mexican women got the largest proportion.

The parachute was invented by a Frenchman in 1796; and the first use of it in this country was at Philadelphia early in this century.

A San Francisco tailor sold a suit of clothes some years ago for a small plot of land. The same plot was sold by his heirs recently for \$727,000.

Great Britain's public debt is \$3,355,000,000. At the beginning of Victoria's reign it was \$4,251,000,000. \$33,000,000 was paid in one lump last March, toward liquidation.

Only one paper is published within the Arctic Circle, and that is at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska. It can easily boast of the largest circulation in the Arctic region.

The Pacific Ocean covers 71,000,000 square miles; the Atlantic, 35,000,000 miles; the Indian, 28,000,000 miles; the Antarctic, 8,500,000 miles; and the Arctic, 4,500,000 miles.

In Luxembourg people wanting work have only to make application to the head of the post-office department, to have their wants advertised in every post-office in the grand duchy.

Among towns in this country, named for early explorers, there are 20 Columbus and 27 Columbias.

There are five towns named Americus and three America. Raleigh, De Soto, La Salle, Marquette, Hennepin and Hudson are remembered. Champlain has a single place named in his honor. Georval, De Monts, Argall, Iberville, Froisher, Georges, Cartier, Balboa, Dablon, Brassari, Baffin, Bering and Goswald have none.

\$12.00 to \$35.00 a week can be made by parties preferred who can furnish for us. Parties through the country; a team, though, is not necessary. A few vacancies in towns and cities. Men and women of good character will find this an exceptional opportunity for profitable employment. Spare hours may be used to good advantage. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 11th and Main Sts., Richmond, Va.

Sure Cure! For EPILEPSY FITS in 24 hours. Cure Guaranteed. A. A. FERDINAND, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS MAKE \$5 a Day Greatest Kitchen Utensil Invented. Retail 35 cts. 2 to 5 sold in a house. Sample postage paid, five cents. FORSHEE & CO. Cincinnati, O.

FREE COMET FOUNTAIN PEN

As a sample of our 1000 BARGAINS we will send FREE this Hard Rubber Fountain Pen. Warranted a perfect writer, & immense EL. Bargain Catalogue, for 10c. to cover postage.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 65 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City.

However, are but single instances of a world of curiosities. We advise everyone to avail of the opportunity we are enabled providing themselves with a book so full and interesting in everyday, matter-of-fact

we descended from monkeys, and whether tongue is our own "lost language" or not, one of us who would not be benefited by



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VALENTINES FOR ALL SUBSCRIBERS.

Besides the usual spread of good things, the February number of COMFORT, will contain many interesting items about Valentines, and it being the month when "Birds choose their mates" and Cupid is supposed to be very active, we are going to mail a package of cute little Valentines in Lithograph Lace Work, regular Cupids, Doves, Etc., to every one sending six cents for a three months' trial subscription. Address, COMFORT, Box 359, Augusta, Maine.

WILL LAST A FAMILY FOR YEARS.

Every one realizes the importance of marking their clothing with Indelible Ink. We have a wonderful Pen with which you can not only write on clothing but write letters with also; you simply dip it in cold water and write in the ordinary way, and after marking your clothes with this magic article you cannot boil or wash the name out. It comes in a handsome little case, and as we want agents to handle it with other goods, we will mail one free if six cents is sent for postage, etc.

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115% Earned By Our Syndicate

Little capital may be multiplied by our speculating system. We are expert judges of the market and successful operators. Book with full information and testimonials of our many customers mailed free.

W. A. FRAZIER & CO., Lewis Block, PITTSBURG, PA.

FREE We will send 156 Popular Songs, words and music, also 12 Complete Novels by most famous authors, and the largest and best story paper in the world 3 months absolutely free if you send 10c. to pay postage. This offer is made only to introduce our paper in new homes. Order Quick.

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This is a very ingenious Bank, which allows money, (up to the size of a silver quarter,) to be put in very easily, but makes it impossible to get it out, until you know how, and then it is done without any trouble—it can be used over and over again, which is a great advantage over those banks which can be used but once, or when full must be broken before the money can be taken out. It is made of polished wood, and is 3 1/2 inches high. Price 10 cents. Postage 3 cents. 1 dozen, \$1.00. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A GREAT FREE OFFER!

A Lifetime of Puzzles, Pictures, and Pastime.

The Greatest Wonder In America.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS OF A BUSY LIFE SPENT IN PERFECTING

A PICTORIAL ENCYCLOPEDIA

Representing every visible Noun, 13,150 thirteen thousand, one hundred and fifty pictures in all, (13,150). We are now able to present our readers with the most marvelous Historic production ever published.

IT IS A COMPLETE PUZZLE.

To give an extended explanation of the picture would require too much space and besides it would take away something of the charm of the picture, as can one experience more genuine satisfaction in making any discovery himself than in looking at an object after it is pointed out to him. We shall therefore attempt nothing more than to call your attention to a few of the thousands of objects plainly visible in the picture.

It takes from 100 to 6,000 small objects to make some of the large pictures. Hold the picture before you, the eagle near the center right side up. Around the outer edge will be seen all of the principal coins of different nations, and mixed in among them are several small circles in which are drawn many things curious and quaint; one of them containing the Lord's Prayer complete. Next inside these are the maritime flags, and the coats of arms are within the circles next inside the flags. Prominent among the objects around the edge of the square inside the flags are the principal figures in Heathen mythology; Prometheus, Neptune, Mars, Mercury, the Sibyls, one of the Nereids, and Cupid; with Adam and Eve and the Devil in the lower right hand corner. At the end of the eagle's left wing notice a horn of plenty, that is made up of a rattle-snake's rattles; each rattle forms a bag of corn, flour, meal, etc.; the heads of the bags represent different species of butterflies, and the strings that tie the bags are feelers of the insects. Turn the bags upside down and it will be visible; reversing the picture you will see another large face having the same mouth and the eagle's right wing forming its nose. On the left of the picture you will see four boys, complete with but two heads, two in a sitting and two in a reclining posture. Just below and a little to the left of the eagle two large eyes are seen, and the remaining features of a large face are plainly visible. The eagle is perched upon the staff of an American flag, which in turn forms a flute, a boat hook and the side of a harp; the second side of the harp is made by an iron fence, and the third by a ladder, and the ladder will be seen to form the barrel of a gun. The fine lines over the middle of the ladder form a finger ring; within the ring can be seen a ship, a light house, and a rough rugged rock in the foreground. Turn the eagle's right wing upwards and the rough rugged rock will assume the form of the "Old Man of the Mountains."

The above are sufficient to illustrate the character of the work, and we feel that it cannot fail to please both the old and the young, the educated and the uneducated, as every object to be found in every day life is represented thereon, and new objects will be seen every time it is examined. All who see it have to acknowledge that it is the most wonderful production of human skill and design ever executed, and in presenting it to the public we accompany it with a challenge to European and American Artists to produce its equal; and further we challenge the public to find the head of Geo. Washington, which is plainly visible; and to the persons exhibiting to us the four objects that occupy the largest space upon the drawing we will give the sum of \$100.00. Photographs of the Encyclopedia are for sale by agents at \$1.25 each.

OUR GREAT OFFER! ONE SENT FREE.

As this great object teacher should be in everyone's home, and in order to get it there people must first see for themselves just what it is. So we are going to give one thousand away to introduce to agents. If you want one of the first thousand send 12c. for postage and we will mail you one of the large Encyclopedias, size 13x17. And if you afterwards order as many as a Dozen we will deduct the 12c. from your first dozen order. There are over 500 Puzzles and Rebuses pictured out in connection with other things, and it will be found to be the greatest curiosity you ever saw. You cannot make a dollar any easier than by ordering one sample now, for it will sell quick.

Address, MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

DETECTIVE We want a man in every locality to act as private Detective under instructions. Experience unnecessary. Send stamp for particulars. NATIONAL DETECTIVE BUREAU, Indianapolis, Ind.

KING VIOLIN BANJO GUITAR MANDOLIN FREE!

Every one warranted. Sent for examination free. Read this wonderful offer.

\$3.85 KING VIOLIN

This is a bargain. We guarantee the King violin equal in appearance to a \$25 instrument or money refunded. It is on the Italian model, made of best seasoned wood well put together; ebony finished finger board, tail piece and pegs; fine maple neck. We sell the King at this low figure in order to advertise it. The price includes violin, bow, fancy marble finished pasteboard box and a piece of rosin. Wooden box \$1.00 extra.

\$5.85 KING SPECIAL VIOLIN. Same as above only it has had longer use, and has been selected especially on account of its excellence of tone.

\$6.85 KING GUITAR

A thoroughly satisfactory instrument, equal to any other guitar that sells for \$15.00. We guarantee it in every respect. It must not be compared with the cheap guitars usually sold. This finger board is carefully adjusted so that the strings lay closely to the neck, making it easy to play upon. The back and sides and neck are genuine mahogany finish, beautiful colored inlaying around sound hole, patent brass machine head, ebony tail piece. We offer the "King" as the best guitar for the price that has ever been put on the market.

\$8.85 KING SPECIAL GUITAR. This is the same as above, only the wood is selected with more care as to the figure. The King special is finished in mahogany, rosewood or oak. It is a beautiful instrument. Words cannot convey its true value.

\$4.85 KING BANJO

The King banjo has a 11 inch nickel rim, woodlined, wired edge, mahogany finished neck, raised frets, perfect finger board. The neck is artistically shaped. This instrument is made with extra care, is handsomely ornamented, carefully adjusted and supplied with extra quality cat skin head. It is fully guaranteed and equal to any \$10.00 banjo. Every banjo is carefully tested before leaving the factory, and is fitted with professional strings ready for immediate use.

\$6.85 KING SPECIAL BANJO. This instrument is same as above only somewhat more fancy, having positions on finger board dotted; it also has more frets than the other instrument.

\$7.75 KING MANDOLIN

This mandolin is really a first class instrument, and is fully guaranteed for perfect workmanship, quality of tone and durability. It is finished in mahogany or birch, has 9 ribs and is the genuine "Neapolitan" model; oblong sound hole with nest inlaying around it; ebony finger board, a perfect scale and carefully modeled neck. The most careful workmen are employed in making the "King" mandolin. The cheap mandolins on the market are worthless and this is the lowest price ever put on a first class instrument. We guarantee it in every respect.

\$10.75 KING SPECIAL MANDOLIN. Same as above only it has genuine white, curly, maple ribs, and finished in a more fancy style.

Instruction Books.

We will send the genuine Bowers instruction book for the guitar, mandolin, violin or banjo for 45c. The regular price of these books is 75c. each the world over. They contain simple methods for teaching the beginner, also jigs, waltzes, and popular airs arranged from the easy to the more difficult. Every player should have one.

TERMS:

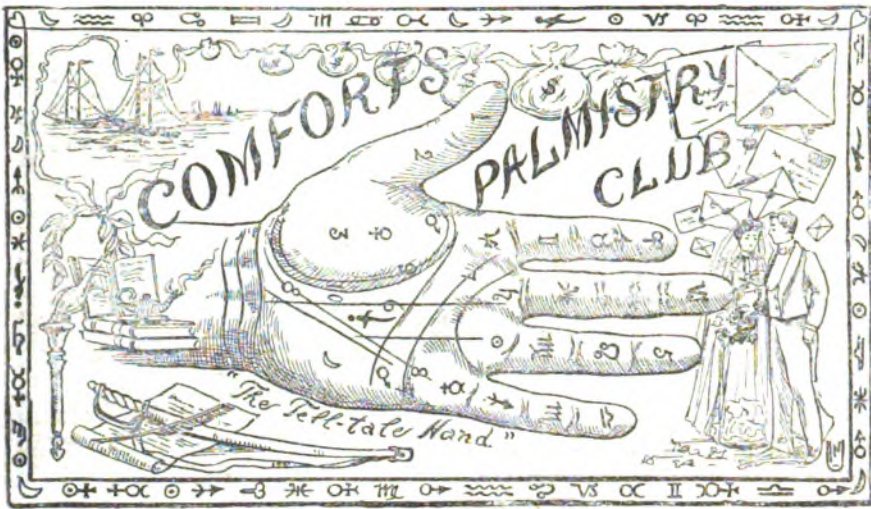
We ask no money until you have seen the instrument. Send us your name and the address of your nearest express office, state the instrument you wish and we will send it to you FREE FOR EXAMINATION.

The instruments are all strung ready for use. If after trying you are satisfied that the instrument is well worth the price asked, you pay the express agent the amount and it is yours. If not the agent will return it as our expense. Nothing can be more fair. We are able to offer them at these low prices for every one will be an advertisement for us and sell another. Every instrument is guaranteed as represented. We refer to our responsibility to the Editor of this paper. Write today sure. Address,

KING & CO.,

86 Calhoun Place,

CHICAGO.



CONDUCTED BY DIGITUS.

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NINETY-NINE people out of every hundred smile incredulously when the matter of fortune-telling is referred to; and yet, many of the greatest men and women who have ever lived, both in the present and the past, have believed in one kind of fortune telling. The reading of the future has not been made possible by man, but by the Creator; and in every human hand, is the unmistakable evidence of certain traits, and undeniable events. Here lies, if properly read, at least one form of fortune-telling, that is neither fraud, guess-work or chicanery.

What a wonderful thing is the hand! It contributes not only to our support, but to our pleasure, our knowledge, and our worldly success. To be deprived of our hands is one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall us. A blind man sees through his hands and reads through his fingers. A deaf-mute talks by his; and many a cripple having his hands, has been able to earn a good living. Misfortune may turn the hair white, or make the head bald; the voice may become broken; the eyesight grows dim with age; the whole frame totters, but there is something written in the hand which time cannot wither or age decay, and which is as unmistakable as the hand-writing on the wall.

Like everything else that is good, there has been in the past much jugglery and humbug practiced under the name of palmistry. A good, reliable chiromancer (or palmist) is almost as rare as a white blackbird; but COMFORT, always in the van with new and original ideas, and ever seeking for something novel in the field of literature and science, has secured the services of an expert who understands thoroughly this somewhat mystical subject, and will now have it presented in a scientific and truthful light.

"Give me the hand of an artist of talent," says a celebrated chiromancer, "and without ever having seen his pictures I will tell whether he prefers form to color, if he cares for details, whether inspiration or reflection guides his work, whether he works from imagination or from nature, and whether he will achieve success or not." And Dumas, the great writer, says that palmistry will some day be the grammar of the human organism.

The hands of no two people are exactly alike both in form and in general lines. As characters differ in the human family, so do their hands. It indeed seems strange, that our characters, our past and our future, are plainly written on our hands. And yet, many ancient and a constantly increasing number of modern thinkers believe this. Certain configurations and forms of the hand have been found to accompany, invariably, certain phases of character. Of late years, the dust of ages, that has so long obscured the science of palmistry, has been cleared away, and this occult subject is now offered to the world as an exact science. It is no longer a mystery of mysteries; it is a branch of knowledge with definite rules, and classifications. It is not pursued only by ignorant and superstitious old women dressed as gypsies, and who know next to nothing of the real gist of the matter. It has been studied by persons of education and refinement; and the apostles of palmistry to-day no longer try to surround themselves with an air of oriental mystery, or hide behind the veil of occultism. Certain lines, certain forms of the hand, mean certain things; the reader of palms to-day looks at the thing fairly and squarely, according to the light that has been dim for centuries, but which burns brightly in 1894—and states plainly what he sees there. Palmistry is the fad with the fashionables of the large cities; and English, American and East Indian chirosophists have found another way by which knowledge is power. Society is showing its hand—and those who are able to read it are on the high tide of popularity.

What is the difference between chiromancy and chiromancy? asks someone.

Chiromancy is the science which reveals the disposition, character, proclivities and occupation of a man, by the shape and size of his hand.

Chiromancy does all this, and much more. It tells by the lines, heavy and light, crossed and un-crossed, not only the character but the history, past, present and future. No person whose life-line was short, weak and broken ever lived a long or a healthy life.

No one whose head-line was weak or wanting, ever amounted to much, or became a person of independent judgment; and no one whose heart-line was missing or very much broken up ever made a happy marriage. Strange, isn't it? And yet, events have proved the statement true, over and over again.

There are certain characteristics which the hand tells, whether its owner will it or no. The human lips may lie but the hand cannot. A person versed in chiromancy can easily tell by looking at a hand the leading traits of the person who owns it. The islands, stars and

ISLANDS. CROSSES.

crosses in a hand mean many important things; and our next article will treat of them more fully.

A slim, narrow hand betokens a weak temperament, feeble imagination and but little force of character; although if it is a pliant hand, of a suitable thickness, it will be improved.

If the palm is longer than the fingers, the owner is inclined to sensuality, gluttony and material desires.

Short thick hands, with large thumbs betray covetous dispositions and a desire for riches or greatness.

great dislike of work. A celebrated palmist says that one's hands are not hard because one works hard, but one works hard because his hands are naturally hard; that is, that one whose hand is hard in spite of all he can do to soften them, was born to work hard; and vice versa, that one's hands are not soft because he has not worked, but that he has not worked hard because he was born with soft hands.

Square, medium-sized hands denote scientific, sensible, self-contained people. The steady-going professional man is apt to have such a hand.

A fleshy, thick palm denotes long life, and so does knitting of the joints. Authorities generally claim that a hollow palm gives long life. The most intelligent people have firm hands without either hardness or excessive softness.

Of course these qualities may be modified by the presence or absence of certain other distinguishing marks, and also by the tell-tale lines, or their absence in the palm.

The shape of the hand, in fact, has much to do with a person's character. The thumb, for instance, as it is the most useful, is the most important of the digits in palm-reading. If it be disproportionately small, its owner is of weak character. If large, the person has a strong will, especially if the first joint be well-developed. If the second joint is longest, the



person has great reasoning abilities. And so with the fingers, which may be of four kinds—or mixed when characteristics of several are blended. The spatulate finger denotes material things; the pointed, or psychic, divine things; very knotted ones, philosophy; and rounded ends a talent for art.

What was the origin of hand-shaking? It was first done to emphasize the fact that each person carried no concealed weapon, for the purposes of surreptitious murder. And what a difference there is among people with regard to this simple ceremony. When you take the hand of certain ones it is—as Mr. Kinsabby says—like taking hold of a dead fish; while others give a warm, genial hand-clasp that sends a magnetic thrill through you; and you never forget the latter person. Among some savage tribes the hands are held up, when approaching an enemy for purposes of council, as a sign of peace; just as highway burglars and train-robbers to-day in some parts of the country, accost their victims with "Hold up your hands."

The most abject expression of humility is the act of kissing the hand—unless it be kissing the Pope's toe!

Mr. Heron Allen, a celebrated English authority on palmistry tells a very interesting story in which a murderer was traced by the lines of his hand. A detective, on visiting the scene of the murder, noticed the imprint of the murderer's bloody hand, on the window sill. He studied carefully, the peculiar spiral lines on the ball of the thumb, making a correct drawing of them. With this tracing, he tracked the guilty man from place to place; by pretending to be a fortune-teller, he examined hundreds of thumbs, but found none for many months to correspond to the imprint on the window-sill. At last, however, he found its exact counterpart, confronted the owner with the murder, when the villain broke down and confessed all, bringing up on the scaffold as a direct result of that blood-stained impression on the window ledge.

There are people—plenty of them, (and doubtless some who read this paper) who will say that there is nothing in all this; that there is no difference between hundreds of hands of people around us; that the lines come and go regardless of meaning; that the lines are made by folding the hands; and finally that it is wicked to attempt to solve these mysteries. Now 1st, examination of the first hundred hands you come across will show a marked difference, with no two exactly alike in every particular. 2nd, patient watching of the lines in your own hand will convince you that they do not change materially as the years go by; smaller, minor lines may be added, but the main ones remain the same. 3rd, look inside the hand of the smallest baby and you will find the chief lines, plainly marked, and never after materially altered. Even the unborn child has the same lines; which facts prove that folding the hands does not produce the lines. And 4th, as to its being wrong to study palmistry, it is only another way of studying the mysterious secrets of nature. Is the study of plants, stones and the inner processes of nature wrong? Is it wrong to study the stars and the strange, mysterious laws that govern them? Is phrenology wrong? In short is not any form of study into the secrets of nature—which is only another name for God—perfectly legitimate? When man was made with a keen brain, a searching insight, and above all, an insatiable longing to solve the problems of life and death and all nature, did not the great Creator intend that he should use all these faculties to His glory? And both the study of palmistry, and that strange science known as astrology, reveals to the true, earnest searcher only a reverent knowledge of the grand workings of an infinite scheme which could have been planned only by a wonderful and Omnipotent Creator. In short, it leads only to a greater and deeper respect for God's

stance of a gentleman whose name is known all over this great country of ours; who began life as a clerk in a grocery-store down in Maine, with no prospect of ever rising above his fellows; and how a phrenologist came along one day, examined his "bumps" and told him that he was intended by Nature to be the head of some great business, and had no right to bury his light under a bushel by remaining where he was; and how the young man, believing more, perhaps, in himself than in the phrenologist, took heart of fate and cast about for the right start in life; and how to-day he is at the head of one of the greatest publishing houses in the country.

Just so has the good hand of certain young men and women, revealed to them the walk in life for which they are best fitted. You may have the ability to become a great artist or a great writer, although you are to-day drudging in a mill or a school-room. If so, your hand will show it. And why should you not avail yourselves of the knowledge that lies hidden there?



Here is a hand, for instance, in which Digitus sees great capabilities for evil. If such a hand belongs to a child, it will have little chance to grow up; and in any case the owner of such a hand will not live to be over fifty. It would be well for the child who has this hand not to grow up; as if it does, it will become, in spite of itself, a thief and a dissolute character, liable to ruin both health and character by the lowest forms of dissipation.

There are so many things that are both interesting and helpful to know. Do you know that a liar habitually keeps his hands closed? And that he cannot tell a lie with them open? Hold up your own hand to the light. If you can see light between your fingers, you cannot keep a secret. So never trust anyone whose hands are like that.

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PRIZE STORIES FOR FEBRUARY.

Charles Edward Barns,	First prize,	\$30
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Saved by a Humorous Strategy.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CHARLES EDWARD BARNES.

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I was in Shanghai, China, during the Tonquin troubles. When that oriental people is at war with any occidental nation all foreigners without pigtails are enemies. So, at that time, whether one was an Iclander or a New Englander made no difference; to the natives one was a Frenchman, and it was his strict business to keep a sharp lookout. A fanatical populace is no respecter of persons.

I was on board the dear old City of Richmond—the veteran war-vessel sent by the government to cruise about in Chinese waters during the Franco-Chinese troubles, and see to American interests.

The petty riots on shore kept the officers on board, in constant expectancy of an outbreak, and, naturally, this prolonged suspense grew

very tedious and we longed for amusement.

Lieutenant Pinard was not only a very brave and fearless young sea-soldier, but was an ingenious man, always ready with a new expedient in time of danger, and with a new amusement in times of stagnation and ennui. Consequently we looked to the Lieutenant now for diversion, and great was the satisfaction we found in him as the ship's Barnum. One day, when he seemed to have quite exhausted his stock of fun, he got leave to go on shore, and returned to the ship with six little ten-pound pigs. How they were to amuse us was not quite clear; but they did, as you will see.

About two hundred feet toward land, there was a mast, sticking about twenty feet out of water, from a sunken wreck. The harbor and river are thick with little cabined crafts, propelled with one oar, called sampans. There are some five thousand people who live—men, women and children—in these sampans, rarely going on shore, many of the little boats being store-boats with all sorts of supplies, floating around among the barques. The sampanmen make a living by taking passengers and packages to shore from the ocean vessels, receiving ten cents a trip; and, as ten cents is fifty-five cas, and a human being can live on one cas a day, a sampanman gets one job a week and settles back for seven days on his income.

As for a pig, there is nothing a Chinaman will not do for one. As a Mohammedan hates them, as being unclean, (I have seen a pig get loose on shipboard in the South Seas, and the Mohammedan sailors take to the rigging for dear life, as the touch of swine denies them entrance into heaven) a Chinaman's heart will be touched with a pig's squeal when it will not be moved with that of his babes.

Pinard went out to that pole in midstream, tied a pig up there, then soft-soaped the mast on his way down, and told the sampanmen that the first man to get it, owned the pig. You should have seen that boat-race of a thousand sampans, filled with yelling, scrambling, fighting two-legged river-rats, struggling for that stake with the squealing pig at the top! They came from everywhere, and mounted the mast in a pyramid, only to slip down—souse! into the water, and to begin over again.

All hands were on deck, from the Rear Admiral to the coal-stoker, and some of them laid down, and rolled over in fits of laughter. It was really the maddest, funniest thing I ever saw; and when one of the rascals got the pig, the Lieutenant rowed out and put up another. This fun continued until the sunset call to "pipe down," and the old ship ceased to tremble with merriment.

Bright and early the next morning we received word from shore that a new mandarin had come into power, and that he was going to inspire terror in the hearts of the people by decapitating some seven hundred criminals above a certain grade of offense.

These local despots are a mystery to us, but their decrees are law.

An idea hit Pinard. He must be present at the execution, and, as I was his guest in a way, I must accompany him. Then we went to headquarters for leaves-of-absence.

"But, gentlemen," said the stern old Admiral, "don't you know that you take your life in your hands to venture within the city walls at this perilous time of war? In the eyes of the people, you are Frenchmen and their enemies. It might go hard with you!" But we persisted in our plea. "Well, go ahead," he said curtly at last, "but I suppose it means that I will

have to send a detachment of marines to rescue your bodies from the scoundrels in about four days. Make your wills. Good day, gentlemen!"

Then we saluted, and left the Admiral's cabin, dressed for adventure, armed ourselves and started.

"What have you got in that bag, Lieutenant?" said I, as we neared land and my knees began to quake.

"Lunch!" said Pinard.

"Well, from the size of it, it's enough for a week."

"Come, hop ashore—no time to lose. Jump in that jinricksha!"

Then directing the runners to make for the city gates, we were raced down the Bund, through the "foreign quarters," toward the bleak, high, grim city walls.

Although two double teams could race around the city on top of these walls, side by side, the gates are merely little holes, so small and closely guarded that one must stoop double to penetrate them. It was like diving through the little door in a beehive, and coming up on the other side in a buzzing nest of human bees.

We found a palanquin there that would hold two, manned by four men, which, with two big fellows to lead and beat a way through the dense forest of humanity, calling out, "A prince! a prince! make room! stand aside!" made up the crew.

If you have never been within the walls of a great Chinese city, you can form no idea of it. Think of a walled space, enclosing a million people where a hundred thousand would be none too comfortable; of streets so narrow that one may touch both sides at once by extending the elbows, or at times, the hands; and where the sunlight of heaven never reaches the stone flagging. Think of these dungeon-like streets filled with a black, waving, moving mass of heads—heads apparently all alike except in age—it is like plunging through a dense cloud of faces! Once in a while the palanquin would slow up, and the Lieutenant would bang the head crier with his malacca stick, and he in his turn would bang the mass ahead of him, so that we seemed to pass through a human tunnel.

One wonders how these people all live; it is explained by their ability to live on a cas (one-eleventh of a cent) a day. One wonders why they do not die of epidemic; it is explained by the fact that they are so saturated with opium that there is absolutely no room for disease.

We reached the prison—about as hopeless a hell as Dante could have conceived. We passed through one or two petty prisoners' quarters—each offender carrying something like a table-top, with his head through the centre of it, locked about his neck, varying in weight according to the offense—and on through the chamber of tortures to the executioner's quarters.

Suddenly the Lieutenant turned to me.



"Why, man, you're as pale as death. You aren't going to drop here, are you? Take a couple of good pulls at that!"

I too; the full flask in my weak hand, and

half emptied it. Then said I, "Look to the right, for I dare not again!"

It was a vat of quick-lime out of which a man's head and the ends of his fingers protruded, and, alas, the refinement of cruelty!—they were feeding him! The sight of this distorted face of a criminal slowly burning to death in quick-lime, simply racked my nerves to fainting. The poor sufferer, I learned, was a parricide; and, as killing a parent is the most heinous of crimes in the Chinese catalogues, he was condemned to one of the most prolonged of tortures.

Suddenly we reached the apartments of the executioner—a solemn stone hall with racks of swords along the wall. Then in came the august personage himself, and certainly he was the most magnificent specimen of brute creation I ever beheld, standing nearly seven feet, stripped to the waist, and with a face expressive of the cunning of the jackal and the ferocity of the starved tiger. The satanic grin on the monster's face as he fondled his huge swords would have shot terror into my soul had I not already sustained a blow to my nerves in the sights of the torture chamber; but now I was ready for anything.

When the time for the execution came, we were ushered out into a wide open stone court, perhaps a thousand feet square. The grand mandarin and his followers, all dressed in state robes, with swords gleaming with diamond hilts, took a position at one side amid the shouts of the populace which had covered all available space as far as the eye could reach, till the buildings looked as if they were alive with lizards.

The prisoners came out in single-file, their legs tied above the knees, their hands chained in front of them.

I was perfectly astonished with the levity and seeming indifference with which these men went to their fate. They looked rather as if they were going to a good feast. I discovered, that there had been a great deal of howling and wailing until a body of priests went in among them, and told them that if they were brave and set an example of courage to their mates and to the world, they would enter the Celestial State, which is something of a blending Nirvana with a pagan Hades. If they were cowards, their souls would remain on earth and inhabit the forms of rats, lizards, and vermin forever. Then the wailing ceased, and here they stood, in row on row upon a little rise. The first rank of some fifty men, advanced to the edge of the stone terrace, where there was a fall of perhaps a foot. Down they knelt, bending forward, while the executioner began his work.

Do you want to know how it sounds to hear a sword snap off a human head? Hold a good ripe apple by the stem, and give it a sharp snap with your finger nail. You have it there as nearly as the sound can be imitated—a sound which you once hear and it will cling to you till your dying day.

With the first head or two that rolled down the incline, a low shudder of horror went through the thousands upon thousands viewing from all points of vantage; but after the first dozen, the tune changed, and the sight of blood brought cheers. After he had struck off two or three dozen heads, the huge executioner began to get tired of wielding his twenty pound sword with such accuracy and precision, and one head required two blows. Fifty thousand throats sent up a laugh. "Bungler!" "Coward!" "She-dog!" they howled. "Ge

back to your bow-wow shambles!" (they eat dogs in China)—and many other cutting cries of derision greeted him, till even the vigorous face of the mandarin relaxed, and he almost showed his teeth, while the crestfallen and winded seven-footer glared.

After the first ranks were cut down, the second advanced—laughing, joking, and, even till their heads rolled down, kept up incessant jest and bravado. Many of these *bon mots* were translated for me, but were too grim and horrible to repeat.

Between each of the ranks, prison slaves would gather up the heads and set them upon a series of long shelves much resembling book-cases. We saw some two hundred of these heads placed upright—as ghastly a library of horrors as the most morbid literary fire-eater could wish—and then the *phut!* of the sword crashing through human necks got to be monotonous.

Now came the problem. How should we get back to the city gates? We knew that four-foot river of blood would make fanatics and wild men of the populace even in time of peace. What would it do now in time of war? If we had been insulted, blocked and jeered on our way thither, what would now be our destiny? I recall now my vivid and intense fear as the Lieutenant took me aside and said, "We are going to have a time of it; but remember to hear nothing, see nothing, look straight ahead, and above all, don't show fear!"

After a vast amount of red tape, we gained the outside of the prison where the palanquin awaited us. What had our hirelings done in the meantime?—perhaps hatched a plot to rid themselves of us for the booty, all white men being traditionally rich.

We got along very well till we struck back into the narrower quarters, and then the trouble began. Jeers led to outcries of the most insulting kind, and then a missile would fly by, and some of the boldest would even dare to spit upon us.

Without noticing anything, the Lieutenant occupied himself with pounding the criers and the head palanquin-carriers, calling down all the heathen gods upon their heads. Then I saw that he was getting exhausted, and I trembled.

"If we can only reach the square by the Great Joss, I shall feel safe," he cried out to me in tones of unmistakable doubt and agony of heart, and then renewed his cudgeling.

It was five minutes—the longest five minutes of my life—before we burst into this little open court, which was yet but half way to the gates. I had confidence in some stratagem of the Lieutenant's, though I knew nothing of his methods, or how he proposed to extricate us.

In the centre of this court is a high pole which, on feast days bears the city standards. We brushed by this spot; jeering madmen were cursing the "cur Frenchmen," only awaiting a first blow to tear us to pieces. It was then that the sailor-strategist showed his wit. He threw off his coat and shoes, drew the "lunch" bag over his back, and went up that pole for twenty feet like a shot. Then he made them a speech in their own language. "O Friends of the Good! we are not Frenchmen, but we are your allies. We have come to help you in this time of adversity!" Then, diving into the bag, "Behold!" A scream of laughter greeted a squealing pig. "Behold, O men of Quang-tsu! We have brought you a ship-load of these little pigs, and money beside. But you must earn them, for only the best man is rewarded."

Then he tied the pig fast to the pole, and drew forth his purse. "See! here is gold. When I give the word you are to climb for it, and the devil take the hindmost!"

Then he slid down into the palanquin and ordered the carriers to move us aside. A thousand men crammed up to the spot, and then the Lieutenant gave the word. Such a scramble, such a yelling, writhing, struggling mass of human spiders never was seen!

The Lieutenant waited until all attention was directed from us to the squealing pig, and then he turned to the criers and carriers; "Get out of here, dogs! Get us to the gates in twenty minutes and you shall have a silver dollar each and your hire. On with you!"

In twenty minutes' time we were through "the needle's eye," under the light of heaven, breathing God's sunshine, and the palanquin men were rewarded with this small fortune. But I have always had a certain reverence for men of ingenuity in times of peril—geniuses of stratagem. I have always had a soft spot in my heart, too, for pigs—little pigs, fat, juicy, and with a healthy little squeal. They make me forget the sound of that sword, which, as I say, resembles the snapping of a good ripe apple.

LOCHINVAR IN THE WEST.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY NEITH BOYCE.

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It was near sunset, and the *cascarone* ball at the Garcia casa was in full swing.

The great canvas tent which had been spread for the festa was open on one side, toward the west, and here gathered the crowd of onlookers, watching and applauding the gayety within. In the front rank the more indolent of the young caballeros lounged idly against the wooden balustrade, rolling and smoking cigarettes, comparing notes on the value of their respective horses which were tethered to a long hitching-bar in the shade of the near pepper-trees, and commenting on the appearance of the girls. Beside these lordly youths stood those of the guests who had been unable to get seats on the benches about the walls inside, or had escaped for a breath of fresh air, and behind these clustered the Indian servants, grinning to one another at every fresh burst of laughter from the merry-makers.

Within the tent the light was growing dim. The shuffle of feet and the cries of the dancers almost drowned the music of violin and guitar. The light cloud of dust that floated over the heads of the throng, the heaviness of the air, and the whirling kaleidoscope of gay colors combined to produce an indescribable confusion. The figures of the dance were broken and a little heeded as the dancers pursued one another hither and thither, each trying to break on the head or shoulders of his victim the mischievous *cascarones*—egg-shells filled

with bits of gold and silver paper, or colored paints—and to protect himself from similar assaults.

The supper hour was at hand, and the fun waxed furious as the end drew near. The girls ran about shrieking with laughter, their black eyes flashing, their flushed faces and shining shoulders streaked with red or green paint, their delicate muslin gowns torn and soiled. The little baskets which were suspended by bright ribbons from their wrists were almost empty, but they flung their ammunition about recklessly. Here and there a *cascarone* better-aimed broke on the dark head of some caballero and its moist contents trickled down on the gorgeous silk and tinsel of his festal garb. But for the most the men had the best of the fray, and mercilessly pushed their advantage.

One however was conspicuously persecuted. He stood in the centre of a pushing swaying crowd of feminine things, ducking this way and that to escape the *cascarones* showered upon him from every side. This man was distinguished from the slender dark picturesquely clad Spaniards by the massiveness of his frame, the blondeness of his hair and the dark plain blue of his naval uniform—wherever these latter were visible under the splashes of paint that covered him almost from head to foot. He was a stranger and therefore these daughters of old California should have shown him mercy, but certainly they were not so inclined.

Henry Vernon had been enjoying in a way the novelty of the situation. In the end however escape began to seem desirable. His head was beginning to whirl with the din and the bad air, one eye was temporarily closed under a coat of green paint, and a similar moist substance trickling down the back of his neck made him distinctly uncomfortable. Also he had many things to say to pretty Ximena Coronel, and the time was growing short.

He glanced about the circle of his foes and detected Ximena in the act of throwing her last *cascarone* at him.

As he caught her eye she made an imperious signal, holding up the gay egg-shell, and then tossed it toward him. He caught it deftly, snatched a basket from the arm of the nearest girl, smashed a *cascarone* full on her forehead, and pushed his way out of the crowd. He paused a moment near the opening of the tent, whence a breath of deliciously cool air came in with the red light of the sunset. Turning his back to the loungers outside he broke open the egg-shell which Ximena had thrown him and which contained a scrap of paper tightly rolled. There were only a few words in Ximena's childish scrawl: "My father will not hear me. He has betrothed me to Senor Gonzalez, and has forbidden me to speak to you."

Vernon, his face grown suddenly hard and set, thrust the bit of paper into his breast-pocket and glanced around the tent.

In an instant he caught sight of Ximena. She had slipped into a corner behind a clump of fan-palms; she was looking at him and her black eyes flashed an invitation. He made his way swiftly around the tent, passed the benches where the fat donnas gossiped and giggled and mopped their moist brown faces. Ximena smiled bewitchingly as he joined her. Her round little face was flushed and beaded with tiny drops of perspiration. Her gold-embroidered gown was torn almost off one shoulder and her white neck showed a great splash of green paint. Her big eyes and crimson half-open mouth were aglow with laughter.

"What a sight you are, Enrique!" she cried. "Santissima, how funny you look with only one eye, and your hair redder than ever!"

Vernon caught both her slim brown wrists. "You little wretch, that's your work—see now, how I shall punish you!" He drew her toward him.

"No, no—be careful, some one will see you!" Ximena struggled to free herself.

"I must talk to you, Ximena. Quick, where can I see you? You know my boat sails tomorrow, and I must start to-night."

He released her hands and his face grew grave. Ximena ceased to smile. "In an hour everyone will be at supper. Make some excuse and come down to the bridge over the great *zanja*. I will come for a few minutes if I can get away."

"But, Ximena, you must promise—you have promised—"

"No—I cannot promise. I will come if I can."

He flung out his arms to catch her, but in an instant she had thrown herself flat on the ground and wriggled out under the edge of the canvas. Vernon stared a moment at the spot where she had disappeared, and his bushy light brows contracted angrily. He turned and joined the crowd which was now streaming out into the open air. The sunset flush had not quite died out of the clear sky, but here and there a star gleamed faintly. The sea-breeze swept in through the tall eucalyptus trees and the graceful peppers, gratefully cooling the flushed faces of the revellers. Laughing and chattering these made their way to the long adobe ranch-house that gleamed white through the orange grove, and there scattered in their different apartments, to meet an hour later in the great sala for supper.

With the aid of an Indian servant Vernon found his room in the side of the great quadrangle set apart for guest-chambers. Like all the others it was very simply fitted up. A narrow bed and stand, a single chair and a little oratory—a beautiful carved crucifix hung in an alcove with an embroidered praying-stool before it—made up the furniture. But there was an exquisite counterpane of drawn-work upon the bed and the two small towels were beautifully embroidered with the Garcia crest.

Vernon made his toilet somewhat under difficulties owing to the limited supply of water, and was contemplating with some dismay the wreck of his coat when a sharp knock sounded on the door. He opened cautiously and was confronted by an Indian boy who put into his hands a large bundle and scudded away noiselessly on his bare feet. In the flickering light of his candles Vernon shook out the gorgeous dress of a caballero—silver-buttoned trousers, short gold-embroidered jacket, and richly tasseled *botas*. He laughed as he pulled the jacket half on. It would not meet by five inches across his muscular chest. He paused a minute, thoughtfully contemplating the glittering garments, then suddenly tossed them upon the bed, pulled on his stained uniform, hung the small satchel containing his other belongings over his shoulder, caught up his gold-corded cap and left the room and the house.

Outside the twilight had fallen. Down by the *zanja* under the fringing willows it was quite dark. Vernon waited, pacing up and down near the little bridge, for nearly half an hour. He was impatient but not anxious for he felt sure Ximena would come. Pretty Ximena! She loved him, for he had taught her red lips to frame the confession in his own language, and then she had laughed and repeated it in the soft Spanish tongue, made for love and caresses.

She came at last, slipping upon him almost before he was aware, shadow-like in her long black cloak and *reboso*.

"I couldn't come before," she whispered breathlessly. "I was getting ready."

She flung back her cloak showing a dark dress underneath, and held up the bundle which she had brought with her with little difficulty. "Ximena! You will go, then!"

"Until now he had almost doubted her resolution."

"Of course—" began Ximena calmly, but Ver-

non caught her up, bundle and all, and held her tight against his breast.

"*Muchachita mia!* I will make you so happy!" he murmured passionately.

"Let me down—we must hurry!" said Ximena imperatively. "They may miss us any minute. Have you a swift horse?"

"Yes, black Pedro, the horse I bought at San Diego."

"Santa Maria! he is a snail! There are a dozen horses here that could outrun him even with half an hour's start! And he is not big enough—if you take me too!"

Vernon was silent.

"There is Felipe Valdes' bay stallion," went on Ximena. "He will carry us to San Diego in two hours—and then you can send him back or



turn him loose. Everybody in the country knows him—he won't be lost. If we can only find him now! Come!"

Without hesitation she went on swiftly up the road and past the house, from whose long rows of windows streamed out the light of innumerable candles. The clatter of dishes and hum of voices came faintly to their ears.

"They are at supper—we have a good hour, if we can get away," whispered Ximena. Vernon followed her, half afraid he was dreaming. She led the way to the hitching-bar where many of the horses still stood. On one end was tethered the huge brown stallion. He had not been unsaddled. His heavy housings of red leather gleamed with gold embroidery, and at every toss of his proud head rang out the jingle of his silver flangee bridle-reins. Vernon turned to Ximena as he hurriedly unwound the *riata* halter.

"We forgot to bid adieu to our host!" he said gaily.

The girl answered with a half-suppressed sob. "And my father! If I never see him again—"

"But you shall! We'll come back some day! Come, my little one!"

An hour later when Felipe Valdes missed his horse there was much commotion in the Garcia household. There was mounting in haste and scattering pursuit. But it was not until the morrow that the simultaneous disappearance of Ximena Coronel and Captain Vernon of the trading-steamship *Orion*, became an established fact. And by that time the lovers were afloat on the blue sea, and Ximena had changed her name for another.

The scandalized Fathers of the Mission met in solemn conclave, and sentenced "one Henry Vernon" for this offence to pay to the Holy Church no less a fine than a bell of solid silver. But the bold captain, afar on the high seas, gazed into Ximena's eyes and laughed at the reverend Fathers. And I grieve to state that Ximena, loyal daughter of the Church though she was, laughed with him.

KEY NO. 110.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY GRACE BLACKBURN.

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NE bright June morning, in the year '82, a stylish victoria drew up before the entrance to the Safe Deposit Co.'s office in Chancery Lane, and the footman got down from the box to ascertain if the manager could interview his mistress.

The victoria was a perfectly appointed affair, remarkable in the severity and faultlessness of its every detail. Quite as remarkable, also, was the

lady who leaned against its luxurious cushions; tall and graceful, even when seated. A woman between twenty-eight and thirty years of age, dark, with hair so black as to be almost blue, a clear olive skin, eyes a little too dark and a little too bright to be strictly beautiful, a straight delicate nose and thin curving scarlet lips, scornful, decided, slightly cruel.

She was plainly dressed, yet in perfect taste, and was evidently impatient of delay, as the daintily shod foot kept rapping a subdued *ratt-tat-tat*, and the heavy brows were drawn testily together.

When the man appeared at length, however, and with him, the smiling manager, all traces of impatience vanished, and it was a very delightful and gracious *grande dame*, who swept up the stairs by Mr. Flite's side; John and James following, and bearing between them a strong box of rather formidable size and weight.

"You give me every assurance, Mr. Flite, that my box will be perfectly safe? It contains very valuable family plate, and, naturally, I am anxious about it."

"Naturally! my lady, but I assure you it will be absolutely safe," replied the manager, at the same time handing her a paper, containing the following announcement: "The object of the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit, is to provide for the use of the Public, an absolutely secure but inexpensive Depository designed to meet the requirements of a large section of the community, and to supply the ever increasing demand for an absolutely secure place for the Safe Keeping of Important Documents, Jewels, Plate and portable Valuables of every description. Each renter has entire control of a separate safe, and each lock differs from any and

(NUTSHELL STORIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)

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THE NUTSHELL STORY CLUB.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

very other; thus combining absolute privacy with absolute security."

"A splendid arrangement," said her ladyship—otherwise Lady Mary St. Clare—"and now if you please, Mr. Flite, I will see the box deposited and conclude arrangements with you."

Ten minutes after, the box was securely locked and barred into the iron safe, which was to be its resting place, and Lady St. Clare herself held the key. Then, the fees for two years' rent being settled for, by a handsome cheque, the victoria and its brilliant occupant rolled out from the dingy precincts of Chancery Lane, towards the brighter and more fashionable quarters of the West End.

The down Dover train that evening, bore on their way to the sunny south, her ladyship, her ladyship's maid, and M. Pierre, a lively French poodle, the constant delight and admiration of his mistress, the torment and abomination of her long-suffering Abigail.

Two years after the events mentioned in the foregoing chapter, within the gorgeous gaming-rooms of the great Casino of Monte Carlo, a pale weary looking young man has just staked his entire evening's winnings upon a single chance—had staked and won.

The people about him seemed intensely interested in his good fortune, though the same could scarcely be said of himself, as he yawned slightly before stretching out his hand for the gold and notes which the croupier swept towards him.

At the same moment, glancing up from the table, he met a pair of gleaming black eyes fastened upon him. Hastily thrusting the money into his pockets, he left the table to join their owner, a stylish looking young woman, in fact the Lady Mary St. Clare of the June morning two years before.

After some greetings and conversation, between the new comer, whom they called Hudson, and the group of people surrounding Lady Mary, it was proposed, by some one, that they all adjourn to the gardens.

"Why have you never written me?" said Lady Mary, fixing her great black eyes tenderly upon him.

"I never had any heart for that kind of thing," he replied, "you know why."

"Yes I know, poor fellow! And yet, I loved her also. Have you never found a trace of evidence?"

"None," he faltered huskily, "but there can be no hope now, she is dead."

This meeting between two people, who in the years gone, before the laughing glances of a girl's bright eyes parted them, had been something more than friends, led to many meetings more; for Harold Hudson was a man very dependent upon the sympathy and companionship of some woman for his best happiness. So, although, when in the first flush of their wedded love his young wife, the owner of the laughing eyes, disappeared from her home and friends as suddenly and as thoroughly as though she had been swallowed up in an earthquake, his grief nearly upset his reason; still, that was two years ago, and, though a man does not forget, still he longs for happiness, and, as Harold said, "When a woman loves a fellow, what can he do but try to make her happy?"

The result of these meetings at Monte Carlo, and of Harold's loneliness, was a quiet wedding at Paris the following September, when Captain Hudson and Lady Mary St. Clare were made man and wife.

That the marriage was not happy was evident, only too soon. On the side of the woman, there was the passionate jealous demonstration of a turbulent nature, on that of the man, the indifference, growing into dislike, of a man, who seeking the comfort of a pleasant companion, found the annoying exaction of a suspicious wife. His liberty was curtailed in every direction. The most absurd motives were imputed to his slightest movements. Quarrels and recriminations became the order of their daily life. Thus one unhappy year followed another.

At last, driven to desperation by a quarrel more stormy even than usual, during which she had taxed him with the grossest unfaithfulness, he told her he could stand it no longer, they must separate. He would take all the blame, in the eyes of all their world. She should be the injured one, but one thing was certain, they must part.

They were standing in the boudoir of the villa at Rome, which they had taken during the second year of their marriage. They had just returned from some fashionable gathering. Lady Mary was looking superbly handsome in her almost regal robes of purple velvet; but there was a reckless expression on her face, and a dangerous fire gleamed in her eyes, as Harold spoke so calmly of a separation.

With a hard, defiant laugh, she tossed him some scornful answer. A moment after, he was horrified to see her place a vial of some whitish liquid to her lips, and before he could stretch out his hand to stay her drunk of its contents. Then, crossing the room, she opened the doors of a cabinet, and taking from it a key, dashed it at his feet, at the same time crying: "There! that is my last love token; may it bring you peace." Five moments afterwards she was a corpse.

As soon as all legal inquiries regarding his wife's death had been satisfied, and Harold had somewhat recovered from the shock of her fatal action, he returned to England, that her body might be interred in the family vault at Wiltshire, intending as soon as the last sad duties had been carried out, to find a new home and a new life in the western world.

One day, as he sat looking over some business papers, he came across the key, which had been thrown at his feet on that last tragic night in Rome. A tag attached, bore the following inscription, "Safe Deposit Key No. 110," while underneath, in his dead wife's handwriting, were the words, "My most precious possession."

Harold was in London at the time, so thought he would run down to the offices of the Safe Deposit Co., and see what it was that had been left there.

The manager, upon his making known his name and business, looked up the entries opposite that number and found they stood, "Valuable family plate." Then, together they went to the vault which Lady Mary had selected, and, in a few moments, the strong box stood revealed.

Then, Mr. Flite called two clerks to him, who unbound the girths about the box, leaving it fastened only by a spring.

At that moment Harold Hudson looked his last joyous look upon the face of his fellow man. He was laughing as he stooped to raise the lid. Never again was he to laugh a conscious laugh of merriment. The box contained some mouldering bits of cloth, some masses of golden hair, and all that the years had left of a woman's beautiful form.

The man who knelt before it, laughing so wildly, was raving mad.

ZACK BRADY'S SHOT.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY BEVERLY BREVETTE.

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WAS a typical summer day amid the forests that bordered the Licking in Kentucky, and men in buckskin garments might have been seen hurrying through the timber, with their long rifles on their shoulders.

They were in a merry mood for it was a fete day among the early settlers, and several excellent prizes were to be given for the best marksmanship. Both men and women were in gala dress, and outside the little fort, which stood near the bank of the stream, surrounded by the stockade which had been built to defend the place against the prowling redskin, the scene was one of animation.

Not far off was the sporting ground, and after talking some time near the stockade, exchanging greetings and getting the news from the various settlements to which the men belonged, the whole concourse betook its way to the eventful spot.

Among those who comprised the contestants for the prizes was a boyish looking individual, tall, freckled, thin and not very good looking. He had a kindly face, however, and a clear blue eye which was soft and expressive.

This was Zack Brady, from one of the nearest settlements, a young man who was noted for his cunning in woodcraft. He was an orphan who had come to the "Dark and Bloody Ground" with a company of settlers from the east, and he had grown up among them, well liked for his many quaint characteristics, and a favorite among the children in whose sports he often participated.

Zack carried that day a long barrelled rifle, which he knew well how to use. It was an odd looking affair which had seen service in the Revolutionary War, lately closed, and the crack in the stock had been received at the taking of Stony Point.

For some time rumors of an Indian uprising had thrilled and frightened the people along the Licking and it was said that red spies had been seen in the forests, or creeping along the river with their proverbial stealth.

On this particular day, however, the people seemed to have thrown fear to the winds, and all were bent on enjoying themselves to the fullest extent. Men laughed and chatted as if they were not living in the shadow of the tomahawk, and the women gathered in groups and discussed the latest gossip of the many little settlements roundabout. As there were a good many children in the party, they ran hither and thither through the forest and had a good time generally, their laughter ringing free on every side.

The target had been set the night before, and was a bit of white goods, cut in a circle as large as the top of an old fashioned cap-box. It was secured to the body of a smooth oak about one hundred yards from the marksmen's stand, and there the would-be winners of the prizes grouped themselves and looked to the conditions of their rifles.

Zack Brady, timid and unassuming, stood apart, resting on the long barrel of his rifle and quietly looking on. He had never been known to force himself to the fore, and was not of that makeup which gets people into trouble by their forwardness.

In a short time the sport had commenced and the ringing reports of the settlers' rifles awoke the echoes of the summer wood. The men were crack shots, as they had to be on account of the danger that constantly menaced the stations; and for two hours the shooting went on, so evenly matched that the highest excitement prevailed.

"Why don't you shoot?" asked a tall man in buckskin, as he stopped in front of Zack, who had been looking on all this time.

"Why, they haven't asked me to," was the reply. "You see, sir, this is a men's contest, and as I won't be of age till next March, I can't come in."

This was said without the least bitterness, and the tall youth turned away to watch the shot just being made.

The man who had addressed Zack was the leader of the settlers who had given the shooting fete, and as he left the boy, in whose eyes a wistful look was to be seen, he said in loud tones:

"Men, I move that we fracture the rules a little so as to let our young friend Zack into the game. He says he will be of age next March and if that is the case, I don't see why we should exclude him from the sport."

All eyes were turned to the youth who blushed, for his modesty was well known throughout the country, and in a moment the question had been put and carried without a dissenting voice. The women were especially pleased on account of Zack's kindness to their children, and they clapped their hands till the boy's gaze sought the ground and he seemed to crimson to the roots of his hair.

"Now you are with us on an equal footing, Zack, my boy," said Captain Webb, as he patted the young settler on the shoulder. "We will let you have a shot just as soon as Crampton and Bowers shoot off their tie. There's several good prizes yet; in fact, the best ones are left, and the hunter's belt, made by my daughter Bessie is hanging on the tree yonder for some good shot."

It was suspected that Zack had looked upon Bessie Webb as a future sweetheart when he could muster up the courage to woo her, and, without looking toward the beaded belt which the fair young girl had made for the occasion, he took up his rifle and examined the priming.



"Don't let anything unsteady you," whispered one of the men with whom Zack had come to the shooting bee. "Bessie is looking on, boy, and you want to take that belt."

As the tall figure of the young marksman of the Licking went to the foreground, a silence fell over the crowd. All knew that he was a famous shot where he lived, and that he was said to have eyes noted for their keenness.

Bessie Webb's prize had been fastened to a tree but fifty yards from the shooting stand, and when Zack stepped forward with his rifle resting carelessly in the hollow of his arm he was seen to send a keen glance toward it. Perhaps that nerved him, for within the circle formed by the belt as it hung on the tree had been placed the bit of white cloth which was the target.

One of the best shots was to shoot before the youth, and the bullet cut the edge of the white spot, as it buried itself in the tree.

Zack brushed back the long locks that fell almost to his shoulders, in western cavalier style, and planted himself in the very foot-prints of his rival.

"He is going to miss the mark altogether," whispered one of those who looked on. "The boy, for once, at least, has the trembles, and he will do well indeed if he hits the tree."

indeed if he hits the tree."

"If Bessie wasn't here he might have a show for the belt; but he knows that she is watching him like a hawk, and that's why he won't hit it at all."

Zack might have overheard this conversation, which was carried on within a few feet from where he stood; but if he did he showed no signs of it. Perhaps he did tremble a little, but as the rifle came up and touched his shoulder, not a muscle quivered; he was the calmest person on the ground.

"He's going to shoot ten feet above the mark," suddenly exclaimed a settler. "Look how he elevates his rifle. What's the matter with the boy?"

Even as the man spoke Zack Brady's rifle rang out in clear tones, and was followed by a cry, piercing in its terror; and, to the astonishment of all, something pitched headlong from the tree and fell heavily to the ground.

"An Injun, by heavens!" cried Captain Webb, as the object on the ground at the foot of the tree writhed in death throes.

Terrified women and children ran to the shooting stand for protection; men grasped their rifles, looked for a moment at the sight, and then rushed to the tree where they gazed upon a Shawnee warrior, painted for the war trail.

The spy, who had been sent to observe the settlers at their sport, had been seen by the keen-eyed boy marksman, and would never report to his scarlet master.

For a moment after the discovery all was silence among the settlers and then Captain Webb, jerking the prize belt from the tree, ran with it to Zack and thrusting it into his hands, said:

"You've more than won it, boy, and by Jove! you're also entitled to the gal that made it."

Zack blushed more than ever.

PHILURA WINTERBOTTOM ON THE WORLD'S FAIR.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

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I AIN'T said a word before agin the World's Fair. Several times I've been tempted to speak up and say what I thought in plain language. But Joshua thought I'd better not, and I didn't want to hurt the Fair none. La!

I wouldn't want to ruin 'em, financially, and if I'd exposed 'em as a fraud, who knows how the paid attendance would 'a come down? (Dead-heads will go anywhere.)

I shouldn't have gone if it hadn't been for Jack, Joshua's youngest by his first. I came on to New York to visit him a spell, and as some of his neighbors was goin' Jack induced me to go too. He paid my fare, and it must 'a cost a sight o' money. Joshua wouldn't never 'a paid out any such sum for me—nor I dunno's I'd want him to.

We staid to the Woman's Dormitory, the Burrage's and me. The Burrage's was old maids, though considerable stylish. They took a double room and a single one for me. When we went up the walk to the Dormitory, (after a ride on some cable cars, that would have astonished old Mother Shipton) we saw a long, low building, seemin'ly full to overflowin' of women. Bein' away from home, and wantin' to save expense, they washed as many of their clothes as they could in hand-basins, and from every window hung a pair of stockings, a towel, half a dozen handkerchiefs, or a sleeveless undervest. A city boarder once said that our sewin' bees up at Pottstown Corners reminded him of a lot of hens cacklin'. I wonder what he would think of the Dormitory with a thousand women!

But that wasn't a circumstance to bein' inside the Fair grounds—down on the Middle Pleasance, for instance; my land! such a hubbub and a to-do as there was. The buildin's to the fair proper were a credit to them that put 'em up. Why, that Manufacturers buildin' would take in the whole village of Pottstown Corners at once, steeples and chimneys and all. And there was more beautiful things in it than you would see at all the cattle-shows in Vermont and New Hampshire in a lifetime. I ain't goin' to say a word agin' that, no, nor the fair proper.

It is the Fair improper. I never was so shocked and scandalized in my life as I was the day I went down the Middle Pleasance. Them Burrage women come home the night before, wild about it.

"Why, Mrs. Winterbottom," they said, "you must go there if you miss everything else. Such a glimpse as you will get of foreign lands." "You want to see the dancing?" said one.

"And the Dahomeys," said the other.

"And go to the Turkish Theatre," said the first.

"And ride on the Ferris wheel," said the second. Wal, they said so much, next morning I got sail, determined to see the Middle Pleasance, and see it thorough. It was the first time I'd been on the grounds alone, but I inquired of a chair-boy where the pleasance was, and after a while I found it. On the way there I came to a gate marked Exit. I s'posed it was one o' them side-shows the Burrage women said was plenty down that way, and thought I would go into it. A man in uniform stood there.

"Does it cost anything?" I said. He shook his head. Now I'd come determined to see all the free shows, and I thought I'd take this in. I got took in myself. I wanted to see what an exit was like. I went through the gate and I declare for't I was outside the grounds altogether. I didn't comprehend it at first, but pretty soon I see I'd been imposed on. I went back to that gate—which wasn't marked exit on the outside—and faced that man in uniform.

"What do you mean?" He looked bewildered and tried to bluff me down and make me pay to come in again. I told him I wouldn't take no back talk.

"What kind o' folks be you?" says I, "to mark your gates with some fancy name on the inside, gettin' honest folks to go through 'em, a-purpose to make 'em pay to get back again."

"Stand aside, madam," he interrupted. "You're blocking the way."

I let the crowd pass by and then I talked to that man real good, and asked him what he expected would become of him for practicin' such extortion. "Why," says I, "that's a real mean trick. None o' my boys would do such a thing. No, nor nobody in Pottstown Four Corners, unless it was them Skinkins down by Frog Holler." But he wouldn't relent; and if you'll believe it, I had to pay another half-dollar to get in again.

When I got down on the Middle Pleasance, though, I forgot all about the gate man. It was scandalous. It was shocking. There was men in full, baggy scarlet pantaloons, for all the world just like the ones I used to make the girls wear in winter. There was niggers with nothin' on, to speak of, (anyway, I shouldn't want to speak of it!) There was colored women with not much more in the way of clothes. There was silly lookin' men in uniforms, in blue caps, in red turbans and in gilt slippers. There was girls talkin' and flirtin' with men in a way that would git 'em a sound spankin'—big as they was—if they'd been my daughters. And there was all kinds of folks except respectable lookin' ones; and policemen loungin' 'round and lettin' things go on from bad to worse.

And most o' 'em had things to sell. A girl with big hoop earrings and a red petticoat, held up bouquets of drooping asters. "Buy—ezem sahith—la-ra-ra-boom!" she'd say; and all the while she was rapin' and buyin' of her. A man under a yellow turban had a keg of something he called pulky. He said it was Mexican cider. Now, though I'm a white ribboner, I do like sweet cider, and as he said this was strictly temperance drink, I paid ten cents for a glassful. Mr. stars! I'd as soon drink scar drink-water. But as

I'd paid for it, I felt obliged to drink it all up. And (though I wouldn't want it known in Pottstown) it went to my head so I had to go into the Japanese tea house and set down. While I sat there, two black men come in; somebody called 'em Dahomeytes. I turned and looked at 'em. Magnificent specimens of human flesh and blood they were, I dunno what made me do it, but I felt real sociable, and I turned round and begun to talk to the man next to me.

"Now see them Dahomeytes," says I. "Ain't they an argument against slavery? We never have any such niggers as them over here. Slavery's stunted their growth. But them Dahomeytes, now—they've grewed up in their native wilds." And then the man bowed very polite and said something like this:

"Pardong, madam; zher ner compny voo par," and lifted his hat and went on. The Dahomeytes grinned and just then a gentleman in a tall hat stepped up to one o' 'em and said: "Why, Henry, you here? I thought you were in Rochester." And the nigger whispered, "Sh—sh; don't say a word. I can't speak a word of English. I'm a Dahomeyte, I am," and went off.

Two young women came in next and went over to the counter behind me and got up a flirtation with the young Japans behind the counter. After they'd bought a ten cent cup of tea and went out, the fellows begun to laugh at 'em. Their conversation sounded a good deal like this:

"Wollie—wollie, wollie-bollie-bollie-bollie-wollie!" and then they giggled. I was sick enough of the Pleasance already, but I was determined to see it out. So I got up and strolled on. Bymeby I come to the Turkish Theatre. It cost a quarter, but I knew it would be my only chance, and went in. But I shall never describe what I saw there. The actin' and the didoes, and the cuttin' up! And if anybody'd told me that Philura Winterbottom would ever have set and calmly gazed on the dancin' and wrigglin' that I saw there, they wouldn't 'a been believed. And me a church member! No, I shall never tell—not even to Joshua—all that my eyes beheld and see.

On my way out, I ran against a Turk in baggy trouser-loons. He wanted to sell me some candy, but I remembered the pulky and didn't. Goin' towards the gate I met a young couple seemin'ly wrapped up in each other. Some folks behind me said they were goin' to be married, and that the girl was a Samoan and the man a Russian Pole. They seemed so interestin' I stopped to talk with 'em. "Can you understand English?" says I. The girl just nodded her head.

"You're goin' to be married, I hear," I begun real pleasant, for I felt I had a duty to perform. He nodded and she blushed.

"And you're from the Islands of Samoa in the Pacific Ocean," says I to the girl, "and you from Poland—a cold, dreary region." They both nodded, the girl takin' in every detail of my dress.

"It ain't right," says I. "The laws hadn't ought to permit it. You, I went on turnin' to the girl, "are a young creature, used to a tropical climate and its strange ways, and you, I to the Pole, "are a native of cold, barren lands, and know nothin' of a nature like hers. Pause and reflect, before it is too late."

"O wot are you givin' us?" says he in as good Irish as they use in New York. "She ain't no greeny."

"Nor be no sheeny," says the girl. "See?" and they went gigglin' their way, while I went mine.

And glad enough I was to see that Exit again. It was the most interestin' thing I see that day.

On the car goin' home I overheard two men talkin'.

"It's a wonderful thing, this Fair. Nowhere else in the world could one get so much comprehension, so just, so accurate an idea of foreign lands, customs and manners."

And the other replied, "Nor form so correct an estimate of their people. Just think! there are representatives on the Pleasance, from every country and kingdom. What an education for the masses to see them just as they exist at home—a little bit of every land under the sun."

Then the other said "Wonderful!" and sighed. And I laughed.

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A STAR-FISH.

OME children, draw up around this blazing wood fire and we will have another talk on natural history.

You don't know what natural history is? O, yes you do. It is the science which tells us about birds and beasts and such things as we discussed last summer at the Agassiz Museum.

Did you ever see a star-fish? If you have been to the seashore, you have picked them up on the beach, after the tide has gone out; otherwise, not.

Well, the star-fish and the devil-fish and the giant squid all belong to one family. They are the porcupines of the sea; because they are bristling with spines like the hedgehog. When you see a star-fish on shore he cannot move; but he scampers along the sea-bottom quite fast; and if, by any accident, he breaks off one of his five queer legs—why, he just grows another! and, stranger yet, the cast-off leg grows into another fish. I wonder if he knows which one is himself and which is the other!

Another curious animal of the salt-water is the sea-anemone. There are several different kinds of them and they look more like strange beautiful flowers than like live things. They are all colors, pink and gray, scarlet and gold, and green and crimson, and a collection of them down in the water looks like an animated flower-garden. Yet they are living things, with breathing-places and digestive organs just like anybody. One kind of sea-anemone seems to be a mischievous little fellow; for he is fond of fastening himself on the back of a hermit crab, and living there. The crabs are great travellers, and consequently these little sea-anemones see a good deal of life and steal a great many rides!

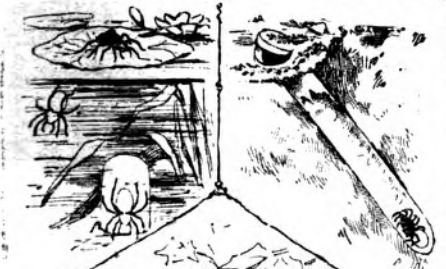
But speaking of sea-flowers who ever heard of a sea-cucumber?

Not many, I am sure. They are very plenty on the coasts of China and Africa, where they are considered very good eating. They are shaped just like cucumbers, with little tentacles, or points, just like those on the garden vegetable, all over them. They are light green in color and seem, like sea-anemones, to be weeds rather than animals. But they have mouths, and eat and drink with them, and they move about; so we shall have to admit that the naturalists (you remember what I told you that word means, last summer?) are right in classing them with curious animals.

How many of you know that the ordinary sponge with which you are all familiar, is an animal too? To be sure, it belongs to the very lowest form of animal life, and for centuries it puzzled students exceedingly so that they could not decide which it was, plant or animal. But finally, Linnaeus, the great Swedish naturalist who was the first to throw light on a great many mysterious subjects—Linnaeus decided that as the sponge seemed to shrink from the human hand and clung very tightly to the rocks on which it lived; as it was divided into sexes, and showed certain signs of life; and as it laid eggs which afterward developed into little animals, it must be an animal—and a queer animal it is too. The holes in the sponge are at once its lungs and its stomach, and the water that soaks through is both food and air for it. The coarse, big sponges grow in the southern seas, and the finer ones in the north. The finest ones live in the Mediterranean.

You never heard of a spider who could live under water, did you? And yet there is one variety, called *Naiadea*, that build their houses under water and when they want anything to eat, they just run up stairs, so to speak, and sit on a lily-leaf floating about on top of the water, and catch flies. It seems that there were diving bells long before man invented them; for this little spider makes his little silk house down in the water perfectly water-tight and fills it with air. He fastens this little house to the grass blades near by,

A HOME UNDER WATER. THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.



THE BIRD-EATING SPIDER.

with several silk threads, and lives there in perfect safety, raising up any quantity of baby spiders to go and do likewise. They swim easily because they have a layer of air under their bodies which keeps them from sinking. And it is by this means he fills up his house with air. When he wants a fresh supply he just swims to the surface and takes a bubble of air under his stomach, and then carries it down

to his little house, and he keeps doing this until his house is well ventilated. Isn't he a queer fellow? Those of my boys and girls who live in California are at this very minute, I know, aching to say:

"O, Uncle Charlie, he is something like our trap-door spider."

But there are millions of children who never heard of a trap-door spider; and for the benefit of these I ought to say that he too is a most interesting and intelligent little fellow. He builds his nests in the ground—about two inches under the surface. He digs a deep hole and lines it with a sort of cement that makes it hard and impervious to wet or to his enemies. Then he re-lines this with a downy substance that makes such a soft nest for his wife and babies, and to crown all, he builds a little door that exactly fits the top of the hole and fastens it with a hinge, so that it will open and shut precisely like a trap-door. No matter how his enemies may treat him outside his own home, he can always get away from his pursuers by running rapidly to his trap-door, pulling it open, (a secret known only to himself) and then shutting it down when he descends to his nest. In fact, when it is closed, it fits so exactly and looks on the outside so much like the ground all around it that nobody would ever know it was there. And here, too, he carries his prey and eats it. I am sure he could say with perfect propriety—"Will you walk into my parlor?"—such a nice little nest it is!

There are thousands of different kinds of spiders and they are all very intelligent. Did you ever hear of the famous Scotchman who had been taken in battle and cast into prison, and who was so discouraged that he felt that he never again could try to be a great man or fight for the right? And then he fell to watching a spider in his cell, that was trying to build a web. Sixty-nine times some accident happened to the web, and sixty-nine times did the spider patiently begin over again and spin his silken thread until at last he had a new web; and then the man said to himself: "Shall I let this tiny creature beat me in perseverance?" And he took heart again, and when he came out of prison he persevered and became famous, simply because the spider taught him a lesson of patience and perseverance that he never forgot. In short, I don't believe many of you ever stopped to think how intelligent a creature the spider is; and I should go a long way around before I would be guilty of stepping on one and killing him. The idea that the bite of a spider is poisonous has been decided by the best authorities to be all wrong. It is only in tropical countries that this is true. The truth is, that our spiders never bite anyone if they are let alone. In South America, however, there is an enormous great spider with legs nearly a foot long, that catches and eats birds; and others that kill chickens and pigeons and suck their blood. But none of these live in the United States.

Then, too, there are ants that know a great deal more than you ever imagined they do. If you will watch a colony of them some day, keeping very quiet so not to disturb them, you will find that some will carry food, others will feed the babies, others dig new holes and still others—the warriors and soldiers of the tribe—fight bloody battles. Many a time have I watched a couple who stood up and clinched like a couple of prize-fighters. The Amazon ants make war on their neighbors and carry off their young, and make slaves of them. Another kind of ants are very fond of the milk of the aphides—a small fly that lives on a certain plant—and they treat them as we do goats or cows and steal up behind them and milk them, regularly!

In fact there is no end to the curious and interesting things to be learned about animals and insects great and small, when we once begin to read about them and study their habits. I think we had better form a Naturalist Club, don't you? Most of the other departments have clubs—why shouldn't we? And I think one of our first principles must be that every member must be kind to all God's creatures, great or small, and shall kill nothing unless we know for certain that they are poisonous or injurious.

First study their habits. Learn all there is to know of the commonest creatures around you, as well as those far away and strange. You have no idea how interesting such a study is.

"But how can we study these things?" you say. And just here is where our club will help you.

You ought to have, every one of you, whether you are members of our club or not, a book on Natural History. Because you ought to be able to read what the greatest students of animals in the world have discovered about them.

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UNCLE CHARLIE.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Feed a farrow cow all she will eat to fatten her.

Both large and small fruits do best in a black clay soil.

Good roads increase the value of farms contiguous to them.

A creamery should not be started until the milk of 250 to 300 cows is assured.

Teach young pigs to drink early and give them all the skim-milk they can eat.

Cleanse the feet of your work horses every day and they will not get dry and hard.

Every farmer should have a good garden, and in that case should raise his own seeds.

Out of 667 cheese exhibits at the World's Fair, Canada sent 162, and took 126 medals.

It is possible to feed poultry too much grain for their health, but never too much milk.

There is often more profit in a forty-pound lamb in February than in a sixty-pound one in June.

It is cheaper and easier to prevent soreness and lameness of your horses' feet than to cure them.

If it is worth while to raise colts at all, it will pay to raise good ones. The same may be said of any other animals.

A man with a low voice and quiet manner accomplishes the most work on a farm, and keeps his stock in the best condition.

When planting shade-trees, try to get something different from your neighbors, thus giving a little variety to the locality.

Success with poultry requires four things: Pure water, wholesome food, clean quarters and good care. Try it this winter.

Nearly \$3,000,000 worth of potatoes, beans and peas were imported to this country this year. These ought to be profitable crops.

Housewives in orange-growing districts are substituting oranges for soap. The acid in them cleanses woodwork and floors beautifully.

When honey is taken from the hive, keep it in the driest and warmest room in the house. It absorbs moisture in a damp place or a cellar and loses its flavor.

In case of fire, if horses refuse to walk out of the stable with a blanket over their heads, try harnessing them. This has been known to induce many a horse to let himself be saved.

It takes the same amount of milk to make one pound of butter that it does for three pounds of cheese. Just now butter brings 25 cents a pound to the farmer, while cheese is worth 12 cents.

If you want hornless cattle, buy a stick of white potash and rub the incipient horn of a young calf, after dampening it. This is an effective method of preventing horn growth and is painless to the calf.

Carrots are excellent food for old horses, giving them new energy and life; but for those under ten years they should be used sparingly as they have a tendency to make young horses nervous and irritable.

It Pays.

It pays to read the papers, especially your own family paper, for often in this way good business opportunities are brought to your attention. For instance, B. F. Johnson & Co. of Richmond, Va., are now advertising, offering paying positions to parties who engage with them, devoting all or any part of their time to their business interests. It might pay you to write to them.

Bees-keepers are trying the experiment of wintering bees in the cellar. If the cellar is kept dark during the winter, all that is necessary to do is to hang a thick blanket in front of the hives to dim the rays from the lamp; but if the cellar is light, a place in one corner should be partitioned off so as to make the part which is to contain the bees dark. The hives should also be up one or two feet from the cellar bottom.

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Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

A skunk attended a Connecticut wedding, uninvited, a short time ago. The bride fainted away and other ladies went into hysterics, but when the polecat had made out his visit, he retired and the ceremony proceeded.

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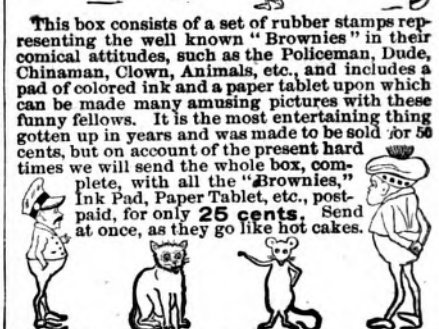
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LADY WANTED at home, to assist in preparing addresses, also other writing and easy office work. \$25 to \$50 per week extra year. If convenient enclose stamp. **WOMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE TOILET CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. (Ind.)**



BOX O' BROWNIES

This box consists of a set of rubber stamps representing the well known "Brownies" in their comical attitudes, such as the Policeman, Dude, Chinaman, Clown, Animals, etc., and includes a pad of colored ink and a paper tablet upon which can be made many amusing pictures with these funny fellows. It is the most entertaining thing gotten up in years and was made to be sold for 50 cents, but on account of the present hard times we will send the whole box, complete, with all the "Brownies," Ink Pad, Paper Tablet, etc., post-paid, for only 25 cents. Send at once, as they go like hot cakes.



Get a Club of 3 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each and we will send the Brownie collection FREE. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE

Each person answering this advertisement can get a handsome stem-winding, stem-set case watch, absolutely FREE. This is no guessing match; a watch for every subscriber. We can show proof and testimonials for \$1,700 watches we have distributed this season; we are determined to swell our yearly subscription list within the next 60 days to 60,000 new subscribers. We intend to make our Illustrated Home Weekly one of the most interesting and popular weekly papers published. The Illustrated Home Weekly is beautifully and profusely illustrated, issued every week and contains some of the most interesting home interest, fashions, humorous sketches, witty sayings, etc. Is a welcome visitor to every home. Send for the paper on trial, it is bright, cheerful and instructive. Our offer is unrivalled. Send 10c. silver or 15c. stamps and we will send you regularly every week for three months copy of our Home Weekly and send you one of our handsome watches FREE as a reward for your subscription is received. Send at once, ILLUSTRATED HOME WEEKLY, NEW YORK CITY, P. O. BOX 212.

DOLLARS IN WATCHMAKING.

They're to be made—you can make them if you get our complete Instruction Book and set of fine Jeweler's tools. Price of both \$4.75. Sent by express on receipt of price or C. O. D. If \$1.00 is sent. Book alone, \$2.00. Price lists free. **HOFMAN SUPPLY CO.** Wholesale Dealers in WATCHMAKERS TOOLS & SUPPLIES 24 Ray St., Springfield, Ohio.

DAVID KILLED GOLIAH

CATAPULT OR POCKET GUN.

So the idea is old but a perfect modern sling at this price has not been made before. This has great force and strength. Made of a solid piece of rubber, with cup to hold the projectile. Requires no powder, no caps; is neatly finished, durable, and can be carried in the pocket, as it weighs only three ounces. Will shoot shot or bullets with accuracy and force, and with a little practice will kill birds on the wing or bring down a squirrel from the highest tree. It is the best thing out for taxidermists, as it will kill without spoiling game and makes no report. A boy can have more genuine pleasure in a day with a Catapult than with anything else made. The loop, strap, pocket and pulling tip are all moulded in one solid piece of the best kind of rubber. Enclose 15 cents for a three months subscription to "COMFORT" and we send one free, postpaid. Boys make money selling them. One dozen sent for \$1.00. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Fun For The Boys.

All the above faces are person, and the wonderfully by our false mustaches and whiskers. For Entertainment, Shows, Clubs, Entertainments, etc. Marvellous changes effected by altering the appearance. Instantly into a man his sweet parents fall him. They of the best hair, nicely crimped—and natural appearance instantly adjusted. Mustaches, and goatees wax, allowing them to be moved from the face novel facial adornments last the outfit of a few cents every boy can have his own circus.

Mustaches and goatees, —gray, red, light, medium, or dark brown and black, price 7 cents each, four for 25 cents, or 60 cents per dozen. Goatees, 5 cents each, four for 15 cents, or 40 cents per dozen. Beards or Whiskers, 10 cents each, four for 25 cents, or 60 cents per dozen. Whiskers with Mustache, 60 cents; four of either for \$2.00. Any of above goods mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. In ordering, send small lock of hair or state color desired. Address Morse & Co., Box 330, Augusta, Maine.



CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE H. WYNNE.

Copyright, 1894, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



O you know what the bane of the average dinner is? Probably not, and many of you will be surprised at the statement that their chief fault lies in the profusion of kinds of dishes served. For instance, instead of having one, or at most two vegetables at a dinner, the average cook will send up pickles and jelly and celery and turnip and cauliflower and squash and perhaps onions, all at once—a variety that no human stomach can digest unless it is made of cast iron. How do you think the Vanderbilts and Astors and other millionaires live? Here is the menu of a Vanderbilt's common, every-day dinner.

Raw oysters.

Roast loin of veal.

Lyonnais potatoes. Mashed turnips.

Lettuce salad.

Coffee. Cheese.

And here is one which the noted Astor family find good enough for them, and to ask their friends to share.

Tomato soup.

Roast beef.

Boiled onions. Celery.

Cottage pudding, with Comfort cream sauce.

Nuts, Apples, Raisins.

Coffee.

They don't find it necessary to serve all the vegetables in the market at once. Of course these money-kings have a more elaborate menu when they give a grand dinner party but otherwise they live very simply indeed. It is told of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, for instance, that his family left their magnificent Newport residence one year early in September while he concluded to remain there some time longer. So he returned away his famous French chef for a vacation and sent for a woman whom he had heard praised as an "old fashioned New England cook." She came, and he asked:

"Can you make doughnuts?"

She said she could.

"I mean the old fashioned, twisted kind such as my mother used to make," he persisted.

She said she thought she could fill the bill, having made bushels of them in her day.

"And can you fry salt pork?"

She said "yes" again.

"And make pumpkin pies? and bake beans? and boil a dinner?"

And on getting an affirmative reply to all these questions he engaged her for the next two months, during which time he revelled in old fashioned cookery to his heart's content. And, doubtless, he stood in no more danger from dyspepsia than he does from his French cook to-day.

Even the best of cooks fail in this matter of providing an almost nauseating profusion and variety of food for a big dinner. Take so good and famous a judge as Miss Parloa, for instance. Read her bill of fare for a Thanksgiving dinner. She prescribes turkey in four different styles. And sensible as she is, she gives this as a "family dinner" and says it is "as elaborate as need be!"

Oysters on Ice, with Thin Slices of Buttered Brown or Graham Bread.

Cream-of-Rice Soup.

Boiled Turkey. Oyster Sauce.

Mashed Turnips. Mashed Potatoes.

Plain Celery.

Roast Turkey. Giblet Sauce.

Chicken Pie.

Dressed Celery. Cranberry Jelly.

Cauliflower. Squash.

Mashed and Browned Potatoes.

Lettuce Salad.

Thanksgiving Pudding, Wine Sauce.

Apple Pie. Squash Pie. Mince Pie.

Strawberry Tarts.

Crackers. Cheese. Olives.

Salted Almonds. Fruit. Coffee.

Now, while the savages might say "let us roast a whole ox," they would not commit such an offense against their digestive organs as to offer roast ox, boiled ox, fricasseed ox, and raw ox all at once! And yet the appetite which craves such a profusion is a relic of barbarism. Now let us see what we have for new dishes this month. Did you ever eat baked liver?

"Liver? Ugh!" says somebody.

But don't be in a hurry to condemn anything until you have tried it. And a great many people who detest fried liver find this kind of baked liver very delicious eating.

First, select a perfectly fresh liver—calf's liver is the best. Put it in a pail or deep dish; cover with warm, not hot, water and let it stand over night. After breakfast take it out and drain well. Cut bacon or salt pork into small strips for larding. With a larding needle, draw these strips into the liver as deep as possible, and as often as two inches apart. Lay the larded liver in the bottom of a double roaster. Rub salt all over it; then sprinkle with pepper and a very little powdered cinnamon. Stick whole cloves into it here and there, and drop pieces of suet the size of a walnut over it. A teaspoonful of water should be put in the bottom of the roaster the last thing and the whole shut up perfectly tight. Set in a hot oven and cook three or four hours. Then take out the liver, pour a pint of boiling water into the bottom of the roaster, thicken and strain for the gravy. And after having done all this you will then be able to decide whether or no you like liver.

Have you ever tried a double roaster?

It is like an ordinary sheet-iron dripping-pan, only deeper and with a cover just like the bottom part, that shuts perfectly tight. Instead of hinges it fastens together with a little rod that can be drawn out and the two parts separated for washing. Its advantages over all others are that it cooks the juices of the meat all in, preventing any escaping odor, and giving it an exceptionally good flavor. It also makes the meat tender, and poor, tough pieces can be cooked in it so as to be as sweet and rich as the best cuts are by the old method. They cost from \$1.00 to \$1.50 according to size, at any of the large kitchen furnishing stores. A "stew-down" or "pot roast" is excellent made in a double roaster.

Speaking of the cheaper meats suggests a

SHIN OF BEEF STEW.

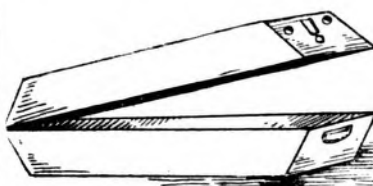
Take two pounds shin of beef cut into pieces about an inch square, one small carrot and onion, two whole peppers, two allspices, two cloves, salt and pepper to taste. Put all together except the salt, into a stew-pan, cover with cold water and simmer very gently three hours. Thicken with flour and brown with a little burnt sugar. Add the salt when the stew has been cooking two hours. A tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup will improve it. Suet dumplings are good with this dish, made with two cups flour, one-half cup chopped suet and a little salt. Mix with water into a stiff dough, make into small dumplings and cook fifteen minutes in the stew.

BEEFSTEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING.

Have ready one pound raw steak, two sheeps' kidneys and one small onion. Make a crust with one quart flour, one cup chopped suet and one-half teaspoonful salt. Mix with water into rather a stiff dough and roll about one-third of an inch thick. Grease a bowl that has a rim and line it with the crust. Put in the steak, kidney and onion cut in small pieces and flour and seasoned with salt and pepper. Cover the meat with water, and roll a piece of dough to cover the top, wetting the edges and press them well together. Now put a pudding cloth over the top and tie tightly with a string round the rim. Boil four hours. Or put in a mould in the same way and steam, but the bowl makes the better shaped pudding.

BEEFSTEAK AND KIDNEY PIE.

Take one pound raw steak and two sheeps' kidneys. Cut the steak in pieces about two inches long and one inch wide, and the kidneys into quarters. Flour well each piece, and put into a baking dish. Season with salt and pepper and nearly fill the dish with cold water. Cover with pie-crust and bake an hour and a half.



A DOUBLE ROASTER.

CRUST.

Cream together one-half cup butter and one-half cup lard, add two cups flour and mix well. Moisten with sufficient water to make a very stiff paste and roll out once. Cut a hole in the centre of the pie to allow the steam to escape. Or, into two cups flour rub a piece of butter and lard the size of a walnut. Mix with very little water and roll out. Take one cup butter and one-half cup lard and spread half over paste in small pieces. Fold over and over and roll out again. Put the remainder of butter and lard and roll over. Then roll out once more and cover the meat. Ornament the pie in any way that may be fancied.

CREAMED SALT FISH.

Soak one pint salt fish over night. In the morning pick it in small pieces and put in a frying pan with sufficient water to cover it. Boil five minutes then pour off the water and add one pint of milk with cream if you have it. Let it boil five minutes, then thicken with flour and season with pepper and a little salt if required. Serve with plain boiled potatoes.

SAUSAGE ROLLS.

(A nice supper dish.)

Cream together one-half cup butter, one-half cup lard, and add one and one-half cup flour and a little salt. Moisten with sufficient water to make a very stiff paste. Roll out about an eighth of an inch thick and cut into pieces about six inches long and five inches wide. Skin the sausages and put one into each piece of paste. Fold over and wet the edges with water to stick them together, trimming them neatly. Bake 30 minutes. Serve cold.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.

Cut an onion into rings and fry in butter until nicely browned. Cut cold boiled potatoes into thin slices and fry in the butter until brown both sides. Then put back the onions and stir all together, adding a little chopped parsley, a sprinkling of marjoram, salt and pepper.

BAKED POTATOES.

Wash and pare rather small potatoes and boil ten minutes, then strain off the water. Then melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a baking pan, put in the potatoes whole and baste and turn them frequently until nicely brown, which will take about 20 minutes in a hot oven. This is a new way, but a great improvement on the old fashion.

SALISFY OR OYSTER PLANT WITH EGG SAUCE.

Scrape and cut the salisfy into rings one-fourth of an inch thick and lay it in vinegar and water to prevent from turning black. When all is ready put it in boiling salted water and boil one hour. To make the sauce, melt two tablespoonfuls butter in a saucepan and stir into it one tablespoonful flour and one-fourth teaspoonful salt. Then pour in slowly one cup and a half of scalded milk. Boil one minute and add two hard boiled eggs chopped fine. Stir well and boil three minutes more. Strain the salisfy and turn into a vegetable dish. Pour the sauce over it and serve.

MOLASSES AND LEMON PUDDING.

Two cups flour, one heaping teaspoonful baking powder, one-half cup lard or butter and a little salt, peel of two lemons, and molasses to taste, are the ingredients required. Sift the baking powder and salt with the flour, then rub in the lard or butter and mix with water. Roll out one-fourth inch thick. Boil the lemons until the peel is tender, and cut it in small pieces. Grease a mould and line it with the paste, then put a layer of molasses with some of the lemon peel laid on, then a layer of paste and another of molasses and peel and so on until all is used, having paste for the top. Steam three hours.

If preferred, instead of boiling the lemons, the peel can be grated over each layer of molasses.

MEAT PIE.

An excellent meat pie can be made with any kind of left-over meats also, by using one of the above recipes for the crust, lining the dish with it, and then putting in your meat cut or chopped fine and seasoned with salt and pepper. When the dish is full, pour over all some gravy if you have it; or if not, some butter and hot water. Roll out the rest of the crust to fit the top of the pie, cut three or four holes to allow the steam to escape, and fasten it on securely around the edges. Bake until the crust is thoroughly done.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Wet tar stains with turpentine. Then wash out. Lemon juice well rubbed in will sweeten a sour sponge.

Corks warmed in oil make good substitutes for glass stoppers.

Hot vinegar removes the odor of kerosene from earthen, glass or tin.

Always dry an umbrella with the handle down to prevent rotting of the silk.

Milk applied once a week with a soft brush cleanses and softens boots and shoes.

Tooth-powder is an excellent thing, applied with a brush, to clean flannel jewelry.

Cut glass should be washed with a small soft brush, and dried with soft tissue paper.

A peck of unslacked lime thrown into a foul well or cistern is an effectual cleanser.

Cure a nervous headache by applying hot water to the temples and back of the neck.

A pinch of salt added to the white of eggs while beating makes them froth quicker.

Lemon-juice and home-made elder-flower water are harmless remedies for freckles.

Put a few drops of glycerine into fruit jars the last thing before sealing them to prevent mould.

A little sulphur burned in each room during or after a rainy spell will often prevent disease.

Keep an apple in the cake box. It will impart moisture to the cake and keep it from drying.

Dip your broom in hot water occasionally to straighten and stiffen it, and make it last longer.

A raw potato cut up fine and put into a soiled bottle, filled with water is excellent to clean it, if well shaken.

An ounce of flax-seed boiled in a pint of water, with a little honey, rock-candy and lemon-juice added, is excellent for a cough.

Flannels should always be washed by themselves in suds made expressly for them, and well rinsed. Use warm but not boiling water.

Never wash a tea or coffee pot in soap-suds as it sets the stains. When discolored boil a teaspoonful of soda in them an hour and wash clean.

One part of salicylic acid dissolved in twenty parts alcohol and mixed with three parts each of soft soap and glycerine makes an excellent mucilage.

Polish lamp chimneys after washing with a bit of old newspaper. Boil them when new in sweet milk or salt water (put in of course while the milk or water is cold), and they will not break so easily.

If your new shoes hurt your feet, fill them with water, let it remain a few minutes and then pour it out. The water takes the heat out of the leather, and they will not burn or press on tender places after that.

Soot water is the best fertilizer for pot plants. Put a pound of soot in a piece of cloth and tie it securely. Then drop the bag into a large pan of rain water and let it soak twenty-four hours. Use the water moderately once or twice a week.

To remove the taste of new wood, first scald the vessel with boiling water; then dissolve pearlash, or soda in tepid water, adding a little lime, and wash the vessel thoroughly with the solution. Scald it well again with hot water and rinse with cold.

One of the best washing fluids ever made is composed as follows: Add one pound of unslacked lime to three gallons of soft boiling water; settle and pour off. Add three pounds of washing soda and mix with this lime water. When dissolved use half a coffee cup full to each pailful of water.

Good News for Sufferers—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

Our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to know of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. The New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send you this new treatment free for trial. Write to them. Give age and all particulars of your disease.

IF YOUR HUSBAND FINDS FAULT

with your cooking, send us ten two-cent stamps for Mrs. Farlow's new Cook Book and make him happy.

E. B. GOODNOW & CO., Box 1687, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS! Send your name and I will prove to you that I have the best selling goods out and will send you samples FREE, prepaid.

Big Pay. The Randall Mfg., Horseheads, N.Y., or Joliet, Ill.

DELICATE CAKE.

Easily removed without breaking. Perfection Tins require no greasing. We send 2 layer tins by mail for 30 cts or 3 for 45 cts. Write for Circulars to Agents Wanted. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., C. St. Bath, N.Y.

LADIES WHO WILL DO WRITING FOR ME

at home, will make good wages. Reply with self-addressed, stamped envelope. MISS FLORA JONES, South Bend, Indiana.

FAT FOLKS reduced 15

Anyone can make money with me. Dr. Isaac Brocks Woodard writes: "It's a safe and powerful fat

reducer and is curing me of Bright's Disease." Miss M. Ainley, Supply, Ark. says: "I lost 43 lbs. and feel splendid." Costs a trifle and is as easy to make as Grape Jelly. No starving, no sickening. Write today as this ad may not appear again. Particulars (sealed) 2c.

HALL & CO., "R" Box 404, St. Louis, Mo.

PRINTING OFFICE 150

A large font of Type (over 44) with Figures, Hider, Indefinite Ink, Pad, Two-color, Galleys, etc., as shown in cut, complete in stock. No. 150. Sample paid for 15c. to introduce, with catalogue of 1000 new articles. CAT. FREE. INGERSOLL & Bro. 65 Cortlandt St. N.Y.

A PRESENT.

SEND us your address and we will make you a present of the best Automatic WASHING MACHINE in the World. No wash-board or rubbing needed. We want you to show it to your friends, or act as agent if you can. You can COIN MONEY. We also give a HANDSOME WATCH to the first from each city who introduces it. Address: N. Y. LAUNDRY WORKS, 80 Murray Street, N.Y.

OR we give this Set as a PREMIUM to those who get up a CLUB of \$20.00 for our TEA, SPICES and EXTRACTS. We are IMPORTERS of

TEA, COFFEE and CROCKERY,

and sell direct to CONSUMERS. We want YOU to send for our 150-page ILLUSTRATED PRICE and PREMIUM LIST. It tells the whole story. Costs you nothing. Will interest and pay you.

We have hundreds of other sets, PLAIN and DECORATED.

THE LONDON TEA COMPANY,

195 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

"A FAIR FACE CANNOT ATONE FOR AN UNTIDY HOUSE." USE

SAPOLIO

ENGLISH DECORATED

DINNER SET, NO. 45, 112 PIECES.

Premium with an order of \$20.00.

Packed and delivered at depot for \$9.00 cash.

Wet tar stains with turpentine. Then wash out.

Lemon juice well rubbed in will sweeten a sour sponge.

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THE LONDON TEA COMPANY,

19

An Incident of the Overflow of 1890.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY H. K. GRIFFIN.

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URING the early spring of 1890, we children used to watch with great interest the gradual rise of the Mississippi in its banks. I can recall now with a smile how harmless looking we thought it; and wondered, as we peered down from some height at the muddy waters, and listened to the sullen lapping against the sand, why father felt so uneasy about an overflow. But one day when Bob came running in and told us it had washed away his fort and reached the foot of the hill, our respect for its possibilities increased.

After this the boys set up a gauge, and each succeeding day the little damp spot on it showed a steady rise of several inches.

At our ages, knowing nothing of the dangers attending it, the thought of an overflow set the whole six of us aglow with excitement and pleasure. We saw no discomfort in having to put raised floors in the house, or at worst in going to the cotton-gin for a short time; while the prospect of rowing over the country for miles in a boat, sent the blood coursing through our healthy young veins at a wild rate. The most of our time was spent in promenading up and down the levees. These are great embankments of earth, varying in height from ten to thirty feet, as necessity dictates. They are built along the river bank to protect the lands when it rises out of its bed.

Watching one day, with fascinated eyes, the waters creep slowly but surely nearer the top, I saw a tiny turtle tossed about at random by the incessant waves as they broke in white foam at my feet.

"Poor little thing, how uncomfortable he must feel," I thought, making a dip-net of my straw hat and landing him safely on a patch of dry grass. As I shook the drops from my dilapidated hat, it occurred to me that if the river continued rising at the present rate, there was no knowing where it would stop.

It was at Miller's Bend that the greatest danger was apprehended. All the men in the neighborhood were employed driving staves and piling sacks of earth against it, to strengthen the weaker parts.

With that ominous rush of waters ringing in my ears, a shiver of apprehension for the first time ran through me. My eye wandered over to the Arkansas side. All was calm there. Nothing was to be seen but a gray belt of trees, and the Government boats anchored on that side. A dull red glow from the setting sun still lingered in the west, but the water looked leaden and unfriendly. Now and then, a great raft of logs floated by, or a lonely skiff of fishermen, singing some weird negro melody as they passed.

During the next fortnight, great excitement prevailed throughout the country. Arkansas and Mississippi seemed running a race as to which State could hold out longest against the common enemy. Two attempts were made, by unknown parties crossing over from the former State, to blow up the levees on our side, so that the waters, finding an outlet, might relieve the pressure against their own. In both cases, however, they were surprised by the guards coming up, and retired before a volley of buckshot.

A few days later the Arkansas levees gave way, but what advantage this might have afforded us was counteracted by the constant rainfall.

One evening, I think it was the 4th of April, a foreboding of danger took possession of me that I could not throw off.

The children and I were alone that night. Father was away from home; for, toward the last, every able-bodied man or boy was pressed into service on the levees.

There had been one of those sudden changes in the weather that our climate is so prone to, and as evening wore into night it grew oppressively warm, and the air became heavy and sultry. Every now and then an ominous flash came, lighting up the dark and threatening southwest. Not caring to alarm the children, I tried to quiet my own anxiety, but when they were all tucked away in bed I stole out and hauled in with difficulty an old skiff. Then, after making a few other preparations, I sat down to keep watch, and plan what was best to do in case of an emergency. The storm was slow in gathering. Except an occasional low rumble of distant thunder, the night was intensely still. I could hear, with a distinctness that made my heart stand still, the sullen roar of the water at Miller's Bend. Being the only one awake in the house, I became dreadfully nervous, starting at every little sound. As the hours crept by I became sleepy. Listening to the children's even breathing and the monotonous tick, tick of the old Dutch clock on the mantle, my eyes unconsciously closed.

How long I slept I do not know. I was awakened suddenly by a flash of lightning followed by an instantaneous clap of thunder, which seemed rending the heavens. Springing up with a cry, I became aware of a cold dampness about my feet, and trying to walk, I found I had to wade ankle deep in water.

I knew then that the levee had broken. My first impulse was to stand still and scream. Then another flash showed me the sleeping faces of my little brothers and sisters, while the thought of their utter helplessness brought me quickly to my senses and the necessity of immediate action. Without it was blowing a perfect hurricane. At that moment the storm broke with fury. The house shook on its foundation, and a second later we felt it lunge forward with a cracking of timbers and one side went down. As it sank, the waters rushed in until the chairs and other light furniture began to float. The children roused and began to shriek with dismay and fright. For a second I scarcely knew what to do. Then I thought of the levee. It was our only hope, being so near. Hastily securing the skiff, I told the children to be quiet or we should all drown, and managing to squeeze them in, we drifted out through the open door into the wild black night.

If I live a thousand years I shall never forget that ride, and the two or three hours following. Fortunately the wind was with us, and I think

some unseen hand must have guided our course, for we reached the levee in safety.

As the last one stepped on the boat floated away, leaving us on a narrow strip of insecure ground with the water on either side. We were not the first, however, who had sought it. All the uncared-for cattle in the neighborhood had come to this forlorn refuge, and were bellowing and rushing about like mad. For a while I feared we should be trampled to death, but the dumb brutes seemed to respect our helplessness.

As we stood huddled together, the rain beating in our unprotected faces, and the wind almost blowing us into the river at every gust, many strange, solemn thoughts of death and the mysteries of the unknown presented themselves to my mind.

Once, when a streak of lurid fire shot across the sky, I saw a cabin floating down the turbid river. Just behind it was a log with the figure of a man clinging to it. A minute later another flash revealed the log, but its struggling human burden had disappeared.

Little six year old Alice saw it, too.

"Look!" she cried in terror, grappling me about the neck. "Oh, Mary, hold me tight. I'm afraid to die like that. Hide me quick."

I covered her face that such sights might be shut out, and whispered a silent prayer for the unknown dead.

Hours passed by, but still the rain and wind were unabated, drenching and chilling us to the bone. While we stood so, awed into silence, I felt a sensation of motion. A shiver of horror ran through me, for I saw with sickening despair that the levee was moving.

If it gave way, our last hope of rescue would be gone. Rousing my benumbed faculties, I sent forth a wild scream for help. The children joined me, and we made frantic efforts to be heard.

But our voices were driven back and drowned amid the tumult. The levee began to move in slow curves, like a great serpent. Despair clutched at our hearts. Life seemed doubly dear just then, with the cold, treacherous waters, like some hideous creature of greed, stretching forth its talons to drag us down into the unfathomable darkness of death.

Once more raising our voices, we sent forth another piteous cry for help, instinctively drawing closer together, and feeling that we might meet the end easier in the strength of each other's love. But this time there came in answer to our call, through the beating storm and roar of the mad river, a faint response.

Men in the distance, with lights, appeared. Several of them in strong boats were rowing toward us with might and main. I grew dizzy and weak lest they should not reach us in time.

Minutes seemed like years. Now we could distinguish them calling to us to take heart. A second later a man in the foremost boat sprang to land, and recognizing father's scared white face, I felt with a stifling joy that we were saved.

ALL IN A NUTSHELL.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MRS. N. C. ROBBELL.

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RIDDLE-GUESSERS and anagram hunters are asked to find a single word which covers a world of meaning—a word of two syllables which combines everything that contributes to human happiness.

It does not merely mean warmth, good furniture, good eating and drinking. It means something higher. It means cleanliness, pure air, order, frugality, in a word house-thrift and management. It is the soil in which the human being grows physically and morally.

It lies at the root of many virtues. Wealth is not necessary for it. Luxury requires wealth, but does not insure this attribute.

A poor man's house moderately supplied with the necessities of life, presided over by a cleanly, frugal housewife, may contain all the elements of it.

The want of it is generally caused, not so much by



the absence of means, as by the absence of requisite knowledge.

It must be admitted that it is largely relative. What is enjoyable to one man may be merrily to another. Even the commonest mechanic of this day would not care to live after the style of the nobles a few centuries ago—to live in rooms littered with rushes, and sleep on straw beds. William the Conqueror had neither a shirt to his back nor a pane of glass to his windows. Queen Elizabeth was one of the first to wear stockings. All the queens before her went stockingless.

It depends as much on persons as on things. It arises from the character and temper of those who govern homes, more than from handsome furniture, heated rooms, or household luxuries and conveniences.

It generally attaches itself to persons of economy, common sense, discretion and prudence, who have a natural affinity for honesty and justice, goodness and truth. They do not run in debt, for that is a species of dishonesty. They live within their means, and lay by something for a rainy day. They provide for the things of their own household, yet they are not wanting in hospitality and benevolence on fitting occasions; and what they do is done without ostentation.

Such people do everything in order. They are systematic, steady, sober, industrious. They dress sensibly. They adapt themselves to the seasons, neither shivering in winter nor perspiring in summer. They buy good, warm stockings, and prefer healthy, good bedding, to gaudy window curtains.

The organization of a home depends on woman. She is necessarily the manager of every family and household. How much therefore, must depend upon her intelligent co-operation! Man's life revolves around woman. She is the sun of his social system. She is the queen of domestic life. The atmosphere of every home depends mainly upon her character, her temper, her power of organization, and her business management. A man may be economical, but unless there be economy at home, his frugality will be comparatively useless.

Housewifery is a homely virtue, but beneficent. Though unseen of the world the essence of this word makes many people happy. It works upon individuals, and by elevating them, elevates society itself. It is, in fact, a recipe of infallible efficacy for conferring the greatest possible happiness upon the greatest possible number. Without it, legislation, benevolence and philanthropy are mere palliatives, sometimes more than useless, because they hold out hopes which are for the most part disappointed.

Without it, work cannot be gotten through satisfactorily, either in workshops, offices or household. By managing work properly, by doing everything at the proper time, with a view to the economy of labor, a large amount of business can be accomplished. Muddle flies before method and confusion disappears.

There is also a method in spending or laying out money—which is valuable to the housewife as method is in the accomplishment of her work. Money slips through the fingers of some people like quick-silver.

There are many definitions for this word. Industry is of course essential. This is the soul of business. But without method industry will be less productive. Industry may sometimes look like confusion, but the methodical and industrious woman gets through her work in a quiet, steady style without fuss, or noise, or dust-clouds.

Prudence is another important household qualification. Prudence comes from cultivated judgment, it means practical wisdom. It has reference to fitness, to propriety. It judges of the right to be done and of the way of doing it. It cultivates the means, order, time and method of doing. Prudence learns much of experience.

And so it is that the art of doing for others may be displayed in many ways. Our riding might be summed up in these words, "Make the best of everything." Nothing is beneath its care, even common and little things turn to account. It gives a brightness and grace to the home and invests Nature with new charms. Through it we enjoy the rich man's parks and woods, as if they were our own. We inhale the common air and bask under the universal sunshine.

We glory in the grass, the passing clouds, and the flowers. We love the common earth and hear joyful voices. Though all nature, it extends to every kind of social intercourse. It engenders cheerful good will and loving sincerity.

By it we make others happy, and ourselves blessed. We elevate all being, and ennoble our lot. We rise from groveling creatures and aspire to the infinite. And thus we link time to eternity, where the true art of living has its final consummation.

What is this word—secret?

It lies in a nutshell—in the one word—Comfort.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic and is the best.

ST. VITUS DANCE. One bottle Dr. M.M. Fenner's Specific always cures. Circular with cures. Fredonia, N.Y.

PRETTY VALENTINES FREE.

We are giving away a package of sweet pretty valentines to all who would like to take our Prize Story Magazine, Comfort, on trial for the next three months. They are the regular cupid darts made up with Lithographic lace work. Send 6 cents to Comfort, Box 359, Augusta, Maine, for trial subscription and we will include an assortment of Comics, postpaid.

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SALESMEN to handle our celebrated Pinless Clothes Lines, the only line ever invented that will hold clothes without pins; the harder the wind blows the firmer the clothes are held on the line. Also our famous Fountain Ink Eraser, the only eraser in existence that will not deface the paper; it works like a fountain pen, erases ink and other stains instantly. These articles are a perfect success. Agents wanting exclusive territory, must secure it at once. On receipt of 50c will mail sample of either, or sample of both for \$1, with price lists and terms. Pinless Clothes Line Co., No. 121 Hermon St., Worcester, Mass.

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This \$25 NEW HOME Style 5 Sewing Machine, with all the latest improvements, and a complete set of attachments, needles, oils and accessories. Accompanying each machine is a full set of instructions. This machine was awarded premium prize at the World's Fair. You can see it at the latest improved and best made. Has a positive feed, self-setting needle, self-threading shuttle, automatic bobbin winder and a complete set of attachments, needles, oils and accessories. Accompanying each machine is a full set of instructions. This machine was awarded premium prize at the World's Fair. You can see it at the latest improved and best made. Has a positive feed, self-setting needle, self-threading shuttle, automatic bobbin winder and a complete set of attachments, needles, oils and accessories. Accompanying each machine is a full set of instructions. This machine was awarded premium prize at the World's Fair. You can see it at the latest improved and best made. 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February was named from Februo, god of the
dead. In old times it was the last month of the
year.

COMFORT has the largest sworn circulation of
any paper in America—over one million, two
hundred and twenty thousand every issue.

February's lucky stone, which should be
possessed by all born in that month, is the
amethyst. According to ancient superstition
it prevents violent passions and drunkenness.

Our astrologer gives the following list of
lucky days for February: 3rd, 6th, 8th, 11th,
15th, 16th, 17th, 21st, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 28th.
And unlucky ones, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 9th, 10th, 12th,
13th, 14th, 18th, 19th, 20th and 27th. The rest
are doubtful. According to his best calcula-
tions bank failures, railroad accidents and
governmental difficulties will be numerous.

It is not only for the benefit of the 36,935 sub-
scribers which COMFORT has in California that
one of our editors has prepared a full account
of the mid-winter fair; but in order that all
through this great country our readers may
rightly conceive the magnitude, the enterprise
and the magnificent future of the "Golden
State" which can get up so great an enterprise.

Is there a woman on the face of the earth
who is not interested in the details of dress-
making? or who does not desire the best sys-
tem in her own family? In these hard times,
anything that will save money, and at the same
time enable a woman to dress becomingly and
keep up to the demands of fashion, is indeed a
boon to womankind. And when they can get a
whole outfit free, is it not worth while to in-
vestigate the plan which affords such an op-
portunity? We refer our readers of the fair
sex to our full page announcement elsewhere,
and the remarkable offer it contains.

We present our readers this month with a
copyrighted astrological department con-
ducted for COMFORT by the leading astrologer
in America. We shall, hereafter, give a de-
tailed list of daily aspects for each month in
advance, so that our readers by keeping their
paper at hand and watching each date separ-
ately may know the days which are deemed
best for engaging in new business, and also the
full lucky and unlucky aspects for the calendar
month in a way that has never been afforded by
any paper in this country. We shall, also, a
little later have a plan to present by which any
COMFORT reader may have his complete horo-
scope cast, free of charge, giving past, present
and future peculiarities of his life, his pros-
pects in business and love, together with valu-
able advice as to the business he is best
adapted for. No reader can afford to miss this
new department which is perhaps the most
wonderfully interesting of COMFORT's many in-
structive, entertaining and beneficial features.

The New England Woman's Press Association
has recently honored itself and complimented
COMFORT by electing one of its editors to its
highest office. Miss Helen M. Winslow, the well-
known woman journalist, whose great labor-
novel, "Salome Shepard Reformer," recently
published is creating intense interest among all
who labor and all who think; and who through
her delightful contributions has won a place in
the hearts of all COMFORT readers, was, on the
third of last month, unanimously chosen presi-
dent of the above association; which, by the
way, is one of the leading Press Clubs in the
United States.

"In the Saddle through Arizona and Utah" is
the title of a most entertaining series of
sketches specially written for COMFORT, the
publication of which will be begun in our
March issue. They are from the pen of Col.
Prentiss Ingraham, the noted writer on frontier
life, and boon companion of Buffalo Bill.

The interest in these graphic pen pictures is
increased by the fact that the great silver terri-
tories have but recently been admitted to the
sisterhood of States. It will prove a treat to
all to read of the glories of "The Grand Canon
of the Colorado," "The Wonderland of the
World," "The Wilderness of Silence" and of
the personal experiences in Mormonland and
among the Indians of so adventurous a spirit
as clever a narrator, as the author of these

sketches. No one should fail to send in his or
her subscription to COMFORT in time to secure
the entire series.

"In the spring, a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

So runs an old song, which is particularly
appropriate to St. Valentine's month. "All the
world loves a lover," however, whether he
brings suit in February or in August. And
here's luck and heart's-ease and Comfort to all
such the world over.

One of the saddest signs of the times is the
recent dismissal, for alleged economical rea-
sons, of six professors in that ancient and
time-honored seat of learning, Harvard Col-
lege. They were, practically, dismissed on the
first of January, as one would turn away an
office boy. At the same time, the treasuries of
the foot-ball eleven and base-ball nine, and the
boat crews have thousands of dollars lying
idle, and the corps of trainers and coaches has
been increased rather than diminished. It
should be added that those who were dis-
missed were graduates of the University, and
were not turned away for the slightest fault, or
short-coming on their part.

One feature of the proposed tariff legislation
will never become popular, and that is the in-
come tax. This provision, which calls for a tax
on the income of every man who earns more
than a certain sum per year, is obviously an in-
justice to people of brains and ability to use
them. We have often heard the expression
"putting a premium on brains"; but the pro-
posed income tax would be practically putting
a premium on the lack of brains. Why should
the man who can earn only \$500 a year, be ex-
empt from taxation, while the one who earns
\$5,000 pays enough for both? Why should not
each pay the same percentage on their income?
Again it would not be practical because while
the man who has a fixed income cannot conceal
the amount of it, the merchant can so arrange
his various interests, by putting them into the
hands of his female relatives, or by entering
into large contracts or incurring other obliga-
tions about the time assessments are made,
which he intends to cancel immediately after
using them to offset his income, and by num-
erous other ways well-known to sharp business
men, that it would be impossible to fix the ex-
act amount of his income. This would give the
man of large income a great advantage
over him of moderate, fixed earnings and,
therefore, be obviously unjust. For why
should the man of moderate income be taxed
to support either the poorer or the richer one?
It is well-known, however, that the President
himself does not approve the bill, and will
probably veto it if it is passed by Congress.

The Great Mid-Winter Fair.

As Seen by One of "Comfort's" Editors.

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THINGS are done by magic on the Pacific
coast. The people of California touch a
button and presto! the Great Mid-winter
Fair at San Francisco springs up almost
in a night.

The California Fair is not like the State
fairs which have been held from one end of the
country to the other; it is really an interna-
tional exhibition; which means that it is a show
patronized by all the civilized countries of the
globe with a few savage ones thrown in.

It is not so big a show as the one at Chicago
called the White City, nor is it as big as the
last exhibition held in Paris; but on the other
hand, in most ways it is ahead of the Phila-
delphia Centennial of 1876 and all other world's
fairs which were held before that time.

The Mid-winter Fair gives the people who
missed the Columbian Exhibition another
chance to see all the greatest things the world
has produced. Then it gives foreigners a
chance to show their exhibits to more people
without a great extra expense. The exhibits
from India, Australia, Japan and other western
countries have merely stopped at California so
much nearer home, and special rates on the
railroads have made it easy for European ex-
hibitors to send their exhibits further west-
ward for a chance of showing them again.

But the great demand for a mid-winter fair
came from the Californians who are almost a
nation by themselves. The men of this State
are hustlers. They began talking up the fair
in June and in eight months' time they had it
completed without assistance from the Govern-
ment or any one else. This seems almost im-
possible to anyone who has not been to Cali-
fornia to see what a big, wealthy State it is.

It has a coast line of 800 miles; that is, the
water front of the State is nearly as long as the
distance from Chicago to New York. There are
over 50 counties in this State and one of them is
larger than all the New England States put to-
gether. Each county is like a nation and
many of them have their own buildings at the
fair as large as the buildings of foreign nations
at Chicago. Altogether they have joined hands
to show that a single one of the United States
is as great as whole countries in the old world.

The Californians spent June and July in rais-
ing money, making plans and contracts and
booming the scheme for a fair. They selected
as a site a tract of 160 acres in Golden Gate
Park, close to San Francisco. This sandy land,
overlooking the Pacific Ocean, was soon con-
verted into a tropical paradise with waving
palms, brilliant flowers and that rich vegeta-
tion which grows in a land of eternal sun-
shine.

One by one these fairy-like buildings sprung
up around a grand central court. Like those
of the White City they were made quickly and
cheaply with frames of wood or iron and walls
of staff, a sort of plaster which looks like solid
masonry.

The following is a summary of the main Ex-
position buildings, showing their size, capacity
and cost:

Manufactures and Liberal Arts, 462 feet long
and 225 feet wide; Manufactures and Liberal
Arts annex, 370 feet long and 60 feet wide; total
area of building, including annex and gallery,
177,000 square feet; total cost, \$120,000.

Mechanic Arts building, 330 feet long and 160
feet wide; Mechanic Arts annex, 249 feet long
and 45 feet wide; total area of building, includ-
ing the galleries, 37,041 square feet; total cost,
\$72,000.

Horticultural and Agricultural building, 400
feet long and 190 feet wide; total area of build-

ing, 77,297 square feet, including hall floors;
total cost, \$62,300.

Building of Fine Arts, total space in running
feet for exhibit of paintings, 2,000; total cost,
\$64,000.

Administration building, 70 feet square; total
floor area, 16,800 square feet; total cost, \$30,000.
Festival Hall, 141 feet long and 133 feet wide;
total cost, \$20,000.

These main buildings are modeled after the
Oriental type, in light, fantastic outlines, and
are painted in vivid colors. They are grouped
immediately around the grand court, in the
center of which rises a tower of steel, some-
thing like the Eiffel Tower of the Paris exhibi-
tion, with a search light on top and an elevator
to the upper gallery. Besides these main
buildings, there are over 100 smaller buildings
of picturesque Spanish or Oriental design.
They include those of States, counties, and
foreign nations. Although the fair has no mid-
way pleasure, it has many of the shows of that
wonderful street, and many others quite as novel
and interesting than those in Chicago. The
Chinese theatre is a great attraction, having
over 100 actors and musicians. Then there is
the Japanese village, the Hawaiian, Samoan
and Esquimaux settlements. The Cairo street,
Persian Theatre, Heidelberg Castle, Vienna
Prater, Sioux and Arizona Indian villages and
many others. The Ferris Wheel is reproduced
half-size.

One of the most popular side shows is that
which represents a Western mining camp in
'49, with the rough cabins of the Bonanza kings,
dance houses and saloons. The lynching, claim
jumping, and other realisms of the frontier are
faithfully acted out.

The mineral and mining exhibit occupies
10,000 feet of space and every detail of this great
industry is clearly shown. There are models of
mines where the actual work of getting out the
ore can be watched through all its stages, and
the great piles of gold and silver startle people
who live outside of the Golden State.

Next to her gold California takes pride in her
fruit and flowers. The horticultural and agri-
cultural displays are upon a most magnificent
scale. The war of oranges has been hotly
fought by rival companies and all sorts of half
tropical fruits are shown in perfect condition
and in great quantities. The display of wines
and wine making shows what the State has
done in this direction.

California has so many different products
that she might be tempted to make an over dis-
play, but vast as her exhibits are they occupy a
small space when compared with the exhibits
from the rest of the world. All nations have
sent their best pictures and statuary, their
latest and most improved machinery, and their
most wonderful products of art, science and
industry. Some idea of what foreign nations
have done can be gained from the table of floor
space allotted to a few of them.

	Square Feet.
Austria-Hungary	3,000
Belgium	500
Italy	8,000
Japan	3,000
Oriental concessions	2,000
Spain	800
Great Britain and East Indies	6,000
Switzerland	2,000
Russia	12,000
Ceylon	2,000
Canada	1,000

Altogether there are 38 different nations
represented in the building of manufactures
and liberal arts, but Uncle Sam is there with
the rest of them looking down upon the results
of American labor, genius and invention.

There has been so much improvement in pre-
paring for great exhibitions that they do not
cost so much now as they did in the past.
Nevertheless the Mid-winter Fair is said to
have cost \$1,500,000 outside of the many million
dollars worth of exhibits. In spite of the
financial depression and hard times it is esti-
mated that the people of California alone have
put a cool million into their fair, while half a
million has been spent by the owners of the
side shows and other money making schemes.

The admission to the fair is not by ticket but
by silver half dollars, and nothing else is re-
ceived at the gates except the photographic
passes for employees and members of the
press. About 100 guards are employed on the
grounds and there is also a well organized fire
department. It costs but five cents to ride
from San Francisco to the fair grounds on any
of the four lines of cable cars, and takes but
twenty minutes.

The president and director general, M. H. De
Young who first suggested the Mid-winter Fair,
was a vice-president of the Columbian Exhibi-
tion, and profiting by the experience of Chicago
has avoided her mistakes and made the San
Francisco show a success and triumph.

People everywhere are interested in the Mid-
winter Fair, and it is believed here that the at-
tendance will go up into the millions before
the gates are finally closed.

There is one building at the fair which de-
serves special description, and that is the Ad-
ministration Building which is at the western
end of the grand court. It combines the East
Indian and Siamese architectures. A central
square is surmounted by a huge dome, 135 feet
in height and 50 feet in diameter. At the four
angles are pavilions bearing golden domes.
These gleaming domes, red and yellow columns
and the many banners make this the most
conspicuous building of the grand court.

The other decorative features of the court are
colossal statues of Columbus and Isabella
brought from the World's Fair and two large
fountains. One of these fountains is directly
in front of the Administration Building and
the other faces the Liberal Arts Building at the
other end. Venetian masts are arranged at
regular intervals painted in brilliant reds and
yellow and flying the flags of all nations, but
the end of the landscape gardener has been to
make the palms supreme in this court. There
are fan palms, date palms, yucca palms and all
other varieties, so that the fair is fitly named
the City of Palms.

How the World's Fair Looked.

As our memory of the White City grows dim-
mer and dimmer the value of accurate views of
its splendid sights increases. We know of
none that more vividly recall the Mid-Fair days
than the collection just brought out by Jas. S.
Kirk & Co. the famous Chicago Soap Makers.

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entire nervous system. Makes WEAK
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ten pounds in ten days. You run no
physical or financial risk. NO-TO-BAC
sold under

OUR GUARANTEE

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We, the publish-
ers of this paper,
know the S. R. Co.
to be reliable and
do as they agree.
This we
GUARANTEE.

IS PLAIN AND TO THE POINT.
One box, \$1.00; three boxes,
\$3.00. 30 days' treatment, \$5.00.
GUARANTEED to cure TO-
BACCO HABIT in any form,
or money refunded. We
don't claim to cure every-
one, but the percentage is
so large, we can better af-
ford to have good will than
occasional failure. If you
are in NO-TO-BAC, if you try NO-
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WORTH ITS
WEIGHT IN GOLD.
Book called "Don't Tobacco Spit and
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mailed for price. Address THE S. R. CO.,
REMEDY CO., Chicago Office, 45 Randolph
St.; New York Office, 10 Spruce St.; Labo-
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EDITOR'S NOTE. The following rules govern the publication of matter in this department.

Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to *Comfort*, and every contribution must bear the writer's own name and post office address in full.

Original letters only, which deal with matters of general interest will be published. They must be as brief, plain and correct as the writers can make them. Letters may vary in length from one hundred to four hundred words. Only letters of exceptional merit and interest may reach 650. Contributors must write on one side of their paper only.

Every month a number of prize monograms composed of the writer's initials, will be awarded to those sending the best contributions. These monograms, which will be most desirable ornaments for stationery, cards, etc., will be printed in connection with the respective letters, and new electrotypes of mine will be mailed, post paid, to the prize winners.

\$10 CASH PRIZES \$10

In addition to the foregoing, the following cash prizes will be paid monthly:

1st. For the best original letter	\$3.00
2nd. " " second best original letter	2.50
3rd. " " third " " "	2.00
4th. " " fourth " " "	1.50
5th. " " fifth " " "	1.00

Competitors for these monthly cash prizes must comply with all the above rules, and in addition must bring at least one new Cousin into the *COMFORT* circle; that is, they must send one new subscriber with each letter, together with 25 cents for a yearly subscription.

These cash prizes will be announced monthly in this department.

No premiums will be given for subscriptions sent in under this prize offer.

All communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.

CASH PRIZE WINNERS FOR FEBRUARY.

Clara S. Brown,	\$3.00
Carl McGrew,	2.50
I. Amelia Tutell,	2.00
Clarence Green,	1.50
Ed. L. Kinnane,	1.00

MONOGRAM-WINNERS FOR FEBRUARY.

William T. Blanton,	I. R. Lowenthal,
Edna F. Flanders,	D. C. Bradley,
James M. Hibbard,	R. Earl McGrew,
Charles M. Weaver,	Clara S. Brown,
	Ed. L. Kinnane.

DOUBTLESS many of you will receive dainty

little missives on fancy paper on St. Valentine's day; but as it is impossible for me to send out several million valentines you must take this month's batch of letters as your special valentine from Aunt Minerva. And I am pretty safe in saying that you will not find them so silly, although I hope they will prove quite as amusing as the average 14th of February specimens of the stationer's and printer's art are apt to be. Our letters are mostly instructive and I am glad the cousins are carrying out the advice so often given them—to write on a subject that is of wide general interest, and not descend to mere personal matters. In this way we may all learn a great many things about different parts and products of our own great country. Of course you understand that in competing for cash prizes in this or any other department, you are not entitled to any other premiums? But I hope to hear from more of you this month than for sometime past. These long winter evenings will give you plenty of time to write me, and try for a cash prize. See if you can write as good a letter as this:

"Away down in the southwest corner of our own United States is the steepest railway in the world. It brings within easy access of the people of Los Angeles, the grand peaks and beautiful canons of the Sierra Madre range, which divides the fertile seacoast valleys of Southern California from the Colorado desert. In an hour, one goes from golden-fruited orange orchards or fragrant rose gardens to banks of snow, in the winter time; and in two hours, from the warm sands bordering the Pacific to the summit of a rugged mountain. Boarding a steam

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the level of the sea. The Pavilion is curiously built over the stream which flows through the canon, and we look from its broad balcony directly into verdant treetops. But the principal object of interest is what is called 'the incline,' though it appears more like 'the perpendicular.' That is the steepest railway in the world. It is only 3,000 feet in length, but it lifts people 1,300 feet, the grade averaging about sixty degrees. Stepping into a queer open car built in terraces to keep the floor level, we seem to be going up in an out-door elevator or a balloon, while the strong ratchet wheel on the top of the mountain, operated by electricity, turns a big, endless cable, pulling us up as another car goes down. It is dizzying as one rises higher and higher and looks down upon the roof of the hotel almost directly beneath. If anything should break! I wish I could describe the view from the top, one of the fairest and broadest in the world. I must tell you that this point, now the end of the railroad, is only half-way to the summit of the Sierras. The line is soon to be extended to the snow-covered top of Mt. Lowe, by a circuitous route avoiding a heavy grade, and there a stone hotel is to be built. One man planned and directed this enterprise—Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, who became famous during the civil war for his reconnoitering services to the government in a balloon. He is also the inventor of the ice-making process and the water-gas method of illuminating and heating, which are used in large cities."

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Laurensville, Laurens Co., Ill.

Although there was recently a good article in *COMFORT* about oil, I am going to give you this cousin's letter as a supplement, as it describes the process of boring for it.

"Many people do not know how oil is found. If you should drive through the country south of Lima, Ohio, you would see large tanks filled with oil, and also large wooden derricks about 150 feet high. Now these derricks are oil-well derricks, and are used for drilling for, and pumping oil. It takes five, six and sometimes seven weeks to strike oil here, according to how far Trenton Rock is from the top of the ground, which (around Lima) is about 1,300 feet. After going through the rock they generally strike oil, which comes out with such force as to fly higher than the derrick. Sometimes a well does not flow and then they 'shoot it' with a nitro glycerine torpedo, which explodes with great force as it strikes the bottom of the well. Then if the well is a good one it will flow, and if it does not, it will be called a 'dry hole.' This oil is then loaded in tank cars and sent to the refinery where it is refined into what is called oil, such as is burned in lamps."

ED. L. KINNANE,
509 N. Jackson St., Lima, Ohio.

Perhaps some of you would like a snake story:

"The hard times have been prolific of many new vocations. Truly, 'necessity is the mother of invention.' I was riding in a bus from depot to hotel, in the town of H—, when suddenly I heard a gentleman from the top call out to another saying, 'That box you are sitting on has rattlesnakes in it.' The man jumped up as suddenly as if he had been bitten, exclaiming in an angry and excited tone, 'Why do you carry such things around with you?' 'Because I need them in my business,' was the prompt reply. 'But do you suppose for a moment that I carry them in a way to expose anyone to their bite?' I decided that on arriving at the hotel I would investigate this novel enterprise requiring the presence of such repulsive creatures. The snakes were in charge of two fine-looking young men. In answer to our inquiries they drew out the box from under the house where it had been deposited, raised the lid, under which was a sliding top of gauze wire, and we could see five snakes. The box was divided into two apartments, and a light was brought, whereupon they began rattling and darting out their tongues at us in a most threatening manner. We would have fled but for the wire which interposed between us and the danger; and a few soft words from the keepers quieted them. Cautiously putting his hand down into the box he drew out a fine large one. It made no attempt to bite him although he pried its mouth open to show us the two fangs and the drops of poison issuing from them ready to enter the wound when made, and he said that the snakes eat only once every season when at liberty, and but once a year in confinement. After eating they always become blind and shed their scaly coat. They require water to drink frequently. These young men were selling a cure for rattlesnake bite. They allowed one of the snakes to bite them, and then applied the remedy, which so entirely destroyed the effect of the poison that no evil results followed. Wasn't this a novel way of doing business? Anyway these young men were thronged with customers and were evidently making a grand success of it."

MISS WILLIE T. BLANTON,
Corpus Christi, Texas.

Now let us hear of something more peaceful:

"Santa Barbara has been called the 'Mecca' of the Pacific coast, for it is the general rendezvous of tourists. Artists, poets and authors seek this dreamy old town. It lies basking in the sunshine between the mountains and the sea. Her adobe walls and the quaint mission speak eloquently of the past. A magnificent driveway through the centre of the town, affords easy access to a fine view of the places of interest, the old Mission with its red-tiled roof being the most noticeable. This is one of the numerous Missions, throughout Southern California, established in the early Californian days by the Spaniards. An effort is being made to establish these relics of a past generation, and prevent them from falling into further decay and disuse. The Santa Barbara display of fruit and plants at the World's Fair, in the California Building, gave one a glimpse of the tropical beauty of the place; but to truly appreciate Santa Barbara, one must have watched the waves of the grand old Pacific break on her golden sands, breathed in her invigorating sea-air, partaken of her luscious fruits, gathered her bright hued flowers, listened to the mocking-birds in the Eucalyptus trees overhead; and having enjoyed all these he will be ready to give the palm to Santa Barbara as queen of the Pacific Coast."

MRS. ELLA F. FLANDERS,
Dewittville, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

Here is a part of a letter from Northern New Hampshire.

"The human book-worm drinks from the fount of knowledge springing from the brains of different authors; but the insect book-worm bores and eats its way through the covers and leaves of books, according to its discriminating taste. As we probe into the life and work of this mite now rapidly becoming extinct, we find it an interesting subject. It prefers old books having paper leaves and leather bindings peculiar to the earlier ages. One volume printed in 1726 (an edition of the Psalms of David) evidently is the sweetest morsel to this worm, as its destructive work is more visible than in three other books bearing the dates of 1740, 1759 and 1827. The leather and pasteboard coverings are riddled through with tiny holes. The leaves are so closely eaten down that but few whole pages remain. Some look as if cut with a sharp instrument, even the flaxen threads that held the leaves together were nibbled at. To demonstrate the fact of its love for aged books, we took several pieces of newspapers, cut the size of the pages of the book, upon which the book-worm was working, and placed them in it alternately. In a few days we open the book to find in every instance the little destroyer had crawled past the newspaper sheets, and made its meal upon the time-worn pages of the book. The book-worm is developed in a tiny ribbed transparent shell about three-eighths of an inch long, similar to coverings of small insects. Both ends of the shell are sharply pointed. At one end

"The Granite State is noted for its picturesque mountains and hills. Dixville Notch is one of the famous resorts. It is not a mountain pass but a deep ravine or chasm, between huge projecting cliffs which rise almost perpendicular hundreds of feet above the road. Table Rock is reached by huge stone steps called Jacob's Ladder. From this place is a fine view, as the rock is 2,460 feet above sea level; it is a narrow pinnacle eight feet wide, with sharp precipitous sides. From Table Rock is a path which leads to Ice Cave where snow and ice abound throughout the year. After you descend, your attention will be arrested by the Profile—a mountain-cliff which is a perfect resemblance of a man's face; and recently they have discovered another face called Martha Washington. Other attractions are the Flume, 20 feet deep and 10 feet wide, and the Cascades, which is a wild region, where the waters dash fearlessly from rock to rock. Here is a beautiful grove which was formerly a favorite resort for picnic and camping parties. But the fall of 1899 witnessed one of the worst rainstorms that ever visited this section; the waters rushed in torrents from the mountains carrying with it rocks and gravel, and even tearing trees from their roots, and it damaged this grove considerably."

AGNES M. HIBBARD, Highland Home, Colebrook, N. H.



Another interesting letter tells us about the great white-headed Eagle, which was chosen by the American people for their National emblem.

"It is indeed a most kingly bird. In hunting their prey the eagle and his mate assist each other. It may here be mentioned that the eagles are all monogamous, keeping themselves to a single mate, and living together in a perfect harmony all their lives. As rabbits and hares generally keep under cover during the day, the eagle is forced to drive them from their place of concealment and manages the matter in a clever and sportsman-like way. One of the eagles conceals itself near the cover which is to be beaten and its companion then dashes among the bushes, screaming and making so much disturbance that the terrified inmates rush out in hope of escape. They are immediately pounced upon by the watchful confederate and the prey is taken to the nest and distributed to the young. Owing to the expanse of wing and the great power of muscle, the flight of this bird is peculiarly bold and striking. It sweeps through the air in a succession of spiral curves, rising rapidly until it is hardly visible. From that point of vantage the eagle marks the ground below and swoops down with lightning rapidity upon bird or beast that may happen to take its fancy. It is not, however, so active at rising as might be supposed, and can be disabled by comparatively slight injury to the wings. One of these birds, detected by a young shepherd boy in the act of devouring some dead sheep, was disabled by a pebble hurled at it from a sling."

CHARLES M. WEAVER, Ronks, Lancaster Co., Pa.

Here is an extract from a letter which did not reach us in time to follow immediately the dreadful flood of last October, on the coast of Louisiana, which was one of the most destructive storms in history.

"Prosperous farms dotted with neat houses, villages with happy and contented people are now blotted from the face of the earth. The island of Chemere Cominda, one of the most populated, is a barren waste. A village of happy homes, churches and schools is now transformed into a graveyard. The water hurled itself against giant trees and houses were borne on the rushing waves like toys. Escape was impossible, and this cauldron of rushing and seething water carried everything before it. When the storm was over, the sun cast its bright rays upon death and destruction; and seemed to mock the bronzed rugged fishermen who tenderly worked with their picks among the ruins, where some babe had perished. Here lies the body of a mother with her babe tightly clasped in her arms, and there innocent children with ghastly wounds."

I. R. LOWENTHAL, JR., 222 Washington St., Vicksburg, Miss.

I have only room to give an extract from a description of a cave in Kentucky.

"The first thing worth mentioning was a large flat rock, on which several names had been smoked with a candle. Among them I noticed Daniel Boone, 1774. The next thing was a boiling spring; a little jet of water shot up in the air fifty feet, and when it came down formed a small branch which soon grew larger by other small streams joining it. We followed it to the 'sink' which our guide informed us was thirty feet deep. Here we caught some fish varying in size from one to six inches and very tame. Another interesting thing was the petrified man. We entered the room where he lies by a narrow door. Just in front of us was something like an old altar rising to the height of twenty or thirty feet. Natural stone steps led to the top which is as smooth as a floor. In the middle lies the man; in one hand he holds a book, in the other something like a sword. It is the perfect likeness of a man except one side of his head, which is flat."

D. CLARENCE BRADLEY, Scottsville, Ky.

Other letters have been received from N. Julian Klock, Bath, N. Y., (whose subject had already been covered); Thirza E. Smith, Linton, Ind., (ditto); Orin Sydney Claypool, No. Buffalo, Pa.; Laura Farris, Pleasant, Tenn.; Virgie E. La Berge, Kansas City; Irwin W. Nye, Swatara Station, Pa.; Nora Hendrickson, Calvert, Kansas; Barrett O'Hara, Berrien Springs, Mich.; Clarence Coleman, Middleburg, Ky. and others.

Before closing I want to call your attention again to the new Palmyra Club which you will find very interesting and useful to you in many ways; I hope you will all join it and make a study of the strangest of all subjects. Every cousin should remember that nine-tenths of the excellent reading matter in COMFORT is specially prepared for it and is copyrighted, and therefore cannot be found anywhere else in print. Considering that the paper still continues to be published at the phenomenally low price of 25 cents a year, no one can afford to be without it.

Again, all of you who would enjoy belonging to the Naturalist's Club which Uncle Charlie proposes in his department. Read the conditions, also, of that very carefully. Their premium book is one of absorbing interest and great value, both to young and old.

AUNT MINERVA.

RECENT HAPPENINGS.

The Alexandria, a steamer plying between New York and Havana was recently burned at sea at a loss of \$400,000. The stewardess and purser are supposed to have been lost.

A rebel Brazilian warship ran into and sank a Rio Janeiro steamer carrying troops for the Brazilian government, recently. It is claimed that 1,300 soldiers went down with the vessel and were lost.

A vessel loaded with dynamite exploded at Santander, Spain, recently, wrecking 60 houses near

the wharf, and setting the town on fire. Over 300 people were killed outright and as many more severely injured.

More than 10,000 babies were cared for in the Children's Building of the World's Fair in six months; and out of this number, only one was unclaimed by its parents. A good home was found for this unfortunate exception.

The Liberty Bell, which first rung out our country's independence, and was the principal object of interest at the Pennsylvania Building of the World's Fair, is safely back in Philadelphia again. It was taken home wrapped in the stars and stripes, and before it was put in its old place, was greeted with a monster celebration.

The assassination of Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, was predicted by a Boston astrologer, to a day, although no names were given. The prediction stated that owing partially to the conjunction of Mars and Saturn in certain configurations, on that date a prominent official in the latitude of Chicago, would meet with a sudden and violent death; and that the nation would thrill with horror in consequence.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W.A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

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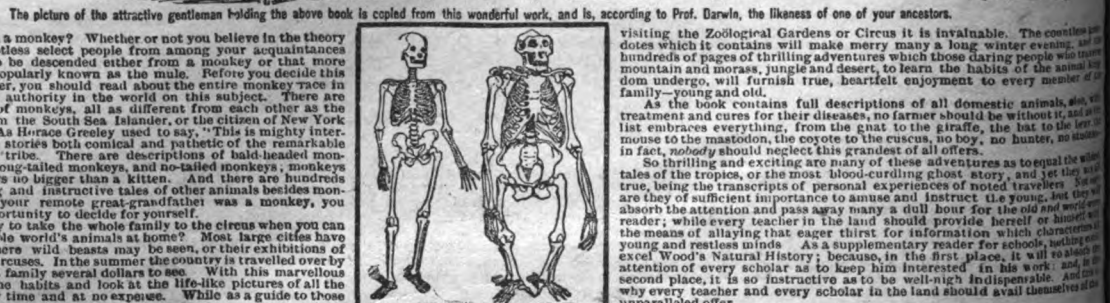
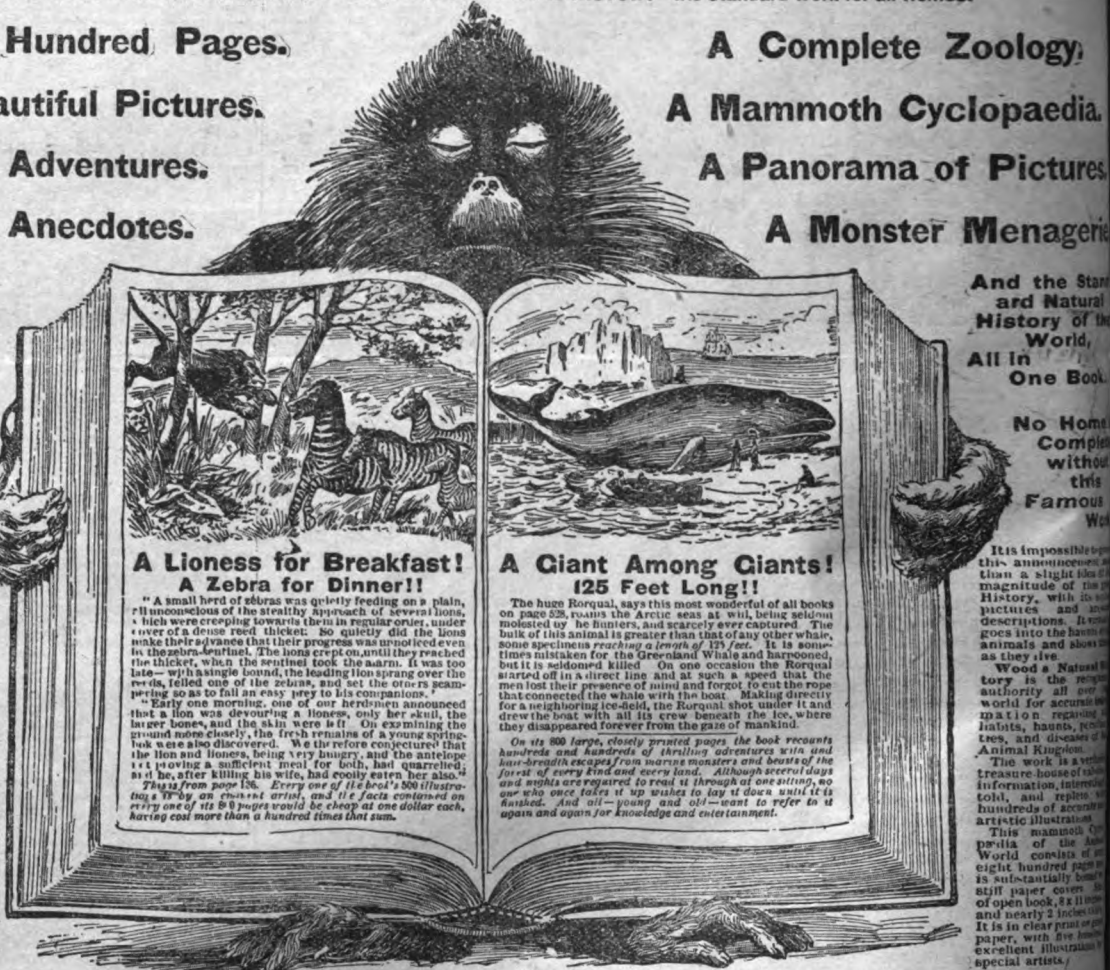
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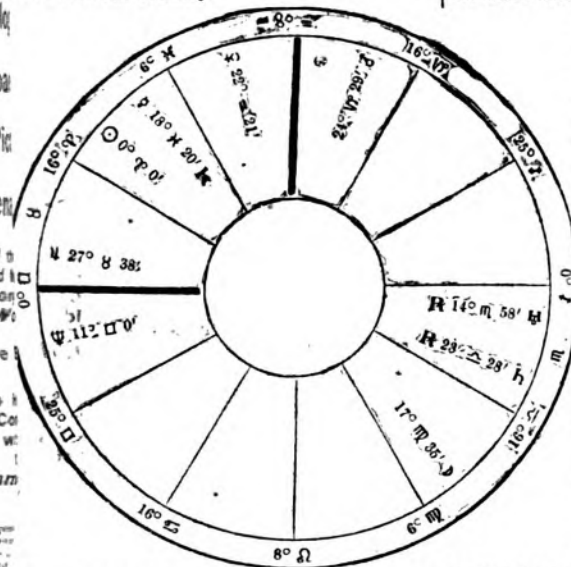
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THE new astrological year begins on March 20th, 1894. It was an accepted belief for ages that the world was created at the vernal equinox, and astrologers from time immemorial have laid the basis of their calculations at that time in the year for the annual revolutions of the world. They assume that point in the zodiac—the commencement of the sign Aries—to the beginning of the zodiacal circle. The try of the Sun into Aries then, or, in common parlance, the time when the Sun "crosses the line" in March, is the commencement of the astrological year, and all judgments for the coming year, and in some measure for the preceding year, are based upon the condition of the heavens existing at that moment, and the consequent progress of the heavenly bodies in their orbits.

The Sun's entry into the sign this year is followed within twenty-four hours by a partial eclipse of the Moon and on the 6th of April following by an Annular Eclipse of the Sun. These phenomena, following in such close order, are astrologically construed to be precursors of mischievous events of more than ordinary influence in the production of considerable mutation in the affairs of our government, the conditions of society, and the general welfare of our country.



The diagram presented herewith, erected for Washington the seat of government of the United States, depicts the positions of the Sun, Moon, and planets at the vernal equinox, or when the Sun touches the first point of Aries. This occurs at about nine minutes before ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 20th of March, when the 8th degree of Aquarius will be on the south meridian and the 1st degree of Gemini will be passing upward over the eastern horizon. Jupiter is just above and Neptune just under the ascending horizon; the malefics Herschel and Saturn, both retrograde, will have passed down in the west into the 6th house of the figure; Mars stands in the 9th house in square with Saturn; Venus is in the 10th in square with Jupiter; while the Moon is in the 5th house close to the opposition of Mercury in the 11th, and fast moving on to form the opposition to the Sun where she will be partially eclipsed within 24 hours, as indicated above.

This figure for the revolution, considered in connection with one for the time of the eclipse, is portentous of mischief to both people and "ruler." Authorities on the subject say that "the power of the government shall be much shaken; that there shall be much trouble, anxiety, and impediment to the mind and detriment to the person of the ruler"; that prominent men and "those high in office, in church and State suffer dishonor and disgrace or are cast out of their dignities and places"; and that "the high and wealthier classes shall be injured and damaged by the common sort of people."

Mercury, the ruler of the scheme and significator of the people, being in the 11th house, retrograde and otherwise debilitated, and opposed by the Moon the co-significator of the people; and the latter applying to the opposition of the Sun co-significator of the ruler or Chief Executive, indicates opposition of interests, much distress among the poorer classes of the population, dissatisfaction among the people at the administration of public affairs and furious wrangling and debate in Congress threatening harm to the people. It is of the nature of an array of the Executive and Legislative authority against the best interests of the masses of the people. True, the presence of the benefics in or near the angles tends to defeat or modify the evil and gives a degree of prosperity to the country in spite of the mischievous threats. The figure further gives promise of fertility of the earth and a favorable season generally for the agricultural classes, contributing to good crops for the year. There will be a marked increase in the number of marriages during this quarter, particularly among widows and widowers, and probably a wedding in high life either at the White House or in the families of the Executive officers of the government.

Mars in evil conjunction with Saturn induces some violent popular disturbances, strikes, fires, and explosions either in mines or that involve an unusual sacrifice of human life, particularly near the 18th of March, 13th, 20th and 29th of April; also contentions over commercial or international affairs; a naval engagement or unusual activity in naval affairs; ecclesiastical disputes or bereavements; some

serious fatality high in judicial circles; and some very bad railway disasters or train robberies in the west and southwest. Eruptive diseases and fevers are to be especially guarded against and it will be most wise for all authorities, particularly in the southwest, to strictly enforce sanitary regulations and make full provision against epidemic visitation. Marked earth and atmospheric disturbances are likely on the dates above indicated.

Trade prosperity in the country will be slow of march, for the spirit of disorder induced by the opposition of the Moon to Mercury, with the latter so debilitated by location, is inimical to the confidence necessary for rapid advancement of trade interests, nor do educational interests or the literary pursuits escape serious harm. Some unusually bad failures are indicated in commercial circles and particularly among publishers and book sellers in this quarter, and those in care of school buildings or school children should be duly watchful against harm of all kinds that could happen to their charges.

The transit of Saturn in Libra causes trouble in Austria, China, Japan, and Upper Egypt; while Herschel promotes disorder or riot in Morocco, Algiers, Norway, and in the city of Liverpool in England.

CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

MARCH 1—THURSDAY. The month begins with influences conducive to successful prosecution of general business after the early morning. Let special preference be given to that connected with the mechanical trades and pursuits; pecuniary advantages may be more readily gained from dealings in metals, machinery, and cutlery, also articles connected with tanning, brewing, or milling, especially if the nativity is in harmony with existing influences; this is peculiarly true of persons claiming this as the anniversary of their birthday or if born about the 1st of May or the 2nd of September or November of past years; giving them energy and activity and an enterprising and venturesome spirit, though in these nativities matrimonial affairs are not favored.

2—FRIDAY. A day to be avoided for all kinds of matrimonial engagements, promising unusual discord and unhappiness in the married life now begun. This is especially true of persons born about the 8th of April, 17th of June, 4th of September, or 21st of December of past years, and persons so born are cautioned to shun such steps at this time if they value marital happiness. Suicide and deaths from poison or drowning and cases of cruelty and suffering to women are likely to be here disclosed. The forenoon is the best part of the day and is recommended for the prosecution of business with public officials and with officers of large corporations; the late hours of the day are treacherous and unsatisfactory.

3—SATURDAY. One of the excellent days of the month and it is recommended for the beginning of very important undertakings; to authors, editors, printers, publishers, and, in fact, all employed with the pen, the conditions are especially bright and promising; seek money accommodations; speculate if thy nativity also favors; make important business contracts; seek counsel of lawyers, and begin litigation if it must be indulged in; travel, engage help, and push all honorable pursuits.

4—SUNDAY. More favorable than otherwise during the forenoon for religious exercises, but the extemporaneous religious discourse of the afternoon and evening will be characterized by extreme sentiments and many false and erroneous ideas.

5—MONDAY. Let the musician and artist vigorously improve this day; choose the time for decorating and furnishing houses and dealing in furnishing goods, wearing apparel and articles of adornment, due caution being had not to allow extravagance to dictate purchases at the expense of good sense; during the forenoon hours especially urge all business pertaining to real estate or its improvement.

6—TUESDAY. The early part of the day is best, though on the whole the day is but an indifferent one.

7—WEDNESDAY. Drive thy business vigorously on this day especially if concerned with inventions or the mechanical pursuits. Surgical operations and chemical experiments succeed and journeys prove agreeable and advantageous. Give preference to the day for great mechanical and inventive efforts and for dealing in metals, chemicals, glassware, hardware and cutlery, also electrical materials and machinery. As the Sun passes the meridian let special energies be given to the literary pursuits, place children at school, engage servants, and transact business with lawyers, mathematicians, teachers, and all generally who are employed with the pen. The inventive faculties are now unusually acute and some remarkable discovery in electrical or surgical apparatus or process is likely at this time; let the author and press writer use the afternoon of this day for launching their literary productions, and for all classes of engagements with printers, publishers, book sellers and stationers; let all mathematical and scientific studies be urged and the most important correspondence of the passing days be now urged vigorously. The time is peculiarly propitious for the merchant and tradesman, inviting contract making and general activity in commercial transactions. If this be the anniversary of thy birthday or if born about the 19th of January or March, the latter part of May, the 21st of July, or 26th of September, of past years, the above suggestions are particularly applicable, and have promise of increased prosperity and more general success in all their enterprises.

8—THURSDAY. Be up with the Sun and urge business most vigorously during the forenoon hours; buy goods to sell again; deal with the banker, and all persons of prominence or distinction; and take the hours generally for mental efforts, the beginning and pursuit of all literary undertakings and generally for planning or executing all enterprises of moment, business arrangements, commercial contracts, journeys, educational projects, stock and monetary programmes and ecclesiastical or judicial deliberations and decisions; speculations may be indulged in if thy nativity be likewise favorable.

9—FRIDAY. Keep thy tongue under restraint during the better part of this day, nor be rash in decision in business engagements; quarrels and contentions are easy of birth and more violence abounds during the middle hours of the day than as the evening advances, when a healthful pursuit of pleasure is encouraged.

10—SATURDAY. Ask no favors from thy landlord nor look for benefit from dealing with contractors or any persons engaged in the dirty avocations of life; indecision and forgetfulness will be common faults.

11—SUNDAY. While this whole day conduces generally to religious heat and fervor, it is the afternoon and evening which most abound in energy, inducing restlessness, much travelling about, activity of fancy, quickness of the tender sentiments and increased companionship,

though not without strife, between the sexes; shun association with the very aged.

12—MONDAY. Urge business vigorously on this day; hire male servants, and do important correspondence; to authors this is a fortunate day and the merchant and tradesman are especially favored unless their nativity influences are radically evil or temporarily embarrassed. The day is not propitious for the fair sex and ladies should not be too credulous of promises of lovers.

13—TUESDAY. Disputes are likely to mark the events of the early morning unless care is exercised; otherwise the day is indifferent.

14—WEDNESDAY. The first half of this day favors the light and elegant occupations and gives success to the efforts of the musician, artist, and decorator, also recommends thy dealing with real estate men or furniture traders. The noon and afternoon hours bid thee postpone important correspondence and the execution of contracts. These latter suggestions are particularly appropriate for persons born about the 11th of June, September, or December, of past years; for many of these persons now experience unusual mental anxieties, troubles through correspondence or writings or business controversies.

15—THURSDAY. The conditions of this day promise but little of moment, being better adapted for routine labor than for initiatory engagements.

16—FRIDAY. Bridle the tongue during the middle hours of this day lest quarrels, inharmonies and much unpleasantness come; but as the day advances it increases in benevolence, and reaction from the evil conditions prevailing earlier will tend to quicken forgiveness. The middle hours give combinations of untoward influences likely to be productive of marked evil events and cannot be expected to produce much good; see that the tongue does no violence to good judgment; moral deformities are excited and crimes are increased and disclosed; despondency, irritability, and impatience are induced; let all handling chemicals or having superintendence of explosives or highly combustible materials look to it at this time and generally throughout the middle days of this month that scrupulous care is had in all their acts and affairs; for in these days it is apprehended there will be some very destructive fires involving unusual losses of human life both from burning and crushing; and special care and watchfulness is suggested to all. Like caution is urged for the avoidance of feverish and violent complications in all prevailing diseases, particularly those involving the brain, stomach and kidneys. Persons born about the 13th of January or April, the 2nd of March, 16th of July or October, the 4th of September or the 24th of November, of past years, are urged to regard these suggestions carefully.

17—SATURDAY. This is one of the better days of the month for the beginning of affairs of magnitude and importance and our friends are advised to take advantage of these cheering conditions to enter with zeal upon their several pursuits. If this be the anniversary of thy birthday thou hast now better business advantages and a better degree of success in thy several ventures.

18—SUNDAY. A peculiarly mischievous day interfering with domestic tranquility and contributing to strife and disruption in both the social and the more tender relations. It is not favorable as a birthday anniversary, and all persons claiming it or who were born about the 18th of February, 1st of May, 5th or 20th of August, or 7th or 21st of November, of past years, should be careful of serious pecuniary losses or impairments of health for several weeks to come. To many of these is due the caution that they shall be so guarded in their acts and associations as not to debase themselves or their good name and honor among their fellow men. Many ladies so born have anxiety or unhappiness through the male sex; broken engagements or estrangements in parental or conjugal relations are among the common effects of these conditions and are likely to be now found in the experiences of many ladies so born. Those of the male sex should be very careful in their business ventures and diligent and faithful in forwarding and protecting the interests of those for whom they are acting, and very cautious not to give cause for business ruptures; many annoying disappointments are threatened to them during the spring months.

19—MONDAY. This day marks the centre of a period likely to be noted for some violent accidents and sudden deaths, especially from apoplexy, paralysis of the brain, Bright's disease and dropsy; troubles with the digestive organs are quickened at this time.

20—TUESDAY. Execute no deeds, nor do correspondence or writing during the middle hours of the day; as the afternoon advances, however, be active and diligent in business especially if same concerns machinery or the manufacturing industries; also deal with bankers, judges, lawyers and the wealthy classes; seek money accommodations; buy goods for trade and speculate if thy nativity is likewise favorable at this time.

21—WEDNESDAY. Seek no promotion in public office nor from thine employer on this day nor give any offence to thy superior; be temperate in diet and habits; let special watchfulness be now given to those experiencing severe physical ailments, as human vitality will be at a low ebb and mortality from brain, stomach and kidney disorders will be considerably increased in the next few weeks.

22—THURSDAY. Many strange and regrettable marriages are probable at this time; ladies should be very cautious of acquaintances formed during the latter hours of this day and very discreet in all social intercourse; very strange and unfortunate terminations may be looked for in the marriages consummated on this day; elopements and misalliances will be in order. The next 36 hours abound in mischief as the time is restless and excitable in which the cultivation and practice of patience is specially advised; bad fires and accidents are to be guarded against. The midnight and following early morning hours are very evil and should be avoided for travel or any important labor or venture.

23—FRIDAY. This day is especially evil in its first half and dangerous accidents are probable; lovers of strong drink have great difficulty to resist temptation and should avoid their constitutional enemy. Cramps, inflammations, neuralgic and otherwise, and other violent disturbances of the digestive apparatus will be quite prevalent during the coming days, and more than ordinary care is advised during this time in all matters of diet; nature's penalty for abuse of the stomach will be most vigorously inflicted.

24—SATURDAY. The afternoon gives the best hours of this day, especially for removals, and for the literary pursuits, mental efforts, and the execution of writings of consequence; the influences promote mental activity and inventive skill.

25—SUNDAY. Unfavorable for church matters; strange troubles, financial or otherwise are likely in such cases on this day.

26—MONDAY. During the first hours of this day seek promotion and favor from public officials and persons generally in authority; the later hours are adverse for any important writing or engagements relative to books or publications; nor are mental efforts productive of satisfaction.

27—TUESDAY. The early hours of the day urge special care in the employment of the pen and in matters of contract or account; but as the day advances great improvement comes, when conditions favor dealings in houses or lands, also wool, woolen goods, coal and grain; the after-

noon is excellent for the musician, artist and dealer in household furniture and decorative goods; the landscape painter should fully improve this time as also should the dealer in fancy goods and wearing apparel.

28—WEDNESDAY. Begin this day with the Sun and continue the artistic efforts of yesterday with increased vigor; let all the principal enterprises of life looking to adornment or decoration of either person or property be pushed to the utmost, particularly in the early part of the day.

29—THURSDAY. Pursue vigorously all the avocations in life; urge the literary pursuits; sign deeds and writings especially if concerned with patents or inventions; buy goods for trade, employ counsel, and apply thyself to mathematical and scientific studies and researches; travel and remove, if desirable at this time in the life, during the afternoon hours.

30—FRIDAY. The forenoon is baffling and disappointing and particularly adverse to any success in matters pertaining to agriculture or house building, or the making of contracts, of letting or hiring, or with the laboring classes generally. As the day advances, however, let all energies be applied to the vigorous prosecution of business; buy goods for trade and have money dealings of consequence, speculating also if thy nativity be at present equally favorable.

31—SATURDAY. A quarrelsome and contentious morning in which it will be well to put a check upon impulses, avoid rashness of word or act and be not easily excited to wrath. The morning is dangerous for surgical operations; but as the day advances have dealings with public officers or managing authorities or superintendents in great corporations or upon large public works.

As "Comfort" has now made arrangements to present its readers every month with a full calendar of predictions like the above, for the next one, every old subscriber should renew his or her subscription now. To the farmer, the mechanic, the professional or the literary worker, this feature alone will be worth many dollars a year; while "Comfort" with all its valuable features still costs only 25 cents a year. Every reader should show it to his friends, also; as in business affairs, domestic matters or love, such a calendar, giving dates and even hours when it is best to engage in new ventures or to make important moves, is of greater value than can be easily estimated. Cut out this calendar and try it for March. Then show it to your friends and get up a club. We shall have extra inducements to offer later. Even if you do not believe in astrology, it will prove an interesting study. And who is there who cannot spare two cents a month, 25 cents for 12 months of "Comfort"?

We are now able to offer free as a Premium a fine musical instrument that can be used for your own amusement or for playing Church Music, Dancing, or at social festivities. Our illustration speaks louder than words, and we assure either old or young that the instrument itself will prove a blessing to all. We will send one postpaid for a club of three early subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each, or will sell one for 60c. 2 for \$1.00 prepaid. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A GREAT SEED SACRIFICE.

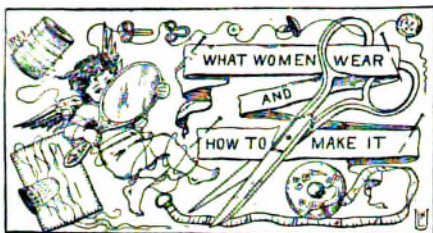
A \$10,000 Loss turned to your Gain. CHOICEST FLOWER SEEDS come from France and Germany; some rare varieties often bringing a dollar for a single seed. A large importing house had an immense shipment of the finest grown seeds ever brought to America, and, in unloading at the pier, an awful accident occurred. Now, as each kind must be put up in small, separate papers, this would have been a complete loss, but, hearing of it, and knowing its value, we bought the whole cargo of exquisite flower seeds, getting in the whole assortment some of the highest cost kinds ever grown. We have thoroughly mixed them, all kinds, and put them up in elegant packets, containing over 30 varieties, to give away as premiums to COMFORT. All you have to do is to sow them in a box, and when they get large enough to transplant, you can set them out, and have a most elegant flower garden.

SPECIAL. Having found a box of Latest-Craze-In-Chrysanthemum seed in the lot safe, we are going to enclose one package of this popular seed also.

OUR OFFER is this: To every one sending us 12 cents for a three months' subscription to COMFORT, we will send perfectly free, postpaid, these packets of seeds and our elegant book, or manual, as a guide to the culture of all flowers and plants. Its many pages are loaded down with practical hints and helps to everybody, on all sorts of plant life, and describes how to arrange fancy window and garden decoration. We give all of these free if only 12 cents is sent to pay postage and expenses. 6 subscriptions and 6 lots for 60 cents. Address, COMFORT, Seed Dept., Augusta, Maine.

TRICK SAVINGS BANKS.

This is a very ingenious Bank, which allows money, (up to the size of a silver quarter), to be put in very easily, but makes it impossible to get it out, until you know how, and then it is done without any trouble—it can be used over and over again, which is a great advantage over those banks which can be used but once, or when full must be broken before the money can be taken out. It is made of polished wood, and is 3 1-2 inches high. Price 10 cents. Postage 3 cents. 1 dozen, \$1.00. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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WITH the month of February comes a natural looking forward to the pretty things which women will wear when the spring or warm weather comes. I am going to tell you of the new Llama cloths which are so dainty and refined, and becoming to all; which drape like cashmere and wear beautifully; which make the prettiest summer dresses for children, young and elderly ladies; and which you can order by mail as advertised, as they come exceedingly low.

As this is the season when masked balls are most popular and fancy dresses are planned and worn by thousands of fair women all over the country, I am going to write about them first. Many a romantic adventure could be told of the ball-room where some be-smitten youth has followed a masked maiden around, struck by her unique attire and before the game is ended she is queen of hearts for life. Not long ago a young married man, who, I am sorry to say, was none too faithful to the wife he had sworn to protect and cherish, attended a masquerade ball in costume. The most beautifully dressed woman there was a seemingly young creature of erect, stately carriage, and superb figure. Her costume represented "night" and was of jet black velvet falling in long graceful folds, and dotted with silver stars. Over her head was draped a fleecy veil which partially concealed the beautiful mask she wore. Curiosity was rife as to who she could be, but strange to say, she favored the young married man who openly adored her and followed her everywhere. Together they danced and promenaded or sat out the dances to which she was not inclined; and all the time, he whispered "soft nothings" in her ear. In vain he sought for some clue to her identity. He could get no hint as to who she was, although she laughed and co-



LITTLE BO-PEEP.

quetted in the most fascinating manner all the evening long. Just before the revel broke up the maskers un-masked. He clung close to his fair incognito eager to behold her real face, and possibly to learn her name. He did behold her face and he needed not to ask her name. It was his mother-in-law, who had long doubted his faithfulness to her daughter and had come over from a neighboring town to prove it.

Fancy dress balls are not always so tragic in their consequences as this however. At an ordinary fancy dress ball, the participants do not wear masks and there is not the excitement, and curiosity does not run so high. They are extremely picturesque affairs, though, and there are few young people who do not look forward to them with eager anticipation, and when the event is over, look backward with a sigh of regret that it is over and gone.

Here is young Mr. Golightly, for instance. He does not want the fact mentioned, of course, but he has never been to a fancy dress ball until this winter; because he is still so young that he can count the number of balls he has attended on his eight fingers and not be obliged to encroach on his thumbs to enumerate the rest of them. Mrs. Featherweight is going to give a very large affair of the kind, and as young Mr. Golightly has a rich father and she has a younger sister who is still in the field of single blessedness, she sends him a card for the 22nd of February. Down in one corner he notices the words engraved: "Fancy Dress." Immediately his young, susceptible heart gives a great flop; although this, too, Mr. Golightly would keep forever a secret locked in his own breast.

And then he falls to planning his own costume. Shall he go as Richard the Lion-hearted? Or Alexander the Great? Or Solon, the wise man of Greece? Or, shall he drop these, and come out in the resplendent array of Louis XV? The latter character, with its silk and satin and flowered brocade possibilities charms his young imagination—we beg his pardon!—his imagination. He goes to hunting up costumers, and for the next two weeks makes all his relations, to say nothing of his costumers and wig-makers and boot-makers and nine-tenths of all his

acquaintances miserable by his anxiety to eclipse all the Louis XV's that ever attended fancy dress balls; to say nothing of the selfish flop that once sat on the French throne and bore that title. But as a result when the night of the ball finally comes, he is truly a resplendent creature. Nature has not been kind to Mr. Golightly in the matter of legs; but the costumer would indeed be a poor stick if he could not remedy that defect; neither has Mr. Golightly yet a well-developed chest, and as for the well-rounded figure that women adore, Mr. Golightly could not be expected to have that at twenty, could he? Especially as Mr. Golightly is not fond of athletics, and has never done a stroke of honest hard work in his life—work that develops muscle and brawn, as well as business ability. But when he is padded out and attired in the silken tights, the satin trunk-hose, the brocade vest, the velvet coat, and the lace ruffles of Louis XV, he has succeeded in getting ahead of nature for once and is indeed beautiful to behold. And after a long, satisfying look at himself in the glass, with only one sigh of regret that the incipient down on his upper lip is not just a trifle more conspicuous, he goes to Mrs. Featherweight's.

And there his young head is turned with the beautiful girls and their strange bewildering toilets. Although he had let everybody he knew into the secret of what he intended to wear, he did not even know what character his own sisters were to take. And when he was confronted with a bright little butterfly close to the entrance to the dancing-room, he did not recognize the twelve year old sister he had eaten dinner with. In fact he had not known she was coming. But there she was. Her full short skirts were of soft yellow gauze with long points of brown velvet hanging from the waist line. Her waist was a dainty creation of yellow gauze, with big painted spots like those on a butterfly's wings, and at her shoulders flared a pair of wired gauze wings decorated in like manner. Her little brown velvet skull-cap was surmounted with another smaller pair of wings, and on her pretty feet, encased in yellow and brown dotted stockings, were dainty yellow kid slippers with butterfly bows of velvet. So pretty, so gauzy, and so fly-away she looked that Mr. Golightly found himself answering her low bow with as much gravity as though she had been a princess.

But he soon forgot her. Because it was only a moment before his eye fell on a pretty girl bearing a shepherd's crook, a nice long one as tall as she, and tied with ribbons to match her



SILK AND RIBBON GOWN.

costume. Even Mr. Golightly did not have to look long before he realized that this was

Little Bopeep Who lost her sheep And didn't know where to find them.

Her skirt was of pretty figured Llama cloth trimmed with three rows of pale blue ribbon. Over this she wore the daintiest little white muslin apron, and a bunchy over-skirt of the Llama cloth all caught up with blue ribbons. Her velvet bodice was laced with ribbons also, over a white waist, and the low square neck edged with a tiny ruffle. More blue ribbon was tied around her arms, lacing down the soft white sleeves, and a jaunty white straw hat was tied with blue ribbons and trimmed with field-daisies, which she was supposed to have gathered in the fields while looking for her lost sheep. Mr. Golightly got himself introduced to her at once, and danced the first figure firm in the belief that he had the prettiest girl in the room in his arms; and how could he know that her dress cost only 12 1/2 cents a yard? And then he forgot all about Bopeep because a tall, slender girl from Baltimore suddenly paused near him, and somebody was presenting him to her; and then Louis XV bore away for the next cotillion a girl in a lovely silk and ribbon evening gown that is quite up to the requirements.

Now, a word about the Llama cloths. They are really the prettiest and cheapest thing for summer dresses yet seen. The fabric itself is woven with a wool finish to resemble a soft cashmere or nun's veiling. The back-grounds are both of cream and light tints, and in dark and mourning shades, with the most delicate and beautiful floral designs printed in colors. For instance, on a cream ground are small sprays of thistles in natural colors; or pink rose-buds, or blue forget-me-nots. On a soft black ground are scattered small violets, or daisies, or bachelor's buttons. On a pink or pale blue back-ground are grouped wood-violets and furze. In fact, there is an endless diversity of these designs and all exceedingly lady-like, quiet and refined. Indeed there is no reason why any woman, young or old, should not have a new dress this summer, as these goods can be sent by mail for very slight expense, (an entire dress of 10 yards, postpaid, costing only \$1.45.) And as they make up to look and wear as well as the regular 50 cent all-wool challies and fancy cashmeres, I hope you will all try them. As there are many dark patterns, elderly ladies as well as young ones can be suited. These are decidedly the materials for hard times.

In the meantime what are the signs of fashion for the coming spring? Draped skirts seem to be coming as a positive certainty. Over-skirts, short or long, will doubtless be here before summer. Sleeves promise to be bigger at the top than ever; and at this news everybody heaves a sigh, although doubtless they will all submit. Plain china or surah silks are going to be much worn for summer dresses. They are thin and cool, do not soil easily and do not catch and hold dust as ginghams and other cottons do. Jackets will be longer with fuller, flaring skirts and big buttons. Buttons are to be seen again on everything, and hooks and eyes which have reigned supreme for months past will be banished except for certain places where they are indispensable. Veils are very generally worn throughout the country, although one sees them less on the streets of New York than in other cities. Suede, or undressed kid gloves are not so popular now as the dressed ones. Four button is the proper length for street wear. Fur boas will remain the favorite neck-scarfs



THE BUTTERFLY.

pink satin bag with hand-painted roses, whence she produced, at the close of the dance, a quaint little vinaigrette and a lace-trimmed handkerchief. How was he to know that she would, by-and-bye, put her fan and her tiny pink kid slippers in it, too?

Mr. Golightly was in great danger of falling in love with this creature in pink, when suddenly Mrs. Featherweight swooped down upon him and carried him over to her sister. And then his poor wavering heart succumbed at once. For there he saw the sauciest, brightest dark-eyed Spanish dancing-girl, he had ever dreamed of; and Mr. Golightly who had blue eyes and light hair himself always was susceptible to dusky hair and eyes as black as sloes. And Mrs. Featherweight went away smiling, for she saw that all was well.

The Spanish costume was made of the Spanish colors. The full red silk skirt was embroidered in gold thread, and so was the low-necked waist. The red velvet bolero jacket was trimmed with a band of yellow, bespangled with gilt ornaments and bangles, and around the hips was draped a broad, soft sash of red striped with orange. The skirt came half way from the



SPANISH COSTUME.

knees to the feet; and over the scarlet silk hose she wore the tiniest yellow velvet slippers. There were no sleeves, only red ribbons crossed and capped over the shoulders, and between them and the long buff gloves gleamed a pair of lovely cream-tinted arms. In the dark, curly hair stood a high-backed comb that once belonged to some fair Andalusian maiden ages ago, and from the tambourine she carried was draped another red and yellow silken scarf, waving when she danced and pirouetted and catching young Golightly's heart in its meshes anew with every turn of her lithe body. This was the prettiest girl he saw, and when the sequel to Mr. Golightly's first dress ball is told it will close with a full set of wedding cards.

His fair innamorata's brother was there also, dressed in knee breeches and a cocked hat and all that, but Mr. Golightly had no eyes for him.

From Mrs. Featherweight's ball many a hint can be taken. There is no end to the costumes that may be evolved by an ingenious person. One woman who wanted to represent the press had an entire costume made of old newspapers, (pasted over thin muslin); and so much taste and skill did she show, that it was not only very pretty but it attracted a great deal of attention. Historical characters are always interesting, and afford a wide range to choose from. Lady Jane Grey, Mary Queen of Scots, the Black Prince and Mephistopheles have figured in many a ball-room during the present century. One has only to look into a history of the times, or to study old prints a little to get a very good idea of the character one wants to represent, and then a little ingenuity will help to make a striking and original costume. Flower-girls are always pretty characters, and afford a great chance for variety. Because if one lives where it is impossible to get fresh flowers in winter, artificial ones will do.

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CONTINENTAL.

all the spring—probably because so many of them and once worn they cannot be kept until warm weather comes without damage.

Capes will be worn all summer, in circular shapes and medium length, they will be necessary so long as balloons and shoulder ruffles remain in style.

Lace and embroideries will be much in thin materials all summer.

Fans and parasols will be more common ever the coming season. Chiffon and be commonly seen on both.

A good way to renovate a parasol that has come frayed or rusty is to gather it, and lace over it, letting the edge fall over for a ruffle, and finishing the top with a velvet will be less used as a trim.

Spring and summer gowns than cooler materials will be used instead.

It is well to remember always the motto that to be well-dressed one must be sensibly dressed, according to one's condition. A suit that is proper for Avenue at four o'clock in the afternoon in the best of taste for church wear in country village. And an evening gown ball dress should be very rarely worn where except at the places designated in titles. A young lady wrote us to know white silk gown, with elbow sleeves, white kid slippers, long kid gloves, and white hat trimmed with white ostrich, would be suitable for church wear in the country village where she was going. No other place. Such a costume would be for a lawn party or an evening affair; less one goes to church openly and attract attention to one's clothes, only unobtrusive garments should be worn. At least that is the way in cities, and best-bred people everywhere.



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12 1/2 CENTS

per yard, 30 inches wide. 10 yards for a dress. Sent, postage paid, for

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The prevailing fashion for black stockings, feathers, gowns, and cloaks, and the fact that anything can be colored with Diamond Dyes a black will not crack or fade, explains their universal use.

The peculiar way in which the Diamond fast blacks are made, gives them a great superiority over all other methods of home dyeing.

There are some forty other colors of Diamond Dyes, each of which is thoroughly reliable, and superior to imitation as sunlight is to moonlight.

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STEAD of giving you letters from the other Bees this month, I am going to show you some of the beautiful things that can be done with Scotch linen floss and Bargaren art threads. The fascination of needlework, especially in its ornamental branches, is admitted by most women. Even a woman of the intellectual powers of George Sand (famous novelist) remarked, "I think that exercise has a natural attraction for me, an invisible charm, which I have felt at every period of my life, and which has often utilized my strongest agitation." It has been a favorite mode of industry with all men, both in savage and civilized conditions. Indian squaw in her wigwam, and the princess in her palace, have alike found a fascination in it. Savage tribes that wear any kind of art are adepts in the art, while persons of cultivated taste have delighted to give it elaboration and finish.

The materials employed are very numerous. Some women embroider with their own hair, that of animals. The Chinese are workers in silk, with colored silk or gold and silver threads; the Persians and Turks work in silk, and silver threads, beads, spangles, pearls, precious stones; the Oriental and Indian use feathers, skins of insects, the nails, scales and teeth of various animals, nuts, furs, and serpents, coins, etc.

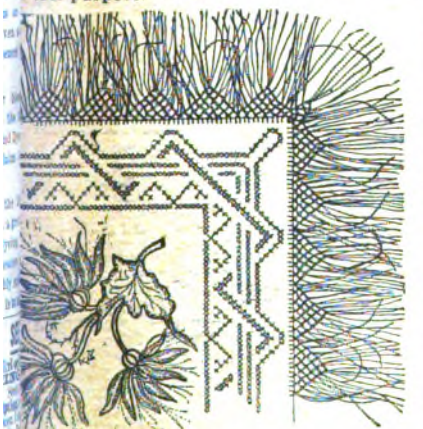
Still another cover is made of cream white Bargaren art cloth. The fringe is quite elaborate, the heading being darned in to a depth or height of four inches. The design is a border of orchids about two inches from the heading of the fringe, outlined with a deep shade of heliotrope art thread. The surface of the linen is then darned solidly with a lighter shade of the same color, and the cup or heart of the orchid is finished with an outline of cream white thread. Four shades are used in the fringe.

A very pretty rocker for grandma was made from an old fashioned one recently, by covering the back and arms with several layers of an old comforter to make it soft, and making a soft cushion. Then an outside cover to fit was cut out carefully of the Bargaren linen and worked in floral designs with the art thread. In this way an old chair, consigned to the attic as unfit for use in the more presentable parts of the house, was made into a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

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Some of the work done with this new art thread is as handsome as the finest painting on silk. Great care should be used in selecting proper kinds of floss, and Bolton sheeting art-linen, to work with; as some of the paper substitutes will not bear much washing, and consequently the labor expended goes naught.

There is a great rage for pretty, ornamental quilts, at present. The old white counterpanes with raised pattern surface, that recall the days of youth, are no more considered the proper thing, but are superseded by flowered creases, edged with a flounce of tinted lace; red key twill, plain or embroidered with white stitching thread (or linen floss), or of Bolton sheeting embroidered in colors. A very striking quilt is made of Bolton sheeting, decorated with a bold design embroidered in different shades. Blue denim is a good material for quilts, embroidered with white or old gold art thread. Cream huckaback, which may be obtained fifty-four inches wide, is also excellent for this purpose.



CORNER OF TABLESPREAD.

Twelve large silk handkerchiefs with broad designs are made into a very elegant bedspread. Have the handkerchiefs of different colors and the design on each must be outlined in a contrasting color in the Scotch linen floss or flourishing thread. Baste the handkerchiefs on coarse muslin, as the crazy patchwork is made, cut off the hems, and join by taping the selvage over the raw edges, and the seams finished with elaborate embroidery in the flourishing thread. Have one handkerchief a pale pink; outline this with old gold linen floss; on a light-blue one the outlining is ecru; bronze linen floss outlines an olive green; use pink linen floss for a white handkerchief; outline a buff one with blue linen floss, and a handkerchief of violet with yellow linen floss. A changeable one of blue and gold, outline with cream-colored floss; a dark brown one with gold-colored floss; a rich wine-colored one embroidered with pink; a fawn colored one finish with a satin ruffle edged with lace.

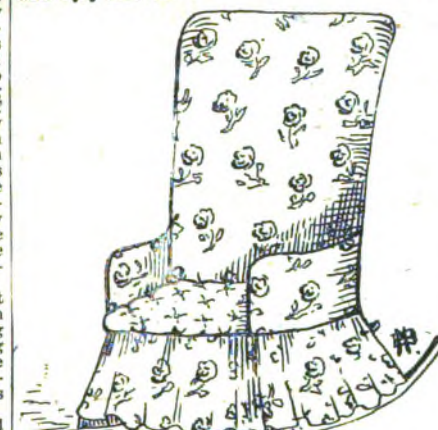
Quite a new thing in bedspreads is one of white linen, embroidered in a Kels pattern (like coils of rope in all imaginable curves), with stars and other small figures. The thread is old-gold Bargaren art thread. This thread is just perfected, the first having been imported recently, and is going off with extraordinary rapidity.

Another odd design is a small tablespread—a sort of bandanna handkerchief pattern—the embroidery material being real Scotch linen flosses, which is worked into plaids scattered over with small stems and rays. It is finished with a three-inch lace border.

Another tablespread is of blue Bolton sheeting, over which are scattered in terra cotta various forms of the flower whose name is just now so familiar to our ears, the Scotch thistle. The design is unique and very pleasing. One of the most beautiful table-covers is made of a square-meshed, pure linen fabric, made in natural flax color. The cover is first hemmed with a narrow hem, into which is tied a narrow fringe of Bargaren art thread. The threads for the fringe are drawn through the hem with a crochet needle, after which they are knotted. The threads must be drawn in double, and four threads are used to knot with. The fringe should be tied in after the embroidery is finished. The cover has a border worked all around in cross stitch. For this the Bargaren art thread is also used, and a cross stitch is made in each square of the material. The border can be easily duplicated by simply counting the stitches. The border in the model is worked out in three shades of brown. Chrysanthemums are worked in the corner in colors. The effect of the whole is beautiful.

Still another cover is made of cream white Bargaren art cloth. The fringe is quite elaborate, the heading being darned in to a depth or height of four inches. The design is a border of orchids about two inches from the heading of the fringe, outlined with a deep shade of heliotrope art thread. The surface of the linen is then darned solidly with a lighter shade of the same color, and the cup or heart of the orchid is finished with an outline of cream white thread. Four shades are used in the fringe.

A very pretty rocker for grandma was made from an old fashioned one recently, by covering the back and arms with several layers of an old comforter to make it soft, and making a soft cushion. Then an outside cover to fit was cut out carefully of the Bargaren linen and worked in floral designs with the art thread. In this way an old chair, consigned to the attic as unfit for use in the more presentable parts of the house, was made into a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."



ROCKER FOR GRANDMA.

A huckaback towel embroidered with braid about an inch wide, made of the finer real Scotch linen thread, shows a pattern of large clover leaves raised. A widely different article is a dining-room table-cloth, the central portion made of the tan-color, finished by a border consisting of a broad band of the same material in old-gold new art-linen. Over the centre are scattered clusters of oranges formed of linen, crocheted in bas-relief, in various shades; the fruit being well set off by the sprays of green leaves worked out in the Bargaren thread. The effect is extremely natural, and the piece forms one of the most effective covers.

How many know how to make hair-pin lace? Some have an idea that it is very difficult. On the contrary, it is quite simple.

Get a good-size common hair-pin, though bone ones are used. Use real Scotch crochet thread, coarse or fine as desired.

To begin, hold the hair-pin in the left hand, the round part upwards; twist the cotton

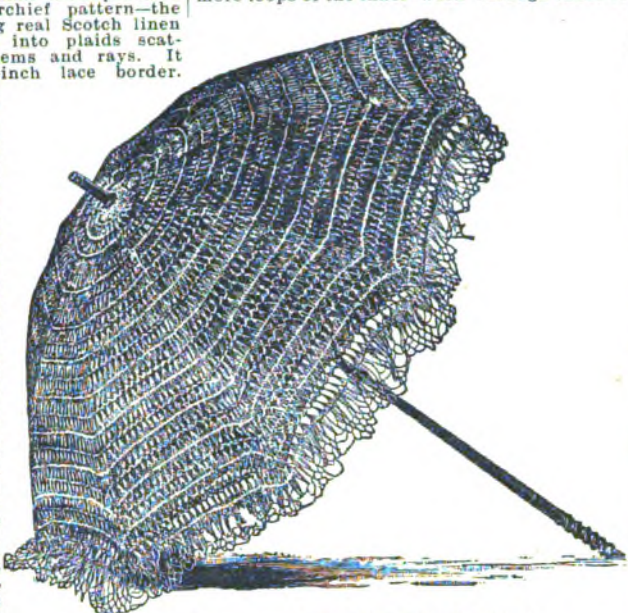


HAIR-PIN LACE.

through the left prong, pass it over the right prong to the back of the hair-pin, and lay it over the left forefinger. Take up a crochet hook and draw this back thread to the front under the first crossed one, and make a chain by taking up fresh cotton and pulling it through. Take the hook out and turn the hair-pin; the cotton will now be in front; put it over the right hand pin to the back, hook into loop, and make a chain by drawing the cotton through, then put the hook through the twist on the left hand prong, and make a chain having two stitches on the hook, make a stitch drawing cotton through these two loops, so that only one loop is left. Take out the hook, turn the work, and repeat. When the hair-pin is filled with work slip it off; to steady the prong ends put them through some of the last loops, and continue to work as before. Work that is well done of this kind has large open loops at the sides of uniform length.

During the long evenings you can be making ready for next summer, by crocheting a bonnet or a parasol cover. The one thing to be most particular about is to get the best of thread, as it never pays to use poor material. For a bonnet use No. 50 Scotch crochet thread, and a hair-pin three-fourths of an inch wide. Crochet accord-

ing to directions just given as many yards as you think necessary for the bonnet. To shape the bonnet, commence at the centre of the crown. Take of the crocheted lace as much as will make a circle, and allow the loops on the inside to meet. Pass a thread through there, and tie closely. Then join the ends of the work. Add strip to strip about this by drawing one or more loops of the inner work through those of



CROCHETED PARASOL COVER.

the added work, and then the loops of this through those on the circle, using more or less loops as the form of the bonnet may require. A good way to shape it is to put it over any frame you may desire. When done line with silk in color desired. Trim with lace and grasses or light flowers.

A parasol cover for a young lady's use may be made in the same way with the Scotch crochet thread. For this use a hair-pin one and seven-eighths inches wide. Crochet work in strips, and join as in the bonnet, varying according to size and shape of parasol. Leave a full width around the bottom for a ruffle. This is an excellent way to renovate an old parasol, or a faded one. Anything will do for the foundation provided it is whole. An old pink or blue one looks very dainty with a linen thread cover in the natural colors.

Of course the Bees will understand that Comfort cannot undertake to establish a bureau of information for purchasers; but if those of you who are unable to procure any of these materials will send their full name and post-office address on a postal, to Busy Bee, Care of Comfort, Augusta, Me., I will see that they get full particulars post-free direct from the manufacturers. In return for such a favor, I only ask that every one of you will, for the New Year, secure one new subscriber to Comfort—whom I promise you will be far more interesting in the future than it has been in the past—which is promising a great deal; and furthermore, that whenever you send for anything to which I have called your attention, you will state that you saw it mentioned in Comfort.

The old fashioned art of netting has once more come into fashion. In the near future I am going to give you directions how and what to make of it.

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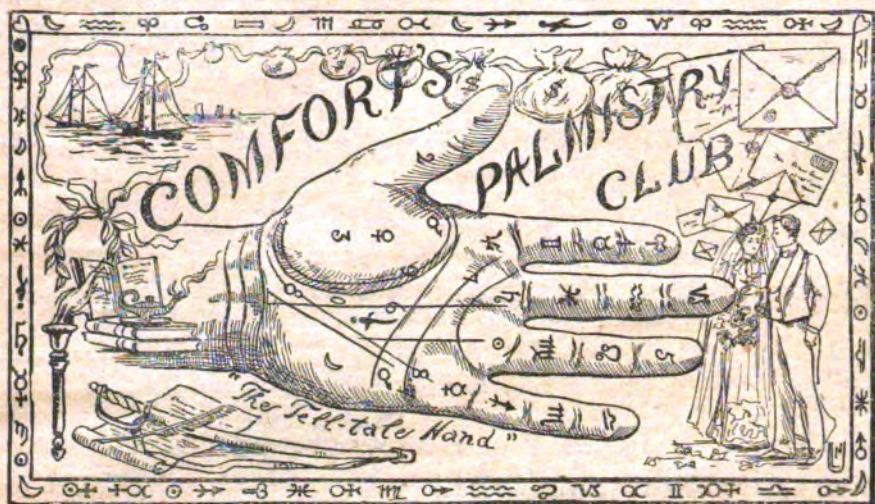
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COMFORT



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VOLUME 6 N° 5 (MN65)
PRICE 25 CENTS PER YEAR

MARCH 1894

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HUMAN HAIR.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY GRANVILLE SHARP.
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AS I was walking down Broadway one afternoon with my friend, Mrs. Landon, we came to a shop window over which was the sign, "Human Hair."

"Do you know," she said, taking me by the arm to draw me away from the window, "that I can never see a sign like that without a feeling of horror?"

I asked her why it

was.

"Wait until we get home," she replied, "and I will tell you a remarkable, as well as a true story."

Accordingly, an hour later, as we sat resting before a cheerful grate fire, sipping chocolate and enjoying the twilight, my friend told me the following story:

"When I was a girl I lived with my parents in a small country town, and the chief pleasure of my life was a visit to New York each winter, at the home of my aunt. One autumn I had the misfortune to lose almost all my hair, owing to an attack of typhus fever, and I ruefully began to consider how I should make myself presentable in my aunt's fashionable home. At last I obtained my mother's consent to go to the city, in company with brother Ben, to search for a wig which should exactly match my hair, for I did not wish my misfortune to be known to my city friends, having always been particularly proud of my blonde locks, which were then a most peculiar hue—very light, without a tinge of yellow or brown, indeed, almost white.

"No hair dealer had anything to match it. We were giving up in despair, when, passing a cross street we caught sight of a sign depending from a second story of a wooden building, bearing the legend, 'Human Hair.' My brother and I paused irresolutely, for the place was not inviting; but finally overcoming our scruples we climbed the stairs and entered a small, badly lighted room, where we were met by an evil-looking Jew. In the rear of the shop a pale woman sat at work.

"We told our errand, and, after some search,

the Jew brought out the most beautiful, wonderful suit of hair I have ever seen, fashioned in curls—for it was then the style for young girls to wear ringlets. He compared it to my hair, and it was a perfect match. After some haggling we obtained it—to my then surprise—at a reasonable price, and I left, overjoyed at my treasure, though both Ben and I drew a breath of relief as we left the place. One thing haunted me—the woman who was working in the rear of the room looked up at me furtively, as I tried on the wig, and her eyes wore an expression of wild apprehension which I could not forget.

The next week I went to the city, and it happened that the first time I wore the hair was on the evening of my arrival, at a social gathering at my aunt's house. All the evening I felt strangely. Though naturally of an even disposition, I was now the victim of moods—first a reckless, despairing feeling, then inclined to mirth. My cheeks burned uncomfortably and at the conclusion of a waltz I requested my partner to get me an ice. To my surprise he did not do so, but sat looking at me with a puzzled expression. I repeated my question.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I only speak English and French. Would you be so kind as to repeat what you have said in either language?"

"I only speak English, myself," I replied in bewilderment, when I became aware that strange, guttural sounds were issuing from my lips—sounds I, myself, did not understand. I grew alarmed. A feeling of deadly fear oppressed me. Looking around I could not see a familiar face, nor could I hear a familiar voice. I darted through a doorway, and came all at once to a full length mirror. Merciful heavens! What woman was that, mocking me? A woman with a dull, sallow skin, heavily marked brows, and wild eyes—a desperate creature, cowering, listening, trembling at every sound, clad in an old faded dress. I tried to cry out for help, but only confused sounds came. I realized that I was in some terrible danger, I knew not what. I heard the rattle of wheels, which stopped—a hoarse cry, a demand for entrance, the beating of something metallic against the door. 'Open, in the name of the Emperor!' cried the voice.

"I looked around me; but now a fresh amazement took possession of me. I was in a small, squalid room, lighted by one window, set high up in the wall. A few household utensils were scattered about. I ran and put a chair—a baby's high, wooden chair—before the window. The blows still rained hard upon the door, which now began to weaken. Above all I heard a baby's wailing cry. I opened the window and succeeded in crawling through it, falling in a confused heap on the flagstones a few feet below, then I knew no more.

"I was in my own room when I awoke, and my aunt was bathing my head; on the dressing table lay a mass of fine blonde curls. I shuddered and turned away. The family laughed at my uncanny 'dream,' as they called it, but the next day, when I was quite composed, they told me that I had startled my partner in the dance the night before by suddenly addressing him in a foreign tongue, and then in great agitation leaving the room. He acquainted my aunt with the fact, thinking I might be ill, and she found me in a dead faint in her dressing room.

"My aunt, as well as I, felt some curiosity as to the wig, which I blamed as the cause of my indisposition and fright, and a few days later she accompanied me to the Jewish hair store.

The pale woman was alone in the shop, and after we had given her a generous present, she told us in a whisper what she knew about the hair.

"It was a Russian lady, Madame; she in trouble; she leave her home because she plot to kill the Czar. She leave her baby with friends. No use, she must go back for that baby. She say they kill her if she go. She sell her hair to pay her fare on ship. She go, but, in a lower whisper, 'Madame, that hair come back every time it sell!'

"That is all I know about those wonderful tresses," added my friend, pouring more chocolate, "but I've never worn any false hair since."

Greater Love Hath No Man.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY A. STUART.
Copyright, 1894, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



HERE are you going, Dorothy?" asked Mrs. Farnham as her niece passed through the hall.

"Just for a walk on the cliffs," answered Dorothy, pausing at the question.

"Oh, Cousin Dolly, you promised to take me with you when you went!" cried little Ethel.

"Certainly I will, Puss, come on." The Farnhams were spending the summer at their seashore cottage, and had invited Dorothy, their orphaned niece, to whom seven-year-old Ethel was greatly attached, to visit them. She was a charming girl of sixteen, full of wit and fun, and a great favorite with all who knew her.

As it was still early in the season the paths about the place had not been thoroughly explored and some of the walks were said to have become dangerous. Therefore Mrs. Farnham asked anxiously:

"Is the Cliff Walk safe now, Dolly? Ralph said part had fallen."

"I think he is mistaken," replied Dorothy. "And even if it has fallen, we need not," she added laughingly.

"Well, Ethel, you may go then, if Dolly will promise to take care of you."

"Oh, I will! Good care!" cried Dorothy gaily, running down the steps. "Now for a race!" and the two ran swiftly across the lawn toward the beach.

The day was clear and beautiful, but as they crossed the shining beach that stretched away to the foot of the cliffs, and stopped to speak to Ben, the old sailor, he shook his head and prophesied nasty weather soon.

"If you take the lower path, Miss, don't go far on it, for it's covered at high tide and they do say part has caved lately."

"Well," said Dorothy, "the tide is just turning and we will have plenty of time."

And nodding to the old sailor they hurried away.

"Oh, Dolly, do go by the lower path!" begged Ethel, as they climbed the slow ascent to the spot where the two paths met. "We can get such pretty shells that way." And so they took the lower path.

They walked slowly down to the lowest dip, stopping now and then to gather shells or look

across the beautiful bay, up which the tide swept so quickly, and which was now growing gray and dotted with white caps. More slowly still they climbed the ascent on the other side, and reaching the highest point, suddenly found themselves stopped.

The path which they had been following was merely a shelf hanging far down the cliff and which at high tide was covered more than six feet. Before them the rocks had fallen in and they could look through the chasm sheer down to the sea.

"This must be the 'cave' old Ben told us of," said Dolly. "We must run back or we'll be caught by the tide. I intended to go back by the upper path."

As she spoke a gust of wind made her glance upward. The sky was overcast and the sea looked rough and angry. The storm would be upon them in an instant. They turned to retrace their steps, but what was their horror to find the path covered!

"Run!" cried Dorothy, "we shall be too late!" and they dashed down the slope. But they were too late. The water was too deep to be passed. Dolly found when she waded in, and they were forced to turn back. Ethel did not realize their situation and Dorothy would not frighten her, but she herself was terrified. On one side was the chasm, on the other the waves every moment dashed closer; before them was the sea and behind, the cliffs stretched upward straight and smooth. Dorothy looked wildly up.

"Oh, if I could only climb it!" she thought, and at the same moment came the remembrance of her last words to her aunt.

"I promised to take care of Ethel," she moaned. "What shall I do?"

The wind was whistling wildly now and the waves, as they dashed against the base of the cliff, drenched them with spray. Dorothy took off her jacket and made Ethel put it on.

"Now, dear," she said, in a voice that trembled slightly, "I will lift you on my shoulder, so your feet won't get wet. You see, we can't get off until a boat comes, so you must keep waving this," loosening the silk handkerchief from her neck. "I expect Ben will be along soon."

"If I can only hold her up until help comes! Oh, God help me!" she prayed.

"Dolly," cried Ethel suddenly, "there's a shelf up here."

Dorothy's heart gave a great throb of joy.

"Can you reach it?" she asked.

"No, not quite," said Ethel.

There were some large stones lying near and Dorothy brought them, climbed upon them and again lifted Ethel to her shoulder.



"Can you reach it now?" she asked. "Can you get on it?"

"I could if I stood up," the child answered.

"Stand upon my shoulder then. I will hold you," and slowly and carefully Ethel climbed up, and when Dorothy felt the weight lifted from her shoulder and knew her pet was safe, she gave a great sob of joy and relief.

"Are you coming, Dolly?" called Ethel in a moment.

"How big is the shelf?"

"Well, it's not very big, but you can take me on your lap."

"There is no room for both and I must not take her chance," thought Dorothy, so she called: "I will stay here, dear," and turned toward the sea again. The hungry, foam-capped waves, leaping like wolves, almost touched her feet and the spray filled the air as they dashed on the rocks below. She looked out across the bay again, but no boat was in sight. Oh! what was that? Only the wind, but it shrieked like one in distress, and that last wave had drenched her knees. Would the next wave drag her away?

"Oh, Dolly! I see a boat!" called Ethel. "It's coming real fast," but the wind drowned her voice.

Dorothy, too saw it, looking through, a veil of spray, and knew that, for her, they would come too late. The wave came, beating her cruelly and almost wrenching her from the rock. Almost, not quite, but it was only a brief respite. She knew that she must die. She crouched on the rock and tried to pray and wondered why she could not think of the words and if God would forgive her and take her home. "Home! Yes, to papa and mamma!" she murmured, and then she saw the wave towering above her and shut her eyes.

But it was not from the sea that help came at last. The boats could not approach near enough and a man was lowered from the top of the cliff. He carried up poor little Ethel, and, as trembling and sobbing in her mother's arms, she tried to tell how she had called and called and "Dolly wouldn't answer," he started to return once more, when there came a shout from the boat, faintly borne to them through the storm. Drifting on the waves that now, as if in repentance for their cruelty, carried it gently, came a still white form that had once been the home of a noble soul.

Oh, silent lips and closed eyes! Oh, faithful heart now stilled forever! "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend!"

The Sphere of A. Lookaloft Brown.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY EDWARD P. JACKSON.

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IN its first nebulous stage in my childish imagination, "My Sphere" was of enormous circumference; but, like the sun, which originally filled the entire space now occupied by the Solar System, it has shrunk to an insignificant nucleus of its former self. I trust, however, that, like the luminary to which I have compared it, it has not altogether lost its luminosity.

I was said to be a remarkably clever child.

Among my earliest recollections is that of being placed on exhibition before frequent groups of visitors, chiefly ladies, and hearing myself rapturously glorified. My foil on these occasions was my next neighbor's little boy, Sammy Botts, who was pronounced as dull as I was brilliant.

As I grew older, my arena and audiences enlarged. I was the "show boy," par excellence on all public occasions, both at Sunday-school and day-school.

But greatness has its penalties. Mine isolated me very uncomfortably among my natural companions, and I was driven for companionship chiefly to the "big girls," among whom I was an especial favorite. It was this enviable popularity, I think, rather than any natural effeminacy on my part, that fastened upon me the grievously afflicting appellation of "Sister Brown."

Speaking of public occasions at school, I must mention one in particular, at which both Sammy Botts and I figured conspicuously. It was a "Graduating Exhibition," and the town hall, in which it was held, was crowded to its utmost capacity. Among the numbers on the programme was an "Original French Dialogue," written by myself. I mention this on account of the high compliment which a French gentleman present paid it in my hearing. He said it was the "most original French" he had ever heard. You may imagine how this pleased me, coming, as it did, from a native Parisian!

The other number, with which I was concerned, was Knowles' "William Tell," in which I appeared in the title role. The play went very well till the crisis came. I was standing in the middle of the stage, in my most picturesque attitude, with bended bow and arrow aimed through an open door, beyond which Albert was supposed to be kneeling with the apple on his head. At that critical moment the open space was suddenly filled by the portly form of the janitor, who stopped there, eagerly watching the proceedings. Whether I saw in his rounded figure only a mammoth representation of the historic apple, or whether in the exaltation of the moment the fate of a mere janitor seemed to me of no consequence, I know not. I only know that I let fly full at the big sphere, from which my arrow rebounded like a rubber ball.

Of course, I brought down the house, if not the janitor.

When, a few seconds later, an apple transfixed with an arrow was brought triumphantly upon the stage, some little miscreant in the audience squeaked out, "Tain't the one!" which brought down the house more vociferously than ever. But, what hurt my feelings the most sorely was a remark made to me by the master when the exhibition was over.

"Brown, my boy," he said, "you have made the hit of the evening!" And he laughed as if he would die.

I had been thinking that perhaps the stage would prove to be "My Sphere," but I went home that night feeling that "My Sphere" was a huge, glittering bubble, and that the laughter of a vulgar crowd had burst it.

But bubbles are easily blown, and it was not long before another grew, larger and more iridescent than its predecessor.

In due time I graduated from college. I am proud to add, with honors.

Now, as it was high time for me to do something for my own support, and, as the teaching profession offered the quickest if not the most liberal returns, I looked for a position as

teacher, not as a permanency, by any means, but merely as a stepping-stone to some occupation more worthy of my abilities.

After a good deal of effort I succeeded in getting a school, but, I am mortified to confess, not in teaching it. That is, I have no doubt I could have taught it if the young barbarians had allowed me to try, but on the very first day of my incumbency, they laid violent hands upon my person, and actually had the humanity to duck me in the snow.

At the next meeting of the school board, I was told, a great laugh was raised by the innocent question of an uninformed member, "Does Mr. Brown give any reason for resigning his position?"

The board then proceeded to elect Mr. Samuel Botts as my successor, who, I learned, gave entire satisfaction to all concerned.

But I consoled myself for my ignominious failure by the reflection that teaching was not "My Sphere." It would do well enough for such commonplace men as Botts, but I aspired to something higher, something that should take me before larger and more appreciative audiences than those of the school-room.

I busied myself, therefore, in the preparation of lectures on various subjects, scientific, political and literary.

I excel particularly, I think, in the sublime and the profound. I know of few productions, either of poet or philosopher, in which these qualities are more strongly marked than in my "Heaven and Hell; a Rhapsody." It is not so long as "Paradise Lost," or the "Inferno," but, if I may be allowed to review my own work, it is more intense. Here and there, it is even enlivened with touches of light and graceful humor.

Convinced that, if I could once get a public hearing for this sublime work, my fame and fortune were made, I applied to one lecture bureau after another; but, although I insisted on reading some of the most thrilling passages to the managers, to my surprise and disgust, they unanimously refused to have anything to do either with the "Rhapsody" or with its author.

Without waiting for my indignation to cool, I posted a dozen flaming placards announcing that "A. Lookaloft Brown's Sublime Rhapsody: Heaven and Hell," would be given in the town hall, July 25th, at 8 o'clock P.M. Admission 50 cents. All seats reserved.

The momentous evening came. I took my manuscript and with a violently-beating heart repaired to the hall.

As I approached the building, I saw half a dozen young men standing in the entrance.

"They can't get in!" I said to myself with a great throb of exultation. "The hall is crowded!"

I hurriedly attempted to force my way through the group.

"Look-a-here, young fellow!" blurted out one of them, "who yer shovin'?"

"Allow me to pass, if you please," I replied, swelling with dignity. "I am A. Lookaloft Brown, the lecturer!"

"Oh! er thort 'twuz Cleveland!"

Paying no attention to the coarse laughter which greeted this insolent witticism, I passed through the group and entered the hall.

It was absolutely empty!

Again "My Sphere" had burst, like a huge, prismatic bubble!

While I stood like one stunned, gazing at the empty seats, two of the young fellows who had been loafing at the entrance, sauntered in, bestrode chairs in the rear of the hall, and began to eat peanuts.

"When's the show goin' to begin, Boss?" inquired one presently.

"There will be no lecture this evening," I replied, struggling to control my quivering voice and lips. "If you will apply where you bought your tickets, your money will be refunded."

"Oh, that's all right. We're dead-heads. See?"

It was true. One was the janitor of the building, and the other a compositor of the local paper, who had been sent to report my lecture, as they were "short-handed in the office."

I will not harrow up the reader's feelings with a description of the ventures I made in various other fields, except to say that they were equally aspiring and equally disastrous with that I have just described.

Although I have not as yet fulfilled the promise of my childhood, I am enabled to earn a very comfortable livelihood for myself and rapidly increasing family. The editor and proprietor of a flourishing daily newspaper finds my scholastic acquirements very convenient. He prefers to consult me rather than his encyclopedia. So I am on his staff, at a salary equal to about one-fifth of his means. His name is Samuel Botts! I often talk with him on the injustice of Fortune.

"Who that knew us two boys," said I bitterly, "would believe we should ever occupy our present relations to each other? Ah, well, I haven't hit upon 'My Sphere' yet."

"I remember a time," Botts returned, surveying me with a look of admiration, as well as sympathy, "when you hit upon a far wider sphere than even you, aspiring as you are, ever thought of aiming at."

"When was that?" I asked eagerly.

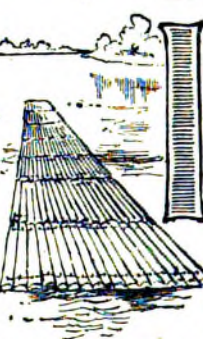
"When you hit Old Fatty (the janitor) instead of the apple!" And he burst into a loud guffaw that disgusted me beyond expression.

Whatever Botts's sphere may be, it is certainly not wit.

A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CECIL P. SWARTHOUT.

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IN 1884 Fred Denman was appointed sub-foreman, or, as it is termed in the lumber regions, "second boss" over fifty lumbermen stationed at Camp No. 7 on Rapid River, in northeastern Wisconsin. Fred was but nineteen years of age and his appointment over older heads caused much dissatisfaction among the loggers. Even "Old Jim" Worth, the foreman, who had been brought up in the logging camps, "lowed it warr't right to appoint a school-boy over old and tried hands."

Indeed, Fred's superior education, which secured him his position, now seemed likely to cause him much trouble. But, his cheery, good-natured manner, and his willingness did much to alleviate their wounded vanity.

On the 17th of April, 1885, the gang began chaining the logs together, preparatory to floating them down to Valley Falls, a town 12 miles below, and the point where the logs were to be sawed into lumber.

This town was the home of John Hayes, the lumber king of these regions, and there two enormous pillars of iron had been erected, one on either bank. Be-

tween the pillars extended a mighty chain, two hundred and fifteen feet in length and each link 1 foot in thickness. A strong windlass was employed to handle this great cable. This apparatus, designed to stop rafts or runaway logs, was the invention of Fred Denman, but had never been tested yet.

On the day in question 10,000 logs had been chained in position and made as compact as possible. The work was severe in the extreme, apart from the danger of being crushed by rolling logs, so when Foreman Worth called for a volunteer to go to the Falls and bring back fifty chains, no one seemed very anxious for the trip. Fred, on account of his position, was exempt from this duty. Worth ordered Jack Gleason to go, and that worthy amid countless grumblings began making preparations to depart.

Fred remarked before Gleason started, "Fred, have the cable dropped, for the raft may break away tonight."

"Nonsense," said Worth, "the raft is as solid as iron and dropping the chain is all foolishness."

Fred flushed under this insulting remark, and a retort trembled on his lips, but on second thought he saw it would avail him nothing so he was silent.

At five o'clock Gleason stepped into a canoe and paddled off down stream and was soon lost in a turn of the river. Just then the whole camp was startled by a low, muttering peal of thunder. Worth, Fred and several of the men looked out of the window and saw a terrific storm, covering the whole western horizon, dimming the sunlight and approaching with great speed. Worth was disturbed and glanced alternately at the storm and the now slowly rising river. Nearer and nearer drew the tempest and the force of the thunder seemed to shake the forests, while the glare of the lightning constantly increased. The gathering darkness soon concealed the scene save when the flashing lightning lit up the scene with its awful, yellow glow. The rain descended in sheets, and when the river was seen, the water was rising and making the raft creak and groan. Suddenly a bolt of lightning struck the raft, breaking the chain and releasing the smaller raft, thereby weakening the larger ones. Fred and Worth were at the window in a second, and the sight that met their gaze startled them.

The logs were threatening to break away every moment, and each knew that if the cable was up as usual, the logs would escape into the lake and the season's work be lost.

"Some one must try to get to the Falls and lower the cable," said Fred coolly.

A glance of scorn was cast on the young man by the men. Risk their lives to save the logs! Not much!

"Well, I am going then," and Fred turned to the door.

Worth began calling him a "fool," but Fred was gone and each man struggled to the windows to see him.

By the flash of the lightning they saw him drag his canoe to the water's edge, and holding it quiet with one hand, wave a farewell to those with the other, and then spring into the boat. In a second he was swallowed up in the Stygian darkness and shooting down the rushing, tossing river with terrific speed. He made no attempt to guide his frail craft; he simply clung to the sides of the boat and put his trust in him who never sleeps.

The lightning blinded him one moment, and the next he would be left in deeper darkness than before. Every few moments his boat was carried up on a great wave and carried forward with a crash that threatened to demolish his craft. He heard a roar above the noise of the thunder, and glancing behind him he saw the entire raft of logs one-quarter of a mile behind him, coming with the speed of a race horse. If the least accident happened to his boat he was lost! A peal of thunder stunned him, and when he glanced around he saw an immense tree falling into the river, directly in the path of the coming avalanche of logs. With a crash that dwarfed the roar of thunder the raft caught the tree and broke it into a thousand pieces! He turned his head, sickened by the sight of the power of the logs.

At last he saw in the distance the towers, marked by a few glimmering lights. Then came the thought, "How could he land?" He had committed himself to the elements and they meant to keep him. The towers loomed, dark and sullen against the sky, before him, and waiting until he was close to them, he sprang wildly out into the river! He was caught on the crest of a great wave and cast, bruised, breathless and nearly senseless to the ground. With a supreme effort he arose and staggered to the windlass and slowly began unwinding the chain. Oh, how slowly it descended! The first logs were fifty feet away as he locked the wheel in position, holding the chain at the water's edge.

With a crash the logs struck the chain and swung it back taut. Then the logs stopped and driven by the furious current, the hindmost ones began piling up on the head ones.

Fred strove to walk, but overtaxed nature asserted itself and he fell senseless on the earth.

Half an hour later some villagers found him, and revived him enough to allow him to tell his story. Tender hands carried him to Mr. Hayes' home, and his story was passed from one to another and it did not suffer in consequence. He received the best of care from the lumber king, but it was many days before he recovered.

Then he was no longer compelled to follow the hard life of a lumberman. Instead he was offered a position in the office of Mr. Hayes, and so well did he fulfill his duties that he was taken into the firm and the name changed to "Hayes, Denman & Co." Still another change was made when Mr. Hayes retired from business, and the sign was changed to "F. Denman & Co."

But, though engrossed with business cares, he often thinks of the midnight ride through such terrible peril, that won him the position he now holds.

(NUTSHELL STORIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)

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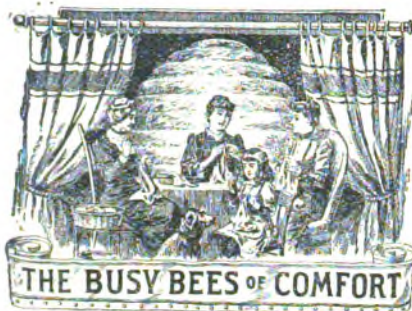
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I PROMISED to tell you something about netting this month, didn't I? It is an old-fashioned art which has come into fashion again. And it is a useful thing to understand, because you can do a great many things with it from making hammocks or fish-nets down to face veils and fancy chair-backs. Do you know how artistic fish-netting is, as a background to wall-ornaments, pictures, etc.?

Netting has been practised for so many years that the date of its invention is unknown. Specimens of netting are still to be seen among Egyptian relics in some of the Continental Museums, together with the tools that made them, and are said to be 3,000 years old. Mentions of it are made in the Bible. In the thirteenth century it appears to have been introduced into England, and has been known under the different names of Caul-work, net-work, laces and Reseau.

To do netting you will need first a netting needle (Fig. 1) and a mesh (Fig. 3). To fill a

FIGURE I

netting needle, tie a little loop over one of the forked ends, and wind the thread from end to end firmly on the needle, (see Fig. 2). When the needle is filled, press the prongs together quite close. For very fine netting, which will not admit the filled needle through the holes, a long, blunt darning needle must be used. For

FIGURE II

fine work, knitting needles are generally used for meshes; but for larger work, box-wood, bone and ivory gauges both flat and round are used, like Fig. 3. The knot represented in No. 4 needs no description, being simply the usual knot-loop with the two ends placed over each other, firmly drawn (see No. 5) and the ends cut off. This knot is considered as secure as the complicated weaver's knot.

FIGURE III

Netting is commenced in various ways. We recommend a piece of thread tied in a knot and fastened to a heavy cushion, which forms a foundation for the first row. When the work is finished, the thread is taken out.

FIGURES IV AND V

Take the thread loop, fasten it to the cushion, tie the working thread to the loop, take the filled needle in the right hand and the mesh in the left; hold the latter horizontally between the thumb and forefinger, lay the working thread over the mesh downwards round the middle finger of the left hand, and then between the mesh and the forefinger, a little towards the left, where the left thumb encloses the thread, and by that means the loop laid round the mesh and finger is firmly held; then the needle is carried again towards the right, and pushed from underneath through the thread-loop lying round the left hand, forming a wide scallop with the thread, then the needle is placed under the loop, and between the finger and mesh again through the foundation stitch; keeping the left hand quite still, draw the needle quite through the right hand; then, with the help of the left hand, draw the knot quite tight, which completes the stitch. This is done by taking the two middle fingers of the left hand out of the loop in taking up the needle with the right hand, and only directing the knot to the top of the mesh with the right hand, where all the knots are placed in a line close together.

METHOD OF WORKING.

The loop must be quickly and firmly drawn up with the little finger of the left hand over which the thread is carried slowly, and by that means the stitches are evenly drawn up. It is better, if possible, to avoid making knots except at outer-side stitches. Having once learnt the stitch, netting a ground presents no difficulty, as the stitches are all worked like those of the preceding row. When the whole line is finished, the mesh is carefully taken out, the work turned round, and the mesh placed again to commence another row, which is worked in the same manner. Every stitch is commenced by pushing the needle into a stitch of the preceding line. After refilling the needle a knot must be tied, as before explained.

For netting in straight lines begin always at one corner with two stitches, and work rows for-

SQUARE-MESHED WORK.

wards and backwards. At the end of each row increase one stitch by making two stitches, and work rows forwards and backwards.

Maggie E. Hudson of Lucknow, Ontario, has kindly sent us full instructions for a

NETTED DOILY.

NOTE.—Materials for making doily are, a fine meshing needle, a knitting needle, a number 100 spool white thread, or the finest Scotch linen floss. A plain loop is made by putting the thread over knitting needle once and then knotting it; a double loop by putting the thread over twice, and a triple loop by putting it over three times, before knotting it. (Lp means loop in the following.) Take a strong thread, six inches long, tie the ends together and pin it to a cushion. Into the loop:

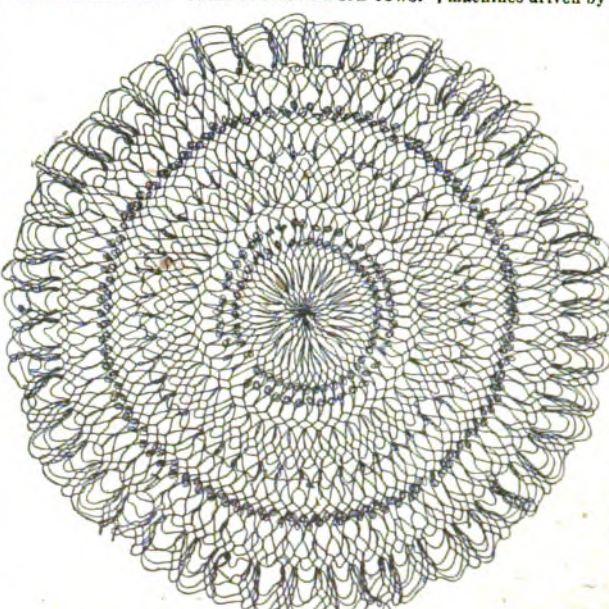
1st row. Net 25 double lps (joining last lp into first one, and repeating this at end of every row, to form a round doily).

2nd row. Net plain lp into first long lp of 1st row and repeat to end of row.

3rd row. Net plain lp into first plain lp of 2nd row, and repeat.

4th row. Net triple lp into first plain lp of 3rd row; repeat.

5th and 6th rows. Same as 2nd and 3rd rows.



NETTED DOILY.

7th row. Net one double loop into first plain loop of 6th row; then two plain lps into same lp. (that is 1st plain lp of 6th row.) Repeat to end of row.

8th row. Net one double lp into first long lp of 7th row, then two plain lps into same lp, and repeat.

9th row. Net one plain lp into first long lp of 8th row; repeat.

10th row. Net one plain lp into first plain lp of 9th row; repeat.

11th row. Net two double lps into first plain lp of 10th row; repeat.

12 and 13th rows. Same as 2nd and 3rd.

14th row. Net one double lp into second plain lp of 14th row; then two plain lps into same lp; then fill in every alternate lp the same to end of row.

15th row. Net one double lp into first plain lp of 15th row. Then one plain lp into 2nd plain lp of 15th row. Repeat.

16th row. Net one double lp into first plain lp of 16th row, then one double lp into two long lps of 15th and 16th rows (taking two together); repeat.

17th row. Net one double lp into first plain lp of 17th row, then one double lp into two long lps of 15th and 16th rows (taking two together); repeat.

18th and 19th rows. Same as 2nd and 3rd rows.

20th row. Net 3 plain lps into first plain lp of 19th row; repeat.

21st row. Net 1 double and 2 plain lps into first plain lp of 20th row; then same into fourth plain lp of 20th row; then into 7th, 10th, 13th, etc., repeating to end of row.

22nd row. Net 2 double lps into first long lp of 21st row; then one double lp into 2nd long lp; repeat.

23rd and 24th rows. Same as 2nd and 3rd rows.

BORDER.

25th row. Net 3 double lps into first plain lp of 24th row; then 3 double lps into 2nd plain lp of 24th row; then 3 double lps into 4th plain lp of 24th row; then 3 double lps into 5th plain lp of 24th row; then repeat same into 7th, 8th, 10th and 11th, etc.

26th row. Net double lp into 1st double lp of 25th row; then plain lp into the 2nd double lp of 25th row; plain lp into the 3rd, the 4th and 5th double lps of 25th row; repeat.

27th row. Net double lp into first plain lp of 26th row; then plain lps into 2nd, 3rd and 4th plain lps of 26th row; repeat.

28th row. Net double lp into first plain lp of 27th row; then plain lps into the 2nd and 3rd lps of 27th row; repeat.

29th row. Net double lp into first plain lp of 28th row; then a plain lp into 2nd plain lp; repeat.

For toilet mats, make same of silk thread or Scotch linen floss, and line with colored silk.

Now with these very full instructions with plain illustrations, I trust many of you will find something new with which to while away the long March evenings, and the coming summer days.

QUEEN BEE.

HOW MARBLE IS QUARRIED.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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THE MARBLE industry has developed rapidly within the last decade in this country, and it is now a well-established fact that Vermont marble is among the finest in the world, being quite the equal of the best Italian varieties. Many theories have been advanced from time to time as to the origin of marble, but the latest and best established opinion is that it is composed of remains of shell-fish and corals, hardened by tremendous heat and pressure, into its present condition. Marble was discovered and worked in this country in the early part of the century, but very little was found that was valuable; and, until a comparatively recent date, the facilities for quarrying and polishing it were poor. Really good marble must be of fine grain, very hard, and susceptible of a high polish. Such marble is found in clear white, clouded, blue and dark varieties, in Vermont.

The largest quarries in this country, if not in the world, are at or near Rutland, in that State. A marble quarry, however, does not always mean a fortune to its owner. It is a common saying in the marble

region that at least seventy-five thousand dollars must be put into a quarry before one dollar can be taken out.

It is very rarely that marble worth saving is found until a depth of from twenty to forty feet has been reached. Even in the region around Rutland, where the ledges of white marble crop through the billowy fields of grass and waving tops of clover, the process of reaching the pure marble is a very expensive one. Diamond drills and Ball machines for sawing, pumping machines, Rand drills for compressed air, engines, dynamos, turning and polishing mills, are only a part of the paraphernalia necessary to equip a great marble quarry; and these things are all expensive.

Then, too, even in a paying quarry (they are not all "paying" even after seventy-five thousand dollars have been sunk in them) not all the marble is sound. There are several qualities of it; heads, cracks and tight cuts all appear, and often quite as much of the stock has to be thrown over the dump, after the expense of quarrying it, as can be used. Sometimes the unfitness does not appear until after the further expense of sawing into blocks has been incurred.

A marble deposit, when found and tested, is first bored, and with a machine constructed for that purpose a solid core is taken out and examined. If the quality of the core seems to warrant further proceedings, the top rock is then taken off; channeling machines driven by power are put on, and the entire

floor of the quarry is cut into strips, a cut being made at each end. Small holes are then bored into the bottom of the layer by means of a "gadding machine," and iron wedges are driven into these holes. Then the layer which has been cut is freed from its bed. It is not unusual to see a strip of rock fifty feet long, or even more, raised in this manner. The layer is then broken or sawed into blocks of the size desired—say two feet thick and four feet long and wide, and hoisted out by huge derricks. If it is of good quality it is then sent to the mill to be sawed.

Some twenty-five years ago all the marble was quarried by hand, and in those days a large quarry fairly swarmed with men, each with a long steel drill, striking away from morning until night. Now the channeling machines take their place, and as one of these does the work of twenty men, comparatively few of the latter go down into the quarries.

The largest single quarry in the world, is that of the Sutherland Falls Marble, situated within a few minutes' walk of Ex-Secretary Pierce's Vermont house. It is over one hundred and fifty feet deep, and has been cut straight down on all sides, so that it is broad daylight at the bottom, just as it is above. There are stairs down the sides, but a more comprehensive view can be had from the top. It is like a hollow cube cut into a hill with perpendicular walls. At least an acre of solid marble forms its floor; over this run channeling machines cutting deep, narrow furrows into the solid stone, and crosswise. Huge derricks toss up the blocks of sixty-four tons weight as easily as they would a ton of coal. Below the quarry on the surface of the earth, are piles on piles of these great blocks of the most beautiful marble in the world. Over a spur of railroad track built for the purpose, engines are hauling car-loads of them away to the sawing-mills. Everywhere is activity, but no noise, no screaming of whistles or disagreeable rattle of machinery.

At West Rutland, the deepest quarry in the world is over 350 feet deep. The opening at the top is very small, the quarry having been worked out from under, so that a peep over the edge, instead of giving a full view of the working quarry, shows only a deep and apparently bottomless pit, whence issues, now and then, clouds of steam and sulphurous smoke with altogether a most uncanny and gruesome effect.

Occasionally a visitor—even now and then a woman—ventures down this uninviting place. There are 520 steps to go down—not solid, substantial ones cut into the rock, but rickety wooden stairs, which, at first, are built over this dreadful chasm, and shake and creek under descending footsteps. Dust and mud lie thick over the entire surface. As one creeps carefully down, a terrible roaring and reverberating crash shakes the air. But the guide says, "Only a blast going off"—as if that were nothing but the commonest experience!

Half way down, the bottom of the pit may be seen, black, uneven, full of holes and pits filled with water. An engine is puffing away, sending forth clouds of steam. Every sound, echoing against the marble walls is repeated and doubled many times. Altogether, unless visitors are very brave, they will wish themselves elsewhere.

This certainly is not the place to wear—as did the writer—fresh kid gloves and patent leather shoes.

At the bottom one looks up and sees far above, through what seems a small hole in the blackness, a glimpse of very bright blue sky. Inside, the air is heavy and ill-smelling. The drills and channeling machines which seemed so innocent and cheerful in the other quarry, appear like little demons, screaming defiance at each other. Electric lights glimmer against the sides of the quarry. The guide takes us on further, and we penetrate two hundred and fifty feet straight under the hill into the bowels of the earth. Afterwards we are taken round on the top of this quarry and find that another comparatively large one is being worked immediately above it, and directly over our heads.

The air in this quarry is necessarily so bad that no visitor wants to stay long. But the climb back is infinitely worse than the trip down. The stairs consist only of one narrow board, between which the visitor must, if he would keep his footing, look directly into a black, yawning chasm. Sometimes ladies are carried up fainting; others faint when the strain is over and they reach the open air again. For most people one such experience is enough for a lifetime.

When the great blocks of marble are left by the derricks, they are transported, either by steam-power or by oxen, to the sawing-mills. The sawing machines are great, movable iron frames, containing toothless soft iron bands about one-eighth of an inch thick. Sometimes as many as sixty of these saws are placed in one frame. They are run automatically and the sawing is done by the friction of these iron bands with sand and water, or, in some cases, with crushed steel and water, a much quicker process. In this way the great blocks are sawed into slabs of any required thickness. After this they are sent to the turning mill or the polishing machines. At the large quarries most of the marble is made up, oiled the ground, into monuments, and every conceivable object for which marble is used, all the polishing, turning and carving being done by skilled hands. The large quarries employ from 1,500 to 2,000 men, while the smaller ones give work to proportionate numbers.

Marble was sawed into slabs as early as 350 B. C., although the work referred to by Pliny was doubtless done by hand. Records show that water-power was used for this purpose in Germany in the 4th century. A sawing-mill was in use in Ireland in 1743; but it has been left for this day and generation to reduce marble-quarrying to a system, as well as to develop the rich resources of our own country.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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OWING to the hard times there has been dumped on the market an extra big lot of odd pieces of silk and satin that are just what ladies want for crazy patch-work. We were fortunate in securing them cheap, and will give one of our special PAMPHLETS to any one sending 10c. for a three month subscription to COMFORT, the Prize Story Magazine. Three lots and an elegant piece of SILK PLUS contain 96 square inches, together with five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors, all for 25c. postpaid; three 25c. lots for 65c., five for \$1.00.

A Cute Foot-Rest FREE.

Useful Ornaments are sought after all seasons of the year. People do not realize the quantities of goods that are sold through the mails. Inventors are daily trying to get up something to sell by mail that will be pretty, useful, and cheap. A pretty foot-rest could never be obtained at a low price before (they sell for \$1.00 each at the stores), but by getting up something that is turned out by machines in pretty colored durable goods, to be filled with cotton or any cheap or cast-off substance and then sewn up, we can now give a premium that will be welcome in every room in all the homes from Maine to California. It comes in the shape of a handsome Spanish Box-Wagon, lying down, size about 18 inches, and can always be placed for an ornament when not in use by grandma or yourself or company as a Foot Rest. It will create untold merriment when lying in front of the fire, it is so life-like in shape and color. Although entirely new, 57,396 have already been sold, and many more will be used before many months. Agents will find these great sellers, and should order at least a dozen to start with. To introduce, we will send a sample postpaid to any one sending 10c. for a three months subscription to COMFORT. Two Rests and Comfort 6 months for 50c.; five for 90c., one Rest and 10c. lot Rests, 20c.; one Rest and 20c. lot Rests, 30c.


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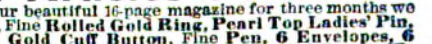
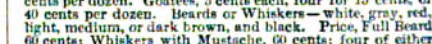
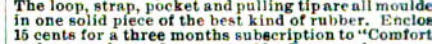
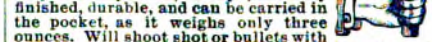
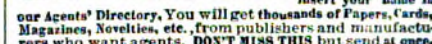
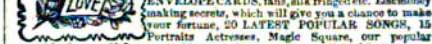
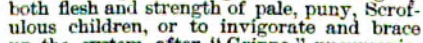
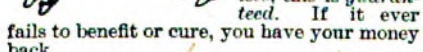
But alas! the bounds of their credulity were soon reached. There were some Japanese paper-kites, which you know are made to imi-

whom Saal had lost and supposed to be dead; and the latter was quite content to remain with him.

What a contrast in the lives of children in



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The Farmer's Hidden Enemy.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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EVERYONE knows that there was a fig leaf in the garden of Eden but everybody does not know that there was a caterpillar on that fig leaf.

The struggle for existence is not confined to man. Every living thing has its enemies which seek to attack it from the moment it comes into the world.

When the Pilgrim fathers first landed in the country they were surrounded by savage Indians and ferocious wild beasts which made farming extremely dangerous and difficult. Now there are no Indians to speak of, but farming is still quite a chore on account of the wild beasts, which are not bears and panthers and rattlesnakes, but little flying and creeping insects some of which cannot be seen without a magnifying glass.

The spraying of growing things to protect them from worms and blight may seem a dry subject to anyone but a farmer or an agriculturist, yet 99 out of 100 of the six million Comfort readers are really interested in it.

Every man wants the best berries and vegetables on his table, every woman loves a perfect rose or flower and every child likes a good apple or orange, so they are all interested in spraying unknown to themselves, for without spraying none of these things can be obtained.

Trees, vegetables, shrubs and all growing plants have hundreds of pests waiting for a chance to destroy them. As orchard, gardens, and fields have grown larger and more numerous, the insects which feed upon them have multiplied and grown fat, and every new plant brings with it a new insect. The farmer of today has got to fight these pests or move, and the only successful way to fight insects and mildew and blight is to throw a spray of poison over them to kill them.

Millions of dollars are lost every year by the farmers of this country on account of the injury done by fungi and insects. Even if a farmer has only a few fruit trees, a few currant bushes and grape vines, or a small potato patch, he can afford to spend a few dollars for a spraying outfit which will give him better crops and save many times its value.

The materials used for spraying may be divided into two classes, namely those which kill insects and are called insecticides, and those which kill fungus growths and are called fungicides.

Insects are killed in two ways, by poisons which they eat and by poisons which touch their bodies. Take for instance the potato beetle. This insect is a big eater in his youth and by placing some poisonous substance upon the foliage which is eaten, the poison enters the body with the food and the beetle soon stops work.

Current worms, tent caterpillars, curculio, and other insects which feed upon the outside of plants may be destroyed by such insecticides as Paris green, London purple, white arsenic and belladonna. Paris green is in most cases the surest and safest, and is not so likely to hurt the foliage as the others.

Paris green is really a form of arsenic and comes usually in pound packages. A pound of

three to five pints of ammonia, according to the strength of the ammonia. This should be diluted with 25 gallons of water before being used and is best adapted to nearly ripe fruit which are likely to be stained by the Bordeaux mixture.

The fruits which are most benefited by spraying are oranges, apples, pears, quinces, plums, currants, grapes, strawberries and other small fruits. In some parts of the country oranges are sprayed a dozen times a year, and even examined with a magnifying glass. The fine fruit and abundant crops more than pay for such careful treatment.

The most serious disease which attacks the apple is undoubtedly the scab. It works both upon the leaves and upon the fruit, and its treatment should begin before the buds burst when the trees should be sprayed thoroughly with sulphate of copper.

Then when the fruit has set they should be treated with Bordeaux mixture several times and later with the ammonia compound. In order to prevent injury from the codling moth the tree should be sprayed with Paris green or London purple as soon as the blossoms have fallen, but not before, and then again in ten days. Apple trees treated in this manner will have good healthy foliage, and the fruit will be better, larger and there will be more of it. Pears and quinces are also benefited by the same treatment.

The curculio is the most serious enemy of the plum and attacks peaches, nectarines, apricots and pears as well. Plums should be sprayed with Paris green or London purple as soon as the blossoms have fallen and three or four times afterwards at short intervals. The rain is likely to wash the poison off so that all spraying is most useful after a shower. Prof. Hulise of the New Jersey experiment station says that the spraying of plum trees will often result in ten times as much marketable fruit.

Grapes are not much troubled by insects, but in certain seasons the black rot, downy mildew, anthracnose, the bitter rot and others are very destructive. For black rot which is worst the spraying should be chiefly with the Bordeaux mixture and after July 1st with a solution of carbonate of copper and ammonia.

Potato beetles are easily killed with Paris green and the Bordeaux mixture is a good preventative of the fungous potato rot. The same mixture is recommended for fungus diseases and rust affecting the raspberry, blackberry, currant, gooseberry and strawberry.

The effects of spraying with these and other mixtures have been thoroughly investigated by the Government bureau of agriculture and the practice is recommended on the best authority. The poisons, however, should not be used during blossoming time by those who keep bees.

Thousands of farmers, gardeners and fruit raisers have proved that spraying pays. It is no longer an experiment; it is a necessity. Spraying pumps are now made to meet the needs of every man who tills the soil. The small pumps which cost only two or three dollars can be used also for washing windows and carriages, watering gardens or putting out fires and are within the reach of the smallest farmer. The knapsack is the most useful for spraying grapes, potatoes and smaller plants, while a regular force pump mounted on a wagon and drawing a supply from a barrel or tank is demanded by those who have large orchards and tobacco plantations.

With the proper appliances spraying can be done more quickly and more easily than many would suppose. The demand for a good pump is so great that manufacturers have sprung up all the way from Maine to California. Farmers should never get their pumps of unknown manufacturers, but take only those of reliable makers.

The following houses have achieved national reputation in this line: A. Speirs, North Windham, Maine; The Smith & Winchester Co., Boston, Mass.; Wm. M. Johnston, Wilmot, Ohio; and William Stahl, Quincy, Illinois. There are no doubt others, but the products of those here named have been tested and not found wanting.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Get a wire dish-cloth for washing iron-ware. Cold tea is excellent for cleaning grained wood-work.

Warm and not hot water should be used on Japanese goods. Strong soap-suds mixed with stove polish gives a fine lustre.

To polish jewelry use a paste of powdered chalk and spirits of wine.

Rub walnut or butternut juice into scratches on dark wood furniture to remove them.

Glitter frames should be washed with rain-water with a little flower of sulphur dissolved in it. Dust covered furniture with a new soft paint brush which will clean out the deepest crevices.

Diluted nitre applied with a feather will remove stains from mahogany, rosewood or walnut. Use powdered borax in the water when washing red table-linen. Use very little soap and rinse well.

Clean leather satchels with a sponge dipped in warm water in which a little oxalic acid has been dissolved.

St. Vitus Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenners' Specific cures. Free by mail. Circular with cures, Fredonia, N.Y.

Bleach ivory by immersing it in water containing a little sulphurous acid, chloride of lime or chlorine, and dry in the bright sunlight.

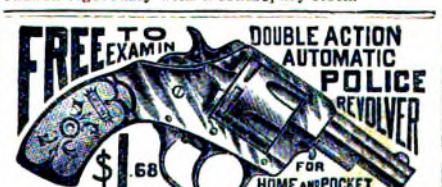
To clean marble boil four ounces of soft soap with four of powdered whitening and one of soda. Apply hot, and let it remain on the marble for a day or two.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

To keep tortoise shell combs bright, rub them after each wearing with soft leather. When they become dim clean them with rottenstone and oil applied with chamois.

A pint of ox-gall in a pail of water applied with an ordinary scrubbing brush to a badly soiled velvet or Brussels carpet, will clean it beautifully. Fresh water should be applied afterward, and the carpet rubbed vigorously with a coarse, dry cloth.



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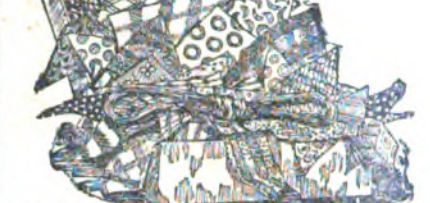
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The above cut represents a box we have prepared specially for the ladies from our large accumulation of Silk Remnants, etc. Each box contains from 100 to 150 pieces of silk, carefully trimmed, and specially adapted to all kinds of art and fancy work. The most beautiful colors and designs. With each box is four skeins of the very best embroidery silk, assorted colors. Send us 25 cents in stamps or coin and get this beautiful assortment.

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Each person answering this advertisement can get a handsome stem-winding, stem-setting, dust-proof case watch, absolutely FREE. This is no guessing match; a watch for every subscriber. We can show proof and testimonials for 21,766 watches we have distributed this season; we are determined to give three months' subscription list within the next 60 days to 60,000 new subscribers. We intend to make our Illustrated Home Weekly one of the most interesting and profitable weekly papers published. The Illustrated Home Weekly is beautifully and profusely illustrated, issued every week and contains comments on every thing of home interest, all the news, latest hints on such subjects as fashions, humorous sketches, witty sayings, etc. Is a welcome visitor to every home. Send for the paper on trial. It is bright, cheerful and instructive. Our offer is unrivalled. Send 10 cts, silver or 15 cts, stamps and we will send you regularly every week for three months a copy of our Home Weekly and send you one of our handsome watches FREE same day your subscription is received. Send at once, ILLUSTRATED HOME WEEKLY, NEW YORK CITY, P. O. BOX 5126.

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For Razors, and all Edge Tools That Require a Razor Edge.



Keen-Edge will sharpen the duldest Razor in two minutes, and give it a fine smooth cutting edge. If Keen-Edge is used your Razor will always be sharp and never need honing. It makes old razors good as new, and is warranted not to injure the finest razor in the land. Don't pay 25 cents to have your razor honed when a cake of Keen-Edge will keep it in perfect order for years.

Keen-Edge will put a fine smooth cutting razor edge on any tool in one-tenth the time it takes to sharpen it in any other way. Razors and all edge tools will hold their edge three times as long, and cut better. Why? Because Keen-Edge is a scientific preparation and makes a smooth strong edge that will cut well, and wear well. Every man who shaves needs Keen-Edge, every family, every shop, and every factory has some edge tools that need Keen-Edge. Any one can use it successfully, and full directions come with every cake. The price is 15 cents a cake. Agents can sell it to almost every man, and at nearly every house. If you sell 100 cakes a day, your profit is \$8.75. Many agents are doing as well. If you need work, order a dozen or a gross and try the business; if you do not need the work, order a cake, and know the luxury of having a razor, a knife, or other edge tool always in order, sharp and ready for use.

Prices: One cake, 15 cents postpaid; one dozen cakes, \$1.00 postpaid; one gross cakes, \$9.00 by express.

Address, MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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Every family ought to own one of these hot-water bottles. Fill the bag with hot water, and place it against the body where there is pain. It will give immediate and great relief, and sometimes saves life. It would be well if people generally understood this fact. These bags are made of superior quality rubber, the best made, and every bag is warranted perfect, and will hold two quarts of water. These water bottles are sold everywhere at from \$1.25 to \$1.75 each.

Price 92 cents. Postage 13 cents additional. One dozen by express, \$9.50. Address, MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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Published Monthly by
The Gannett & Morse Concern, Augusta, Me.

Boston Office, Hancock Building, New York Office, Tribune Building

March gets its name from Mars, the blustering god of war; and was formerly the first month of the year.

Ancient superstition taught that those born in March should wear a bloodstone if they would gain safety and courage in perilous undertakings, and firmness in affection.

Easter-day will be here before this month is over, with all its pleasant suggestions. No Easter custom is prettier than the one of coloring eggs. Every mother should provide her children with the means of practicing this time-honored sport.

As COMFORT has already accepted and paid for prize stories enough to last its Nutshell Story Club several months, and as a large number of stories are still in the hands of our manuscript readers awaiting their decision, it has been considered wise to withdraw the prize offer for a while.

In an address given by Mr. John Irving Romer recently before the School of Journalism connected with the University of Pennsylvania, he said: "The one paper in the United States which asks and is able to command the highest price for its advertising space is COMFORT, published at Augusta, Maine." He might have added that it has the largest circulation in the country, too, no other publication coming anywhere near its figures.

A unique feature in recent journalism was the issue of the Boston Sunday Post for February 11th, entirely by women, no men being allowed to do the least work on the paper except in the mechanical departments. COMFORT was especially honored on the occasion by having several members of its staff assigned to important positions and responsibilities. The artist who has given us the charming fashion illustrations so much admired furnished the cartoon for the front page, and several others. One of our regular editors acted as night-editor, which is one of the most arduous places in all the newspaper staff; while others of our representatives were asked for special articles. Of course the "Woman's Post" was a great success.

While foot-ball is one of the "manly sports" and worthy of all commendation, that it can be carried to extremes is proved by the fact that the present legislature of Massachusetts is considering a bill which provides for the punishment of any person "who takes part in a game of foot-ball when such game is played in the presence of persons who have paid an admission fee to witness the game, or who promotes the playing of a game of foot-ball when money is charged for admission to the same, or who offers or sells a ticket of admission to a game; or who, while a student in an institution of learning, and while engaged in a game of foot-ball, beats, strikes, or intentionally wounds or bruises another person engaged in playing such game."

The success and remarkable circulation (a million and a half) of the book "Black Beauty" which was published some years ago, is more than likely to be equalled by its sequel "The Strike at Shane's." The story points out in a fascinating manner the mistaken idea in general of the relations between men and the so-called lower orders. It is said that since the days of Uncle Tom's Cabin no story has so taken hold upon the hearts of the people or so interested them in principles of kindness, justice and humanity, as "Black Beauty." It has laid the foundations of a great work which "The Strike at Shane's" is destined to help in carrying forward. Neither of these books is issued as a money-making enterprise, and we are glad to aid in the good cause for which the American Humane Education Society published them, by saying here that those who would like to aid in giving them a gratuitous circulation, are invited to send to the President of the Society, 19 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

One of the encouraging signs of the times is the formation of Working Girls' Clubs throughout the country, for the purpose of strengthening themselves by organization, becoming better acquainted and extending the scope of power of their influence. In each of the large

cities several ladies of leisure, wealth and culture are associated with each branch of the Working Girls' Clubs and find that they gain as much as they give by the contact. A grand national convention of the Working Girls' Clubs of the country is to be held in Boston the second week in May, the purpose of which will be to understand more intelligently the needs and the mission of such organizations. Some of the topics to be discussed are the relation of women of leisure and education to working girls, methods of instruction and elevation, the development of social and spiritual, educational and moral life, benefit societies, self-support, trades-unions, co-operative house-keeping and home culture. They have a splendid object in view. Should any COMFORT reader desire to know more about the coming convention, communications may be addressed to Miss O. M. E. Rowe, Secretary Massachusetts Association, The City Hospital, Boston, Mass.

It is an unnecessary cry of alarm that some people are sending out that the entrance of modern women into business, which has been phenomenally rapid within the last quarter of the nineteenth century, will destroy the future happiness of the country and lay low the American home. Mrs. Potter Palmer put it wisely when she said at the last meeting of the lady-managers of the World's Fair:

"We cannot deny that the best hours of any woman, those hours in which she absorbs spiritual nourishment and strength, are when her children are about her knees, or when she is brooding over the cradle of the sleeping infant. We acknowledge freely that the home and privacy of domestic life is the natural sphere of every woman, and that there is only one here and there who would prefer any other career than that of a happy wife and mother; but, alas, for my sex! there are unfortunately, not homes for every woman to preside over. That is where the great difficulties lie, and not in any objection to women occupying them."

It is to be readily believed that most other women agree with Mrs. Palmer in thinking that the making of a home is woman's noblest ambition, and the field for the operation of her highest mental and spiritual functions. But as she intimates, while there are so many superfluous women in the country, some of them must go out and earn the where-withal to provide the homes, instead of staying indoors and "making the home" in the old-fashioned sense of the words. Let those women who must enter into the ways of the world of struggle and chance and those who have the genius for that combat do so. Woman has demonstrated her ability in various departments of endeavor. But the choice of women in general will always be for the making of the home, and their highest deeds, their finest ideals and the highest tributes of love and honor and respect will be the products of that endeavor. And so long as women are women—which will be as long as the world stands—this will be true.

Every winter witnesses the celebration all over the country of "New England dinners," and banquets devoted to the memory, in one way or another, of the Pilgrim fathers. Worthy as they were, however, a word should be occasionally said for the Pilgrim mothers, who, as one witty individual has put it, not only had to endure all the hardships that befel the Pilgrim fathers, but had to endure the fathers too! But, at last, their memory seems to be receiving some share of the attention it deserves. A society devoted to this purpose has been founded in New York, and will doubtless be extended to other cities. "The chief need of France," said Napoleon, "is mothers." The courage of the men on board the Mayflower was equalled by the heroism of their wives. The Mayflower was only a little ship; yet she and the Santa Maria on which Columbus sailed were more potent in making history than the mightiest fleet that ever sailed. What the result of the Mayflower's voyage would have been if her passengers had been men alone can only be conjectured. The probability is that it would have been a gloomy failure.

But the faith and devotion which distinguished the women among the early colonists did not diminish as years passed. The women of the Revolution bore their part in the perils and hardships of that struggle. During the war of 1812 the women of America worked hand in hand with the men. Side by side with the builders of States were the makers of homes, while the part of woman in the Civil War will not cease to be said and sung for many a year to come.

In short, Americans have always been fortunate in their mothers. There is no need of sighing about the degeneracy of society and the corruption of modern American life, so long as American women continue to be what they are to-day. The women make the homes; the homes make the nation; and the American home is still typical in morality, peacefulness and lofty standards of thought and of life. We may well be proud of all those mothers who were brave enough to come over as pioneers in an unknown world. We may, also, well be proud of the average American mother of today.

FACTS ABOUT CALIFORNIA, THE HOME OF THE MID-WINTER FAIR.

Assessed valuation of property, \$1,216,700,283.
Largest raisin-producing State; 1893 crop 63,490,000.
Largest per capita wealth of any State in the Union.

Admitted to the Union 1850; population in 1894 1,500,000.
Second largest State in the Union; area, 157,801 square miles.

Largest wine-producing State; exports in 1893, 11,252,253 gallons.
Leading gold-producing State. Total product since 1849, \$1,246,404,000.

Beet sugar crop 1893, 42,000,000 lbs. Wheat, 36,158,000 bushels. Grape brandy, 2,080,000 gallons. Barley, 14,500,000 bushels. Beans, 79,247,000 lbs. Dried fruit, 154,000,000 lbs. Wool, 30,500,000 lbs. Hops, 48,000 bales. Oranges, 9,000 car loads. Canned fruit, 1,124,300 cases.

MINERAL BLOTTING PADS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

Copyright, 1894, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



HOEVER heard of using a brick for an ink-blotter?

Blotters of this description are soon to be on the market. They are manufactured by a concern in Missouri, which procures its raw material from certain deposits which afford a practically inexhaustible supply. These deposits are laid down in the shape of sediment by hot springs. They form a curious sort of stone, apparently dense, and yet highly porous.

Everybody knows that the formation of deposits of this sort requires a great length of time. Yet it goes on continuously through centuries, at length forming strata of considerable thickness. Out in the National Park of the Yellowstone people scribble their names on the stones about the geysers, which soon become covered over with a mineral deposit and are thus preserved for countless ages to come. When the earth has grown cold and the sun itself is a dead orb, those writings will yet remain, though out of sight—hidden memorials of the foolishness of holiday makers in a geologic wonderland.

As for this mineral blotting-stone, so to speak, it is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is employed. It soaks up ink more readily than any sort of bibulous paper that ever was manufactured. Just for the sake of experiment, the writer threw a big drop of ink from a pen upon a piece of it. The ink sank into the material instantaneously, leaving a dry surface. On scooping out the spot with a pen-knife—which was easily done, the stuff being very soft—it was found to have penetrated about one-sixth of an inch.

Before long, doubtless, one will see blotting-pads of this curious substance on the desks of merchants and business men generally. One way in which an article of this description serves as a convenience is that it can be utilized incidentally as a paper-weight. However, it is very remarkably light for stone, so as not to be at all clumsy.

This material, deposited from hot springs, is also employed for filters, and it is ground to a fine powder for use in place of the ordinary "rottenstone," in cleaning steel knives and other household articles.

PROVERBIAL PHRASES.

Diet cures more ills than the doctor.
From words to deeds is a great space.
Age and wedlock tame man and beast.
Ague comes on wing but goes on foot.
Gold goes in at any gate except Heaven's.
Envy shoots at others and wounds itself.
Beware of the geese when the fox preaches.
He who lives on hope alone will die fasting.
He that looks not before will find himself behind.
Children are certain cares but uncertain comforts.
Eat an apple on going to bed, and you'll keep the doctor from earning his bread.
As the best wine makes the sharpest vinegar, so the deepest love turns to the deadliest hatred.
Friday night's dream
On Saturday told
Is sure to come true
Be it ever so old.

A CRUEL FAD.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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NOTHER senseless fad has come to grief in New York, which it is to be hoped, will meet the same fate in all other northern cities. When people arrive at the point where they cannot tell a suffering animal from a scarf-pin, as one man puts it, it is time something should be done.

At the World's Fair last summer the custom was introduced by unprincipled salesmen, of selling so-called chameleons for scarf-pins and hair ornaments. Thousands of people calling themselves kind-hearted in the main, bought these little creatures at fifty cents apiece, innocently supposing that they possessed the animal referred to by Oliver Goldsmith as "living on air and changing his color whenever danger is near."

After the Fair was closed these speculators were loth to give up their source of revenue and began shipping the so-called "chameleons" by the car-load from Mobile Bay and other points on the Gulf of Mexico, to northern cities, where dealers made a considerable sum of money from their sale. When on sale they have always had little gold rings around their neck and have been tethered, by a small gold chain to a pin in a board placed in the shop windows. The sale of the little creatures was first stopped by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in New York. Agents of this humane society went to the different stores and notified all dealers in the little things that it had been decided that the manner of confining them with chains, and the ignorance of buyers as to how and when to feed them, was down-right cruelty, and therefore the sale would have to cease.

It is to be hoped that the example of the New York society will be followed everywhere, as it already has been in Boston. These little creatures are used only to a hot climate, feeding on insects and the open air. In the northern climates, where they have been sold this winter, the change alone is enough to kill them in a short time. Again their food is different and anybody who has seen one tugging frantically at a chain which is, in proportion to his size, as big for him as one as large as your arm would be for you kind-hearted reader, cannot help feeling the cruelty of their captivity.

But there is another point to be made. These creatures are not chameleons at all; they are only mud-lizards!

A gentleman who lived long in New Orleans says in speaking of them:

"Down in Louisiana the little children play with these lizards and know how to treat them. Here, in the north, the people do not seem to know a suffering animal from a scarf-pin. The real chameleon is no more like these lizards than a shoe button is like a diamond. The chameleon is often a foot long. These lizards are found in millions on the small tributaries of the Mississippi above and in the Delta, as well as on the banks of most rivers flowing into the Gulf of Mexico."

He furthermore says, too, that a man might make a fortune selling them by the car-load at four cents apiece; so it will be seen that the speculators have reaped a rich harvest from this fashionable fad. For this cruel practice has not been popular with the lower classes at all; it is the rich and those who should be kind and thoughtful of others' happiness, that have unthinkingly used a suffering creature for an ornament! At a ball recently, one of these little creatures died on a young woman's neck; and before she realized it, she was dancing with a dead lizard dangling from her chain. Again, a woman who had bought one of these supposed chameleons, thought she would unchain it and keep it in a box. When she took off the chain three of the links were found to be imbedded in the creature's throat, and being of brass, had produced a festering sore. And still, some people even now claim there has been no cruelty practiced towards the mud-lizard!

Another fatal storm occurred off the coast of Britain, by which scores of vessels were lost and more than two hundred perished.

AN ASTONISHING OFFER.

\$2.68 buys a \$10.00 white reed baby carriage. Easiest terms ever offered. For particulars send this notice to SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

A terrific flood visited Japan a few weeks ago, destroying 2,000 houses, drowning many hundred persons and wrecking coast-vessels with hundreds of men.



This beautiful Silver TEA SET consists of 1 Tea Pot, 4 Teacups, 4 Saucers, 1 Cream Pitcher and 1 Spoon Rest. It is made of the finest quality triple plate metal, warranted to be the best and decorated by hand. RETAIL AT \$20.00. OUR OFFER: This set out and send to us and we will send the set to you for \$2.68. It is at express office and if satisfactory pay the agent \$5.25 and charges, otherwise PAY NOTHING. Address, Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Ill., or Minneapolis, Minn. BIG CATALOGUE FREE. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

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NEW PANSIES FREE! On receipt of 6c. in stamps for postage and names of five of your friends who buy flowers, we will send Absolutely Free, our world-famous collection of Prize Pansies, exactly the same as we deliver and sell for \$1; four 25c. pkts. as follows: Rainbow; five beautiful colors in every flower. Snowbird; mammoth size, white as the winter snow. Black Giant; grand size, coal-black. Royal Prize; flowers 3 inches across, every known color.

We also include our beautiful New Illustrated Catalogue and a 20c. coupon Free to all sending in the above. This offer is good for 30 days only. Address O. M. RICHARDSON & CO., Florists, Canton, Mass.

NO, You Can't detect our newly covered, gold-plated, diamond, sold at World's Fair for \$10.00. A handsome solitaire stud, scarf pin and pin. Solid Gold Setting, by Exp. Co. \$2.75; rings, \$8.00; ear rings \$8.75. Charges prepaid. Everything in jewelry and watch repair. Write for circular. International Co. 124 La Salle St. Chicago. Agents Wanted.

FREE 150 LATEST SONGS, including "After the Ball" to all sending three 10c stamps for postage. Gumm Novelty Co., B ST, Frankfurt, Ind.

BUGGIES & HARNESS AT HALF PRICE. \$50 Buggy \$25. By factory, new harness \$10.00 \$5.00. U.S. CART & BUGGY CO. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

POPULAR SELECTED COLLECTIONS.

Flower Seeds { 20 Varieties choice Annuals, 25c. Vegetable Seeds { 40 " for small garden, 15c. DANVERS YELLOW GLOBE ONION SEEDS, 15c. per pound delivered.

VICK'S FLOWER GUIDE, 1894, is the handsomest, best Vegetable and Flower Seeds Catalogue ever printed. Colored plates of many flowers and vegetables, 12 pages, printed in 8 colors. Price 10 cents which may be deducted from first order, making it FREE.

JAMES VICKS SONS, 728 East Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

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For \$13,388 Paid For 149 Old Coins. Send to you get, coined before 1850.

Send two stamps for illustrated Circular Letter No. 19 W. VOS BERGEN, 87 Court St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED

6,500 BICYCLES

assorted styles and sizes are now offered for sale at nearly half of former price. Ladies bicycles \$30 to \$40. Our factory has been in continuous operation during and since the panic, while other factories have been closed. Our workmen preferred half wage to idleness and starvation and we met them half way. We now offer bicycles at a minimum cost as the result. Send for stamp for catalogue with prices and special inducements to organizers of clubs. No attention given postal cards or letters without stamps.

PROGRESS MFG CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

MUST HAVE AGENTS AT ONCE. Send for circular. Immense Unparalleled. Only good one in the world. Bents weights. Sales unparalleled. \$10 a day. Write quick. BROHARD, Box 92, Philadelphia.

"I am thirteen years old, and I thought I would tell the readers of COMFORT something about the place where J. Wilkes Booth was killed. I have passed it frequently, and whenever I look at it and think of that April night nearly twenty-five years ago, I can scarcely believe such scenes can have been enacted on so quiet and sweet a spot. One of the occupants (and an eye witness) of that house was my teacher for two years, and often have I heard from her lips of that midnight visitation of armed men, and the attack on the barn where Booth had asked permission to sleep for the night; of how he stood and defied them, and when the torch was applied to the hay and straw, still stood defiant; and when all hope of capturing him alive was given up, a sharp crack from the rifle of one of the men did the work, and the form of J. Wilkes Booth was drawn from the barn, then a mass of seething flames, and taken to the porch of the Garrett dwelling, 'Where his life's blood ebbed away.' On this porch the blood stains were visible for years afterwards. Nothing remains of the old barn. Relic-hunters have carried away everything." EDNA N. TRAVIS, New London, Caroline Co., Virginia.

Now let us close with an Indian romance which includes the history of pipestone.

"Many years ago two fierce tribes of Indians fought for the supremacy of what is now western Minnesota and Dakota. The Sioux and Winnebagoes had fought many desperate battles, hundreds of braves had perished, but neither side gained any advantage. At last the Winnebago chief was slain and his warriors scattered far over the plains. Among the captives was a beautiful maiden whose charms so enraptured the Sioux chief that he determined to make her his wife. When he began courting her the girl replied, 'A Winnebago maid can never wed a coward Sioux.' This answer aroused the chief's anger and he sealed her fate with these words, 'This night you shall burn at the stake. I'll taunt your cries for mercy, for my love has turned to hate.' Nothing daunted, the captive replied, 'Do your worst; I'll teach you how a Winnebago maid can die.' The funeral pile is heaped and all is ready. The torch is applied, the flames leap around the helpless victim, but never a cry escapes her lips. Nothing is heard save the roaring of the flames and the death song. Then the maiden says, 'My blood shall stain the rocks where I die; and her spirit has crossed the great divide. Now after the lapse of time when the white man has reared cities and villages on the plains, the red man comes and quarries this rock, stained by the blood of the Winnebago maid. This pipestone, which is of red color, is quite soft and easily carved into a great variety of ornaments. The Indians visit the place every summer, carving pipes, dishes and toys, which they sell as curiosities. Their skill in this work influenced the government to locate an Indian school at Pipestone, Minn."

MATT BALDWIN, Luverne, Minn.

There are a great many more letters, many of them equally interesting, but it is impossible to give them space. Among them appear the names of the following cousins: Ernest Kammetter, San Francisco, Cal.; George E. Moline, Kennedy, Minn.; Bruce Frantz, Ind.; Ida Ruth Gertrude Scott, Onekama, Mich.; Leslie Lee Cary, Cloyd's Landing, Ky.; Flora Darositt, Poplar Plains, Ky.; Dora May Hanks, Davis Creek, Ore.; Charlie R. Oleson, Calumet, Mich.; Bert Slauson, Fulton, N. Y.; Florrie G. Brown, No. Brookfield, Mass.; S. Reymier, Pedricktown, N. Y.; Bessie Chadcock, Vermont, Ill.; Harriet E. Houlit, Palmer, Wash.; Mabel H. Monsey, Hartford, Wash.; Nora Seton, Gunlog, Ark.; Fannie Lloyd, Bridgeport, Ala.; Lullie W. Stuart, Everett, Wash.; Mrs. Clara M. Powell, Salkau, Wash.; Nellie Inman, Johnson, Ark.; Pruda E. Larositt, Cynthia, Ky.; Nannie C. Brown, South Butte, Mont.; C. P. Wright, Andover, N. B.; Clara M. Thomas, Carthage, Mo.; Mrs. Hutchings, 100 West 73rd St., New York, N. Y.

In spite of all I have said about not answering personal letters, I am constantly in receipt of requests to write to the cousins, to hunt up servant-girls or companions, to buy dresses and kitchen furniture and give advice on all sorts of subjects. If I had nothing else to do, and kept several clerks and typewriters for my own personal correspondence, I could perhaps answer all these letters; but it is utterly impossible to do so, and keep up my editorial work besides. Will those who have sent me personal requests for such favors please remember this? I suppose you are all interested in the Palmyra Club. Did you notice in the last number the hand of

AUNT MINERVA?

In the Saddle Through Arizona and Utah.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

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It was at Flagstaff, Arizona, that we left the railroad and took to the saddle, a party of forty all told, for our trail along the Navahoe Indian Country and we had a strong guard of guides, scouts and hunters, all under command of an Army officer who had won fame upon the frontier. Our outfit consisted of three "prairie schooners"—two ambulances, two mountain buckboards and thirty horsemen, with three times that number of the hardy frontier ponies, to have ready in case of need, and which were driven loose in a herd by two men known as "horse wranglers," and whose only duty it was to prevent the animals from straying from camp and on the trail. Flagstaff is situated under the shadow of the San Francisco Mountains, and it took its name from the fact that a company of cavalry pursuing Redskins, camped here one Fourth of July, and to honor the day a soldier climbed to the top of the tallest pine, cut off the highest branches and nailed the stars and stripes there to wave as long as there was a piece of the bunting left. Flagstaff is to-day a typical frontier town, with a strange admixture of wild life with civilization. It is here that the pine forests begin, and there is grass in plenty, though but little water, there being only rain streams near. To the southwest some half dozen miles are the houses of that strange people, the Cliff Dwellers, of whom so little is known; and we visited their strange abodes in the canyon cliffs. The first night in camp was an odd experience for those of our party who had never slept under a canvas roof before, and they remained awake to enjoy the sensation, while the experienced ones were glad to go to sleep at once. Our camp was a fine one, looking with its wagons, tents and horses, like a small army; and we were camping upon a spot that was historic ground, right at the base of the San Francisco Mountains, whose lofty, snow-capped peaks glimmered like silver in the moonlight. Right at our camp was the old fort, going to decay, built by Brigham Young on his march with his people to Salt Lake. It was of stockade structure, the cabins still remaining, and a short distance off was a small enclosure in which were the graves of the Mormon dead who had died there. Our guides told weird stories of the old ruin; and

the scene, with its past history could not but leave its imprint upon us.

Our guide in chief was Brigham Young, a grandson of the Mormon Prophet, and a handsome, daring young man who loves the wild life he leads, though he has been well educated, and added to the pleasure of our trail by singing and playing the guitar.

Our camp had an altitude of 700 feet above Flagstaff, and 7,500 feet above the sea.

It is said there are 250 clear days and nights here in the year, and I never saw the stars shine more brightly.

The next day we went into the mountains for a hunt after mountain sheep, a game that gives the hunter all the sport he desires.

The San Francisco Mountains comprise the plains of Agassiz, Kendrick and Humphrey, all in plain view, and seemingly very near, yet in reality far distant from each other.

These mountains reach the height of 12,750 feet, and in the canyons and on the heights we found our game, running down a number of mountain sheep; observing the truth of the statement that these animals in their flight, when springing from a high point, light upon their horns, which serve as a spring and break their fall.

It was a very perilous ride, and several accidents occurred, nearly fatal to some of our party, while two of their horses went over the icy steep.

Fort Mauni and our camp looked most diminutive indeed when we gazed down upon them from the lofty heights; but, pleased with our day's sport, we were glad to return to our canvas walls, and that night the wretched ones of the evening before were the first to "turn in."

There is a story told of the plain where old Fort Mauni is situated, of a party of settlers known as the "Boston Emigrants."

They came to this country long years ago to found a home, but the Indians, scarcity of water and other causes forced them to give up their homes and go elsewhere, I believe to California.

They were some three hundred strong, and graves dot the trail they left; but what was eventually their fate I do not know—perhaps some of my readers may be able to tell.

Pulling out from Young's old fort, we took the

trail on to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the grandest and most sublime of all Nature's handiwork.

We passed a few Indians during the day, seen afar off, for they would not come near us and watched us with suspicion.

They were Navahoes, a powerful tribe to the northwest, and the settlers complain that they constantly leave their Reservation to graze their cattle on the lands of the pale faces, claiming that they have little water there; but this was shown to be false, as Lieut. Garvolts of the 11th Infantry was sent to make a report, and his statement that there is plenty of water and grass and "Lo the poor Indian" simply claims the right to feed off his white neighbors.

The Navahoes have a force of 18,000, and possess 1,600,000 sheep, 200,000 head of cattle, and nearly 80,000 ponies.

They have large herds of goats also, and live on them, keeping the sheep, knowing how valuable their wool is.

It is the strength of the Navahoes which prevents the settlers from quarreling with them.

We enjoyed our march through the day immensely, seeing plenty of game, beautiful scenery, stately trees, yet finding but one spring of water.

Wild flowers were in abundance, and Professor Twyman of the University of Arizona reported finding here 200 species of wild flowers and 600 specimens of different kinds of bugs, among them several of the Tarantula nature, and it is said that every one of these can be found in the Grand Canyon, with bear, mountain sheep, deer, mountain lion, antelope, squirrels, rabbits, wild cats, skunks and coyotes as game.

We camped early, at the one spring referred to, and that night with our field-glasses, so clear is the atmosphere, we saw the moons of Jupiter, and we seemed much nearer to the stars than ever before, and as one of our party was unkind enough to remark "than some of us would ever get again."

On the following day we took up the trail for "Wonderland" as that Grand Canyon of the Colorado is now properly called, and a description of which will be given in my next letter.

An aluminum steam-launch has been sent to Africa to be used in the fresh-water lakes there. Owing to its lightness it can be easily transported to any country. The power will be furnished by a battery of cells.

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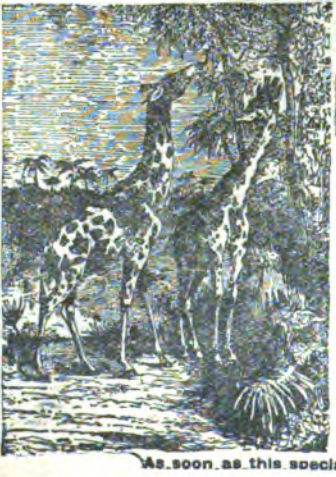
A Lioness for Breakfast!
A Zebra for Dinner!!
"A small herd of zebras was quietly feeding on a plain, unconscious of the stealthy approach of several lions, which were creeping towards them in regular order, under cover of a dense reed thicket. So quietly did the lions make their advance that their progress was unnoticed even by the zebras. The lions crept on until they reached the thicket, when the sentinel took the alarm. It was too late, with a single bound, the leading lion sprang over the reeds, felled one of the zebras, and set the others scampering so as to fall an easy prey to his companions."
Early one morning, one of our herdsmen announced that a lion was devouring a lioness, only her skull, the larger bones, and the skin were left. On examining the ground closely, the fresh remains of a young spotted lion were also discovered. We therefore conjectured that the lion and lioness, being very hungry, and the antelope having proved a sufficient meal for both, had quarrelled; and, after killing his wife, had coolly eaten her also."
This is from page 100. One of its 1,000 pages is by the author, and it is a fact that on every one of its 1,000 pages would be cheap at one dollar each, having cost more than a hundred times that sum.

A Giant Among Giants!
125 Feet Long!!
The huge Rorqual, says this most wonderful of all books on page 328, swims the Arctic seas at will, being seldom molested by his hunters, and scarcely ever captured. The bulk of this animal is greater than that of any other whale, some specimens reaching a length of 125 feet. It is sometimes mistaken for the Greenland Whale and harpooned, but it is seldom killed. On one occasion the Rorqual was seen in a direct line, and at such a speed that the men lost their presence of mind and forgot to cut the rope that connected the whale with the boat. Making directly for a neighboring ice-field, the Rorqual shot under it and drew the boat with all its crew beneath the ice, where they disappeared forever from the gaze of mankind."
On its 800 large, closely printed pages the book recounts hundreds and hundreds of thrilling adventures with and hair-breadth escapes from marine monsters and brutes of the forest of every kind and every land. Although several days and weeks are required to read it through of one sitting, no one who once takes it up wishes to lay it down until it is finished. It is a young and old—worth to refer to it again and again for knowledge and entertainment.

Are you descended from a monkey? Whether or not you believe in the theory of evolution, you can doubtless select people from among your acquaintances who would seem to you to be descended either from a monkey or that more humble domestic animal popularly known as the mule. Before you decide this question of heredity, however, you should read about the entire monkey race in this book, which is the best authority in the world on this subject. There are several hundred varieties of monkeys, all as different from each other as the Equinox is different from the South Sea Islander, or the citizens of New York from the wild Hottentots. As Horace Greeley used to say, "This is mighty interesting reading." There are stories both comical and pathetic of the remarkable intelligence of the monkey tribe. There are descriptions of bald-headed monkeys, long-tailed monkeys, long-eared monkeys, and on-tailed monkeys; monkeys as big as oxen and monkeys no bigger than a kitten. And there are hundreds and hundreds of interesting and instructive tales of other animals besides monkeys. So, whether or not your remote great-grandfather was a monkey, you should not neglect this opportunity to decide for yourself. Why pay out your money to take the whole family to the circus when you can have a menagerie of the whole world's animals at home? Most large cities have their Zoological Gardens where wild beasts may be seen, or their exhibitions of trained animals or winter circuses. In the summer the country is travelled over by menageries which it costs a family several dollars to see. With this marvellous book every one can study the habits and look at the life-like pictures of all the animals in the world, at any time and at no expense. While as a guide to those



visiting the Zoological Gardens or Circus it is invaluable. The most interesting and most instructive of all the books which it contains will make merry many a long winter evening. It is a book of thrilling adventures which those daring people who mountain and morass, jungle and desert, to learn the habits of the animal kingdom, will furnish true, heartiest enjoyment to every reader, family—young and old. As the book contains full descriptions of all domestic animals, treatment and cures for their diseases, no farmer should be without it. It embraces everything, from the goat to the giraffe, the bat to the mouse to the mastodon, the coyote to the cougar, no boy, no hunter, no sportsman should neglect this grandest of all offers. So thrilling and exciting are many of these adventures as to equal the tales of the tropics, or the most blood-curdling ghost story, and yet true, being the transcripts of personal experiences of noted travelers. They are of sufficient importance to amuse and instruct the young, to absorb the attention and pass away many a dull hour for the old, and to excel Wood's Natural History; because, in the first place, it will give attention of every scholar as to keep him interested in facts, and in the second place, it is so instructive as to be well-nigh indispensable to every teacher and every scholar in the land should avail themselves of this unparalleled offer.



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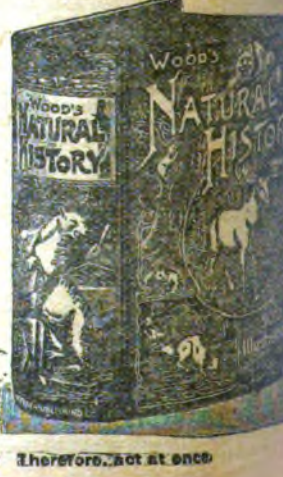
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COMFORT'S
ASTROLOGY
CLUB

CONDUCTED BY REGULUS.

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ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF THE

SUN will occur this year shortly

after the Spring has begun.

When the clock at

Washington, the seat

of government of our

country, marks the

time eight minutes

before eleven in the

evening of the 5th of

April the Moon in her

passage between the

Earth and the Sun

will cover and eclipse

the central part of

the Sun's face to the

Earth's inhabitants

who dwell in the ex-

treme southern and

eastern part of Asia.

The actual annular

path of the eclipse,

where the obscuration will

appear as in the accompanying

illustration, begins in the Arabian

Sea, passing through India at

Mangalore, Coringa, Calcutta,

the mouths of the Ganges,

across Burmah, the eastern parts

of the Chinese Empire and

Siberia, and ends in the south-

western part of Alaska. It will

be visible as a partial eclipse also

throughout the countries lying

adjacent to the central path—Arabia, Persia,

Afghanistan, Siam, Japan and the other parts

of China and Siberia. The obscuration is not vis-

ible in the United States.

We are taught generally by Astrological

authorities that the effects of eclipses will be

seen particularly in those countries where most

perfectly visible and in those localities upon

the earth's surface which have been found to be

in sympathy with the part of the Zodiac in

which the eclipse takes place, and that the ef-

fects of eclipses of the Sun usually last as many

years as the obscuration continues hours. This

eclipse continues about three hours.

The portents of this eclipse, therefore, more

particularly concern Asia, to which country we

must look for its worst effects; especially to

those regions where it will be most perfectly

visible.

The eclipse occurs in the 17th degree of the

sign Aries. We are taught that "an eclipse oc-

curring in the fiery triplicity," to which the

sign Aries belongs, "denotes the motion of

armies, the death and destruction of kings,

great men and cattle; imprisonments, family

discord, wars, murders, thefts, sharp fevers and

epidemic diseases through excess of heat, ap-

paritions in the air, scarcity of rain, especially

in those regions and places subject to the sign

wherein the eclipse falls; that if it falls be-

tween the 10th and 20th degrees of the sign

Aries it presignifies "the imprisonment, trouble

and sadness of some king and danger of death

unto him, unusual fatality among sheep, and

some corruption of trees that are fruitful and

of fruits of the earth."

From the foregoing we conclude that south-

ern and eastern Asia will for many months be

full of excitement, witnessing unusual activity

of armed bodies and probably wars and slaugh-

ters; threatening rebellion against established

authorities and great political changes, violent

struggles to overturn the existing state of af-

fairs, and savage deeds amongst the natives.

The eclipse falls in the sign Aries which rules

England and Germany, and the eclipsed lumi-

naries are opposed by Saturn from the sign

Libra which rules Austria, China, Japan and

the parts of India indicated as subject to the

eclipse, and we apprehend that although the

British Isle does not witness the eclipse, the

British possessions in the East will be in great

danger, and the Queen and Empress of India

will be wise to be fully prepared to defend her

interests there.

Mars in June will enter Aries, passing the

place of the eclipse about the 20th of July, con-

tinuing forward until the middle of September,

thence returning will become stationary in the

sign near the place of the eclipse on the

21st of November. He will stir up the warlike

spirit of England and Germany, creating mar-

tial excitement and making them successful in

their arms if resorted to. He will be an addi-

tional agent in promoting epidemic diseases,

cyclones, and earth and atmospheric distur-

bances upon the earth generally, but particu-

larly in eastern Asia; in stirring up strife and

keeping the East in a constant state of excite-

ment during 1894 and 1895, and particularly

about the dates indicated in July and Novem-

ber.

We observe a conflict of interests which may

become marked between Austria and Germany

under this eclipse, since Saturn in Libra, Aus-

tria's ruling sign, afflicts the place of the

eclipse in Aries which rules Germany. We

think it may not portend any serious conflict

between the two governments, though appre-

hend it may give rise to questions that seri-

ously threaten their peace.

Among other regions and places which have been found to be under the rule of or in sympathy with the sign Aries and consequently somewhat subject to the action of this eclipse may be mentioned:

Denmark, Lesser Poland, Syria, Palestine, Naples, Florence, Verona, Padua, Marseilles, Burgundy, Saragossa, Cracow, Birmingham and Leicester.

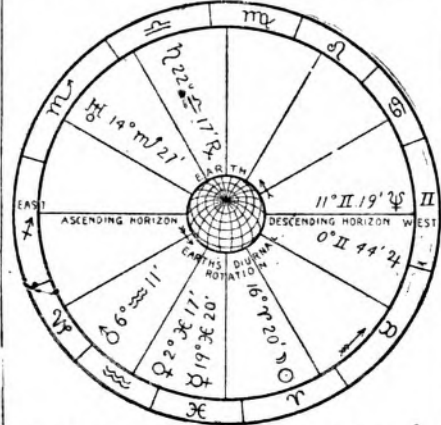
STELLAR INDICATIONS FOR APRIL.

The period of observation at which the deductions under this heading are to be made each month will be the LUNATION or time of the New Moon. This month the lunation happens to be an Eclipse, the effects of which in general we have just discussed. It remains for us now to consider the indications of a figure of the heavens as they will appear at Washington at the moment of the new moon on April 5th, so far as same have a bearing upon our own country.

The accompanying diagram shows the position of the firmament and the heavenly bodies at that moment, both with reference to each other and to the geographical position of the United States upon the earth's surface.

The figure shows the Sun and Moon under the earth in the 4th house opposed by Saturn who rides high in the heavens in the 10th and near the cusp of the 11th house; Herschel is in the 11th; Neptune is just setting; Mars is in the 2nd, and Mercury and Venus occupy the 3rd house of the figure. Jupiter, ruler of the Ascending sign and consequently ruler of the scheme, is found in Gemini, in debility, having just gone down in the west.

The general indications of this figure for the month are decidedly unfavorable. One of the most unfortunate features in the scheme is the affliction which the Sun and Moon receive from the malign Saturn. The luminaries being co-significators of the governing authority, or administration, and the people, are thus opposed by Saturn and in no harmony with the planets ruling either the Ascendant or the Midheaven, and that opposition being from cardinal points, and in the angles of the figure indicates a sad lack of harmony between the people and the Executive authority, with unusual political discord. Some radical changes in the policy of the government will have been made, but the monitors of the heavens show that the Executive and Legislative authorities will find it difficult to tread the thorny path they have marked out; and as their significators have been retrograde and that of the latter now squares the ruler of the scheme, there will be popular distrust, lack of confidence, and dissatisfaction, and it is apprehended there will be popular clamor for the retirement from official position, of many who have been most active in striving for the change. Discontent will prevail amongst the industrial and produc-



ing classes and especially those in the mechanical trades, and there is probability of numerous meetings or some concerted action of such classes and high incentives against certain officials, especially near the 17th of April as Mars passes to the square of Herschel.

In a pecuniary sense the significations are complex. Saturn, ruler of the 2nd house or the nation's finances, and being in the 10th house near the cusp of the 11th retrograding, most elevated in the figure, and opposed to the luminaries, threatens oppressive action upon the people either by the imposition of unusual taxes or by legislation which works injury to their individual pecuniary welfare. It indicates great demands on the public purse which will be severely felt as new taxes are levied or loans contracted for public exigencies or to meet deficiencies of revenue. The national expenditures and requirements are greater than usual and much difficulty will exist in providing the means. The task of the financial officers of our government is by no means an easy one, and the general condition of commerce as indicated at the Ingress in March will hardly admit of increased burdens. Nevertheless, some amelioration of popular distress and privation will be effected by extraordinary expenditures of public monies for labor upon the great public works of the country not only by the National government but by State and Municipal authorities. Then again, the advent of Jupiter into the ruling sign of our country and his progress therein, is indicative of general good but there must still be sad depression in most quarters ere the period of his greatest benevolence.

Herschel and Mercury in benevolent configuration points to increased patronage of the arts and sciences; some important discovery in science or with reference to travel or the postal service, or in connection with telegraph or telephone facilities; there will be some unusually vigorous press discussions or debate in legislative bodies and some one among the literati gains fame or marked popularity.

Places of amusement and public entertainment are somewhat under the ban of financial adversity for a season. Hotel keepers and theatrical managers will be wise to be watchful of the buildings and property under their charge, particularly guarding against anything likely to create panic and injury, especially in the middle days of the month.

CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR APRIL.

APRIL 1. Sunday. An excellent Sabbath day, in which thine associations with the aged will be specially pleasant.

2—Monday. Begin this day with the Sun and improve every moment in the pursuit of art, music and in all the elegant avocations; urge sales of fancy and artistic goods; and engage in works of decoration or adornment; but in making thy purchases of the classes of goods indicated have care that thou art prompted by thy necessities rather than mere gratification; indeed, purchases that can be well deferred are better made under more auspicious conditions. This is peculiarly true of persons born within a day or two of the 23rd of August or the 22nd day of November, of past years.

3—Tuesday. Urge all pursuits of an honorable nature during this day. REGULUS advises his friends to engage actively in the prosecution of their several callings, but particularly those in the mercantile and commercial walks in life, and all engaged in literary pursuits or having employment concerning books; make application to officers of large corporations or

government officials for favor or advancement; travel and change residence if desirable; conditions favor the pursuits of the antiquarian also the studies and principal moves of the scientist, inventor, and person engaged in soliciting patents or in handling them or their productions.

4—Wednesday. Continue thine efforts of yesterday with increased energy, giving preference, if any, to your dealings with judges, clergymen, and generally persons of means and prominence; buy moderately only of merchandise to be sold and push business generally; seek favors of a pecuniary nature but avoid usurers; choose the afternoon hours for dealings with mechanics, carpenters, cattle traders, military men, surgeons, druggist, tailors, bakers, brewers, cutlers, and all classes of men who work with fire and in metals.

5—Thursday. A day contributing energy and enterprise and inviting general activity in all the walks of life, but especially for the machinist, engineer, and mechanic, particularly in the first half of the day; in the afternoon there begins the prevalence of some of the malicious and violent conditions such as conduce to bad accidents, sudden deaths and the beginning or acceleration of serious disease involving the digestive organs, kidneys, and brains; neuralgic, rheumatic, and dropsical troubles are quickened. It will be wise if those of mankind who have heretofore noted their weakness or sensitiveness in either of these respects, have favored themselves in the past few months by prudent and sparing diet and regular and temperate habits, else they are likely to be now called upon to pay the penalty for their carelessness. Human vitality will range very low during the 24 hours next succeeding the noon of this day and those persons who are dangerously ill at this time will need to be now carefully watched for avoidance, so far as possible, of fatal termination of the disease. The child born during the 24 hours ending at sunset on the 6th, if born alive, will need most constant care to be brought to maturity, with the chances that it will hardly survive childhood, and extreme danger will attend the mother's life for several days to come. The medical profession will be wise to exercise extraordinary care in the practice of obstetrics during these passing days for carelessness or malpractice in that direction will be attended with peculiarly fatal results. Some notorious harm to some members of the fair sex is likely to occur or be brought to light at this time, and suicides among women through treachery and deceit are likely to increase in number.

6—Friday. This day is evil. Do not be surprised if thou shouldst accomplish only a small proportion of thine expectation; be careful that thine appetite is not indulged too freely and shun the society of those who would encourage intemperance; stomach and kidney troubles are increased; let those of plethoric habit be spare in diet and avoid excitement and great exertion; there are likely to be some sudden deaths at this time from apoplexy, brain fever and Bright's disease, as well as from bad accidents. REGULUS specially advises all persons born about the 6th to 15th of January, April, July, or October, or in the first five days in March or September, of past years, to take good heed that no new business or undertaking of magnitude be now commenced, or misfortune and loss will be likely to be the penalty, and such persons are more likely to be in the midst of baffling or disappointing experiences if not suffering physical affliction of some serious nature; ladies so born experience some unusual anxiety concerning father, husband, lover, and in many cases have their lives embittered by the conduct of some member of the opposite sex. Let those of the gentle sex so born put aside despondency and take courage for the dark clouds now hanging over their lives will soon break away and disclose the bright sunshine beyond. Let all persons born on the dates indicated exercise more than ordinary care in matters of health and finance; let them give no cause for business ruptures, and, doing the best they can, be content even though prosperity be not so great. During these passing days, and particularly on the 6th, 7th, 12th and 14th, human passions are aroused and criminal propensities receive impulse to the commission of very treacherous and cruel deeds. Explosions in mines, caving of the earth, and falling walls and debris, are to be looked out for, especially by those persons born as above indicated whose avocations call them into dangerous places.

7—Saturday. As yesterday, the conditions still caution thee against all manner of new business engagements or ventures, as there indicated; and even in thy routine labors there are likely to be many baffling and excitable circumstances; be very cautious in handling fire and chemicals; surgical operations are extremely dangerous to both operator and patient; beware of all litigation and contention for this is a day promotive of strife and discord especially for the natives that happen to sympathize with prevailing influences; engage no servants, travel not if it can be avoided, and be sure to "make haste slowly" in thy respective avocations.

8—Sunday. A passive day in which local conditions contribute little impulse; giving check or rest from the train of evil influences that have prevailed for the past three days.

9—Monday. Urge all pursuits of an honorable nature during this day. Some exception to this suggestion is to be noted, however, for the elegant occupations and artistic pursuits which are to a limited extent "under the ban" during the middle hours of the day. REGULUS advises his friends to engage actively in the prosecution of their several callings, with the exception noted, but particularly those in the manufacturing and mechanical pursuits; begin important work of all kinds whether in mechanism, trade, or finance. Improve the time for dealings with bankers, judges, lawyers or clergymen; buy goods for trade, purchase machinery, tools, implements, electrical apparatus, chemicals and cutlery; have surgical operations performed in the very early or the late hours of the day and perform experiments in chemistry.

10—Tuesday. Give preference to the first half of this day for the pursuit of all general business but especially that which pertains to houses and lands, and to the purchase and sale of such commodities as coal, iron, petroleum, wood, lumber, lead, wool, and grain; but as the day advances beware of having any transactions of magnitude with the pen, for the declining hours are evil for most matters of contract; commercial men and bankers should give more than ordinary scrutiny to notes, checks, and matters of writing generally; forgers, thieves, and fire-bugs are unusually active in the late hours and criminal propensities are excited, especially in the lives of such evil characters as happened to be born about the 12th of January, April, July, or October, of past years.

11—Wednesday. Let the musician, artist, and all in the nicer avocations of life, begin this day with its earliest moments and labor assiduously until the late afternoon, dealing also in articles of dress, adornment, or decoration, taking steps in business of this class, of a minor or routine character only, as early in the forenoon as possible. The late hours of the day are very unfavorable and forbid strenuously the making of any important beginning; especially, let all born on the dates indicated in the last paragraph look to their physical conditions, avoiding sudden chills, damp

weather, and provide carefully against inclemencies of weather.

12—Thursday. Choose not this day for beginning any matter of importance, for misfortune and loss are very likely to attend them if now begun; be not tempted into any speculation, nor seek any favors from persons high in authority. Persons born about the 12th of January, April, or July; the 5th of March, 4th of April, 7th of September or the 8th or 15th of October, of past years, should be unusually careful of serious pecuniary losses, accidents or impairments of health for several weeks to come; for the conditions now in the majority of such lives are quite mischievous, either directly or through the misfortunes of others upon whose well being or welfare their own natures largely depend. Affairs in the lives of such persons are likely to be in disorder or disquiet, reflecting discredit and adverse conditions in business, disfavor among business associates, or physical depressions of magnitude.

13—Friday. Bright and prosperous are the conditions of this day, especially as compared with the adverse ranges of influences that have prevailed during the earlier part of this month; and REGULUS advises his commercial and literary friends to urge their business to the very utmost, giving preference so far as may be to the early hours of the day; travel, employ help, sign writings, employ lawyers, adjust accounts, and do most important correspondence. As the evening hours advance, however, as well as during the succeeding 24 hours, it will be wise if thy temper be guarded and strife, contentions, and quarrels be avoided; for conditions contribute to excitement, violence, and bad fires and accidents; mortality is likely to be

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CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

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Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

AUTOMATIC **HELL-He Pays the Express** on this American-made Revolver. Full Nickel Plated, Rubber Stock. Center Fire, 32 or 38 Caliber, Five Shot, 5-in. long, rifled barrel, 3 1/2 inch long, curved hammer, low prevents accidental discharge. 16 lb. wt. Cut this out and we will ship by express C.O.D. \$4.50, we pay all charges.

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Return this Advt. to us with your order and we will send you by express C.O.D. a genuine Gold-Filled Watch, stem wind and set, hunting case warranted 20 years written guarantee. Movement—new model, American style, full-jeweled, compensated balance, over spring regulator, fully adjusted and warranted to keep accurate time. Such fine watches have heretofore been sold for \$25.00. We only ask you to call at the express office, examine, and if you think it is worth the money, pay the express agent the cut price of \$6.50 and it is yours.

\$10.00 Free to secure new customers. To those who will faithfully assist in selling our goods we will enclose with watch \$10.00 in negotiable coupon drafts payable on demand as stipulated therein for your services. Watch and drafts delivered by express agent for only \$6.50 and express charges. If you want watch and draft sent by registered mail, you must send \$6.50 cash with order. Mention size wanted, ladies' or gents', also your express & post-office address, Kirland Bros. & Co., 62 Fulton Street, N.Y.

A Customer Writes: Dec. 1, 1892.—Kirland Bros. & Co. send me another \$6.50 watch, have sold nine within a year, all give good satisfaction. W. DUTCHER, Saranac, Mich.

A GREAT SEED SACRIFICE.

A \$10,000 Loss turned to your Gain.

CHOICEST FLOWER SEEDS come from France and Germany; some rare varieties often bringing a dollar for a single seed. A large importing house has an immense shipment of the finest flower seeds ever brought to America, and, in unloading at the pier, an awful accident occurred. Now, as each kind must be put up in small, separate papers, this would have been a complete loss, but, hearing of it, and knowing its value, we bought the whole cargo of exquisite flowering seeds, getting in the whole assortment some of the highest cost kinds ever grown. We have thoroughly mixed them, all kinds, and put them up in elegant packets, containing over 200 varieties, to give away as premiums to COMFORT. All you have to do is to sow them in a box, and when they get large enough to transplant, you can set them out, and have a most elegant flower garden.

SPECIAL. Having found a box of Latest-Craze-In-Chrysanthemum seed in the lot all safe, we are going to enclose one package of this popular seed also.

OUR OFFER is this: To every one sending us 12 cents for a three month subscription to COMFORT, we will send perfectly free, postpaid, these packets of seeds and our elegant book or manual, as a guide to the culture of all flowers and plants. Its many pages are loaded down with practical hints and helps to everybody, on all sorts of plant life, and describes how to arrange fancy window and garden decoration. We give all of these free if only 12 cents is sent to pay postage and expenses. 6 subscriptions and 6 lots for 60 cents. Address, COMFORT, Seed Dept., Augusta, Maine.

29—Sunday. The morning is very exciting and patience and moderation are admonished, and more than usual caution is urged against fires in places of public worship; some bad explosions are induced on this day and celebrations. The day is unfavorable for a birthday anniversary, and the time is equally baffling for all persons born about the 6th of February, 2nd of May, 10th of August, or 4th of November, of past years; and such persons are cautioned against commencing any new undertaking at this time generally in the life, no matter how flattering the prospect. Regard the flattering promise with much suspicion.

and money scarce. Almost every day I have received letters and dollars from my family. I have wanted to go to work for them, and some of them I tried, but never could do much. One day I was thinking how hard I had to work and how little money I got, when I ran across an advertisement of P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Maine, offering easy employment at good wages to every one. I thought this was one of the usual advertisements, all promise, but I wrote them and got their terms, and was so pleased that I went to work at once. I found that the work was light and pleasant, and the very first day I cleared over ten dollars at it. Some days I have not done so well, and some a great deal better; but in the year that I have been at it I have earned over one hundred dollars a month, and in all that time I have not been twenty-five miles from home. I never expected to see money come in so fast and easy. I have given my father enough to pay up a mortgage, have dressed and lived first rate, and have saved enough to put over six hundred dollars in the savings bank. I wish to see you, and I want good honorable work and a chance to make money fast enough to write to them and get their terms to agents. If they do that, and give employment all the time, or they can pick up enough money just at odd times to keep themselves in pin money and clothes. If they take right hold and work they can make money faster than they ever did before and with less trouble. Be sure and tell your readers that the address they must send to and just ask for a chance to work, is P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Maine.

MARY G. HALSTEAD.

\$5.50 and it's yours; or otherwise return at our expense. This **Revolver** is a perfect arm for the hunter. It has a hammer to catch in the pocket when you draw quickly at a wild time. You aim and pull—"The Gun Does The Rest." It is **Full Nickel-plated, Rubber Stock, Center-Fire, has Safety Lock, Accidents Impossible.** Five Shooter and a Jim Dandy. Perfect **Shooting Qualities** guaranteed. **Send \$2.00** with order and we will ship **4 for \$20.00**, the balance **(\$18.00)**. C. O. D. Address, **Kirtland Bros & Co., 62 Fulton St., New York.**

flame; and, as nothing but the oil burns, a clear, white, brilliant light is given out, which no other wick in existence can produce.

WE now offer the most liberal terms to agents. The article is new and meets a popular want, is light and easy to carry, pays immense profits, and sells easily and readily. Sample wick by mail, 10 cents. Agents for a dozen—size for house lamps—\$5 mail, per dozen, 25 cents; per gross, \$2.75. Large or bracket wicks—size for lamps, lanterns, etc. per dozen, 20 cents; per gross, \$2.25. Large or bracket wicks for store or bracket lamps—size for store or bracket lamps—\$5 mail, per dozen, 15 cents; per gross, \$1.75. Argand wicks, sample wick, 15 cents; per dozen, 60 cents; per gross, \$7.50. On all orders amounting to \$10.00 accompanied by the cash, 15 per cent. off.

Address, MORSE & CO., Augusta, Me.

"BUFFALO BILL."

[GENERAL W. F. CODY.]

TEN FOR COMFORT BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

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HERE is no name better known the world over than that of Buffalo Bill. And yet a few of my readers may ask the question: "Now just who is Buffalo Bill?"



I will answer them in a nutshell, for I have been his companion for many long years.

Away back half a century ago W. F. Cody saw the light of day on a farm in Iowa, on the banks of the Mississippi.

Born at a time the most adventurous and romantic in frontier life, saving his father's life before he was ten years of age, seeing that father afterwards die by the hand of an assassin in the Kansas war, the boy, known then as "Little Billy," found himself the sole protector of his mother and sisters, and unflinchingly went to work to make his way in the world.

Inspired by the careers of such men as Boone, Hunt and Kit Carson he had the ambition to emulate them, and one morning mounted pony and rode to the camp of Alexander Majors, of the great overland freighting firm, sell, Majors & Waddell.

Majors smiled at the daring boy, when he asked for the position of Messenger between wagon trains, often a day and more apart, going through a most dangerous and red country, but when Billy urged that he a mother and sisters to care for, the lighter chief said:

"Bring your mother's written consent for you, and as you will have to do a man's work take big chances I'll give you a man's pay." With great reluctance that Mrs. Cody gave her consent, but Billy was determined she yielded, and thus Alexander Majors, living and Buffalo Bill's truest friend, offered him upon a career that was to make his name famous the world over.

From the moment he entered upon his life of danger he began to make history for himself, become one of the characters of the frontier, dangers, hardships and death scenes went to make up his daily life, and before he reached his twelfth year we find him referred to as "the youngest Indian fighter on record," for Billy killed his first Indian.

Unknown to fear, constant dangers became a part of his life, and we find him as cowboy—in a cowboy—wild horse catcher, pony express rider, Indian fighter and, when just in teens, lying for months alone in a mountain cabin with a broken leg, while a comrade died gone to the settlements for help for him.

As a boy he learned the stern terrors of life the Plains, penetrating into a region then little known as is darkest Africa to-day, and here the Indians resisted every inch of the arch westward of civilization.

With such a training Will Cody grew up, the old life developing his physique to perfection, the dangers teaching him self reliance, the demand of self-protection steadying his nerve, making him meet cunning with strategy, study the habits of the red men, learn the country, post himself regarding the wild animals, for the double purpose of saving his life and gaining food where he had only his trusty rifle and himself to depend upon.

Such a life could not but broaden his nature, in one generation he saw the "Star of Empire" rise in the East and set in the Land of the Setting Sun; he saw the ox wagon trains way to the huge trains drawn by the iron horse, and the belts of steel encircle the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The overland freighters, stage coaches and any express, born in his time gave place while he was yet a young man to the luxurious trains of the telegraph.

Fort where he had beaten back the Indians, saw change into thriving settlements, and upon a spot where he once fought a fierce battle now stands his beautiful home, "Scout's Rest Ranch," overlooking the thriving city of North Platte, Nebraska.

And it is to-day that Buffalo Bill looks back with satisfaction to the knowledge that he had much, so much to do with the advance of the brave pioneers penetrating into Western wilds, for as guide his finger pointed the way, as Indian fighter he beat back savages that sought to kill, burn and destroy, and as army scout he kept the soldiers posted of the presence of a lurking foe, and led the brave Boys in due to many a fierce attack.

Thrown with the worst characters on the Plains, Buffalo Bill was never known as a bully or "man killer," though when forced to act from duty and self defence he did so unflinchingly.

There were very many things that aided in bringing W. F. Cody to the front, as step by step he won fame and fortune; among them, his wonderful powers of endurance, his superb physique enabling him to undergo every hardship; his eyes were as clear and far-seeing as an eagle's, for he could see objects at a distance when army officers had to use a glass, and this fact, with his steady hand and iron nerve rendered him the King of Dead Shots, his aim never failing him.

Of a cheery nature he was never cast down in defeat and suffering and would readily risk any danger to accomplish a good.

From the deeds of his life others may glean lessons of courage in moments of despair, and of manliness and generosity in the time of triumph and honors won.

Winning the post of Chief of Scouts, United States Army, Cody to-day holds the testimonials of his valuable and gallant services rendered the country from such noted men as Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Harvey, Custer, Forsythe, Merritt, Terry, Crook, Ord, Royall, Hagan, Carr, and others, while General Nelson A. Miles says of him:

"I consider him a most remarkable man in every respect, modest, unassuming, noble by nature and chivalrous; his trailing powers are simply wonderful."

"He is one of the most phenomenal types of man in American history."

General E. A. Carr also says of him:

"In a fight Cody is never noisy, but very dangerous to his foe."

"He seems never to tire, his eyesight is better than a good field-glass, and he is a marvellous judge of the lay of a country ahead, a perfect judge of distance and where to find water for camping, etc., while he is an extraordinary hunter."

"I consider his services to the Army and the country to have been invaluable."

The history of such a man, most attractive to the military chiefs, must be far more so to the men, women and children who have found characters to admire in the imaginative heroes of romance.

Among the great achievements of Buffalo Bill, it is on record that under orders from General Sheridan he rode three hundred and fifty-eight miles in fifty-five riding hours, including a forced walk of thirty-five miles.

This distance was made through a country infested with hostile Indians, without a trail to follow, making his own trails from fort to fort, crossing streams by swimming, and in constant danger of death.

It was for this feat that Sheridan made him Chief of Scouts.

By a strange coincidence Cody twice won the prefix of "Buffalo" to his name, he having first been called Buffalo Billy when as a boy he rode a buffalo bull, and later in life when he became a noted hunter, winning the championship from all others in the number of these animals killed in a single run.

In his match with Comstock, the great buffalo hunter, Cody killed 38 in a single run to his rival's 23; but it was when furnishing subsistence to the workmen of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, that his great feat was accomplished in killing in one season four thousand, two hundred and eighty buffaloes, and ever after was he known as "Buffalo Bill."

It will be recalled that Buffalo Bill was selected as the guide and hunter of the party that entertained the Grand Duke Alexis on the Plains.

Gen. Sheridan has often said of him that "he had slain as many Indians as any white man that ever lived, not wantonly, but in legitimate warfare," and yet to-day he is the devoted friend in peace of those whose implacable enemy he was in war.

His double duel, before the Army and the Indian forces, in personal combat with the noted chiefs, "Yellow Hawk" and "Red Knife" is still the talk of the frontier posts and camps.

Coming East by invitation of James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald, Buffalo Bill entered upon a new career, that of going upon the stage and playing Ned Buntline's melo-drama, "The Scouts of the Plains," in which he played, what no other man has ever done, himself.

Following the career of an actor, in which he was gaining new fame and fortune, Buffalo Bill was always prompt to close his season and go at once to the frontier when an Indian outbreak occurred.

Urged by publishers in New York to write romances of the Border founded upon scenes in his own life, he has issued half a dozen or more novels that have obtained a wide circulation, for he writes easily and dramatically, at the same time being a brilliant talker and offhand speaker.

From the stage Buffalo Bill went to portraying mimic Wild West life in the open air, and everywhere has his success been wonderful, all recognizing his faithful portrayal of the scenes he had been a participant in upon the far frontier.

Conceiving the idea of carrying the "Wild West of America" into Europe, he crossed the ocean in his own steamer, with his Indians, cowboys, buffaloes and mustangs, and opened in London.

His success was instantaneous, for the Queen honored him with her presence several times, the Prince and Princess of Wales also, with Mr. Gladstone and hosts of the nobility and most important citizens of England.

He was personally received by the Queen and presented with her miniature set in diamonds, while he was the recipient of many other souvenirs from royal hands.

Visiting Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Venice, Rome, Naples, Belgium and Spain, Buffalo Bill and his Wild Westers were received with marked honors and enthusiasm, he being granted audiences with the crowned heads and rulers and received everywhere as a typical American hero.

Years ago in St. Louis Buffalo Bill married Miss Frederick, and they have had four children, two of whom, Mrs. Arta Cody Boal and a daughter of ten are now living.

Mrs. Cody and her young daughter now dwell in a handsome home in North Platte, Neb., while Mr. and Mrs. Boal live in Scout's Rest Ranch, which is an elegant mansion, and there Buffalo Bill loves to go when not on his travels, and enjoy roaming over his thousands of acres, the place being stocked with large herds of the choicest imported horses, cattle and sheep, a few buffaloes, and kennels of the finest dogs in this and other countries.

To-day Buffalo Bill holds the name of a General of the National Guard of Nebraska, and unspooled by the honors he has won, the riches he has earned, and his fame, he is still the same modest, unassuming, generous-hearted man as when the writer knew him away back in the days when he was plain "Cody the Scout."

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Not even during the present hard times has such a liberal religious offer appeared anywhere else, as was made our readers by the Christian Herald in the December number, by which one may get the best religious weekly in the country, and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's latest book, as full of delightful surprises as he is of wit and humor. Owing to the lateness of the issue and the fact that the offer read "for Christmas," thus making it too late to be of much use to many of Comfort's readers, the publishers have kindly extended the offer for ninety days. It is to be hoped, if there are any readers of this paper who have not availed themselves of that opportunity, that they will look it up and do so at once.

Handsomely Illustrated Book Free.

We will send any lady a finely illustrated book on Fancy-work, Knitting and Crocheting, 150 Embroidery Stitches, many new and unique, patterns for working the alphabet, together with designs for making tidies and cushions; also a beautiful Japanese Tray Mat if you send 10c. for a trial subscription to "The Home," our beautiful paper for young and old. Address, "The Home," 141 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

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These tiny, sugar-coated granules do you permanent good. They act mildly and naturally, and there's no reaction afterward.

Constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and permanently cured.

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Nothing else urged by the dealer, though they may be better for him to sell, can be "just as good" for you to buy.

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And those about to be, should secure Mrs. Pinkham's 32-page illustrated book: it contains lots of advice. Address, with 2c. stamp, Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

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Can be made in three months by any person that will send us their address at once. We do not wish responses from the rich, for this is a boon to the Poor or Middle Class, that need a few thousand dollars to put them on their feet. Such an opportunity never crossed your path before. A case of Goods will be sent you by mail, if you send 10 cents for package and postage, that will open your way to fortune. Address, C. Stanford & Co., 234 La Salle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Superb Views MANY OF WHICH ARE 9x12 INCHES**220 Historical Pictures.****220 Pretty Pictures. \$25.00 Worth Free! \$25. Free!**

The achievements in Mechanics, in Architecture, in Art and in Science of that great event, with all its marvellous Exhibits, Scenes, and Surroundings, which produced the sublime spectacle, has passed away, but thanks to photography, it yet lives for the entertainment and edification of the multitudes and for posterity in a realistic and

Magnificent Panorama OF THE World's Fair,

Showing pictures of grand Buildings, of glittering Domes, of massive Arches, of noble Statuary, of jetting Fountains, of beautiful Interior Exhibits, of Venetian Gondolas, gliding over deep Lagoons, of Pavilions, of Foreign Villages, of Cafes, of the Wooded Island, and many other attractions of the Dream City and

The Famous Midway Piasance, The Bazaar of Nations, or the Side-show of the World's Fair.**THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE AGE.**

On the shore of Lake Michigan, from May 1 to October 30, 1893, stood the Magic City—the Dream City—that caused the whole world to halt and gaze in wonder and amazement. This was the crowning event in America's history of 400 years. Every nation from "Greenland's Icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand," from darkest Africa to the islands of the sea, poured forth their riches as tribute to the World's Columbian Exposition, that it should be the most marvellous display of ancient and modern times. All that the brain of man and woman had conceived, that human skill could execute, was there. Among these was the largest building in the world, largest engine in the world, most powerful electrical machinery in the world, fastest train in the world, greatest can-

non in the world, strongest search-light in the world, highest wheel in the world, most extensive collection of paintings in the world, and a thousand and one other greatest things were there within an area of 633 acres, of which 250 acres were covered with buildings that alone cost Twenty-three Million Dollars. All this wealth of the earth and genius of mind was concentrated there to exemplify the imperial glories of our nation. Only the spirit and the pictures of this, the eighth and greatest wonder of the world, remain with us. The spirit will make our nation greater and all humanity better, while the pictures make a pictorial history that will tell the story to all the children of men.

THOSE WHO WENT TO THE FAIR

Will live again in these pictures and accompanying descriptions, the delights they experienced on that memorable trip to the Fair. They are sure to exclaim, "Why, it seems as though I am right there!"

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The highest wheel in the world, and one of the mechanical wonders of this age.

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An exact reproduction of one of America's finest war vessels fully equipped.

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One of the most attractive and gorgeous buildings on the grounds.

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Reproduction of a typical village in Ireland, and one of the greatest attractions on the Midway.

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A reproduction of the homes of that curious race of Indians.

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An exhibit of live ostriches.

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Our Panorama of the World's Fair consists of over 200 different views. It is published in Four Parts, or Portfolios. Each part contains 55 entirely distinct and separate views. Everybody should have the complete collection and COMFORT has arranged to furnish them FREE to all subscribers in the following manner:

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THIS COUPON

Returned to "Comfort" together with 50 cents for a 2 years subscription to "Comfort," and 10c. extra for mailing books (60 cents in all), is good for all 4 parts of above World's Fair Panorama of 220 large views.

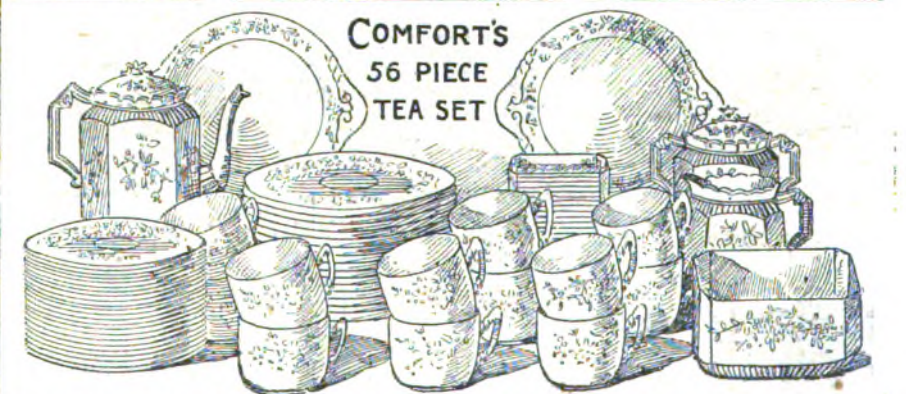
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If you are already a paid up yearly subscriber, we will send the four complete parts postpaid for 40 cents; each part nicely bound in heavy tinted covers. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. If you are obliged to send stamps please send those of one cent denomination.

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Our Jewel Tea-set, which we illustrate above is beautifully decorated on the finest English ware. If there is any one thing that is a woman's comfort it is nice china. There is nothing more beautiful or more useful than a nice set of beautiful decorated dishes. We have imported a large quantity of these beautiful Tea-sets which we intend to use as premiums to increase the circulation of COMFORT. Each set is carefully packed in a box, and unless carelessly handled in transportation will go safely to any part of the United States. This set consists of 56 pieces, viz: Tea-pot, sugar bowl and pitcher, 12 cups and saucers, 12 tea plates, 2 cake plates, 12 preserve dishes, and one slop bowl. Each set is tastefully ornamented. We have them in a number of different designs, also in different colors. Each design is entirely new, and the shapes of the pieces are the latest pattern. It is as handsome a tea-set as one could wish, and will make an elegant and useful gift. Remember this is genuine English ware. We give this beautiful Tea-set for only 36 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, or 24 subscribers and \$3.00, or 20 subscribers and \$4.00.

It must go by express or freight, receiver to pay express charges when sent as a premium or purchased. Really it is a small affair, you may say, this getting 25-cent pieces from my friends for subscriptions to "COMFORT," yet you know it is an easy matter for you to try, and you will surely succeed in obtaining some of this beautiful CHINA FREE, if you but set yourself about it, for COMFORT is WHAT WE ALL WANT, and what we live for. So take it up among your friends and see how anxious they all are to take COMFORT. Every month will bring new features, and, only think, a whole year of "COMFORT" for only 25 cents. No matter how many papers or magazines they are now taking, there will be so many new thoughts in our monthly that after once subscribing they will keep at it always. Now send 36 subscribers at once, at 25 cents each, and have your Tea-set sent by the first train.

If you cannot devote your time to getting up a club now, we will send one of the above sets for \$5.00 cash. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Just What Every Lady in the Land Has Longed For.

Perfect Fitting Garments No Longer a Dream but a Delightful Reality.

"Glove-Fitting Patterns" of Lovely, Useful, Fashionable Costumes for Old and Young.

They Combine Beauty with Simplicity, and the Latest Styles with Economy.

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HELPFUL HINTS FOR HARD TIMES.

COMFORT brings the cheering news that women everywhere can from this date be fashionably and becomingly dressed and yet keep within the bounds of the strictest economy. One may even wear a dyed-over gown under the new regime, and not let the world know but that she has just bought the latest and finest thing on the market. The art of home-dyeing, in fact, has been reduced so nearly to a science that nobody need wear a faded gown any longer, or even one the color of which has become wearisome to the eye. We would advise our lady readers everywhere to look up the coupon relating to home-dyeing on page 4 of this issue, and to make a test-case of it, going strictly according to instructions, of course; in no other way could success be looked for. And then, having dyed and pressed your old garment to make it look like new, to cut and fit it by some one of our wonderful new glove-fitting patterns.

Have you ever tried one of our patterns? Of course not: because this is the first time we have been able to make you the offer which you will find below. Of course, too, there are any quantity of patterns being offered the public nowadays, for next to nothing. The market is just flooded with them; but the glove-fitting patterns here illustrated which you can only obtain through COMFORT are unique in being always reliable, satisfactory, up to date and not to be duplicated elsewhere. They are protected by copyright, and, whatever other dealers may say or offer, these patterns, being specially designed for COMFORT, have the protection of the United States Government.

Below we give details of many of the most popular styles for the coming spring and summer. Being the most widely read paper in the country, COMFORT is decidedly the people's paper. It is ever alive to the wants of its readers, and ready to do its share towards supplying these wants. It recognizes the fact that the great financial depression, which has been universal, has rendered it necessary for people in every walk of life to practice the strictest economy, and for the time being, deny themselves all superfluous luxuries, and also that every apparent evil has its accompaniment of compensating good. Yet the hard times, which cause so much distress, may, to many who have acquired habits of extravagance, afford valuable lessons in economy, by an enforced practical experience.

Still there is always danger when getting rid of the habit of extravagance of acquiring the equally extreme habit of thrift. Thrift may become penuriousness that leads to carelessness in regard to matters of personal appearance, legitimate home comforts, and reasonable home luxuries.

Now, it is not necessary in order to be economical to carry self-denial to the point of total abstinence in everything not absolutely required to hold soul and body together. You may feel that you cannot afford to spend money on new dresses, as you have been accustomed to do, but that is no reason why you should go around in dowdy, old-fashioned attire. There is no need to allow a natural feeling of commendable pride in your personal appearance to wane, simply because your straitened circumstances will not admit of your patronizing the dry goods merchant at present; and here is where the benefits of the home-dyeing arts come in. A little personal effort will enable you to keep up appearances, and maintain your self-respect, and that without the expenditure of more than a little time, and the exercise of ingenuity.

COMFORT desires particularly to offer such helpful hints to its lady readers, in maintaining their laudable regard for personal appearance, and to that end has made arrangements with the Glove-Fitting Pattern Company to furnish special designs for its exclusive use. These designs COMFORT has copyrighted, and they cannot be had elsewhere. They will be found in every way appropriate for the season, and the patterns which they illustrate will give thorough satisfaction, being simple, economical, and absolutely accurate.

COMFORT aims to secure the best of everything, and it is because, after careful investigation, we are convinced that these Glove-Fitting Patterns are furnished by the most reliable and skilled designers and manufacturers of dress patterns in this country that we have selected them for the special models which we offer to our readers. The regular prices at which these patterns are retailed range from twenty-five to forty cents each. COMFORT will supply them to its subscribers at the uniform rate of ten cents each, this being little more than the average cost of mailing and handling.

No lady need now be compelled to wear a garment of last year's style. Each pattern is accompanied with minute directions for putting the parts together, and with these directions, and the hints and suggestions which accompany them, exclusively written for COMFORT, and published with the illustrations, the most inexperienced dressmaker will be able to re-model her old garments.

But let us consider some of these special patterns, which, the reader will notice, have been designed to cover all ages from youth to age.

Boy's Kilt Suit. Pattern No. 4044. This is a desirable style of costume for a small boy before he is promoted to the dignity of knee trousers, and is much liked by the little fellows, as



4042.

it never looks "girlish." The kilt is laid in deep side plaits, in true Scotch style. This should be buttoned onto the under-waist, by buttonholes made in the belt. The vest fronts and coat are in one, although it is a pretty fancy to make the vest of a different color or material. The edges are finished with machine stitching, or narrow braid can be used, if preferred. Dark green cloth is here pictured, worn with an ecru vest and bright plaid necktie.

4032.

4039.

Misses' Waist with Rippled Bretelle and Basque. Pattern No. 4027.

One of the latest Parisian designs is here shown. It is made in dove-gray crepon, fringed with narrow lace insertion. A combination of cloth and velvet, or cashmere and bengaline, in which the bretelles, ripple basque, belt, and lower portions of sleeves are made of the velvet or silk, makes as stylish a garment for a miss as can be imagined. The waist can be made without the ripple basque and belt, if so preferred. The fullness in front and back can be omitted if desired, the patterns supplying a fitted lining, which can be smoothly covered with the material.



4043

plain and figured foulard in lavender and black. The seamless front, collar, and ripple sleeve caps are of the figured material; the sleeves, waist, and bretelles being of the plain. The basque extends below the waist line and can be worn over the skirt when so desired. Either of the sleeve caps can be worn singly if one alone is preferred. Other combinations will be suggested by individual taste. The pretty skirt with the new tablier drape is fast gaining popular favor, and will be much used for spring and summer gowns. The graceful wrinkles across the front are produced

two, or all three of the caps can be used if preferred. This gored skirt is a great favorite on account of its charming simplicity, and will be found useful in re-modelling old-fashioned skirts, as the front gore can be made of some contrasting material, or of velvet, moire, or satin, thus introducing a modern and striking effect.

Ladies' Toilette, Consisting of Basque with Bretelles, Pattern No. 4022, and Skirt with Tabular Drapery, Pattern No. 4050.

This design shows a Parisian combination of plain and figured foulard in lavender and black. The seamless front, collar, and ripple sleeve caps are of the figured material; the sleeves, waist, and bretelles being of the plain. The basque extends below the waist line and can be worn over the skirt when so desired. Either of the sleeve caps can be worn singly if one alone is preferred. Other combinations will be suggested by individual taste. The pretty skirt with the new tablier drape is fast gaining popular favor, and will be much used for spring and summer gowns. The graceful wrinkles across the front are produced



4040

Ladies' Glove-Fitting Coat with Columbus Cape Collar. Pattern No. 4033.

Navy blue hopsacking to match the costume chosen for this very stylish coat. The trim was black silk gimp, which displayed to advantage this most becoming out-door garment. This is the fashionable three-quarter length, the gores below the waist line producing the graceful folds now "en vogue." The cape is in six sections, flares in stylish ripples over the shoulders, being decorated with a double row of the gimp. The full outlines of the garment make it one of the most popular of the season's styles, which is equally well suited to the requirements of youthful and mature figures. Cheviot, Melton, camel's hair, Kersey, satin, velvet, bengaline, or velvet, all used for these garments. Jet and passementerie, braids and fancy lace or lace is used for oration.

Pattern 4034 is in three sizes, viz.: for 12, 14, and 16 years.

Pattern 4027 is in four sizes, viz.: for 12, 14, and 16 years.

Pattern 4027 is in four sizes, viz.: for 12, 14, and 16 years.

Patterns 4022, 4033, and 4040 are cut in five sizes, viz.: 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure.

Patterns 4026 and 4027 are each cut in five sizes, viz.: 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches waist measure.

Boys' Suit. Pattern No. 4041.

We here give a pattern for a boy's suit, consisting of a double-breasted jacket and knee trousers. It can be saved in a whole hold where there are small boys, by remodeling the discarded garments of the father or uncle to their use. With a pattern like this the garments need no look home-made, proper attention given to darning and pressing the seams.

Misses' Toilette, consisting of Eton Waist, Pattern No. 4032, and Gored Skirt, Pattern No. 4039.

This is a style that is particularly well suited to girls from 10 to 16 years of age, the full front and ripple collars being very desirable features. One of our hair of a rich golden brown shade had a front of old blue bengaline, the trimming being

(Continued on page 15.)



4044

4027

4037

4023

4036

4022

4050

4046

4033

Child's Coat with Notched Cape Bertha. Pattern No. 4037.

This is a very pretty model for little girls from four to ten. As here shown it was made of electric blue Bedford cord, the bertha and deep cuff facings on the sleeves being of satin the same shade. A handsome bow and ends of satin ribbon decorates the front. For warmth, the coat is lined throughout with flannel, supplemented with sleeve linings, yoke, and front facings of pink and blue shot silk. This design can be made all of one material, and braid or velvet can be used for trimming; or the edges can be finished simply with a double row of stitching. A handsome combination can be effected by making the yoke, bertha cape, and lower portions of sleeve of velvet.

Ladies' Toilette, Consisting of Basque with Rippled Skirt, and Sleeve Caps, Pattern No. 4023, and a Three-Piece Gored Skirt, Pattern No. 4036.

A stylish brown mixed cheviot, with a decided tint of yellow through it, was here charmingly



4026

sleeves, ripple caps, and skirt, can be used in modernizing basques that are out of style. One,

by forward turning plaits at the waist, where the drapery meets the folds that depend from the fullness in back of the skirt. A girde belt of lavender ribbon is tied in generous loops at the left side of the waist.

Ladies' Basque with Double-Breasted Vest. Pattern No. 4046.

This jaunty basque shows a stylish combination of three materials, olive green whipcord, French novelty mixture of silk and wool, with tan, olive, gold, and green shades, and Duchesse satin

The Only Way to get these Copyrighted Patterns.

Cut out the following Coupon. Write plainly with a lead pencil your name and full address. Mark or age, as the case may be, opposite the number of the pattern or patterns wanted and mail to Pattern Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Enclose 10 cents for each pattern ordered. See that you mark the right numbers, as mistakes made by you cannot be rectified. The figures under the illustrations give the number of the pattern. When more than one pattern is ordered, but only 10 cents is enclosed, the first pattern marked on Coupon will be sent. Compare Coupon, after you have filled it out, with the numbers under illustrations.

COMFORT'S PATTERN COUPON.

4022.....Inches Bust	4033.....Inches Bust	4042.....Years
4023.....Inches Bust	4036.....Inches Waist	4043.....Inches Bust
4026.....Inches Bust	4037.....Years	4044.....Years
4027.....Years	4039.....Years	4046.....Inches Bust
4032.....Years	4040.....Inches Bust	4050.....Inches Waist

Name,

Full Address,

One Free.

Six Free.

All Free.

To each and every person who will send us one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT (with 25 cents to pay for this yearly subscription) we will send free, postage paid, any one of the patterns named in the above coupon. For every further new paid-up yearly subscriber, we will send free, postage paid, any further pattern the party may select. For five new yearly paid-up subscribers, we will send free, postage paid, ANY FIVE PATTERNS THAT MAY BE SELECTED. For ten new yearly paid-up subscribers, we will send free, postage paid, THE ENTIRE FIFTEEN PATTERNS.

In every case the coupon must be correctly filled out and returned to us, to prevent mistakes. As these free patterns easily sell for from 25 to 40 cents each, in city, town, or country, such a chance to make money easily and quickly has never been presented to womankind.

All coupons and subscriptions under this special offer must be sent to Pattern Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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ribbon velvet, studded with small jet cabochons. Many combinations can be effected by this and mothers will find it a very useful design modelling garments that have been outgrown and have become old fashioned. Plaid or plain goods combine prettily, the skirt and full front being of the plaid or stripe. The skirt can be trimmed or finished with stich-tailor fashion, as preferred. The skirt is in latest mode, and hangs in graceful folds caters in back. The front is sewn easily to it, the extended gores giving a stylish full bottom.

of the new spring fabrics will develop well mode. ern 4042, boy's suit, is cut in four sizes, viz.: 14, and 16 years. ern 4032, Eton waist, cut in four sizes, viz.: 14, and 16 years. ern 4039, misses' skirt, cut in four sizes, for 14, and 16 years. ail price of patterns, 25 cents each.)

Princess House Gown or Wrapper. No. 4043.

here give a very desirable model for that of dress or tea-gown known as the "Prin. This exceedingly becoming and dainty is here portrayed in pale blue merino, lined with triple rows of dark blue ribbon. Shaped by darts in front, it fits the figure snugly, and so makes a very acceptable walking model for ladies who prefer to have the of their gown depend from the shoulders. preferred mode of decoration may be chosen respond to the material used in making. will be found a desirable model for cotton and all the wash materials that ladies now up for summer wear. White nainsook with embroidery or lace ruffles looks made this way and is easily laundered. ern cut in five sizes, viz.: 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40. Tail price of pattern is 35 cents.)

Ladies' Basque. No. 4040.

here give one of the latest and most aped Parisian designs, of which the double skirt is a distinctive feature. The material mel's hair in the new deep magenta that off the handsome black silk passementerie insertion to perfection. The full yoke fronts under the stylish revers is of two-toned brocade in magenta and black. The fanciful s and double ripple skirt are lined with These with the large "gigot" sleeves are active features of this very stylish basque. er one or both of the ripple skirts can be ted, if desired, and the upper portion of can be plainly covered with velvet or other rial.

tern cut in five sizes, viz.: 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40. Tail price of pattern is 25 cents.)

Ladies' Circular Cape with Columbus Cape Collar. No. 4026.

is stylish cape is made of dark purple broad- lace richly trimmed with the new black passe- menterie lace that closely resembles applique embroidery. It is the favorite out-door wrap this season, being equally becoming to all—tall or stout, or slim—and the ease with which it be put on or slipped off, no matter how large dress sleeves may be, makes it easily the most popular out-door garment worn. The Columbus collar is cut in six gored sections, narrowing he neck, and can be used separately in re- lacing last season's garments—coats, jackets, apes—to give them the latest mode. The cape is in graceful folds from the shoulder without objectionable fullness of the full circular. ern cut in five sizes, viz.: 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40. Tail price of patterns is 30 cents.)

Read carefully COMFORT'S Free Pattern which appears under the coupon on e 14.

HAPPENINGS HERE AND THERE.

Missouri has a man 123 years old. Iowa woman has just confessed to a murder for her former husband had lain in jail for several months.

Iowa mob dragged a man out of court recently lynched him for a brutal assault on a child of 12 years.

The last week in November saw three European dynasties overthrown and without a minister; they were Italy, France and Serbia.

The mystery of a murder which happened twelve years ago, in Illinois, has just been solved by the finding of two skeletons at the bottom of a drained pond.

Some New Jersey carpenters who could not collect their pay for building a church, attacked the pastor, after setting fire to the edifice, gave him a good thrashing.

A healthy well-formed baby was born in Chicago recently weighing only one pound. His face was the size of a silver dollar and his fingers smaller than a match. He is doing well.

An electrical counting machine, used at the November elections in New York, recorded 82,885 ballots in 10 days. Foreign governments as well as our own are looking into its uses.

An entire congregation were nearly asphyxiated by sleeping gas recently. A late-comer noticed the odor, and by opening all doors and windows and letting in the fresh air saved many lives.

A system of electric trolleys to be used on canal boats has been devised. Horses and mules will be perished by the electric current and the trolley will be similar to that used on street-cars in cities.

A Kansas woman is seeking a divorce from her husband. Four years ago she married a man who served. Hearing of his death she married another. When number one appeared, and both finally died.

Two dynamite bombs were thrown by some misanthropes into a theatre at Barcelona, Spain, recently, where 4,000 persons were seated. Only one exploded, killing sixteen people and wounding fifty more. In a panic that followed several others were crushed to death.

The wreck of an Arctic whaler that carried a scientific exploring party from Sweden, has been found recently in Baffin's Bay. Under a cairn near the shore were found remains of human bodies, manuscripts and a letter in English, showing conclusively the fate of the party.

Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

Our readers who suffer from Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. Write to The New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

There were 15,406 emigrants landed at New York during the month of October, eleven per cent of them being illiterate, 1,846 could not read, 1,787 could not write and 1,726 could do neither. More than half had no occupation whatever, and they all averaged less than \$20 apiece in their pockets after landing.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

There is one remedy you can try without danger of humbug. Send to H. G. Colman, Chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for a trial package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 4 cents. Judge for yourself. Mention this paper.

A SOAP MINE.

A CHANCE FOR THE BIGGEST LAUNDRY ON EARTH.

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ALTHOUGH the various encyclopedias and dictionaries give a great deal of information about the values and ingredients of soap, none of them undertake to give any hint of its origin. Whether or no Adam and Eve used soap in the garden of Eden, is not known, definitely. For the sake of those to whom even Paradise would not be perfect without a soap—we should hope they did; and when Cain and Abel made their appearance in the world, unless they were very different from the small boy of to-day, soap became a necessity.

However, that soap actually was a household necessity centuries ago, Pliny, an early Latin writer, is an authority. He ascribes the invention of it to the Gauls, or inhabitants of olden France. Among the ruins of Pompeii, Italy, a city of many thousand inhabitants which was buried by a volcanic eruption more than 1800 years ago, a complete soap factory has been found in a good state of preservation. Such factories are known to have existed in Italy and Spain in the eighth century, and in France in the ninth; but no mention of them is made in records of Great Britain until the fourteenth century. All soaps are compounds of fats with alkalis—soda giving hard soaps, potash soft soaps. White soap is generally prepared from tallow, with a little lard and palm oil, and yellow soap owes its color to the addition of resin. Coconut-oil soap often called marine soap, can be used with sea water. Carbolic acid soaps are medicated with various substances. In the case of Windsor soap, the strong properties of the soda are neutralized by the alkali after long keeping and several meltings; but many modern toilet soaps are not given time to age. The best soap for ordinary use, unless one is sure of the qualities of some particular brand of fine toilet soap, is the pure castile soap either white or mottled. A very strange fact in regard to the latter kind is that it exists in a natural state in Elko county, Nevada. Everybody has heard of natural gas, but few, outside of Nevada, have heard of natural soap, although some was exhibited at the World's Fair, which was taken from a natural mine of the Central Pacific railroad.

This soap is one of the things about which Nevada people like to talk. One of them said at the Fair: "We have enough natural soap to wash all the soiled linen of our own State. We can wash out any State or national blotch which may be placed on our escutcheon. We could run a national laundry if it became necessary. And then," he suggested with a bad pun, that they might change the motto of their State to "While there's life there's soap." People who were brought up in the country are used to the custom of making soft soap, in which process all the grease left over from the family larder is boiled up with lye or potash and made into a clear, jelly-like substance which is the best of any soap for laundry purposes. Many families make it in a big iron kettle hung out-of-doors, and soap-making day is a regular feature of the spring. Soft soap should not be used on the face or hands, however, as its action is too harsh.

A good glycerine soap, a castile or a pure tar soap is proper for toilet purpose. The latter is excellent, especially in skin diseases. If your pet dog or kitten is tormented with fleas, a good washing in tar soap will rid them of such pests. To digress a moment, the excellencies of tar, both for external and internal use are worthy of note. Tar drops are an excellent remedy for coughs. In case of an over-fed ox or horse a wisp of straw besmeared with tar, fastened in its mouth by tying the ends together back of the head, so that the animal will chew on it, will remove the difficulty in a very short time. The medicinal properties of tar are almost unlimited. Workmen often use it in its simple state for wounds and bruises, when it is good for both man and beast. Cables and ropes used on shipboard are soaked in tar before using; and from this fact sailors are known as "Jolly tars."

Consequently tar-soap has powerful healing qualities. If not too strong it is good for the complexion also, keeping it smooth and clear, especially if there is a tendency to eczema. The small boy has not usually a great affinity for soap; but there is one form in which he is devoted admirer. Give him a box of strong soap-suds and a common clay pipe and he will extract an hour's pure and undisturbed enjoyment from the cheap and pretty pastime of "blowing soap-bubbles."

You Dye in 30 minutes

Turkey red on cotton that won't freeze, boil or wash out. No other will do it. Package to color 2 lbs., by mail, 10 cts.; 6, any color—for wool or cotton, 40c. Big pay Agents. Write quick. Mention this paper. FRENCH DYE CO., Vassar, Mich.

AGENTS Wanted to conduct the sale of The Adjustable Kettle Cover. Fits any size utensil. Thousands being sold. Write at once and secure territory. Sample mailed for 25c. WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Elgin, Ohio.

COINS If you have any money coined before 1875, keep it and send two stamps to W. VON BERGEN, Numismatic Bank, Boston, Mass., for his Circulars on rare American and Foreign Coins and Continental and Confederate Paper money. A fortune for somebody.

10% ABOVE FACTORY COST \$8.75 buys a \$5.00 Singer Style Machine. \$18.95 buys Highest Grade modern style machine in the world. 25 different styles at intermediate prices. We are the only manufacturers selling machines direct. Liberal terms for securing a sewing machine FREE. CHICAGO SEWING MACHINE CO. 46 Halsted Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

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FREE! A Hunting Case, 14 K, Solid Gold Filled Elgin Style Watch—Stem Wind. Set. Warranted 20 years. Retail value, \$25.00. For perfect time this famous Watch is ahead of the World. And a Silver Set, in Satin Lined Case, containing 6 Knives and 6 Forks, Sterling Silver, Triple Plated; retail value \$5.00. FREE! READ! READ! We wish to send you 100—10 cent best quality Perfecto Cigars. In order to introduce same we will send you, Free, Watch and Silver Set as described. Remember, 100 Cigars, Watch and Silverware will be sent C.O.D. \$8.75. Full examination allowed before you pay one cent. Therefore order, as you have all to gain and nothing to lose. When ordering, write plainly your full name, nearest express and P.O. address. C.O.D. \$8.75. State if you desire Lady's or Gent's Watch.

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500 SCRAP PICTURES CARDS, MOTTOES, RIDDLES, GAMES, ETC., FREE PARKER & CO., MONTWASE, CONN.

\$2,000.00 CASH PRIZES

The following is a correct list of the prize winners under our special \$2,000.00 Holiday Prize Offer. These amounts were paid to the respective parties in addition to the large cash profits and regular premiums earned by them in selling our great discovery, Oxien, the Wonderful Food for the Nerves, and Oxien Plasters.

List of Awards.

For most progress selling Oxien from October, 1893, to January 27, 1894.

- \$300 cash, first prize,** won by Mrs. H. Vassar Ambler, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
\$200 cash, second prize, won by J. N. Williams, Pittsburgh, Pa.
\$100 cash, third prize, won by H. E. Wheeler, Seattle, Wash.
\$50 cash, fourth prize, won by Mrs. L. W. Shaw, Mapleton, Maine.
\$35 cash, fifth prize, won by D. W. Waitman, Knoxville, Tenn.
\$25 cash, sixth prize, won by Allen Arnold, So. Dayton, N. Y.
\$15 cash, seventh prize, won by M. G. Gleason, Cambridgeboro, Pa.
\$50 cash, (five prizes of \$10 each), won by V. E. Worthington, Jamestown, N. Y.; Mrs. Lucy A. Heath, Gorham, N. H.; Mrs. M. J. Morgan, Arkansas City, Kans.; Rev. A. Follansbee, Chatfield, Minn.; Samantha Foster, Duquoin, Ill.
\$425 cash (85 prizes of \$5 each), won by John Geiwitz, Hokah, Minn.; Michael Shirer, Zanesville, Ohio; Mrs. O. G. Hedges, Glyndon, Md.; Mrs. S. D. Fields, Chili, Wis.; Mrs. J. V. Gillson, Owego, N. Y.; I. R. Jordan, Burroak, Kans.; Thos. Householder, Braddock, Pa.; A. J. Huey, Berne, Ind.; Sarah J. Hill, Westville, Ind.; Martha Jackson, Wesson, Kans.; Mrs. Emily Nellus, Boston, Mass.; J. M. Nelson, Escatawpa, Miss.; J. J. Finson, Bangor, Maine; F. H. Peabody, Richmond, Vt.; Miss Etta Dunn, Corry, Pa.; John C. Pilatzke, Eaganville, Ont.; Mrs. D. M. Clark, Alma, Colo.; Mrs. Dora E. Follett, Schenecoe, N. Y.; Mary Ellis Wise, Suffolk, Va.; Mrs. William O'Connor, Sturgis, Mich.; J. N. Thompson, Centreville, Texas; Miss C. J. Cromwell, Tacoma, Wash.; Susie A. Kline, Frederick, Md.; Emma E. Branson, Greencastle, Ind.; Mrs. S. B. Mabey, Amboy, Ill.; Mrs. L. Eberle, Puttsville, Pa.; H. A. Cross, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Geo. Brittingham, North Vernon, Ind.; Mrs. Nancy Gillett, Baxter, Iowa; Mrs. W. L. Moad, El Moro, Colo.; Mrs. Geo. Nurse, Yreka, Calif.; S. J. Murphy, Marengo, Iowa; Lewis Bell, Wichita, Kans.; Chas. Miner, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. E. J. Corlew, Litchfield, Ill.; Mrs. Ann Putnam, Vancouver, Wash.; Mary E. Crum, Grange, N. H.; Horatio Duplissa, Great Works, Maine; Mrs. E. Thorn, Amboy, Ind.; J. H. Hines, Bellefonte, Pa.; Mrs. Louisa Stanberry, Diona, Ill.; Mrs. Lula Little, Farrar, Texas; Mrs. Sarah E. Hedges, Clinton, Ind.; E. Ida Frizzell, Eau Claire, Wis.; H. W. Edwards, Here's Store, N. C.; Elijah Greenfield, Sterling, Neb.; Hannah L. Stickney, Eagleton, Wis.; Emanuel Yeiser, Union Mills, Md.; R. B. Dunham, Newark, Ark.; Mrs. Mary A. Leavett, Winthrop, Maine; Geo. H. Weller, Wabash, Ohio; Mrs. Jane Negtey, Wahoo, Neb.; Jesse Brown, Sherman, Texas; Miss Emma Nickerson, Sauk Centre, Minn.; Jacob Overholzer, Dodson, Ohio; Jennie M. Robinson, Hampden, Maine; Elizabeth G. Whistler, Ohio; Mrs. Hannah G. Widdoe, Emerson, Neb.; Mrs. R. C. Byers, Rochester, Ill.; W. H. Hathaway, Aurora, Ind.; F. S. Parrott, Humeston, Iowa; J. P. Wiseman, Itasca, Texas; Mrs. J. R. Maple, Chadron, Neb.; Thos. C. Middleton, Farmer, S. Dak.; James W. Parks, Watson, Ill.; J. H. Quicksall, Pearl, Texas; C. M. Collins, Woodburn, Oregon; Mary B. Kohn, Castleton, Ill.; Mrs. Harriet Taylor, Mechanicsburg, Ohio; M. H. Torrey, Lexington, Miss.; H. H. Bigelow, Shelburne Falls, Mass.; F. M. Hughes, Talmage, Cal.; Mrs. S. A. Austin, Puttsville, Ky.; Mrs. Sarah M. Crosby, Cortland, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary J. Wheeler, Cantey, Oregon; Mrs. Lucinda Fast, Charlotte, Mich.; Ira D. McCarrison, Appleton, Maine; Mrs. Hannah J. McGinness, State Line, Ind.; Mrs. L. Seebler, Welliston, N. Y.; W. O. Roasberry, Albert Lea, Minn.; Miss Minnie Fisher, Brimfield, Ill.; Mrs. Sarah Cole, Mechanics Falls, Maine; Libbie Giddings, Latimer, Ohio; Michael Hamm, Java Centre, N. Y.; Sallie Brunton, Trenton, N. J.

\$800 In addition to the above, Eight Hundred was awarded to those agents who sent us the best hints on "How to Sell Oxien."

No such opportunity has ever been offered both sexes, old and young, for making money and building up a pleasant, profitable, and permanent business, without neglecting home duties, as the sale of Oxien presents. Many hundred men and women are already making fortunes, for our article is needed everywhere, sells on sight, and yields a splendid profit. Besides this, we pay liberal cash and other premiums and special cash prizes for best progress.

No experience or special qualifications are needed. Any one who wants to can make money with our Wonderful Discovery.

A case in point is that of Mrs. H. Vassar Ambler, 146 Cherry Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., whose receipt is here printed.

\$300.00 Poughkeepsie, N.Y., February 8, 1894.
I have this day received of The Giant Oxie Company of Augusta, Maine, Three Hundred dollars cash, being the prize won by me under their special holiday \$200.00 cash offer. This sum was paid me in addition to such premiums as I am entitled to under the Company's regular premium offer to agents. I gladly state in this connection that the Giant Oxie Company have always done exactly as they have agreed to do.
Mrs. H. Vassar Ambler
146 Cherry St.

This lady never even heard of Oxien until last summer, when her brother, who is connected with one of the Universities, called her attention to it. She first bought \$1.75 worth, which produced such marvellous results right in her own home and among friends and neighbors that she was induced to send for a \$5.00 lot, which she quickly sold. She then bought a \$25.00 lot, and now buys in \$100.00 lots, and not only doubles her money every week, but also will receive one of our splendid cash premiums we give to all progressive agents. Besides all this, she won a \$300.00 cash prize under our special holiday offer. Hers is by no means an exceptional case, for many of our agents, men and women, buy in \$200.00, \$300.00, and \$500.00 lots.

While every lady may not be able to do as well as this, there is not an active woman anywhere who can not earn a handsome income and win one of our premiums, if she wants to. Every package of our Discovery tells its own story, and the printed proofs we furnish in quantities free to all agents enable any active man or woman to build up a permanent and profitable business, without neglecting his or her home duties. No time in the entire history of our country was so favorable as the present is for turning physical despondency and financial depression into happiness and profit, for the simple reason that at no time was an article like the one exclusively controlled by us so badly needed everywhere.

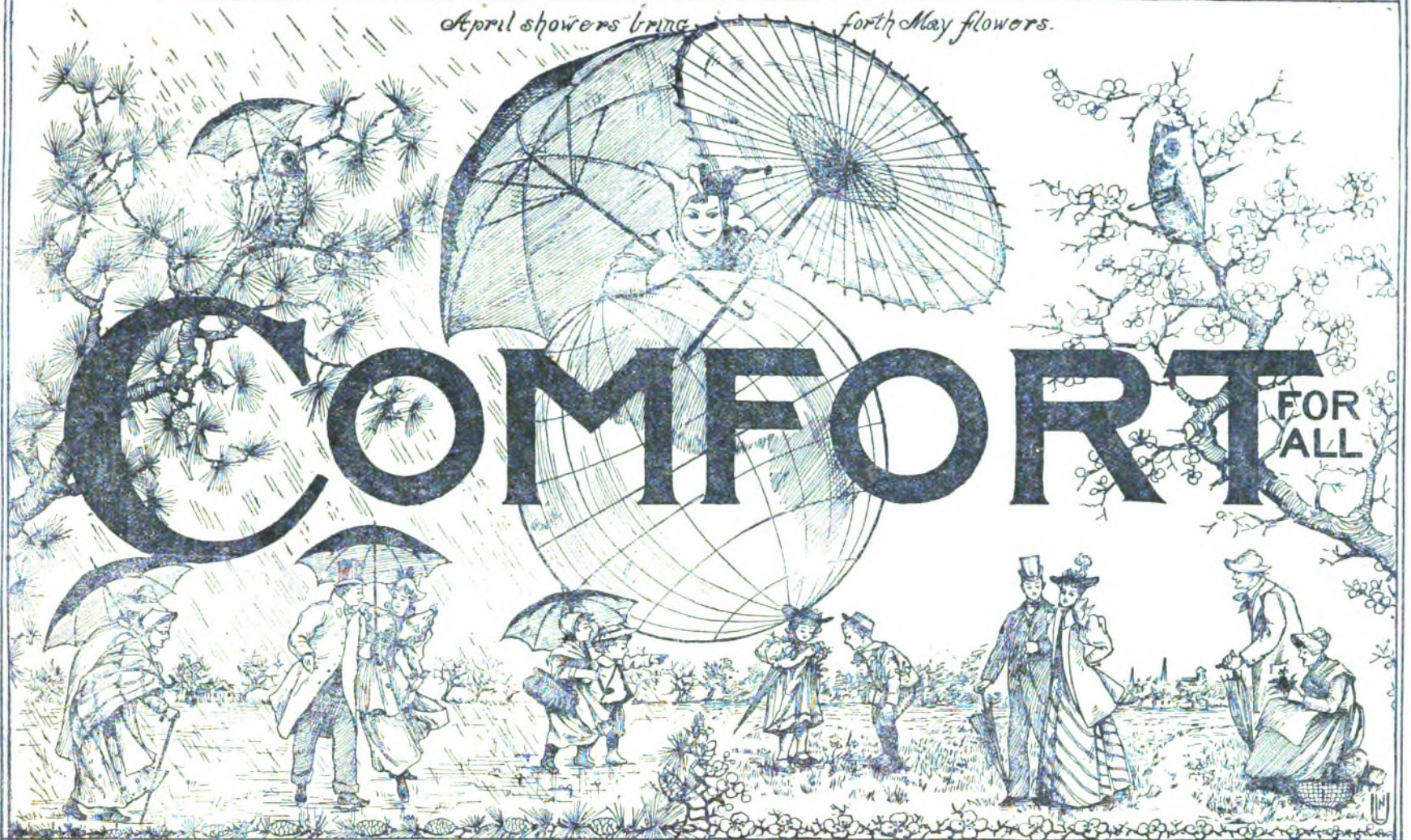
Write at once for full particulars, "Home Made Dollars," A Lucky Investment, and free samples, before your territory is taken up by another. Mention this paper.

PRIZE COUPON CUT OUT THIS COUPON and enclose with 10 cents for mailing and we will deliver a special box (size 5x8 inches) containing samples of the Food to eat together with an Oxien Electric Plaster, which alone retails for 25 cts. This will give you a starter. Address,

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 326 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

We cannot send a Free Plaster on above Coupon offer to any one who has already taken advantage of previous offers and received one free, as only one is given to each family for trial.

April showers bring forth May flowers.



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AUGUSTA MAINE

Comfort's Nutshell Story Club.



Telling one of Comfort's Prize Stories.

\$100.00 PRIZE STORIES \$100.00

PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL.

Chas. Edw. Barns, First Prize.
Gilbert Patten, Second Prize.
Sarah M. Maverick, Third Prize.
William Albert Lewis, Fourth Prize.
H. Z. Wick, Fifth Prize.

TRAPPED BY BEDOUINS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CHAS. EDW. BARNES.

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WE had encamped in a desolate spot in the great wilderness below the ancient city of Hebron.

No one who has not struggled over the arid and grim wastes about the Dead Sea can form any conception of the bleak, soundless solitudes that stretch from ancient Sodom and Gomorrah southward—a pathless network of almost verdureless ravines, where every living thing seems to be

hearing the primeval curse. Here and there, among the deep convolutions, are tombs hewn out of the solid rock—black rectangular spots on the bold face of the aged cliffs, no longer holding the dust of the ancient dead, but the shelter now for the nomadic tribes of Bedouins who make these chambers in the solid rock their temporary camps, after first taking the precaution to drive out the reptiles and perhaps a hyena.

Many of these tombs still retain rude stone sarcophagi with interesting carvings which emptied us, now and then, to make explorations within, with a taper in one hand, a revolver in the other; and more than once valuable antiquarian facts were the reward.

Moonlight in this wilderness is weird and enchanting beyond description. From a high point near our camp it was my custom to sit far into the night watching the Bedouins before their tomb-camps, seated in circles about a brush-fire, singing the wild, strange songs of the desert, the monotony now and then broken by one of the young girls dancing upon a spread shred of matting, to the maddening minor of the Arab pipes and the tum-tum.

Now and then broke in the shriek of a night-bird, or the baying of wolves, sitting on their haunches in rows on the edge of the cliffs like so many wailing hounds—a cry so mournful and freezing that one stops breathing to look about in terror, as if apprehending danger. It is indeed fascinating, but horrible!

We had sent our chief dragoman to Hebron for provisions. Although called *El-Khalel*, the Friend, Hebron is about as friendly as a starved hyena.

Not a Christian, so far as we could discover, lived within its bleak and solemn walls; and the hatred of the *giaour*, which in the north is more or less unexposed, thus far toward Mecca the Mahometan scorn for the Christian reaches fanaticism.

The wandering tribes of religious maniacs are without restraint, and the only thing which prevents a foreign party from being descended upon and robbed—killed if the least resistance is offered—is the presence of one of their own flesh and blood, who, in the guise of a guide, takes a bribe for the safe conduct of the party. It is for this reason we never wandered singly about the ravines very far from the camp. But familiarity breeds contempt of fear, and this is what nearly led to my destruction.

It was growing cooler—which means that it was near four o'clock in the afternoon. I had wandered a little way down the steep defiles when I was confronted by a swarthy Bedouin with such a grin of friendliness upon his face that my moment's fear vanished. A fantastic gun was swung over his shoulder, and, though his belt glistened with the handles and hilts of a small flint-lock armory, in his outstretched hands he extended toward me a piece of yellowed stone bearing part of a very interesting inscription.

My antiquarian love got the better of me, and I asked the vandal where he obtained it. "In a tomb down the ravine yonder," he said; and as my knowledge of Arabic, and particularly the Bedouin jargon, was limited, he conveyed the greater part of his information by the aid of signs. "Go with me; I will show you. You will be the first Frank who has ever entered it." "Lead on," said I. "I will follow!"

For the first ten minutes of the way I was too much occupied in following the splendid athlete down the rough and perilous path to notice much else, or realize my foolhardiness. It was not until we made a sharp turn and struck into a new sort of canon, of which I had made no mental note in our researches, that I began to familiarize myself with little landmarks for my return. Then, from behind a ragged declivity, I noticed that my guide was joined by another, and without the accustomed Arab salute, showing that the matter was prearranged. Then I began to stumble and lag behind, filled with wonder. I knew two things: that to turn about, showing the white feather, would be absolutely fatal; that the unwritten Mahometan law among the Bedouins is that if they can dip their hands in the blood of a *giaour*, or "infidel," in self defense, an eternal heaven is their reward. I knew that the slightest pretext would be used to justify this self-defense. Not a week before, a French traveler wandered from his party near the Dead Sea, was pounced upon and robbed, not only of his valuables and weapons, but of his clothes, leaving him only his broad cork helmet to protect him, and only the fact that the booty was large saved his life. With me the booty would be small; and I was much nearer Mecca than was the unfortunate Frenchman. My destiny was plain—unless I practiced a stratagem.

Meanwhile the two "guides" were joined by a third, again without salutes—a vicious looking brute who gave me a glance that shot my heart into my throat. And still they led on.

I thought of everything I had about me that

would possibly divert them—watches, trinkets of all kinds they were familiar with—and I did not know enough of their language to divert them with a rousing good story. In moments like these, with the brain on fire and the face as calm as a stone basilisk, betraying not the least fear which would be fatal, problems which one cannot solve, one leaves to solve themselves. I simply plodded on, awaiting the inevitable.

Suddenly I looked up; the trio had stopped, and I knew that my time was come.

The first of the rascals was already lighting a rude rush taper, having emptied the contents of a flagon of oil upon it. One of the others pointed to a small square hole in the ledge, about the mouth of which I saw the debris lately removed—pointed to it as the executioner might point to his guillotine. I came up to them, burying my nails in my palms to conceal my trembling, when suddenly—oh! by what intervention of Providence do these things happen?—I hear the pur-r-r of a wild pheasant around the edge of the steep crag, turning quickly to mark its flight.

In these intense moments we risk all on the simplest thing. As the bird circled swiftly to the left, I drew my revolver and shot. I was nearly stunned with my own miracle of marksmanship, but the pheasant dropped, and calmly I replaced my weapon, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world. With one or two grunts of amazement, one of the three "guides" swept down the ledge and secured the bird. It was headless! The three men looked at me, then at the bird; then at me, then at that bird. Then I took up the rush taper and crept into the cave tomb.

Setting the rush light down at one side, I climbed to the center of the cave and sat facing that little rectangular patch of God's sunshine, revolver in hand. After that exhibition of my talents such as I never could duplicate were I to live a thousand years, would they come? I made up my mind that the first face over that patch of sky would get the bullet, and I waited.

Oh that horrible silence! I could hear my veins and arteries strained with their intense pulsations. Would they come after that? Moments were now like hours, and still I watched.

No; they would hold me prisoner till darkness, when I could no longer see to shoot, and then— I forgot the inscriptions and the folly they fostered by leading me into this den of dismal. Suddenly a stir at the other end of the cave, and I turned quickly. Two bright, phosphoric lights glowed through the solid darkness! I stopped breathing. Man or beast, here then was a new peril; stay or flee, I was lost. Staring at those two burning dots, like peep-holes into hell, I seemed to grow numb. Then no longer able to do anything, from very desperation I raised my revolver in my two hands, leveled it and fired. There was no sound following—the two staring bright eyes disappeared, and I staggered up through the little rectangular patch of light, and stood in the thankful twilight face to face with my three stupefied warders.

"Go in and fetch him out," said I without a tremor.

"What is it?"

"Go in and see!" Two crept in, leaving a third, probably thinking that it was merely a trick of mine to make them prisoners in turn.

I sat down—or rather, melted to my knees from sheer exhaustion; then began lighting my pipe.

In a few moments the two swarthy Arabs emerged, dragging after them a magnificent she-leopard with a bullet-hole between the eyes.

"The cave has another entrance beyond," said the chief rascal; and, disappearing again, he brought out four blind young cubs in his arms!

Then the villains, suddenly made my friends, formed a sort of carrying tree, and with our booty, they guided me back to camp where my friends were writing obituaries to cable home to Washington. I read them; they were very flattering, but I don't propose that they shall make use of them for a long time yet. Meanwhile, I am stretched out on that leopard-skin now, making its smooth head my writing desk, once in a while reaching around to fondle that bullet-hole in its forehead. For, it was either one or the other of us that day.

MY UNSEEN DOUBLE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY GILBERT PATTEN.

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hair is gray? Do you wonder I am an old man before my time?

I was not a believer in ghosts; in fact, I was not a believer in anything to speak of, and my friends called me an Atheist. I did not dream there was the least particle of superstition in my makeup, and yet within thirty minutes after it came to me for the first time that bleak March night I was cringing and cowering like a poltroon who has stood face to face with a wrath.

I had been to the theatre to see one of the old comedies, and thoroughly enjoyed the evening. I knew there was nothing in the play that could have brought uncanny fancies to my brain, and yet when I ascended the stairs to my room at midnight I distinctly heard the steps of another person close behind me. Three times I turned on the stairs, but the light that shone in by the vestibule from the street lamp before the door showed me no living thing—nothing but the shuddering shadows that huddled far back below the banister.

When I unlocked the door of my room, I felt a presence close at my shoulder; the breath of a palpable being seemed to sweep my cheek. With trembling haste, I turned the key, removed it from the lock, opened the door

quickly and leaped through, shutting it with a bang that echoed hollowly through the house. I placed my back against the door and stood there listening, only to make the fell discovery that it was also in the room, although Heaven knew I did not understand how it had ever passed that door!

"It is nothing," I declared, turning the key in the lock—"nothing but imagination. I have been working too hard, and my nerves are unstrung—that is all."

My voice sounded uncertain and full of echoes, and I knew the horror of something uncanny was on me, even though I denied the existence of this unseen something. I walked to the mantle and took down my pipe and tobacco, for surely a smoke would quiet my nerves and dispel morbid imaginings. Having filled the pipe, I lighted it and sat down by the hearth, where from the ashes of my dead fire a faint warmth still came forth. At the opposite side of the hearth was a leather-covered rocking chair; I sat in my favorite willow rocker.

All at once, I started up and stared astounded at the opposite chair, feeling my hair rise on my head as I looked, for it was in motion, rocking as regularly as if occupied by a human being! There was no rational reason why that empty chair should rock in such a manner, and with a muttered expression of anger, I arose and checked the motion; but I had barely seated myself again when it was once more rocking as steadily as before.

My pipe had gone out, and I flung it nervously into the ashes of the grate, scarcely realizing what I did. Then, resolutely tearing my eyes from the swaying chair that seemed to fascinate me, I began to undress for bed. I was not yet conquered. I would not give up thus soon.

As I undressed I seemed to hear another person moving about in the room and removing his garments. I was standing before the chiffoniere to untie my cravat when the glass showed me just over my left shoulder the shadowy reflection of a second face—a face that seemed the exact counterpart of my own. I stepped aside and turned swiftly, but I saw no one.

A cold sweat came out upon me, although I still believed myself the victim of hallucinations. My bed stood out from the wall, the room being large. I sat down on the side and took off my shoes, dropping them on the floor, at the same time hearing, it seemed, another pair of shoes dropped on the other side of the bed. When I had prepared myself for sleep, I turned the gas low and crept into the bed. While doing so, I saw the clothes on the opposite side turned back, and then another being seemed to get beneath them. I plainly saw the outline of a man's figure, and I saw the depression in the pillow where his head lay, but my eyes looked on no living thing and my hands grasped nothing but empty air.

I tried to sleep, but I could hear its regular breathing, and that kept me awake. All at once, it seemed to arise from the bed, and I heard the sound of bare feet passing around by the foot. Then my gas went out. The thought of being in that locked room alone with that unseen horror gave me a shock that nearly drove me mad. I leaped up and lighted the gas, after which I dressed with frantic haste, not pausing to listen for any sound. Within five minutes, I was on the street, my first thought being to walk, walk, walk that I might get away from this thing that haunted me. But I heard its footsteps at my side until daylight came, and then I was alone.

That day I visited my physician and told him everything. He looked at my tongue, felt my pulse, and said I was in a very bad way. I must have rest and fresh air, nothing else would bring me around. So I went away into the country for two weeks, but the thing followed me everywhere. Not a night passed that it did not come to me and remain until dawn, and although I could not sleep at first, there came a time when weariness and utter exhaustion conquered so that I slumbered fitfully in the same bed with this horror.

Instead of being recuperated, when I came back to the city I was so changed my old friends scarcely recognized me. My cheeks were sunken and my hair sprinkled with gray, while all the buoyancy had departed from my step and my eyes. I looked like a human being forever haunted by the memory of a fearful crime. My physician was actually frightened, and when I told my story to my friends I saw they thought my mind breaking down. I did not wonder at this, for I had begun to believe I was indeed becoming deranged, and had that shadow continued to follow me I must have ended in a mad house.

As the spring grew fair and sweet, I grew old and shaken. Although it never came to me thus again, I remembered the shadowy face I had seen in the mirror of my dresser, and that led me to believe I was haunted by the ghost of myself—I came to think the thing a part of myself—my very soul, perchance. But I dared not tell this to my friends, for already they feared me, and I knew they might take it upon themselves to shut me up where I could do no harm.

I moved about from place to place, vainly trying to shake the thing off, but it clung to me until I was once more back in the room where it first visited me. I had taken to drink to brace my nerves, and it was the night of June 15th that I came to my room with an unsteady step, even essaying the chorus of a popular song. I took off my shoes and flung myself down on the bed without undressing, not having lighted the gas.

As I lay there, I heard its step at the door and it came in. I did not turn or arise, although I distinctly heard every movement. It walked about the room in the dark, and I heard a slap, slap, slap, as if a razor were being whetted on an open palm. Then came another sound, a horrible sound as of a keen blade gashed through flesh and gristle, followed closely by a thud that jarred the floor and seemed to indicate that a body had fallen. Then there was a blood-chilling gurgle, gurgle, mingled with the hoarse breathing of a dying man.

Sobered, I leaped up and lighted the gas. And there on the floor before me lay a man with his throat cut from ear to ear, a razor grasping in his right hand! One look at his face showed me he was my perfect double so far as features were concerned.

My cries aroused the house, and they found me unconscious by the door against which I had beaten with my bare hands. That door was not locked, the front door of the house was not locked, and prone in the middle of the room lay a man with his throat cut—dead! It was two months before I recovered, and then they told me he was a poor Danish artist who had been driven mad by ill-fortune and despondency. How he came in my room no one knew, but I must have left the doors unlocked and thus enabled him to gain admittance.

But now comes the strangest part of it all. From the moment I saw my double lying dead at my feet until now I have been haunted no more by uncanny sounds! I am free, I trust, forever of the unseen thing that dogged my footsteps and slumbered night after night at my side.

Scores of people to whom I have told this story have offered as many different explanations, but not one of them all has satisfied me.

The Story Rover Told Us.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY SARAH M. MAVERICK.

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I KNOW I'm only a dog, but even a dog must have his day, and when I look back I think I've had several that I don't care to live over again. Folks think if they give us enough to eat, and drink, and a decent place to sleep in that's enough, but it isn't for me, and lots of other dogs have told me the same. We want companionship and sympathy just as much as do those who own us. We have our stories, too.

You see we St. Bernards have been educated till we are about half human, and I come from those who were trained by the old monks in the monasteries way off in the mountains of Switzerland. Being such a large animal I attract attention, so I was not surprised when I found one day that I had changed hands, and my new master was taking me out to the frontier "to care for the wife and the bairnie" when he was away, he said, as he stroked my back, and when I looked into his kindly face I was willing enough to go.

The wife and bairnie were like him, and "dear old Rover" as she called me, was made one of the family.

But the baby, little sweetheart, was my special care. She could just talk, and toddle round. "Wover," she'd call, "Oo nice boy, Wover, come here. Me do walkin' now," and when I came up and stood beside her she would catch her tiny fingers in my long hair, and I'd walk slowly all around the room with her. Sometimes she would get so tired she would fall right down on the mat, and then I'd lie down too, and take her in my arms, same as her mother held her, and she would sleep for hours. And me too? No sir; I was on guard.

We didn't have much adventure on the way out; got scared two or three times thinking the Indians were after us, and once the whole train was delayed by a couple of sick horses. I rode in the van a good part of the time, and when we stopped over night my place was that of watchman.

I felt sorry for the pretty young wife when we reached our journey's end. She waited till my master was out of sight, and then she knelt down on the floor, and putting both arms around my neck she cried as though her heart was breaking. To tell the truth the tears were in my eyes, too. I did feel so homesick. Poor little girl-wife, if she could have looked ahead. Ah well, we can't, and perhaps it's a blessing. "Well Rover, old doggie, we must make the best of it now," she said, and when he came in she was her bright cheery self again. Perhaps he guessed, for he looked at her anxiously, but he didn't say anything, and I never told him.

Time rolled on, and the life we led was about the same every day—the young folks always busy; once in a while a scare about the Indians, and once a month master went away for supplies, leaving me to protect the little home. Oh dear! how I watched and worried till he got back. It was such a care. Not that I was unwilling, but I was only a dog, you know, and the responsibility was great.

We had been there about two years. One day my master started on his usual journey, leaving me in charge. "Good-bye, Rover," he called as he rode off, "take good care, and don't let little May get lost."

"Bow-wow," I answered, as I stood up on my hind feet, and laid my paw on my heart, a trick my mistress taught me a day or two before. He laughed, and swung his cap as he replied: "All right, Rover," and we were alone till the next day.

Baby May had grown fast, and ran all around now, and we had all we could do to keep her from getting lost. The little sprite took a perfect delight in frightening us. The very spirit of mischief held possession of her that day, and for hours I did nothing but watch her. I lay dozing with one paw on her dress to make sure of her, when all of a sudden she jumped up and ran. "Oh! Wover, Wover," she cried, "see long pitty stwing; me pick it up!"

It was a long, slender snake, beautiful in its brilliant colors, but its bite meant death, and I just grabbed Miss Baby by the back of her dress, and carried her into the house, she kicking and screaming till her little face was almost purple. I gave her to her mother, and went out to find the snake. We had it hot and heavy, but I killed him. My mistress almost fainted with terror, and remembering the old saying about a snake meaning an enemy, I could not shake off the feeling of impending danger all day.

However, nothing happened, and the next morning we were awake early watching for master's coming.

Near the middle of the forenoon my mistress sent me to the barn to see what disturbed the cattle. While I was there I heard her calling May. I saw the child asleep on the lounge when I came out, and I thought it strange if she had awakened so quickly. Receiving no answer, she called me. Baby had a trick of not answering her mother, but she was sure to follow where I went, and her mother knew she would come if she was with me.

"Oh Rover," she cried when she saw me alone, "May is gone; go find her."

I dashed into the house, and, sure enough, the scent was that of an Indian. I tried to tell her by smelling along the floor, and on out-doors, and she understood our baby was stolen. Evidently it was the work of one only. The rascally redskin had made the noise in the barn to draw me away, and while my mistress was in the kitchen he had stolen in quietly and taken the child. Our nearest neighbor was half a mile away, and my heart ached for the poor little mother as I rushed along on the trail of the Indian.

At last I saw them. He was on foot, carrying May in his arms. I followed, keeping out of sight. Finally he halted, and looking carefully around, concluded he was safe. He laid the child in the shade, and went down the sloping bank of a stream to drink. Here was my chance. I crept up and touched her on the hand. She was a wise little thing, and without making a sound she jumped on my back, and I was off.

I hadn't gone more than a quarter of a mile before I detected the sound of running feet, and a moment after an arrow flew over my head. Baby laid low, but the next one struck her in the shoulder, and with a gasping cry she dropped to the ground. I caught her in my

mouth, and ran for a shelter while he was rushing around in a vain search for us. This gave me a chance to rest, and I pulled the arrow from May's shoulder with my teeth. It was almost spent, and had only pierced the flesh, but it was pitiful to see her vain efforts to keep back the tears.

Seeing the Indian coming toward us, I picked her up, and ran quite a distance before he saw me. With a whoop he started. Just then I heard a faint sound, and I knew help was coming. I couldn't carry her much longer as an arrow had struck me on the flank, and besides it was hard work to breathe. I laid her down, and waited for the redskin to come up. I could fight and keep him there till they came. Just before he reached me I made a dart for his throat. He was off his guard, and I had him almost at my mercy. When they reached us he was dead, and I was pretty near it, but I kept my senses long enough to deliver the child into safe keeping.

They carried us home, and after a time I got well, but our baby was laid in her tiny grave within the next fortnight. The fright, and the wound, together, were too much for her frail strength.

She kept around till the time she died. One afternoon she walked feebly over to my bed in the corner of the room, and fairly fell into my arms. "Wover," she said, "me so tired. You dood doggie to Baby. Me tuss you dood-bye. Me doin' sleep now." I cuddled her close, and dropped off myself. I was awakened by hearing my master say: "Don't be frightened, Annie; here she is with Rover." The mistress stooped down with a loving word for me, but the next instant started back with a cry of agony.

"Oh my baby," she wailed, "she said she was tired, and wanted to sleep, but I didn't think she was dying!"

Yes, it was true. Little May would never be tired again, for she had gone to her last, long sleep while folded in my arms, and no one knows how I've missed her ever since that dreadful day.

Ah well; they came east after awhile, and though other loved children have come to them, their hearts still mourn o'er that tiny mound that marks their home on the western frontier.

The Governor's Wedding Gift.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY WILLIAM ALBERT LEWIS.

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Y dear girl, as Frederick Malcolm, I would gladly pardon Henry Fuller. But, as Governor of the State, I am compelled to say he will have to serve his sentence."

Governor Malcolm reached down and took the uplifted, imploring hands of the weeping girl who had sunk upon her knees before the chief magistrate in a piteous, agonizing appeal for the pardon of her incarcerated lover.

Henry Fuller had betrayed the trust reposed in him by the officers of a bank. He had embezzled, had been detected, had confessed, and had been sentenced to a term of five years in the State prison.

Pretty, trusting Mabel Lee sunk under the blow and the disgrace as a tender woman will shrink; but she was true and loyal, and when the grated door closed on her hope and pride, she implored the bank officials, the prosecuting attorney, and the judge; and, with their combined approval for pardon, she beseeched the youthful Governor of the State, in whose power the liberating function was vested.

"Have pity on me, Governor!" she prayed. "I am an orphan, and all alone in the world; and Henry and I were to have been married on New Year's day next! He isn't wicked, Governor! He only got into bad company! Do forgive him this one wrong! I promise you he will remain honorable hereafter! For the sake of a poor, helpless girl, Governor, pardon him!"

Tears coursed down the florid face of the Governor, and his stout frame shook with pitying emotions as he listened to the imploring of this grovelling woman. "Miss Lee," he said at length, nervously himself for the remorse his tender heart told him would follow his utterance. "I cannot do as you ask. Spare me a longer interview. There are circumstances connected with Mr. Fuller's offence which will not, in my judgment, admit of executive clemency. Again, my girl, I must tell you he will have to serve his sentence!"

The doorkeepers bore Mabel fainting from the room.

A few evenings later Mrs. Malcolm entered the drawing-room attired for the opera.

"My dear," remarked the Governor, donning his overcoat, "I must commend your exquisite taste in the selection of that gown. It is simply superb!"

"It was not my taste, Fred, it was chosen and made by Miss Mabel Lee; that young lady, you remember, whose lover you refused to pardon. You know, Fred, I never offer suggestions regarding your official acts. Were I accustomed to do so I would ask you to pardon that man."

"Why, my dear? What interest have you in this embezzler?"

"None, Fred. But I am a woman, and can appreciate a woman's sufferings. Miss Lee idolizes that man. Separation from him is not killing her; but the knowledge that he is a felon is slowly wearing her young life away. Oh, Fred, if you only knew Mabel Lee as I know her! Would you do something for me, for your wife, Fred?"

And stately Mrs. Malcolm crossed to where the Governor stood, buttoning his glove. He divined her purpose; and raising his hand with an air of mild deprecation so potent with His Excellency, remarked:

"My dear, not now. Not at all if it involves me officially. Permit me. We are late."

With gracious deference he offered his arm to the magnificent woman who bore his name, and they descended the steps to their carriage.

Governor Malcolm was uneasy. Ever since Mabel Lee had knelt before him and besought him to liberate her affianced husband, he had watched passersby in the street, looking for some face he never saw. Night after night a face flitted across his dreaming brain. It was the tear-stained, anguish-wrought face of Mabel Lee. He looked in the papers daily for something he only anticipated vaguely. Mrs. Malcolm never referred to the matter; but she wore the admired costume on every possible occasion, and she observed that the Governor took unusual notice of it.

It was the night of the 30th of December. Governor Malcolm was sitting in his library. Without a terrific snow storm was raging.

"To-morrow," muttered the popular Executive to himself, "my term of office expires, and I retire from the highest position my fellow citizens can bestow upon me. I have fulfilled, to the best of my ability, the duties of my charge. In my public acts I have nothing to regret. Yet I am not satisfied with myself. I am haunted with a reproach—"

"Don't mention it, Mabel, you are very welcome."

It was Mrs. Malcolm's voice in the hall. "I wish I could do something for you, poor girl; but never since the Governor has been in office have I interposed a word for anybody. So you see, my dear—"

"Oh, I know, Mrs. Malcolm, I know. You would help me if you could. But it is hard to live through

(NUTSHELL STORIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)

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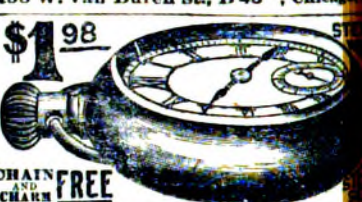
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next few days. They were to have been our honeymoon. And oh, Mrs. Malcolm, I have always had to be a good woman and to deserve a little happiness in life; but misfortunes have followed me constantly. Father and mother dead; Henry in prison; I all alone; work very scarce; and I find it hard to make both ends meet. You are very good to give me the money to-night. I didn't expect it so soon, Mrs. Malcolm, but it will enable me to send my little reminder of New Year's day—

Frederick Malcolm could bear no more. He arose from his easy chair before the grate fire, crossed hurriedly to the door, and stepped into the hall. "The Governor!" murmured the afflicted girl, respectfully.

"Miss Lee," said his Excellency, a tremor in his voice, "would you step in here a minute?" And Governor Malcolm placed his arm about his life and led her in also. Then he closed the door. "Be seated, please."

The thin, pale face looked up wonderingly into the handsome, troubled eyes of the Governor. He crossed the fire, and turning faced both women sitting before him.

"Miss Lee, to-morrow night at twelve o'clock I shall cease to be Governor. Day after to-morrow will be New Year's day. I believe you told me that you had been your wedding day?"

"Yes," came the whisper from trembling lips. Tears came in Mrs. Malcolm's eyes as she placed her arm about the weeping girl. She knew what was coming. She could read it in the face she knew so well. Gladness and pride beamed forth as she looked into her husband's eyes.

"I have completed," continued the Governor, "every act I owe this State; and I shall retire with a regret. But I have been troubled for some time. What it was that caused me uneasiness I could not tell. Now I know. The moment I heard your voice in the hall to-night it came over me like a flash. I gave a duty to perform to you. It shall be done now, with pardon Henry Fuller."

A suppressed cry, and the poorly clad, toiling little woman fell into the arms of the sympathizing woman who wept over her and with her.

The Governor sat at his desk and wrote for a few moments.

"Miss Mabel," he said, leaning back in his chair, "I have signed the paper which makes your affianced husband a free man. Mrs. Malcolm will see you safely up stairs for the night, and in the morning my messenger shall take this document and bring Mr. Fuller here. I will have a talk with him, and he shall enter my employ. New Year's day you shall be married in our parlors. And here, Miss Mabel, is my wedding gift."

Governor Malcolm placed in the trembling hand of the happiest woman in the State a common, steel-nib pen.

Why He Believed in Ghosts.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY H. Z. WICK.

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ELL, folks, as you seem to have come to the unanimous conclusion that there are no ghosts, allow me to tell you of a personal experience," said one of a number of men, who were engaged in the pleasant occupation of telling yarns. "I do not expect to change your opinions; in fact, I would give very much of my wealth could I be of the same opinion as you. However, with your permission, here goes:

"When I was about twenty years of age a young man, who lived in our neighborhood, came to me one evening and tried to induce me to go and sleep with him. I never made very close acquaintances in those days, being somewhat of an independent person, and I knew him only as a good neighbor. I noticed that the young man was very nervous and somewhat unsettled physically. Something seemed to wear on his mind with perceptible effect.

"Mr. B," he said, "I do not want to tell you why I desire your company, but knowing you to be a well-nerved person I ask you, seriously, to have the kindness to spend just one night with me, as it might be the means of dispelling from my mind what, perhaps is, after all, only an illusion."

"I pitied him exceedingly, but had to be excused that night on account of a previous engagement. However, I promised him, if he felt he needed me, that I would be pleased to go with him the next night. This I could do, as I knew no wrong of him in the three years he had lived near me.

"He thanked me and left. "Next evening, within twenty minutes of bedtime for me, a rap at my study door drew my attention from some literary work I was at, and before I had finished calling, 'Come in,' the door opened and there he was. I bade him be seated. He seemed even more nervous than he had the night before.

"Well, Smith, what is it?" I asked. "I am no criminal, Mr. B," he replied, "yet there is no rest for me at least until I understand my situation better than I do now. To assure you of my sincerity I will tell you all.

"Up to three years ago I lived in the town of C—. Our next neighbor had a little girl about my age, and we grew up together, first as playmates, then school-mates, and, as we neared maturity, we became lovers. Many little walks did we take together and many were the vows we gave. Life seemed like a paradise to us always, and when we were not in each other's company we were not contented. There was no play so much enjoyed as the play we two planned. We did not mix with the other children, and the people in our village had settled the fact in their own minds that we were inseparable.

"One morning in October it became necessary for me to go to the city to transact some business for my father, who was unable to go at that time. While there I was invited to a party. Here all my trouble began. I was no dancer, and when the merry dance began I could only watch the others enjoying themselves. Presently, I noticed a lady, who like myself was not dancing. In due time I was presented to her and found in her company what had promised to be a dreary wait, transformed, almost magically, into an unexpected pleasure. She was a minister's daughter and had never been allowed the questionable pleasures of the ball. She was tall and graceful, with luscious blue eyes, golden hair, and was very beautiful.

"Her conversation was entertaining, and, when she suggested a walk in the garden, which was lighted up with Japanese lanterns, I gladly accepted. She took my arm lightly and we proceeded to the garden. This was the only woman I had ever had on my arm besides my neighbor's daughter, but how different she seemed! The canary birds were singing in their cages, doubtless enraptured by the music. The fountain played and the lanterns threw their softened light over the lawn, their rays seeming to keep time to the music within, dancing on the surface of the fountain and among the flowers.

"For some reason I could not find words. The scene was so perfect and she was so brilliant a talker that all I could say was, 'yes,' 'no,' 'indeed,' etc., as the occasion required.

"Finally she said, 'Mr. Smith, I have heard much of you. Indeed, some of the ladies of your church recently were telling of you and your sweetheart. Do you know, I have often wished for such a lover.'

"I looked at her, perhaps a little suddenly, she blushed and asked pardon for her abruptness. Just then we came to a bench and sat down. A beam of light flooded her in its stream, and it seemed to me that an angel could not have been more beautiful. Then I thought of my simple country girl. How

foolishly blind I had been to everything except her!

"Well, I will be short. That evening passed. I escorted the minister's daughter home, and, from that time on, I visited the city often. I soon found the company of my new acquaintance far more pleasant and entertaining than that of my neighbor's girl. "Poor little maid! She took me to task when she learned the condition of things, but I had no answer for her. I broke off with her, for she now seemed sickly and homesick. I made myself believe she had many faults; all because, I found it had not been love for her on my part, but a stupid idea that she was the only girl on earth. She was sincere, however. I cannot hold myself blameless, but do not know that I am answerable for her speedy decline and death. Our neighbors said many cruel things, among others, that I had broken her heart. If I did I never did it by ceasing to love her, for I found that I had never loved until I met the minister's daughter.

"Well, I became engaged to the latter. After my engagement I seemed to see my playmate in my dreams each night for several weeks, then from a dream-vision she changed to an apparition, and, after a few more weeks, I would be awakened from my sleep by a moaning and weird crying, to see her standing at my bedside, with arms extended imploringly toward me. For three years this vision has haunted me. I thought to escape it by coming here. My intended wife went on a tour to Europe with her folks. While she was gone the vision did not come, but now, for three weeks, ever since her return to this country, the ghost of my playmate has come to my bedside, and seems to become more excited each time. I am to be married in two weeks, but if this continues, I shall be a fit subject for an asylum by that time. Therefore, I beg of you to come with me and see if this is reality or imagination. Do you refuse?" he asked extending both arms to me in a pleading manner. He was shaking violently, the perspiration stood on his forehead in large drops. "Do come!" he pleaded.

"All right, I will go," said I, arising and putting on my coat and hat.

"You can see there is a lounge and my bed," he said, as soon as we entered his room, "but let us take the bed. You can sleep to the back and I will occupy the front."

"In a short time we were in bed and I had got about half asleep when he nudged me with his elbow and said, in an awed whisper: 'See! She comes!'

"I turned half way around in bed and saw, in the corner of the room, a cloud of billowing white, which soon evaporated, and left the figure of a woman, dressed in a white robe, seemingly composed of vapor. I looked and tried to compose myself; but, as she advanced toward the bed, each step she took seemed to fasten an unseen rope more tightly about me. My companion crowded me up against the wall, and, every time she took a step, he moaned.

"Heaven help me!" he said. "She comes with a smile to-night. See, see, how satisfied she looks! It is for the worst! It is for the worst to-night!"

"He had me pinioned firmly to the wall. I could not have spoken a word of consolation if I had tried. Each hair on his head appeared to have stiffened out like a huge knitting needle, and it seemed as though my eyeballs had protruded from their sockets until they lay on my cheeks. When I tried to breathe an unseen hand appeared to close over my mouth.

"The apparition had now reached the bedside. O, what a moment of horrible suffering I endured! I forgot my companion and tried to force my body through the wall, but in vain. She extended her arms yearningly toward Smith. Then she spoke. 'Stranger, be calm,' she said. 'There is no harm to come to you. But he, he goes with me to-night. A witness I wanted to tell the world how I gathered my own to myself. You,' she continued, looking directly at Smith, 'you, who whispered love and joy to me, were set apart to be mine and must go with me, even though you love me not. I love you and that is sufficient. A witness I have that thou art indeed mine, mine, all mine!'

"Then, O horrors! her extended arms seemed to clasp Smith to her bosom and, still apparently holding him in her arms, she vanished and I became unconscious.

"I cannot tell what it was that brought me to my senses; but the moment I had gathered together my wits I leaped out of bed and shook my companion. He was stiff as a log, cold as ice, and dead.

"I quickly got into my clothes, summoned the neighbors, and told them my story. They listened with gaping mouths.

"There was not a mark of violence upon the body. "The coroner's jury found a verdict of: 'Death by apoplexy.' I know better than that. His soul was stolen, and the man looked down meditatively at the toe of his right boot.

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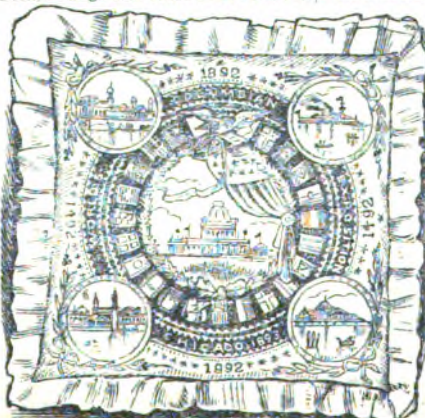
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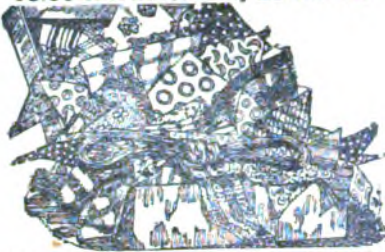
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All Cit. Homes have from three to a dozen in all the rooms; it is a great fad to get up new and novel designs in these unique and comfortable articles. A bright artist has designed a lasting souvenir of the Columbian Exhibition. They are gotten up in good, durable, pretty goods in no less than fifteen colors and shades, and make a bright and striking effect for any room. Besides the Flags of 25 Nations you can see the American Eagle perched on the shield of the Union over the Administration Building. In the four corners you notice the Naval and other exhibits. That famous warship, Illinois being prominent and surrounded by electric launches and other pleasure boats. The Art Palace before which lazily float the gondolas of Venice. A view of the Machinery building standing by the lakeside bathed in the light of a full moon, and the Electrical Building guarding its wonderful works of the new found science. This is all portrayed on a deep blue field embellished by twining vines, myriad stars and graceful festoons of drapery. As they are now being turned out to fill large advance orders we advise all to send for a sample and you then can decide how many you want for your own home or to sell to neighbors. Every person in the land will want at least two, one for front and back of a pillow. As you probably have plenty of cotton, down or feathers on hand, and they only require to be filled and sewed together, they come within the reach of all, and we give one away for each three months' subscriber at 15c. each; 2 for 25c.; 5 for 50c.; one dozen for \$1.00. Address, COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE BIGGEST OFFER YET!!

\$3.00 Worth for Only 25 Cents.



We desire to introduce our Goods into every family in the country. To do this we must become known to them, and they to us. We want the name of every lady in the land, that we may send samples of our Goods to. We have the fastest selling and best taking line of goods ever offered.

The above card represents a box we have prepared specially for the ladies from our large accumulation of Silk Remnants, etc. Each box contains from 100 to 150 pieces of silk, carefully trimmed and specially adapted to all kinds of art and fancy work. The most beautiful colors and designs. With each box is four skeins of the very best embroidery silk, assorted colors. Send us 25 cents in stamps or coin and get this beautiful assortment.

"PARIS SILK AGENCY, 74 Church St., New York.

RETURN this advt. with order and we will send by Express, prepaid, this **GOLD FILLED** Edgins style, stem-wind and set watch which you can sell for \$25. I will like it pay Express agent \$5.00 and keep it, otherwise I will return it at our expense. We only ask your promise to go to Express agent, examine and buy it. **20 Year Guarantee** with each watch. Give your full name, Express full name, Express and P.O. address. State which watch you want. When you send order with order will give a Gold plated Chain. No chain with C.O.D. orders. Can't send it and pay C.O.D. charges. What a customer says: Guitiere Center, Ia., Jan. 10, 1894.—Kirtland Bros. & Co. Send me another \$2.00 watch. Traded the other I bought for \$25.00. Yours truly, SELL WALTERS. Bus. cards speak likewise. Address all orders, KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 62 Fulton St., N.Y.

A Lucky Discovery.

1. By sending a postal with your name and address
2. To Post-office Box 1602, Boston, Massachusetts,
3. You will learn how to make from \$3 to \$8 a day
4. Without neglecting home duties and without capital,
5. By handling a wonderful, new Household Specialty
6. Which is badly needed in very nearly every home,
7. And offers pleasant, profitable, permanent positions.
8. Owners and article have the highest endorsements.
9. To get particulars and free samples you must act today
10. All those who have done so have discovered

The Chance Of a Lifetime.

A GREAT SEED SACRIFICE.

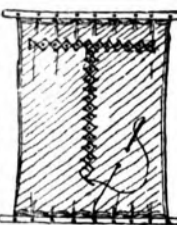
A \$10,000 Loss turned to your Gain. CHOICEST FLOWER SEEDS come from France and Germany; some rare varieties often bringing a dollar for a single seed. A large importing house has an immense shipment of the finest grown seeds ever brought to America, and, in unloading at the pier, an awful accident occurred. Now, as each kind must be put up in small, separate papers, this would have been a complete loss, but, hearing of it, and knowing its value, we bought the whole cargo of exquisite flowering seeds, getting it in the whole assortment some of the highest cost kinds ever grown. We have thoroughly mixed them, all kinds, and put them up in elegant packets, containing over 250 varieties, to give away for nothing. Compose a list of all you have to do is to sow them in a box, and when they get large enough to transplant, you can set them out, and have a most elegant flower garden.

SPECIAL. Having found a box of Latest-Craze-In-Chrysanthemum seed in the lot all safe, we are going to enclose one package of this popular seed also.

OUR OFFER is this: To every one sending us 12 cents for a three months' subscription to COMFORT, we will send perfectly free, by postpaid, these packets of seeds and our elegant book or manual, as a guide to the culture of all flowers and plants. Its many pages are loaded down with practical hints and helps to everybody, on all sorts of plant life, and describes how to arrange fancy window and garden decoration. We give all of these free if only 12 cents is sent to pay postage and expenses. 6 subscriptions and 6 lots for 60 cents. Address, COMFORT, Seed Dept., Augusta, Maine.



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HIS month I am going to give you several practical and useful ideas, sent in by Bees in different parts of the country. An Arkansas one brings this to the hive:

"I think the Busy Bees of COMFORT will find something novel and interesting in the way of trimming by copying the accompanying designs which are to be used as

insertion. I had an India muslin dress to make for baby and had no trimming. I could not afford to buy fine lace or embroidery, the only kind that ought to go on a baby's frock, and anyway there is quite a bit of pleasure in possessing something new under the sun if not so expensive or fine. So I purchased a bunch of team-covering of pretty design which can be obtained from any dry goods store for fifteen cents. Then I

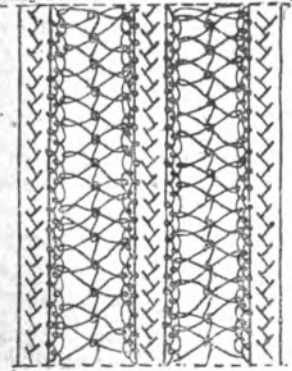
tought ten cents worth of linen floss and went home to experiment. The seam-covering I cut into strips about two inches long and basted them onto a stiff paper, side by side, leaving a little over the width of the braid between each strip. These I joined together using the linen floss threaded in a common needle, with a stitch something like the feather stitch, only catching the thread around the edge of the braid, thus forming a loop. (See design No. 1.) The next design I made was done the same way only joining the strips twice with the same kind of a stitch, making the stitches cross to form the squares down the centre. (See No. 2.)

No. I



No. II

first. Then into the second row I made the two rows of stitches as in No. 2, after which I went down the middle of each row with my thread, catching it in a knot where the stitches crossed. (See No. 3.) No. 1 was really very pretty and of course more quickly made than either of the others. No. 3 was also pretty and lacy looking, but it was more elaborate and took longer to make; and besides I was afraid it would not launder as well, so I decided on No. 2 for my baby's dress. My bunch of braid made enough



No. III

for the skirt, which I used at the top of a deep hem, also for a pointed yoke which I used between two wide ruffles coming over the shoulders and ending in a point below the point of the yoke. The edge of the ruffles and the sleeves were trimmed with embroidery and the back laced up with baby blue ribbon. It was a pretty dress, and our baby looked 'cute' with the big ruffles over her shoulders as she toddled around.

"No. 1 and No. 2 make very nice trimming for aprons, dresses, or under-clothes. It is quickly made, is very serviceable and laundries nicely. This is also pretty made of colored braid. I was pleased with the success of my scheme and thought perhaps COMFORT might see fit to give a new idea to the Busy Bees."

Mrs. BERNIE BARCOCK, Little Rock, Ark.

Another Bee writes:

"What shall we do with our old straw hat frames? I make lovely work-baskets with mine. The material needed consists of one straw hat frame, one-half cup glue size, one-fourth yard lining, 30 inches wide, cardboard for bottom of basket inside, and some good stout thread. I first take the frame and rip it to pieces, except the top of the crown which I use for the bottom of the basket. Next I pick out the threads. Then I take the bottom of the basket and wet in the glue size and put two hot sad-irons on it to dry it quickly. Then I put the ripped-up straw in hot water for a minute. Measure off four strands twenty-eight inches long. Tack these to a board one inch apart. Take a long strand and weave back and forth until full, then shove the strands very close for the bottom and spread a little on top to make it flare a little. Sew ends together and sew one

plain strand on the inside, both top and bottom, to make it firmer. Braid three strands of straw and sew on the lower edge. Then take an iron rod 2 1-2 feet long; take two long strands and size them and put together, and wind around the rod very close, fasten the ends and dry. Take the fancy wide strand of straw on the edge of frame and sew on the lower edge of the basket, just under the braid, fancy edge down. Now sew in the stiff bottom. Give the whole inside of basket a good sizing with glue and set in a hot oven with doors open. When about half dry take out and press with the hands into an oblong shape, and make it to set flat on table; then finish drying. Make a braid twelve inches long, size and dry for the handles. Cut them in two and sew on each end of basket. Then take the strands off the rod, stretch one inch apart and sew on near the top edge of basket. For the lining use either surah silk or any material you wish. Measure the depth of basket and allow three-eighths of an inch over in width and one-third more in length. Turn the upper edge down one-half inch and shirr twice. Then take the hat wire and run in between. Measure off three pieces eight inches long and same width, turn in edge and shirr once. Sew this in pocket shape. Fit lining to the inside of basket and divide it in quarters. Sew pockets in three places, sew on wrong side of lining. Gather the bottom edge of lining and sew down to side of basket. Take cardboard and cut to fit bottom of basket inside, and cover with lining and paint or work some flower in centre. Place it in the bottom of basket. Lastly make a pin and needle cushion and sew on opposite the third pocket. Bronze the whole outside of the basket and also handles, and you have a beautiful work basket."

Miss ALICE J. WRIGHT, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

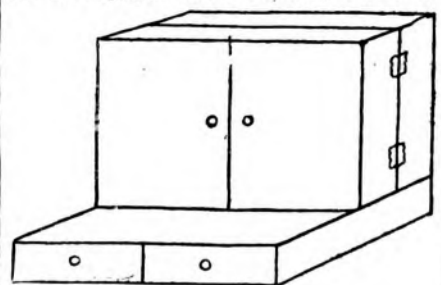
"Another ornamental workbasket, both pretty and inexpensive may be made by buying ten yards of manilla rope one-half inch in thickness. For the bottom of basket cut off four yards of rope and sew round and round in form of mat. Then cut off six pieces of rope each twenty-four inches long. Divide into three strands of twos, and braid them loosely together, sewing the ends securely. Sew this on to the bottom of the basket to form the side. To make handle take three strips of rope, each one and one-half yards long, and braid together, fringing out the ends to form tassels. Sew on each side of basket. Line with some pretty color of surah or satin and trim with ribbon bows where handle is sewed on. To make deeper basket use nine strips of rope for side."

Mrs. HURCHING,

100 West 73 St., New York City.

A family medicine chest is both a useful and convenient thing to have in the house.

"A pretty and decidedly useful little medicine chest calls for six large cedar-wood cigar boxes, two a trifle smaller for drawers, and one odd one to take to pieces for shelves and pieces required in making. After thoroughly scraping the paper from and sandpapering all of them, the next step is to divest two large ones of one end each, and join them together side by side with strong glue; the ends taken off the larger boxes are then fastened with small white screw knobs for handles, onto the ends of the two smaller ones, these being slipped inside the others for drawers. A piece of dark brown table oil-cloth carefully glued all over the top, completes the lower half of our chest. For the top, glue two of the large boxes to-



MEDICINE CHEST CLOSED.

gether side by side, and fasten, standing on end, at the back of those occupied by the drawers; on each side of these upright ones fasten another by small hinges, as in illustrations, small braces of the superfluous wood being required to hold the hinges firm; inside, five shelves made from the odd box at various heights, to accommodate respectively 2 oz., 1 oz. and 1-2 oz. bottles, an upright ledge being added along each shelf, and at the bottom of each compartment. Now, close the doors and add white knobs for opening, and at the top of each a small ornament in scroll work. The lid and bottom of the odd box are glued onto the back to add stability to the chest; and now it is ready for two coats of fine varnish, which turn it into a thing of beauty. In the drawers can be kept old linen, court plaster, scissors, pills and forceps for extracting splinters; while the four top compartments will hold sufficient medicine in variety, to keep an ordinary family well supplied."

Mrs. A. D. SOWERBY,

Richmond, Franklin Co., Kansas.

As April and May are the annual moving months in most cities and large towns, the following suggestions will be found useful by many of our readers:

"The new dining-room was completed, and upon me devolved the task of refurbishing the old one as a sitting-room. A review of my capital stock was discouraging—ten dollars in cash, one picture, a dilapidated safe, six antiquated chairs, two of them unpromising rockers, a rag bag, a bundle of wall paper scraps, unlimited time, inexhaustible patience, without which a task can never be accomplished, and a lot of superfluous energy seeking an objective point. I sighed and looked at the big bare room, and sighed again. The woodwork was soiled and discolored, the whitewashed walls were decorated with the dust and fly-specks of many summers, and I was a hundred miles or more from any artist's supply store. But at the general merchandise store I purchased a half pound glue, a peck of lime, a quarter of a pound of sulphate of zinc, a can of mahogany paint and one of silver, a package of old rose dye, a paper of tacks, and three good brushes, one for whitewashing and the other



MEDICINE CHEST OPEN.

two, one coarse and one fine, for painting. After slacking the lime and putting in the zinc and a handful of salt, sufficient water was added to make a thin wash; enough dye, which had been moistened, was mixed in to give a beautiful rose tint when applied to the walls. Three

coats of this were put on the plastering, after which I painted the woodwork mahogany. My next thought was the frieze. Now please remember the materials at my command and the fact that ours was a country home far from the madding crowd. But a frieze I must have. Pulling on my husband's rubber boots I boldly plunged into a marsh just below the house, and gathered a large basketful of beautiful brown 'cat tails' measuring about six inches in length. While my glue pot was heating I pasted two broad bands of silver paper parallel to each other and about two inches apart around the room as an edging for the frieze. Then dipping each tail into the glue I securely fastened them to the wall, between the silver bands, in diamond shape, putting sycamore balls at the corner of each diamond. A lovelier frieze you never saw. But my floor! It was nearly as pink as the walls from the drippings of my lime wash. A good rubbing with kerosene soon removed all traces of this and when followed by a coat of paint and a final polish of linseed oil applied with a flannel cloth, it shone almost like a mirror. The windows next claimed my attention. A rummage through my household treasures brought to light a large roll of silver gray crepon, heavy in weight and of close texture, yet soft and clinging, through which ran a red-brown vine bearing clusters of old rose flowers. This had been bought the summer before in short ends, at seven cents per yard. I decided to fashion my window draperies from this, after my furniture had been manufactured and in the upholstery of which the crepon would also be useful. The old safe was next attacked. Removing the doors, I added two extra shelves, sawed off six inches of the legs, formed a railing of white pine cones around the top, painted it inside and out, railing included, attached curtains of crepon and behold my bookcase was ready for the books and periodicals in daily use. Then I wanted a corner settle. Five dry goods boxes 14x20x24 formed the basis for this. After securely fastening them together, utilizing the lids of the boxes for the back, I betook myself to the straw stack where I gathered sufficient material to stuff the cushions, which were made from an old bed tick, for the seat and back. I then upholstered it in crepon and pillows of the same stuff with 'life everlasting' from the adjoining fields were added. The antiquated chairs were painted in mahogany and silver and cushioned with the same materials as the settle. To the rockers I added head-rests in plain harmonizing colors, on one of which was embroidered in shaded silks 'Sweet Rest be Thine' and on the other, 'All things Have Rest.' I never could admire home-made tables. The three broomsticks and barrel head are sure to collapse if one of the male persuasion even so much as touches them; so I got a carpenter to make me two nice plain pine tables which promptly received a dress of mahogany and silver as soon as delivered. The mantel I left undraped, for drapery above an open wood fire is both dangerous and untidy. There were no spare vases or jars in the house, only a collection of empty glass pickle bottles. I could not have painted a landscape, a flower or even a geometrical figure; but I procured a small quantity of gray paint which I daubed over two of the bottles, touching them here and there with old rose, and filling them when completed with milkweed balls, millet heads and beautiful feathery grasses collected during my summer rambles. Just above the mantel I hung my one pastel crayon, a lovely winter landscape. As an adjunct to an open fire a screen was necessary. Again calling my carpenter and paint brush into requisition I soon had the folding frame completed, painted and ready for hangings. Tired of the crepon, I turned to the bundle of paper scraps and a portfolio of water color models thrown aside by an artist cousin. The pictures formed the centres of the screen panels and were framed by a 'crazy' border of wall paper scraps, pasted upon a foundation of heavy muslin securely tacked to the frame. But the room was incomplete without my organ from whose fret-work I tore the horrid scarlet velvet and replaced it with old rose. Then for the rug to lay before the fireplace. Last winter a beautiful white calf was drowned and, there being no tannery near, the pelt was thrown aside. I took it, washed and tanned it with a strong solution of alum and salt. The hair was unusually long and silky and the skin beautiful after being thoroughly cleansed and softened by rubbing. This rug I lined with cotton flannel after bordering it with silvery brown rabbit pelts also secured last winter. My walls are still bare, but I have a few dollars left to invest in a few good engravings. One of these I shall frame in cat tails and sycamore balls, making a foundation of thin mahogany-painted wood, on which the tails will be placed, hiding the places where they join the sycamore balls. I shall not describe my music rack of broom handles, my fan photograph holder, my lamp shade or my hassocks made out of discarded tomato cans and scraps of carpet, for you all know how to make them; but I could show you the thousand and one things that can be made out of the materials collected from field and forest by

A. L. C. BIRCKHEAD, Profit, Albemarle Co., Va.

And after this very breezy and entertaining letter we must say good-bye for another month.

QUEEN BEE.

You Dye in 30 minutes

Turkey red on cotton that won't freeze, boil or wash out. No other will do it. Package to color 2 lbs., by mail, 10 cts.; 6, any color—for wool or cotton, 40c. Big pay Agents. Write quick! Mention this paper. **FRENCH DYE CO., Vassar, Mich.**

A BEAUTIFUL neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c., but send 10c. for sealed package, to make your skin soft and white, or cure pimples, freckles, moths, wrinkles, &c. Warranted. **F. R. BIRD, Box 142, Augusta, Maine.**

SILK Satin and Plush, large p'kgs., pretty pieces, 100 Crazy stitches, 32 p. catalogue and story paper, all 10c. 3 lots 25c. Ladies Art Co., Box 524, St. Louis, Mo.

If You DYE With "PERFECTION" Dyes you get BRILLIANT Colors, warranted FAST TO LIGHT and washing. No dull or uneven colors if you use "Perfection" Dyes. We send 6 packages any colors you wish to try for 40c. Single package 10c. New sample cards and catalogue FREE. Agents wanted. **W. CUSHING & Co., Box 12, Foxcroft, Me.**

Removes Hair from the face, neck, arms, or any part of the person without pain or injury to the skin. One Bottle by Mail for \$1.00. Address, **THE MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., Cincinnati, O.**

Modene Pinless Clothes Line

SALESMEN to handle our celebrated Pinless Clothes Lines, the only line ever invented that will hold clothes without pins; the harder the wind blows the firmer the clothes are held on the line. Also our famous Fountain Ink Eraser, the only eraser in existence that will not deface the paper; it works like a fountain pen, erases ink and other stains instantly. These articles are a perfect success. Agents wanting exclusive territory, must secure it at once. On receipt of 50c., will mail sample of either, or sample of both for \$1, with price lists and terms. **Pinless Clothes Line Co., No. 121 Hermon St., Worcester, Mass.**

\$525 Agent's profits per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. New Articles just out. A \$1.50 sample and terms free. Try us. **Chidester & Son, 28 Bond St., N. Y.**

AGENTS Wanted for Ladies & Gent's Comfort Cuff Holder. Big profit. (One sold 3 gross in one day.) Sample Pr. 15c. Ten Pr. 100. S. P. & S. H. Wilcox, Mfrs. Fairhaven, Mass.

ELECTRIC TELEPHONE
Sold outright, no rent, no royalty. Adapted to City, Village or Country. Needed in every home, shop, store and office. Greatest convenience and best seller on earth.
Agents make from \$5 to \$50 per day.
One in a residence means a sale to all the neighbors. Fine instruments, no toys, works anywhere, any distance. Complete, ready for use when shipped. Can be put up by any one, never out of order, no repairing, lasts a lifetime. Warranted. A money maker. Write **W. P. Harrison & Co., Clerk 10, Columbus, O.**

LA GRIPPE.

DENMARK, MISS.—I was very sick with La Grippe, and one box of OXIDEN completely cured me. It is a godsend to sufferers. —J. R. Jersey.

PRINCETON, KY.—I was cured of La Grippe by OXIDEN, and find it to do just what you say.—Mrs. P. A. Jenkins.

TRUESDALE, MO.—I was taken with La Grippe at New Year's, and no one thought I would ever be up again, as many were dying with the disease. I could not stand on my feet five minutes without fainting. In three weeks after taking OXIDEN I was at work again. I have done more work since using OXIDEN than I have in twenty years.—Mrs. Matilda Pate.

NORTH JAVIA, N. Y.—OXIDEN cured me of a severe attack of La Grippe. It not only carried me through that severe illness, but I feel like a new man, having none of the complication of ailments which usually follow La Grippe.—Frank Warren.

MCCRACKEN, KAN.—I heartily recommend OXIDEN as a godsend to sufferers from La Grippe. It has done more for me in less time than any other remedy I ever found.—L. H. Sutton.

LINDEN, ALA.—OXIDEN cured my mother of La Grippe in a week, and three doses also cured her of a fever. I know a doctor would have kept her in bed two or three weeks.—Miss Mattie Williams.

CLAYTON, ILL.—OXIDEN cured me of a severe attack of La Grippe. Gave me a better appetite than I ever had before, and made me much stronger.—John Miller.

RUSHTOWN, OHIO.—I was a physical wreck for over three years from effects of La Grippe, suffering principally with nervous prostration. OXIDEN proved a godsend to me. By its use I am gaining strength and health every day.—J. Frank Riekey.

BROOKS STATION, GA.—Last March when I was sick with La Grippe, OXIDEN cured me entirely.—Albert Reid.

AEUNA, MICH.—Myself and family were weak and miserable from the effects of La Grippe last spring. OXIDEN was the only thing that did us any good. It restored us to health.—E. H. R. Forbes.

BELKUM, ALA.—After suffering two and one half years from the dreadful effects of La Grippe, one box of OXIDEN gave me more permanent relief than anything I had used.—A. J. Armstrong.

MARSHFIELD, ORE.—The doctors said Mrs. H. E. Cutlip was suffering from La Grippe and Consumption, and that nothing could be done for her; but she got well after using OXIDEN.—Mrs. S. B. Cutlip.

RHEUMATISM.

Thomas Householder, Braddock, Pa., writes: One old lady, who was paralyzed with rheumatism and unable to walk all winter, has, after using two boxes of OXIDEN, not only been able to walk, but to do housework. It does all and even more than you say.

William Lucas, Macon, Missouri. I was crippled with rheumatism and spinal disease and had catarrh trouble. Was kept in bed for weeks. I had tried OXIDEN got me on my feet, and now I'm able to walk and work. People are simply dumfounded by its good effects in my case.

Miss Mattie McCoy, Agency City, Iowa. I had not walked for six months except on crutches, and now I thank God I have laid them away. OXIDEN did it. I cannot say enough for the Wonderful Food for the Nerves.

W. O. Ronsberry, Albert Lea, Minn. I had what doctors called rheumatism; no tongue can tell what I suffered. I tried all the best doctors in our city, all in no purpose. Then I went to St. Paul and consulted two specialists, who proposed amputating my foot, as that only would save my life, they said. At this time I read of OXIDEN, a godsend for me. Before I had taken one box the terrible aching left my ankle. I give OXIDEN the credit for the wonderful cure. I have not felt as well for twenty years. It makes old people young.

Mrs. H. E. Toblen, Ware, Mass. Since I commenced taking OXIDEN I have got so much the better of rheumatism that people notice the marked improvement in me.

Mrs. R. C. Jettan, Milton, Miss. OXIDEN cured me of a severe case of rheumatism, of several years' standing. It does all that is claimed for it.

W. E. Ledbetter, Springfield, Tenn. My father, who has suffered from rheumatism for years, has derived more benefit from two and one half boxes of OXIDEN than we have from \$300 worth of medicine. I have gained six pounds since I began taking it, which is more than I have gained in three years before.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

M. R. Clocquer, Hendley, Neb. My wife, who was suffering from overwork and nervousness, took one box of OXIDEN, which quieted her nerves and improved her condition so that she feels well now.

Mrs. Mollie Shaw, Waycross, Ga. For some months I had been suffering with nervous prostration combined with dyspepsia, and could neither eat nor sleep, but after taking OXIDEN six weeks I am entirely cured, and gladly recommend OXIDEN to any sufferer.

John Power, Live Oak, Fla. I had been suffering many years from a nervous affliction, and my nervous system was so run down that I could not sleep at all without an anodyne of some kind; but since taking OXIDEN I can sleep soundly all night and my appetite is good.

H. A. Scott, Burt, Tenn. OXIDEN has done me more good than anything I have ever tried. My nerves were in so bad a state that I could not sleep.

Mrs. Julia Steele, Orrville, Ohio. I have been using OXIDEN for several months and can fully recommend it to any one who is troubled with nervousness. I was so afflicted with nervousness that I was sent to a sanitarium. I did not receive any benefit there. I came back and began using your OXIDEN and am now comparatively well.

S. M. Smith, Ager, Cal. I was so nervous that I could not sleep, until I began taking your OXIDEN. Now I am well and can work all day long and not feel tired. I owe it all to OXIDEN.

Bessie Wilson, Scottsville, Ky. I was so nervous and weak that I could hardly stand, but after taking three boxes of OXIDEN I am a well and hearty woman, and able to go about my work.

Mrs. Franklin Hemenway, Hudson, Mass. I have tried many kinds of medicine, but have found nothing like OXIDEN for nervous troubles.

J. E. Cole, Forsyth, Mo. I have used one box of OXIDEN and find that it is the very thing for weak nerves, and it has done me more good than anything I have ever taken.

Joseph H. Curry, Eureka, N. Y. My daughter, who was afflicted with nervousness, has been taking OXIDEN and is getting fat, and is nearly cured of her nervous trouble.

Cut this out and mail to The Giant OXIDEN Co., 21 Willow St., Augusta, Me., and we will send a sample box of this Wonderful Food for the Nerves, absolutely free together with Lucky Investment and Dollars Booklets, giving agent's profits and hard time hints. This is The Chance of a Lifetime.

FREE COUPON.



CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE H. WYNNE.

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WITH the month of April comes the desire for lighter diet, and the longing for fresh vegetables and fruit, natural after the heavy meat-diet which is indulged in by dwellers in cold and even of temperate regions during the winter months.

As a spring dish nothing is better than the homely onion, prepared in some of the many ways which make it palatable. I know it is the fashion in some districts to turn up the nose when the onion is mentioned, as though it were a horribly vulgar thing to eat onions! But it is no longer regarded so among the better class of people in cities; for most housekeepers have found that whether used as a flavoring for meat dishes, or cooked in some delicious way, there is no more appetizing vegetable than this same despised onion. To be sure, when one wants to indulge in a few slices of raw onion with vinegar, one generally manages to do so when there is no occasion for going out in the evening; but used as a condiment for flavoring there is no longer any objection to the good, substantial, old-fashioned onion.

In this country, housekeepers often know of only two ways to cook onions. It is always either boil or fry. I am glad to present two new and much improved methods. And let it be understood to begin with, that whenever or wherever or however onions be cooked, they will not taint the breath one-half as much if they are thoroughly cooked. A well boiled onion, for instance, will scarcely taint the breath at all; while a half-boiled one makes the eater a disagreeable companion for thirty-six hours afterward. So remember that an onion should always be cooked to shreds; and just try these two ways of cooking them:

COMFORT'S ONIONS.

Take rather small onions, peel and boil until thoroughly cooked. Then drain them well. Put some butter into a frying pan and when melted put in the onions and turn them constantly until of a dark brown color all over. This will take about 15 minutes.

SMOTHERED ONIONS.

Peel large or small onions, slice them and put into a frying pan. Cover them with boiling water, add some salt and cook until all the water is boiled away. Then add a little butter, a little pepper, and stir all together until they become a pale brown color. Serve with steak or chops.

Before going on with recipes for the month, I want to tell of a dainty luncheon given on Washington's birthday in one of the handsome apartment houses near Central Park, New York. The affair was given in honor of the noted traveler Paul du Chailu who wrote the "Land of the Midnight Sun" and many other interesting books; and Comfort's representative was a delighted guest also. The table was set for ten people—or, as well society papers say "covers were laid for ten." Beside each plate were three-cornered boxes of candy bound with red, white and blue ribbon and surmounted with tiny cocked hats like the one worn by the Father of his Country. Tiny flags were also laid by each plate, and at the place of every lady was a big bunch of carnations tied with red, white and blue ribbon. From the chandelier over the centre of the table was suspended a hatchet—supposed to be a fac-simile of the one that wrought havoc with the famous cherry tree—and this also was tied with streamers of tri-colored ribbon. Bunches of red tulips helped carry out the patriotic effect; and all in all the dining-room was fit, not for a king, but for a republican president!

And just here Comfort's good angel whispered "Why not utilize this idea for our readers? Why should they not get up a national luncheon for the Fourth of July, or Decoration Day or Bunker Hill or any other patriotic anniversary?"

So here you have the idea; now improve upon it. Of course the hatchet would be appropriate only the 22nd of February. But flags could be gracefully draped from a chandelier or hanging lamp for any national holiday.

The bill of fare?

O, that may be as elaborate or as simple as you please. The one for the Washington's birthday was as follows:

- Oysters on the Half Shell.
- Bouillon Served in Cups.
- Champagne.
- Lobsters Au Gratin.
- Lamb Chops with French Peas and Boiled Potatoes.
- Roman Punch Served in Lace Paper Baskets.
- Lettuce Salad.
- French Creams. Strawberries.
- Crackers and Cheese.
- Coffee. Red Curacao.

Now for some fresh recipes which I hope you will all try.

ROAST LEG OF PORK STUFFED.

Choose a leg weighing about 8 pounds. Score the skin about one-fourth inch apart. Cut the knuckle, loosen the skin, and fill it with a stuffing made with 4 onions, 10 sage leaves, 2 cups bread crumbs, 1 tablespoonful butter, pepper and salt to taste. Peel the onions and boil them for ten minutes, then chop them fine and add the sage finely chopped with the crumbs, butter and seasoning. Mix very thoroughly, bake two and one-half to three hours. Serve with apple sauce.

PORK STEW.

Chop two onions and fry them a nice brown. Then put them into a stewpan with 2 cloves, a very little chopped sage, 1 tablespoonful vinegar, 1 cup gravy, a little pepper and salt; then the remains of cold roast pork cut into small slices. Simmer gently for one-half hour. Thicken the gravy with 1 teaspoonful flour. Serve with pieces of toasted bread cut into triangular pieces.

POTTED HAM.

To one quart lean ham allow one-half pint fat, one teaspoonful ground mace, one-half nutmeg grated, one-half teaspoonful allspice, a little pepper. Mince the ham, fat and lean together, and pound it in a mortar to a paste. Mix very thoroughly. Press the mixture into jars, pour over some melted butter and keep in a cool place until required for use. This is a good addition to the breakfast or supper table.

PORK CHEESE.

1 quart cold roast pork, 1 tablespoonful parsley, 4 sage leaves, 1 small bunch sweet herbs, 2 blades mace, 1-2 teaspoonful grated lemon peel, a small quantity of nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste. Cut the pork into small pieces, allowing 1-2 pint of fat to one quart of lean. Chop finely the parsley and herbs and mix all thoroughly. Put it into a mould, fill it with some good gravy and bake about one hour or more. When cold turn out of the mould. This is an excellent supper dish.

CURRENT BUNS.

Put into an earthen mixing bowl 1-2 cup butter, cream it, add 2 eggs well beaten, then 1-2 cup powdered sugar, 1-2 teaspoonful salt and a little nutmeg; beat well. Then add 1 cup milk that has been scalded and allowed to stand until just warm. Dissolve 1 yeast cake in 1-4 cup of milk or water and add to the mixture. Sift in enough flour to make a batter, then add 1 cup of currants that have been washed, dried and floured. Mix all together well, then add enough flour to make a soft dough. Knead on floured board just a little. Wash the bowl and butter it and then put in the dough. Cover and let it rise over night. In the morning make it into buns, place them in pans to rise again. Bake in moderate oven twenty-five or thirty minutes. Brush over with milk five minutes before taking out of oven. If you wish to make them as Hot Cross Buns, make a deep cut like a cross just before putting in the oven.

APPLE BATTER CAKE.

2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1-2 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 tablespoonful melted butter. Beat the eggs, add the sugar and beat well. Add the milk alternately with the flour in which the baking powder should be mixed and sifted. Then add the melted butter and pour into two buttered pie plates. Cover thickly with sliced apples. Sprinkle over with sugar and bake one-half hour, or until apples are soft. Serve with hard sauce.

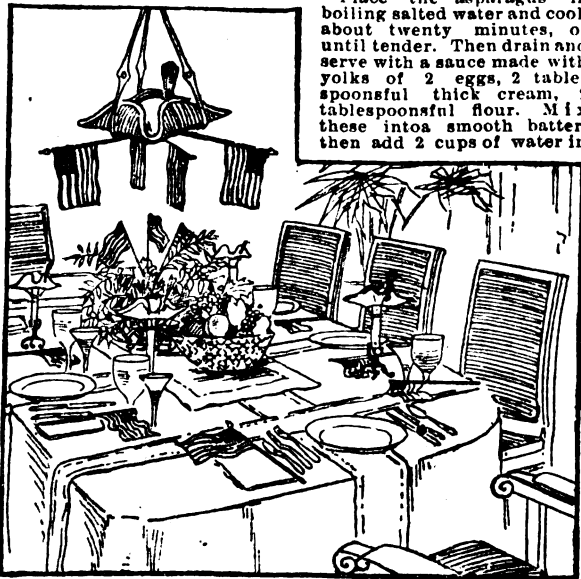
TAPIoca WITH FRUIT.

Wash 1-2 cup tapioca and put it in a double boiler with 1 pint boiling water; stir frequently and boil about one hour or more until it looks transparent. Add 2 tablespoonful sugar and a very little salt. Remove from the fire and put in 1 cup canned peaches cut into small pieces and 1-4 cup of the syrup. Stir well, turn into a dish and serve cold with boiled custard, or sugar and cream. Other kinds of fruit can be used instead of peaches if preferred.

Here are some additional ways of cooking vegetables which will be found excellent.

ASPARAGUS WITH YELLOW SAUCE.

Place the asparagus in boiling salted water and cook about twenty minutes, or until tender. Then drain and serve with a sauce made with yolks of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonful thick cream, 2 tablespoonful flour. Mix these into a smooth batter, then add 2 cups of water in



COVERS LAID FOR TEN.

which the asparagus has boiled and 2 tablespoonful of butter. Now place saucepan on fire and stir until the same boils; pour over asparagus and serve. The same sauce can be used for sauté or cauliflower, using the water in which they have been boiled.

STEWED HORSE RADISH.

1-2 cup grated horseradish, 1-4 cup grated bread crumbs, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 cup milk. Mix all these ingredients and turn into saucepan and boil very slowly for one-half hour, stirring very frequently to prevent burning. Five minutes before serving add 1 teaspoonful sugar and a little salt. This is an English dish, very little known to Americans but one which can be heartily recommended.

CREAMED SPINACH.

Thoroughly wash 1-2 peck spinach, put in saucepan with very little water and boil for twenty minutes; then drain and chop very fine. Put 1 tablespoonful butter into a frying pan and stir in 1 even tablespoonful flour. Then put in the spinach and add 4 tablespoonful of cream, 4 tablespoonful milk, and salt and pepper to suit the taste. Mix all well and cook for five minutes. Serve on toast.

After the rich diet of winter the system becomes clogged with impurities and nothing is better for it than a liberal allowance of vegetables. Try Comfort's new ways of cooking them and see if your brains are not clearer and your appetites improved?

By the way, housewives are always glad to learn of new, labor-saving utensils; and consequently we are glad to recommend the Everett raisin-seeder, which does the disagree-

able duty of seeding raisins for cakes, puddings and pies with rapidity and neatness. There is nowadays so much illness caused by the internal lodgment of grape or raisin seeds, these should always be carefully seeded before using; and the seeder referred to saves both time and patience on the part of the housekeeper. We also call special attention to the wonderful Christy knife.

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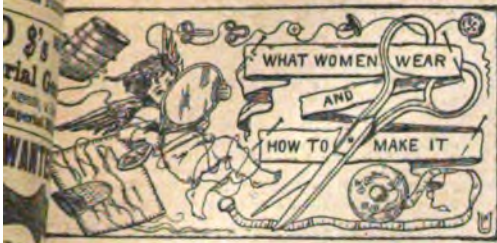
Date.....

As to my honesty and trustworthiness I refer you to the following person who is acquainted with me:

Mr.....

Address.....

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PRIL brings some modifications of the winter styles and new hints of what will be popular during the summer months—although the settled styles for hot weather are not decided until later in the season, when fashion's freaks have become more evident.

Easter came so early this year that few women in northern latitudes indulged in Easter bonnets; for no one likes to buy a spring bonnet in March, when they know styles will change decidedly in a few weeks at the most. And so it is not too late to give some idea of what the spring-openings will show at the leading millinery stores.

It looks as though this were to be a season of bright colors. Spring millinery so far, promises all the colors of the rainbow on one head and more eccentric shapes than have ever yet been dreamed of. Some of the hats of the past winter have been about as odd as could be easily imagined, but those of the coming season promise to out-do them by long odds. Among the new things seen is a reception bonnet of emerald green velvet in a plaque shape, bent into a soft crown and fluted brim. Under the latter, and peeping coquettishly over the hair, are half a dozen rose-colored ostrich tips. A soft, crumpled band of green velvet on the crown is finished with a rose-colored pompon and aigrette at the back.

Some of the bonnets are little more than a jet band around the top of the head, surmounted by a pompon, a jet wing or a flaring bow of bright velvet. They are not particularly comfortable looking in a windy or a chilly day, but that does not matter to some women so long as they are fashionable. A point lace theatre bonnet, for instance is trimmed only with an apple-green velvet bow in front, clusters of violets and narrow ties of green velvet.

Another reception bonnet has a crown of cut jet, unlined, surrounded by a roll of magenta velvet, and a bow known as "rabbit's ears" of the velvet in front. A jet ornament in front and another at the back make up a very stylish affair. Still when one looks at these things as head-coverings—as protection from the sun and wind and rain—no matter how pretty they are, do they not seem a little ridiculous? and does not one wonder how long it will be before fashion will decree that we shall wear birdcages, butterflies, mud-lizards, Easter eggs, and even fishes and dor-bugs on our heads?

As this is the month when mothers are preparing their children's wardrobes for summer, a word about tiny people's costumes may come in play. We gave last month some very pretty children's fashions, with full instructions as to how you may obtain patterns for them at trifling pains or expense. It has been quite a fancy to dress little girls all in gray; but old-rose and dull blue and soft shades of tan and brown, and even dull yellow, are the usual colors. Plaids are much worn this year by children, for whom they are always liked and specially imported. Very little girls are usually dressed in cashmeres and soft silks and in a fanciful style which would be decidedly out of taste for a girl over seven years. Thin white batistes or nainsook slips are sometimes worn over a plain slip of colored silk and belted with a broad sash. Most of the little frocks of cashmere are made with straight skirts hanging from a yoke of velvet or worn over a white nainsook gimp with white sleeves.

"Gretchen" dresses are made in the quaintest possible fashion, with short waist and sometimes with a ruffle around the waist which comes nearly under the arm. The children are made to look broad around their shoulders like their mammas.

A pretty frock for a girl of four or five years to wear on the street, although it is rather dressy, is a straight garment of soft tan camel's hair made in a redingote shape, with large velvet revers of brown velvet edged around with a fancy yellow and tan braid, which borders the skirt also and is placed in two rows across the breast to hold the fullness of the front, which is of the camel's hair set in and hanging full. Children wear high band collars to their frocks now, made of soft ribbons of velvet.

Smocking is always considered pretty for children's dresses and is used on soft silks and cashmeres. A London modiste makes most of his picturesque little frocks for English children in this way. The smocking is often worked in contrasting silk. A sash is worn or not as preferred with these loose gowns.

The length of dresses worn by girls of fourteen, fifteen and sixteen depends entirely upon the development and size of the child. They should always be of a modest length, but not awkward, and usually clear the boot tops or come half-way down the legs. The general style of the girl decides this personal question.

Girls of this age wear their hair flowing or loosely plaited and tied up with black ribbon. The hair is never worn high by young girls and the locks on the brow are arranged as becoming as possible. Many young girls are parting their hair now and arranging it in little curls and fluffs on the temples instead of bangs or frizzes in front.

Girls of all ages wear black boots and black stockings, but brown hose and shoes are suit-

able for summer, and indoor fancies are permitted, red stockings and red slippers being pretty with a white dress. Up to six or seven years girls wear spring heels, the sole thickened at the back, and after that they commence to wear flat, broad, low heels. Boys put on knee breeches as early as three years and wear them till sixteen. Stout ribbed stockings and calfskin shoes accompany the cheviot school suit and derby or alpine hat. Young boys wear turned over wide linen collars with soft silk tie, and little boys wear very beautiful lace collars for dress occasions and patent leather pumps. The small boy is as carefully dressed as his little sister, and very stylish affairs his clothes are. Up to the age of one year the clothes of boys and girls are exactly alike. Then the first difference is made by putting a round lace cap on his head instead of the ordinary infant's cap or bonnet. The same white dresses are worn by the boy baby, but his coat is a little different, and as he grows older he begins to wear a "Tam O'Shanter" and develops into the age of kilts with a jacket as big as a man's hand, and a blouse of white nainsook ruffled and lace trimmed. For out-door wear the lad of two and a half to six years wears a kilt and a reefer of serge, cheviot, kersey or chinchilla in any dark color. The kilt is usually of plaid goods. A "Tam O'Shanter" of leather or wool, leggings of black or tan leather, complete the costume. For traveling and general outdoor wear a long coat to the shoe-tops with an adjustable cape is chosen, or a coachman's coat with huge outside pockets and three capes, and an alpine hat or derby is worn.

In regard to styles for older people, sleeves grow bigger and bigger, but now droop from the shoulder instead of standing up as they did a season or two back. The very latest thing in sleeves is the circular puff. It has all the drooping effect that is characteristic of this year's styles, combined with the sloping shoulder. To make the sleeve, first fit an ordinary tight lining, but take care that there is very little fullness at the shoulder, as the effect sought is perfect plainness at that point. Make the plain sleeve to fit perfectly and finish it off. Then you are ready for the new puff. For each puff allow thirty-nine inches of material, that is, thirty-nine inches wide or more. Mark off on your cloth a circle having a diameter of thirty-nine inches and cut carefully on the line. Then, one inch from the centre and on the lower half of the disk cut out a circular piece of cloth, just large enough to fit your armhole. To do this fit your lining exactly to the armhole of the bodice. Then measure the circumference of the latter and cut from paper a disk of the exact size. Lay it upon the cloth so that its upper edge touches one inch below the center of the large disk of cloth; mark entirely round it and cut on the line. Gather the entire circumference of the puff and baste the edge into the cuff so as to make a turned seam. Adjust the fullness so that less falls upon the under and more upon the upper part of the sleeve. Stitch neatly and turn the puff so formed, up over the sleeve lining. Baste the round armhole closely

warranted to wear; and more than that, a guarantee ticket goes with every pair sold which entitles the purchaser to a new pair if the finger-tips wear through before the rest of the glove does. These gloves are of the best quality of silk, fit perfectly and we are glad to recommend them to all Comfort readers.

TYING THE KNOT.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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IT is doubtful if the most hardened old bachelor or confirmed old maid has so entirely lost his or her interest in matrimonial subjects as not to care how the knot is tied in different climates and ages.

By the way, the familiar expression "tying the knot" originated in a curious custom. In old Anglo-Saxon days it was customary for the priest, in marrying a couple, to twine the ends of his stole (a part of his vestment) around the joined hands of the bride and bridegroom, as he pronounced the words "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," a custom which lingered until the present century.

In Durham, England, it used to be the fashion not only to drink wine at church weddings, but to take it in the form of "hot-pot"; that is, at the close of the service both bride and bridegroom were served with a steaming hot compound of brandy, ale, sugar, eggs, spices, etc., which had previously been blessed by the priest. Then the bridesmaids were served, and after that everybody in the church. Torches are still carried before the bride at Turkish weddings.

At one time it was an Anglo-Saxon custom for the bridesmaids to lead the groom to the church, while the bride went with the groomsmen.

Anne Boleyn went to the altar with Henry VIII with her hair hanging loose and this custom became quite the fashion afterward. The bridal wreath was also considered necessary in those times, and was frequently made of ears of corn as a token of fruitfulness; it was always blessed by the priest before the ceremony. Rosemary and bay-leaves were carried in the hands, and the true lover's knot—of white ribbon—was worn in the hat in England, and on the arm in France.

"Kissing the bride" originated in those days also. Originally a pall was spread over the bridal couple if neither of them had been married before; and after the ceremony the priest removed this cloth and gave the bridegroom, first, and then the bride the "kiss of peace."

In ancient Greece it was the commendable custom for the state to provide a dowry for all plain young girls—a fashion that might have its drawback with most young women, inasmuch as they would have to confess themselves ugly before they could claim it!

The throwing of rice after the party has somewhat in America superseded the custom of throwing the old shoe, but just as soon as these enthusiasts find out that wheat is occasionally used in England, and

hard to determine; but it is very satisfactory news to hear of the rising of new customs, for most of the old ones have died away, and new ones are becoming very tame and perfunctory as far as their ceremonies are concerned.

The custom of sending out invitations has been very much abused in the past; so much so that in many instances an invitation was understood by the recipients to mean not, "your presence is requested" but "your presents are requested." Consequently an increasing number of people, nowadays, send out no invitations, but instead send out simple announcements, after the ceremony, something as follows:

MISS MARY BROWN
MR. JOHN JONES,
Married, April 1st, 1894.

This does not necessitate the sending of wedding gifts, as the invitation before the wedding does. At the same time, if one wants to make presents after the announcement, it is perfectly proper. However, the best way to do, when you want to give your friends anything, is to give it *then*, that is, waiting for the wedding ceremony, or anything else, always remembering that the value of a gift depends not on the amount it cost, but on the suitability and desirability of it. A ten cent gift may, under certain circumstances, be more welcome than a hundred dollars one.

There is one custom, however, which will not soon pass away—and that is the custom of marriage itself. For in spite of all that croakers may say, this old fashion ever new still proclaims that, as a rule, "marriage isn't a failure."

St. Vitus Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenners' Specific cures. Free by mail. Circular with cures, Fredonia, N.Y.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Mutton tallow is the best thing ever discovered for chapped hands.

Change the baby's position now and then, and the rest and change will prevent its crying.

Try powdered soda for burns. Cover the burn thoroughly and wrap firmly in a soft linen rag.

Burnt camphor, inhaled, will cure a cold in the head. So will inhalations of alcohol and sulphur.

Keep a salt-bag in the house for use in cramps, neuralgia and kindred troubles. Make it of strong cotton cloth, fill with common salt and sew up tightly. When wanted, heat as hot as can be borne in the oven and apply to the afflicted part.

Many ladies are fond of perfumes but do not like to use the old-fashioned kind of liquid perfumery that comes in bottles. A newer and daintier way to perfume the clothing is to make sachet bags of silk, satin, or even of pretty cambric, which can be filled with druggist's cotton into which can be liberally sprinkled Russian violet sachet powder, which keeps its strength a long time, and emits a most refreshing and delightful odor. It is a good way to make several long, narrow sachet bags and lay them in the bottom of bureau drawers or hang them in the closet where they will lend a delightful perfume to dresses and underwear, that is at once ladylike and delicate.

A \$65 SEWING MACHINE FREE.
Our \$65 Alvah Sewing Machine now sold by us at \$25.25 to \$22.50 will be placed in your home to use without cost of one cent to you. Cut out this advertisement and send to day to ELY MFG CO., Dept. 20 Chicago, Ill.

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FASHION'S DREAM OF A SPRING'S OPENING.

into that of the sleeve lining; then stitch all in the bodice together. If you are of such figure to stand large puffs of any sort you will find this one as graceful and as satisfactory as any that have yet appeared.

There are several minor items which it is necessary for every woman to know, if she would keep within the limits of fashion.

During the spring small toques and turbans will be much worn.

Softly folded neck bands of bright velvet are worn as accessories to almost every toilet. Many of them are very dressy and have a fall of eoru lace at the front.

Bright silk theatre waists are worn more than ever at evening entertainments of all kinds.

Embroideries for under-clothes and for wash gowns are in fine lace-like effects. White and eoru laces are also popular for summer dress-trimmings.

Old fashioned wool barege is in style again. Roses of every kind and shade are to be worn as hat trimmings.

Handkerchiefs have narrow, daintily embroidered borders, all white. If colored ones are used they must be very light and delicate.

Many ladies have grown heartily tired of kid gloves for summer wear, but the problem of a suitable substitute for them has long weighed heavily on the feminine mind. Silk gloves have seemed to be the only lady-like covering which could take their place; but experience has gone to show, in the past, both that they were expensive and that they did not wear well. At last, however, a process of manufacturing silk gloves has been perfected, by which the finger-tips—where most of the wear comes—are made double; so that the Kayser-gloves are

barleycorn in Poland, they may make another exchange and endeavor to popularize these customs over here. In the latter country the grains of barley are gathered up and planted; if they grow, good luck will follow the newly married couple; but if not, alas!

A bride at her wedding should wear "Something old and something new, Something borrowed and something blue."

If she would have good luck follow; and she should be lifted over the threshold of her new home.

In the North of England, as soon as the bride and bridegroom have departed, somebody pours a kettle of hot water over the front doorstep to "Keep the threshold warm for another bride." This is considered a sure sign of another wedding.

Nowadays, few people care anything about the day of marriage, though the old custom—

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday best day of all;
Thursday for losses,
Friday for crosses,
Saturday no luck at all—

had much to do with its appointment in the past. More prominent weddings have taken place upon Thursdays, in recent years, but how far the couplet is true regarding them cannot be conjectured.

The bride-cake remains a relic of Roman custom, among whom it was made of flour, salt and water, and its present dimensions with the elaborate decorations is a great advance of culinary art. It is nothing out of the way to read after the published announcement, "No cards," but some add the information, "No cards, no cake, no wine."

Among the newest marriage customs is an attraction lately introduced. It is for the guests to write their names on a roll of vellum, which, after having been placed in a silver tube, is presented to the bride. How peculiar such a custom may become it will be



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April was so named from the Latin *aperire*,
to open; because the buds open in this month.

The most reliable old legends about birth-
stones ascribes the sapphire to April. This
stone frees from enchantment, denotes a kind
disposition, produces healthy sleep, and im-
pels to good works. Consequently, those born
in April may be thankful if they own a sapphire.
A bouquet composed of sapphires, diamonds
and lodestones, it used to be said, renders the
wearer invincible and irresistible.

The wreck of the Kearsarge, a war-ship that
helped make history during the Civil War, and
the name of which sends a thrill of pride
through every soldier's heart, came like a per-
sonal grief to thousands of gallant hearts
throughout the Union. She went down on Ron-
cador reef, off the coast of Barbadoes, in a
heavy February storm; but the work of raising
her has already begun, and in all probability
the sturdy old war-ship is not yet at the end of
her career.

We cannot help a feeling of gratification at
the way our Palmistry Club is taking among
readers in every State in the Union. Letters
by the hundred have come in evincing great in-
terest in this unique and highly original de-
partment of Palmistry. Many of the writers
state that Comfort was the means of first call-
ing their attention to this interesting science,
and that nothing would induce them to forego
the privilege of membership. In a single day
as many as four hundred members have been
added to the Palmistry Club, and letters are
still on the increase. The announcement of
Comfort's Guide to Palmistry, which is just
coming from the press, will be found in another
part of this issue. It should not be overlooked
by anyone, as there is a wonderful amount of
original and valuable information to be found
there.

Anything new that tends to benefit the far-
mers of the country will be hailed with joy by
our readers throughout the country; and we
flatter ourselves that in presenting the article
on Mushroom culture which may be found in
another column, we do present an entirely new
and unique feature in farming, and one that
may be of great profit to portions of our agri-
cultural communities. The tendency of modern
times is towards small farms and market-gar-
dening, especially in those sections nearest
large towns. There is always a demand for
fresh vegetables "wherever men do congre-
gate"; and mushrooms are a delicacy that
yearly grow in favor. We hope many farmers
will gain some new idea which may prove of
more or less pecuniary benefit to them in their
labors from our suggestions. We have, also,
in past issues had something to say about "Our
Bug Poes"; in this number we would com-
mend our readers to the "Insect Friends of the
Farmer" so well described in another column.

With the coming of spring, plant some tree
or shrub about your place, or by the roadside
near you. Make it a rule to do this every year
and before your children are grown up you will
be surprised to see how the neighborhood is
changed and beautified around them. In the
future, they will be proud to point to the spread-
ing elm "that father planted," the flowering
shrub "set out by grandma," the maple tree
"tended by mamma when she was a little girl."
Arbor Day is now set apart in many States, es-
pecially for this purpose. Usually the governor ap-
points it, either in the early or latter part of
spring according to the latitude of his State, and
good citizens everywhere should observe it
by setting out a tree. Long stretches of hot,
dusty country roads may be in a few years
transformed into shady, pleasant drives; bare,
bleak country houses may be made beautiful;
and in fact the aspect of the whole country
may be changed very much for the better in a
quarter of a century by a trifle of care on the
part of individuals. Find out when Arbor Day
comes this year in your State, and celebrate it
by setting out a tree.

The number of frightful railway accidents
within the last year have naturally caused
people to exclaim against railroads and steam-
ship companies, and to accuse them of careles-
ness or indifference to the welfare of the general
public. But it is well to gratefully remember

that notwithstanding all the accidents of mod-
ern travel, there is less life lost than by older
modes of intercommunication. More people
perished then by overturned stage coaches and
frightened horses than do now by steamer or
railway train, in proportion to the number of
people who travel. In olden times when people
wanted to go anywhere, they took time for it,
and not a hundredth part as many people
travelled, either, then, as now. To-day the
typical American in one place wants to be in
some other place, and he wants to get there at
the rate of sixty miles an hour. With millions
of people in motion, it is nothing but a kind
Providence which keeps the number of casual-
ties so moderate. And nothing should make
us forget that there has never been a time in
the world's history when journeying has been
so swift, so luxurious or so safe as now. And
with all the improvements constantly being
made, another decade will bring us to a yet
higher degree of speed and, let us hope, of
safety.

Perhaps the most important event of the past
month has been the retirement of Mr. Glad-
stone from the office of Premier of England and
the position of leader of the great Liberal
party over there. Mr. Gladstone was offered,
upon his retirement from public life, a peerage
from the Queen; but he preferred, like the
"Grand old man" he is, to remain to the end of
his life, plain Mr. Gladstone, and cares not to
write "Lord" before his name. He has ably
filled a public career of over sixty years, and it
is a career that is most impressive. He was a
public man when General Grant was a cadet;
when Bismarck was a college boy; when Lin-
coln was a briefless lawyer; and before Presi-
dent Carnot of France was born. Such a life's
history would be striking in the case of any
public character, but it is only one of the
claims that the story of Mr. Gladstone's career
can proffer to the respectful attention of the
world. He was conspicuous by promise of
great usefulness when he entered the House of
Commons, where he first sat for Newark in
1832. This promise of ability he so well ful-
filled that in 1834 Sir Robert Peel made him
junior lord of the treasury. Since his first en-
try into public life Mr. Gladstone has rarely
been out of office or out of Parliament; and in
the course of the first twenty years of his
career he had reached the chancellorship of
the exchequer. Constantly liberalizing, yet it
was not until little more than thirty-five years
ago that Mr. Gladstone came to be classed as
an Advanced Liberal. It was in the closing
weeks of 1868 that he first attained the premiership,
a great Liberal leader, thirty years after
he had raised the standard of Church and
State on the mountain-tops. Since then he
has been premier three times, and has fought
some of the most stirring campaigns in modern
political history. He has written his name so
boldly on the annals of England that the
fading years will not efface it. In short, Mr.
Gladstone's name will pass into history as one
of the greatest men of the nineteenth century.

Insect Friends of the Farmers.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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BUGS in general are regarded
with disfavor by the farmer.
Yet some of them are among
the best friends he has. If
it were not for their inter-
ference, certain crops could
not be raised at all.

The bugs referred to are
those which make a busi-
ness of preying on other
bugs. It is not exactly true,
as Dr. Johnson says, that
"Great fleas have little fleas
upon their backs to bite 'em;

While in turn have lesser ones, and so ad in-
finitum."

Nevertheless, nearly if not quite every insect is fed
on by one or more parasites. These latter deserve
encouragement at the hands of the farmer—at all
events, those of them which devour the bugs that eat
the growing crops, the garden vegetables, and the
fruit trees. Many of these little friends are almost
microscopic in size.

To a certain extent these parasites may be culti-
vated. In Europe the gardeners collect "ladybirds,"
and certain ground beetles, which they liberate upon
plants infested by plant-lice and cut-worms. Thus a
chance is given to the former harmless species to
gobble the latter kinds.

When an insect parasite that is very destructive to
any bad kind of bug is discovered in any part of the
world, the entomologists send specimens to other
countries, in order that they may propagate and do
good elsewhere. For example, a bug that preys on
the phylloxera, which eats grape-vines, was carried
from this country to France in 1873. It has done much
to keep down the pest there.

Not long ago plant-lice became very troublesome
in New Zealand, and certain parasites of theirs were
fetched all the way from England to destroy them.
An active insect foe of the dreaded Hessian fly was
brought from England to the United States in 1891.
As yet it is too early to determine how beneficial it
is going to be.

But by far the most interesting experiment of this
sort was tried quite recently in the case of the "fluted
scale" insect, which threatened to destroy the orange
growing industry of California. This bug sticks its
beak into the tree-bark and sucks the vital sap, giv-
ing forth an exudation which incrusts the tree as with
a hideous leprosy. Up to 1888 it did enormous injury
to the orange groves and to many other trees and
shrubs in California.

It was introduced to that State from Australia
about 1868. Unfortunately it attacked not only
oranges and lemons, but trees of other kinds and
even weeds; so that, even though the fruit trees were
cleansed of it, they would be attacked again im-
mediately by the scale communicated from neighbor-
ing plants. Had no remedy been discovered, the cul-
tivation of citrus fruits on the North American con-
tinent must soon have ceased altogether. California

growers, in fact, were already beginning to dig up
their orchards and were going into other farming.

Just at the critical moment it was ascertained that
the fluted scale, though well known in Australia, was
rendered harmless there by an insignificant little
ladybird beetle called the "vedalia." Some of these
beetles were fetched to California in wooden boxes
on ice. They were set free under tents of gauze cov-
ering orange trees. Before they had more than time
to show how rapidly they could work while thus con-
fined, a few escaped from the tents to neighboring
orchards.

Within a few weeks they cleaned several thousand
orange trees in that vicinity, not leaving a scale in
sight. Take for instance the so-called "rascal leaf-
miner," which disfigures and damages apple and
other fruit trees. It spends the winter in cases at-
tached to twigs. By collecting and destroying the
cases in the dead of the year, when the trees are
bare, the increase of the species is put a stop to. But
it is better yet to put the gathered cases in a vessel
and deposit them in the middle of a meadow, away
from any fruit trees. The worms, when they come
out, will wander about for a few days and will soon
die for want of food, while the parasites which they
have been harboring will mature and fly away.

In this way the farmer swells the ranks of his
friends while defeating his foes. In similar fashion
the hand-collected chrysalids of the cabbage worm—a
very destructive insect imported from abroad—may
be placed in boxes covered with wire-net, to permit
the parasites to escape while retaining the moths
that hatch out. The latter, of course, lay the eggs
which produce the worms. This method has been
employed very successfully in Europe.

ABOUT APPLES.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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APPLE of discord and
Adam's Apple have nothing
to do with the case,
when we begin to look up
the history of the apple.
Herodotus and Theophrastus
and several of the other
musty old writers whom
nobody reads nowadays,
seem to have been familiar
with apples. Perhaps they,
even at the remote age
when they were small boys,
stole green apples and
consequently suffered from
colic like millions of small
boys since their day. And
whether it was an apple or
some other variety of
small fruit that Eve ate
which caused the downfall
of the human race. In fact
the earliest origin of the
apple seems to be more or
less shrouded in gloomy
mystery.

Old languages like the
Sanskrit and Zend, which
went out of existence as
living languages, centuries
ago, all have some word
corresponding to it, and
Pliny, who was a frisky
young modern writer com-
pared to the old ones
above referred to, men-
tions twenty kinds of ap-
ples. It is believed that
the Romans, by whom it
was extensively cultivated,
introduced it into England.
The wild apple, an unpalat-
able fruit, and a native of
Great Britain, is the per-
cent of almost all of the
many varieties used in
modern times.

The earliest settlers brought it over to America
where it is very generally grown now.

An island in Boston Harbor was planted with the
first apple trees brought to this country, and is still
known as "Apple Tree Island." The Indians took
kindly to the fruit once, and helped spread it through
America, and there are many "Indian orchards" still
in existence in the east. Metcalf, a German writer,
describes eighty-nine varieties in his account of the
pomaceous fruits of Southern Germany, so that it is
plain that in Europe as well as here, farmers gener-
ally cultivate this best of all fruit. For, although
other fruits may be more luscious, the apple is a
"stand-by" that has no rival.

The success of the fruit depends largely on the
situation of the orchard, which should be one that is
sheltered. The soil also, should be fertile and the
climate temperate. Some of the best kinds do not
succeed well if the soil and climate are not favora-
ble. There are many kinds, too, of which those of a
hardy nature, that are later than others in maturing.
It is claimed by some writers that the apple in its
primitive state is the thorn-apple, which is well-
known in most country districts, and which is some-
times eaten by children. Others claim that the crab
apple is the original of this fruit. It grows best in
temperate regions, and although it is raised in China
and Japan this is done mostly in the mountainous
districts. Apple-trees often live to be 100 years old,
although their average is from 50 to 80 years; in-
stances have been known of their living nearly 200
years. The trees, when cultivated, seldom grow to
be more than forty feet high, but the wood is both
durable and fine-grained, and some remarkably
beautiful pieces of furniture have been made of ap-
ple-tree wood. This wood too, is used for shoe-lasts,
cogs for wheels, or when cut in thin strips for veneers
for inside decorations. Stained black it passes for
ebony.

The apple is the standard fruit of temperate regions
for family use. For baking purposes, making jelly,
and for dessert, apples are very profitable. They
keep better than many other kinds of fruit. Apple
cider is often permitted to ferment, when it makes
the best vinegar in the world.

The orchard products of the United States amount
to nearly fifty million dollars every year, and more
than a million acres are devoted to its culture.

There are several deadly foes to the apple-tree,
which the successful farmer must fight. There is the
borer that eats the stem a little way above the
ground; the woolly aphid which attacks the tender
shoots; and the bark louse that eats the bark. All
these three may be destroyed by a wash made of one
and one-half pounds of potash dissolved in two gal-
lons of water, used liberally before the eggs are
hatched. After the borer has entered the stem there
is no way to kill it except by thrusting a wire into
the hole. Then there is the caterpillar which builds
its cobweb nests and eats the foliage of the trees, and
can be destroyed only by burning, either by thrust-
ing a lighted torch under the nest and holding it
there until the whole is burned; or, if the nest be on
a small twig, by breaking it off and burning it in the
kitchen stove. Another foe that destroys the leaves
is the canker worm, which is best battled by a wide
strip of thick, fresh tar spread like a belt around the
trunk near the ground, to prevent the worms from
crawling up. The ground around the roots of the
tree should be dug up in the fall, thus exposing all
the eggs to the weather and destroying them. Lastly
there is the apple moth that lays its eggs always near
the calyx—opposite the stem of the apple, and the
larva when hatched crawls into the apple, making
"wormy" fruit. All such apples should be fed to the
pigs, thus preventing the larva from going through
the transformation that turns them into moths to 'go
and do likewise'—as the mothers did.

There is a great diversion of taste, with regard to

apples. The Porter, the Newtown pippin, the
Fameuse, the red astrakhan, and the Rhode Island
Greening, are among the best fall apples; while the
Rhode Island Greening, the russet, the Northern
Spy, and the winter sweet are stand-bys for winter uses.

Apples in the east are usually sent to market
sold in barrels containing about two and one-half
bushels or 150 pounds; but on the western coast
no finer apples are raised anywhere in the world
in northern California, Oregon and Washington.
They are marketed in boxes holding about a bushel,
farmer who owns a big apple orchard either in
east or west, is to be congratulated, because the
crop that costs but little trouble and often pays
large profits.

So, although the world has ever regretted the
succumbence to the tempter and ate the apple,
perhaps if she hadn't, the world would never
known how really good it is.

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Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to *Comfort*, and every contribution must bear the contributor's name and post office address in full.

Letters only, which deal with matters of interest will be published. They must be as in and correct as the writers can make them vary in length from one hundred to four words. Only letters of exceptional merit will be published. Contributors must write of their paper only.

Each month a number of prize monograms will be awarded to the best contributors. These monograms will be most desirable ornaments for y, cards etc., will be printed in connection with the respective letters, and new electrotypes of the prize winners.

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For the best original letter	\$3.00
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" " third " " "	2.00
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Contributors for these monthly cash prizes must submit all the above rules, and in addition must send one new cousin into the *COMFORT* circle, they must send one new subscriber with letter, together with 25 cents for a yearly subscription.

Cash prizes will be announced monthly in *Comfort*. Entries must be given for subscriptions sent in by the 15th of each month.

Communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR APRIL.

Ch. Bailoff,	\$3.00
Delia Gallea,	2.50
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MONOGRAM WINNERS.

Charles A. Kronberg,	Charles A. Kronberg,
L. Swift,	A. W. Taylor,
Parkhurst,	S. Patton,

course you are all interested in Natural History, and I hope every cousin will read Prof. Wood's book which is offered by the publishers of *COMFORT* on remarkably low terms. In that connection let us read the following letter from a novel and interesting enough, it seems to take the first prize this month.

Nothing for octopus is one of the sports of Puget Sound, Washington. Although this horrible cuttlefish such high latitudes does not attain the monstrous size it reaches in even semi-tropical waters, average weight is great enough to make the both exciting and dangerous. The boat, with all enough to keep steering-way, is guided over where the octopus lies in wait under shelving for his prey. As with the sponge fishermen in warm waters, a headless barrel, half submerged in the right position, is lashed to the bottom of the boat and a boatman thrusting his head through the slits scans the bottom closely with practiced eye, attracted by the reflected glare from the surface surrounding water. With this simple device possible to see distinctly objects at a considerable depth. At a signal from the man on the lookout light is brought into the wind and held stationary preparations are speedily made to hook the octopus which has been sighted on the bottom. As and still, save for a swaying movement of the more of its arms or feelers. A long sounding-line is run through a pulley at the end of a boom hanging over the side, a piece of stout white canvas is fast at the end for bait, and the fun begins. Acted by the men in the barrel, the canvas "fly" is reeled to within a few feet of the lurking devil-fish, kept constantly in motion by a series of sharp yells, care being taken not to let it drift within of the fish while he retains his position on the bottom; otherwise it would be impossible to tear it from its anchorage, such is the immense strength exerted by the suction disks with which it plentifully supplied. The men at the rope are tied by the watcher of signs of increasing interest manifested by the octopus, and when at last it comes a spring for the tantalizing lure and closes its beak-like jaws upon the piece of rag, strong arms are in the line and the squirming organism, all eyes and tentacles, is hoisted to the edge of the boat. It is an operation requiring tact, promptness and skill, for the creature must not come in contact with the hull of the boat to which it would attach itself like an unwieldy barnacle. Once dangled at the boom end, however, it is virtually secured, for surrendering its hold on the rag it will not. The octopus holds fast to all it gets with a pertinacity which shames even the trusts and monopolies which have been likened to it. Now, however, the animal's own tenacity is turned against it, and this very quality is made assist it in landing its possessor at the final stage. Hook-hooks and poles are thrust towards it, and then it has thrust its unrelaxing grip upon these, it swung inward, hurled upon the deck, and dispatched with an axe. No description can give an idea of the hideousness of this creature. To realize the fullest detail one must watch it as it sprawls about the deck before receiving the coup de grace, its light, sometimes ten arms sprouting about its head, each equipped on the under side with rows of cup-like suckorial disks, which, by muscular action produce a vacuum, giving the fish its wonderful adhesive power, withering hither and thither like a coil of serpents. Then its eyes! great, rolling, saucer-like protuberances that fix you with a fierce stare that sends cold shivers down your back, the cruel mouth with curved beak-like jaws like a parrot's many times magnified. They are well-named devil fish, this species of the Cuttle family. There are authenticated instances of specimens weighing 500 pounds



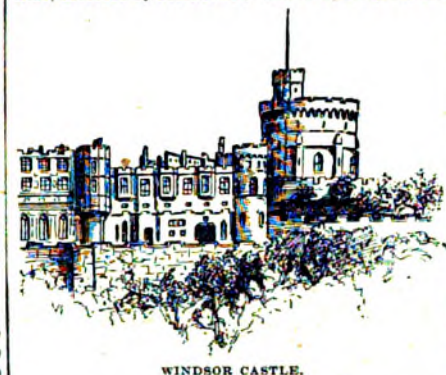
THE OCTOPUS.

and measuring 15 feet from head to tail and 50 feet in spread of tentacles. While these gigantic specimens are never seen outside the tropics, this fish grows to no mean dimensions along the western and southern shores of Florida; and many stories of strange adventures with the octopus are told by fishermen and sponge-hunters of that region. Frightful as is the appearance of the octopus there are other forms of marine life as disgusting and interesting. During recent years the U. S. Fish Commission has brought from the deep sea some most curious and monstrous forms of life.

ADOLPH HAUPT, Durand, Wis.

Now for this breezy description of Windsor Castle:

"I have read a great many interesting letters from different parts of the country, but I thought I would try and write one of the most interesting places of England which I had the pleasure of visiting, and that is Windsor Castle, the home of the Queen, which is only an hour's ride by rail from London. The state rooms of the castle are open during the absence of Her Majesty, Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, from April to October, and from November to March. The most conspicuous feature of Windsor Castle is its immense round tower; whenever the flag floats over it the public know the Queen is there. Curfew Tower is the oldest part of the building, having been constructed by Henry the 3rd, in the thirteenth century. The upper part contains a clock with chimes playing a well-known tune every three hours. A peal of eight bells rings on all the royal birthdays, and on state occasions; the death of a royal or distinguished person is marked by the tolling of a bell or the ringing of a muffled peal in the 'Curfew Tower.' Many of the bells were hung in the 16th or 17th centuries and contain dates and inscriptions, the tenor bell bearing the inscription 'Serve the Lord with fear.' As I stood on that ancient tower and gazed on the bells, I thought of that well-known poem 'Curfew must not ring to-night.' Leaving Curfew Tower I next visited St. George's Chapel. A book could be written on this place alone, with its magnificent tombs, and monuments of the illustrious dead. The organ, erected in 1790, is considered the finest choir organ in Europe; the pews of the Sovereign and Princes of the Royal house are underneath the organ gallery—that of the Queen having a canopy and purple velvet curtains fringed with gold. The carving of the pews is exquisite, representing scenes in the life of Christ in this chapel is a magnificent altar cloth presented by the Queen to the Chapel in the Jubilee year (1887). My next visit was to the state apartments, the door leading to which is guarded by soldiers. Only fifteen visitors are allowed to go through at a time, escorted by attendants. These apartments are



WINDSOR CASTLE.

gorgeously ornamented and sumptuously furnished. The walls are enriched with a most valuable collection of paintings and tapestry. The suite consists of the following rooms: Vandyke room, State Ante room, Grand Vestibule, Waterloo Chamber, Grand Reception room, St. George's Hall, The Grand Chamber, Queen's Presence Chamber and Queen's Audience Chamber. After leaving Windsor Castle I visited Windsor Park, famous for its historic associations, and then took the train for London, feeling satisfied with my trip to Windsor Castle.

ANNABELLE GALLER, 373 Webster Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"The California miner of '49 is always an interesting topic. This now almost obsolete personage, differed in many respects from the professional miner of the Atlantic States and Europe. He did not delve in dark, dismal tunnels amid poisonous vapors and stifling gases like the coal miners. He did not go down thousands of feet into the bowels of the earth to drill holes through feldspar or granite. Nor, like the hydraulic miner, did he stand beneath dashing torrents of water that fell from huge pipes above him. He simply scratched among the rocks in the surface soil. Before the era of mining machinery the Mexican and the Yankee picked about among the surface rocks with his bowie knife or iron spoon, gathering a grain of gold here and there, while the more intelligent white man explored the edges and bottoms of small streams, digging down to bed rock, where the yellow metal found lodgment in the stiff clays or in the crevices of the rocks. Gold was separated from the soil by washing through a small box about three feet long, set on rockers, and which much resembled a baby's cradle. Hence this primitive machine was known as the 'Miner's Cradle.' The average worker washed from 20 to 100 bucketfuls of dirt per day, and realized from nothing to ten dollars. Gold was found anywhere along the mountain streams and in the dry gulches; but as it was equally distributed, success depended more on luck than industry. He was often betrayed by these little particles of shiny metal, into following an unprofitable lead. Discouraged or impatient, the nervous individual would frequently abandon his claim and rush off at some trivial report of richer 'diggings,' and in turn another miner would take possession of the abandoned claim, find the 'lead' and fill his purse in a few days. And so it went. On was in luck and another was not. The miner of '49 was ever gambling with Fate—sometimes winning, oftener losing. He was ever hoping, by some good luck, to strike a 'pocket' and make his 'pile.' He was never satisfied with small earnings or the slow growth of his business, because his visit to the mines was one of venture and speculation. A restless spirit of speculation took possession of him and governed all his actions. Many were kept on the march by the mythical stories of mines of fabulous richness somewhere else in the country; carried hither and thither by the capricious windings of fancy, and governed by that restless spirit of adventure and speculation which led them, imperceptibly, step by step, to a life of improvidence. In proof of this, many of these old miners may be seen to-day, bending in loneliness and desolation, over the brink of some dark ravine whose sands contain no gold and where by the lonely cradle in the gulch they vainly would take their rest."

JAMES McCATLEY, Ione, Anador Co., Cal.

Following the excellent newspaper letter of last month comes this one about the linotype which is being generally adopted in all the largest newspaper offices of the country:

"I thought it possible that some of the cousins would be interested in a description of the linotype, or typesetting machine. The linotype is about 8 feet high by two and one-half feet wide. It is provided with a key board not unlike that of a typewriter, but more complete, containing every letter and sign used by typewriters. Above this key board an arrangement to hold 'copy' is fastened. The type used with these machines differs widely from that used by hand setters. It consists of brass tablets about an eighth of an inch thick and one and one-half inches long, and one inch wide. The letters instead of being raised are engraved and can be read just like any other engraving, each letter being nicked differently. The cases for holding this type are on the top of the machine; about twenty tablets are contained in each, just wide enough to permit them to move freely. The operator, pressing one of the keys, opens a slide in front of the required case when immediately one of these tablets drops into a glass-covered passage, leading into a small moving belt which carries the type into the form, the nickel end on top. As soon as one line is full a bell apprises the operator of the fact, who then presses a lever which raises the whole line about six inches and automatically carries it to a small melting pot which contains the ordinary type metal, melted. As soon as the line of type arrives opposite this melting pot, a portion of its contents are automatically forced out and pressed against the

face of the type, filling up the engraved letters; the brass type then recedes, while the new cast, looking just like a line of regular printer's type, but all in one piece, is forced out behind its predecessors. This way a whole column is set and cast, the operator having nothing to do but press the keys. The tablets back into their respective cases, and this is where those singular nicks come in. As soon as the cast is made, the brass tablets recede, and a long iron arm descends and clinches the type by the nicks; the spaces not nicked remain until another arrangement pushes them into their places, while the types are carried to a revolving screw, like that of a vise or a monkey-wrench to which they attach themselves by their nicks; the screw by revolving carries them over the cases, where they drop off as soon as they reach their destination. To accomplish this, each letter is differently nicked so that when they reach the required position a nick being missing they drop off, as the screw cannot hold them. One of these machines represents a value of \$2,500, but as they are continually being improved upon, they are rarely bought, but usually rented at so much per year."

ADOLPH HEUSER, 65 Vine St., Paterson, N. J.

Read this about the beautiful scenery of Montana:

"Almost the first question addressed to strangers in Great Falls is, have you seen the Giant Spring or Rainbow Falls? I shall attempt to give you a word picture of this beautiful scenery. One visit to the Giant Spring furnishes a charming object lesson to the brain. This spring is close beside the Missouri, and as its softly tinted purpling waters flow onward and outward to unite with their gigantic relative, they become wild and turbulent as if to resist the power of the mighty river; or vainly endeavoring to retain their own tranquil beauty and purity instead of becoming stained with the waters of the muddy stream they are forced to enter. The waters of the spring are cool and sweet. In the presence of the mighty cataract, Rainbow Falls, which falls over a massive rock to a depth of fifty-two feet, we are spell-bound by the wildness and magnitude of the spectacle. I cannot refrain from contrasting our thoughts here, with those at the spring. Instead of dreamy felicity, we now have a restless longing to mix in the world's mad race, a wild desire to achieve greatness, an energetic determination to prove to the world, just as the rainbow arches its mellow tints across the falls, instantly subduing the wildness of the scene, I will bring my letter to a close."

LELA HUSTON, Great Falls, Montana.



I should have awarded a good letter on alligators a prize, had the writer complied with all the conditions and sent his full address. As he did not give his post-office address, however, it is impossible to give him either a cash or a monogram prize, for his excellent letter. I hope you will all take warning. Chattanooga is a name which calls up stirring memories from everyone who is old enough to realize what the Civil War meant; and I suppose there is no more beautiful spot in America than the battleground of twenty years or so ago. The next cousin has something to tell us about it:

"Desiring to visit Chattanooga and the mountain famous in history, we took a winding route through the suburbs of the city and went up and up until the conductor cried 'All out for Vailombrosa!' Then we climbed valiantly till we stood on the level of a capped mountain, from which we could see Lookout in the distance, with a broad track from summit to base. In my ignorance I supposed that a huge boulder had rushed down—carrying death and destruction before it, when my companion informed me that this was the cable car line and that to-morrow we would be drawn straight up over it. The morrow found us with rather a sensation of delight, ascending until we stood on the ground-floor of the hotel on the brow of the mountain. The grandeur of the view was sublime. Below us the Tennessee river winding its course along like a huge snake until one could see across its convolutions about seven times. While looking away in the distance, there we saw the hills and valleys of as many different States. Acres of land stretched out with their yield of grass and grain looking like a 'crazy' quilt; and acres seemed but feet to us. A faint squeak came to our ears from the depths below, and turning we saw a locomotive steal out from mountain cover with its train of cars, and seemed to crawl along. From this height we felt an inclination to put out our foot and crush it like a worm of the dust; in reality a mighty thing and running at the rate of thirty miles per hour. Chattanooga lay before us like a panorama and I remembered that within its corporation there lived a reverend gentleman who had proclaimed that if he might have the choice of his eternal home—here on earth—he would say 'Give me old Virginia.' But if left to make my choice, I would dwell forever amid the splendors of this scene. From the upper veranda of the hotel we could step out on the mountain side, and look down upon the roof that sheltered us."

FLORENCE BRADLEY, Michaux, Virginia.

Here comes a familiar cousin:

"Who has a map of Oceania and looking thereon can find a tiny speck marked 'Norfolk Island'? Very tiny it appears, but in reality it is large enough to be the home of a very interesting race of people, interesting because their ancestors were the primitive and famous 'Boum.' These ancestors formerly settled on Pitcairn's Island, but through inter-marriage with native women their numbers increased so rapidly that Pitcairn's supplies of food and water were soon insufficient for the little colony; so in 1854 many removed to Norfolk where their descendants still remain. Norfolk was formerly a penal settlement for the worst class of convicts sent out from New South Wales, and in those days bore the uncanny name of 'Ocean Hell'; but it is now a very Eden although some traces of its former inhabitants were still visible when I was there a few years ago. The old jail still remained, but was never used; in fact, like the Nantucket one it needed repairing to keep the sheep from breaking in. Around it ran a high wall whose summit, being covered with a formidable array of broken glass, must have made escape practically impossible; and not far away I saw several instruments of punishment, among them a gruesome treadmill, and the gallows where once fourteen men were hung in one day! The present inhabitants are very dark complexioned with the brightest of black eyes, and a general expression of good humored apatheticness in every feature and movement, but they are rather lazy, hump-back whaling being the chief industry among the men, while the women—well, they take life easy. Shoes and stockings are too troublesome and expensive to be worn commonly by either sex, but on Sundays you may see the families starting for church each member carrying those articles, which they solemnly don just before reaching the sacred edifice, and as solemnly take off again when meeting is over. Their pastor when I was there was an old gentleman of 90 years, who was never so delighted as when telling an appreciative audience how he was once invited to visit Queen-Victoria and how Her Gracious Majesty actually shook hands with him, a very great honor! The islanders are the most devout people I ever met, and are very scrupulous about grace at meals. One form, 'For what we are about to receive, Oh Lord make us truly thankful'—is said at the commencement of the meal while all stand, then when the meal is over (as the host finds out by enquiring of each person separately, 'Are you through?') all rise and stand while the grace is repeated with the substitution 'have received' for 'about to receive.' They were as unconventional socially as in other ways. For instance, we had scarcely reached our headquarters while ashore, when in came a village belle of 18 years, bare headed, bare-footed, and wearing a loose wrapper, who, after greeting us cordially made known her errand as follows: 'I saw you come into Peelpot's, and

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sample bottle, and in order to supply those living outside of city, or in any part of the world, I will send it safely packed, plain wrapper all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c, 50c or stamps. In every case of freckles, pimples, moth, sallowness, black-heads, acne, eczema, oiliness or roughness, or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression) FACE BLEACH removes absolutely. It does not cover up, as cosmetics do, but is a cure. Address all communications to MADAME A. RUPPERT, Dep't. K, No 6 East 14th St., New York."

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GERTRUDE KING'S CREDIT.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CORA DE PUT.

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It was the "Opening Day" of one of the great dry goods stores on the leading avenue of the city. Women crowded, clerks rushed, money clinked and changed hands.

Coming out from the crowd two fashionably dressed young women stopped in front of the door to have a parting word.

"I never can go home without that lovely bonnet," the younger of the two declared.

"And wouldn't your papa get it for you?" innocently queried the other.

"No; and it is only twenty-seven dollars! So becoming, too. I never had one wish gratified," declared the child of wealth and luxury. "not one."

"Why Gertrude King!"

At the sound of a familiar voice Gertrude King turned quickly to face a well-known philanthropist of the city, who was pushing her way through the great mass of fashionably dressed women, laden with a basket piled full of bundles.

"Why, Mrs. Dunlop," exclaimed Gertrude, "where are you going?"

"Down to Squatter-town. Can't you go with me?" replied the woman, whose great philanthropic had won for her a wide renown.

"Can't I?" said the young lady, looking back and bid "good-bye" to her friend, who was disappearing in the crowd, "indeed I cannot. I am not in a proper frame of mind to go anywhere, assure you."

Unconsciously though, the young lady walked leisurely by the philanthropist's side, gazing at the "Great Opening" and the elegant bonnet she would buy if she only had the money.

Gertrude King was naturally a generous, cheerful, happy girl, with few responsibilities and the arduous duties imposed by society. "I did want that bonnet so badly," said Gertrude, as they turned off the avenue on a side street.

"And couldn't you have it?" queried Mrs. Dunlop with transitory interest.

"No, papa said it was foolishness, and I had so many now I never wore the same one twice."

"How much was it?"

"Only twenty-seven dollars," replied the young lady.

"Possibly by to-morrow you will be glad you didn't buy it," suggested Mrs. Dunlop, shifting her bundle.

"By to-morrow I'll just be sick in bed over it," emphasized Gertrude. "I wanted it to wear Mabel Fleming's reception to-night, and now I shall not go one step. Where are you going anyway?"

"Pleased with the influence already exerted, the philanthropist calmly replied:

"Come with me, and I will show you."

They had reached an alley that led to "Squatter-town," where lived the most destitute, forlorn and miserable people in the city.

"Mercy," exclaimed the young lady, "are you going this way?"

"Yes, it saves so much walking."

"But this is awful," declared Gertrude, tiptoeing over the cobble stones, "have you ever come this way before?"

"Many times. You may as well come too," commented Mrs. Dunlop, smiling slightly.

"I'll have to," said Gertrude, "I'd be afraid to go back without you."

They pushed on down the alley, past the grimy coal sheds and broken drays, over tin cans and piles of rubbish, on to the rear door of an old tenement building.

Mrs. Dunlop entered without ceremony; Gertrude followed, and closed the old rickety door behind her.

Once within, the memory of the great Emporium and its wealth of elegant goods quickly faded from her mind. Instead, there came before her a living picture of hunger and destitution, suffering and disease.

On a lounge in the corner of the room lay the wasted form of a woman apparently thirty-five years old. There was no fire in the room and though the sun was warm and bright without, the place was damp and chilly. A soiled and worn patchwork quilt was thrown over the woman. By her side, propped in a wooden armchair, with large bandages about both feet and the left arm, was the mother's only support, "Little Jim," the newsboy who had been crushed under the wheels of the horse cart the week before.

Two wooden chairs, a bed in one corner, an old cupboard with a few plates and cups and saucers in it and a table with one leaf. That comprised the furniture.

Gertrude stood in the middle of the room, powerless to move.

At sight of the philanthropist's face the wasted woman reached out her hand, smiled and exclaimed:

"O, I knew you would come. God always sends you."

Drawing off her gloves Mrs. Dunlop took the invalid's hand and said cheerfully:

"Of course I would come. Why didn't you let me know long ago where you had moved?"

"This is Miss King, a new friend whom I have brought to see you," said the benefactress.

Gertrude stood like one suddenly accused of a wrong.

The woman merely inclined her head, then nodded toward the unpainted wooden chair and feebly apologized:

"Sorry I haven't any cushion."

Mrs. Dunlop soothed the sufferer's forehead, straightened the pillow, then turned to the boy with a cheery smile, "And how is Jimmie?"

"I'd be good nuff if I had suthin' to eat," bravely replied the lad.

"Well, you shall have something to eat," said Mrs. Dunlop. "Haven't you had any dinner to-day?"

"Not in two days," replied the boy, "Miss Hanson what gave us some moved away coz she didn't pay her rent. We's all right tho' till I got smashed under the horse cart," he added proudly, the memory of having earned enough by selling papers, to afford himself and invalid mother a sustenance, filling his heart with honest pride.

"Of course you were," said the philanthropist. Then she began to take the things out of the bundle. As she brought out one needed article after another, the invalid drew herself up in her eagerness and sat without a prop, for the first time in three months.

And what a host of things the benefactress had brought! Sheets, pillow-cases, a clean calico wrap per, underclothing, stockings, some new shirts for "Little Jim," several handkerchiefs, a pair of slippers, some towels, a muslin curtain for the window and a box of pretty picture cards.

There was a little basket of provisions too, with bread and cake and cold meats and a cup of jelly; but the supply was not large, and there was no fire to make the tea she had intended to prepare.

"Little Jim" had the free use of his good right arm and very soon he was eating the delicious cold meat and bread and cake, while his benefactress fed him and his mother the jelly, and held the bouquet of flowers for them to inhale.

Powerless to move or speak, Gertrude King merely stood and stared. She had offered no word of sympathy; speech seemed beyond her command. Suddenly noticing that the basket was emptied she caught up the handle, opened the door and carried it forth without a word.

Unmindful of the cobble stones or the draymen who made way for her, Gertrude rushed with all possible speed to the nearest grocery, placed the basket on the counter and exclaimed:

"I want three pounds of tea, five pounds of coffee, ten pounds of sugar, two pounds of crackers, a roll of butter, a dozen breakfast cakes, a dozen lemons, a dozen oranges, and a loaf of home-made bread. And I want you to put them in the basket and charge them to me."

"But I don't know you," said the good-humored groceryman, smiling at her enthusiasm and divining her mission.

"I am Gertrude King," she explained hurriedly. "My father is J. N. King of King, Harding & Co."

"O, very well, I'll charge them to him then, will I?"

"No sir, charge them to me; my credit is good."

Then she hurried to a furniture store across the street where she was well acquainted. She bought two comfortable arm rocking chairs, a stool for "Little Jim" to rest his feet upon, an ingrain rug, and a little circular stand for the bouquet of flowers.

"They are to be charged to me and delivered to Mrs. Granville at The Rookery, in Squatter Town," she directed when the last selection had been made.

The clerk looked amazed.

"Where?" he stammered out, utterly taken back and doubting if the firm would deliver goods in that locality.

"To Mrs. Granville, The Rookery, 'Squatter Town,'" she repeated with even stronger emphasis. "Please send them immediately, and charge the bill to me."

The clerk stood looking after her in astonishment. Glancing over her shoulder Gertrude nodded and said firmly:

"My credit is good."

Going back to the grocery store she rushed in and further surprised the proprietor by exclaiming:

"I forgot. I want you to send a barrel of flour down to 'Squatter Town' immediately, and charge it to me."

"Very well. Anything else, Miss King?" he asked, growing interested in her purchases, and taking down the address she gave him.

"Well, yes; have you a little oil stove?"

"Just one left, Miss King. Will close it out at a bargain. You may have that stove for two dollars."

"Very well, I will take it," she said. "Please add two gallons of oil, and send the whole down at once."

"Certainly, Miss King. You wish the other parcels delivered?"

"I am going to deliver them myself," she informed him, taking up the handle of the basket and starting toward the door.

"Well, I declare!"

Unheeding the remark, Gertrude hurried to the door. Hers was a pretty heavy load and when she reached the alley the task was much harder. There was no boy in sight and so she tugged away alone.

At last she reached the tenement house door, little realizing that an hour and a quarter had elapsed.

She went in without knocking, but drew back in astonishment as her eye caught sight of the occupants and their smiling happy faces.

The place was transformed.

The furniture had been delivered, and put in place by the philanthropist who was just taking the steaming tea from the oil stove as Gertrude entered.

Bolstered in the armchair, with the clean calico wrapper on and her dark wavy hair brushed and coiled in a Grecian knot, the invalid mother was comfortably established by the little center table where the vase of flowers scattered rich perfume; and where already two cups and saucers had been placed for the steaming beverage.

In the other new chair was "Little Jim," proudly resting in his new clothes which the philanthropist had brought for him.

The ingrain rug was of generous dimensions and made rest for weary feet that had not known the luxury of a covered floor for many long lonely years.

"You are better, I know," said Gertrude, feeling justified in offering a word of sympathy now that she had contributed something to their comfort.

The sick woman smiled and nodded, but could not find her voice.

Going to the door Gertrude took out one of the paper bags from the basket, got a plate from the cupboard, set it on the stand and made a great yellow pile of luscious, fresh oranges.

"Would you like one?" she asked, noticing the eager look on the boy's face.

A great big tear that rolled down his face and fell upon his bandaged hand was all the answer "Little Jim" could give.

While Gertrude peeled and sliced an orange for each invalid, Mrs. Dunlop unloaded the fresh supplies amidst exclamations of joy and gratefulness, and put them safely away in the cupboard where they would be ready for future use.

In the bottom of the basket the good natured groceryman had tucked in a pretty motto, which although designed to advertise a certain brand of coffee was most appropriate and timely. Mrs. Dunlop took it out and before they turned to go placed it on the wall where the invalid could see it every day.

It was a picture of a beautiful lady giving a crippled boy a cup of coffee. Underneath letter of pretty design, were the oft-repeated words which Gertrude King, for the first time in her whole life, realized and understood:

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Going home the young philanthropist added up her bills and found that she had incurred a debt of exactly twenty-seven dollars. She had no private bank account, and so mentally commented that it might take some little time to save enough from her "pin money" to liquidate the debt. But she was happy in the sacrifice and ran lightly up the steps.

In the hall she met her father.

"And so you have come at last," he greeted, "well, it is only five o'clock. You will have time to go back and get your bonnet. I do not wish it to spoil your pleasure. Here is the money. Richard is waiting and will drive you down."

He gave her a roll of bills, twenty-seven dollars in all.

"You are so good, papa," she said and hastened to the waiting carriage.

Once out of sight she instructed Richard to drive to Ross' grocery and Cranville's furniture store, and before the city hall struck six, she had paid her debts and was driving home with a happy heart.

Gertrude did not attend the reception that evening. She gathered the family around the library table instead, and told them the story of her afternoon adventures.

When she had finished there were tears in the mother's eyes, but a proud look was upon the father's face. While he approved of the noble sacrifice she had made, he was far more gratified to know that his fellow townsmen esteemed him so highly that his daughter's credit was good.

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In the Saddle Through Arizona and Utah.

II

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY COLONEL PRENTISS GRAHAM.

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view would usher in something wholly unlooked-for.

The trees are enormous, ranging from three to four feet in diameter. There is timber enough along that trail alone to supply the country with lumber for years. We saw a number of coyotes and skunks; the bite of the latter, our Mormon guides told us, was as dangerous as that of the mad dog. Several herds of antelope were also seen on the march, our best marksmen bringing down a few at long range.

Continuing our way through the same waterless country—for the Grand Canyon drains for miles back the country bordering on it—we passed through park-like vales and scenery that won our heartiest admiration; for there was no undergrowth to obstruct the vision. At last we climbed a hill that brought us suddenly upon a view that fairly burst upon our vision; the "expected" had happened.

There before us lay the Colorado basin, the valley of the Grand Canyon through which runs the Colorado river. Yet, grand as the sight was, it did not prepare us for what followed, when, descending by a trail that looked impassable, we came upon a log hut nestling in a vale that ended abruptly at the brink of the Grand Canyon.

There before his door, stood the lone dweller. He held his rifle across his arm, and eyed us curiously as we rode up; then he bade us welcome in a rough, hearty way.

He is a man with a history; a confederate soldier from the Tennessee mountains, when the South surrendered he went west and pitched his tent in the region of the Grand Canyon.

Fear he knows not the name of, and a better shot and huntsman does not exist. John Harris is a tall man, all bone and sinew, with a face that is intelligent and refined; a man of fifty, though he looks younger.

He is known as the hermit of the Grand Canyon; he dwells there, many days travel from the nearest habitation, yet content with his lot; there are those who insist that he has found gold enough in that country to make him many times a millionaire. The Indians fear him as an "Evil Spirit"; and the outlaws who have sought to rob him have been taught such severe lessons that he is unmolested now both by redskin and pale face.

He lives amid the grandest scenes of Nature, the wild beasts about him his only companions; twice each year he goes to Flagstaff for supplies.

The International Geological Congress, several years ago, visited the Grand Canyon; and John Harris has the autographs of its members in a book. Among them I noticed the names of many famous men, representative geologists from London, Berlin, Vienna, Leipzig, Strasbourg, Edinburgh, Paris, Rome, Munich and Washington. There were feminine names as well, and the hermit says the ladies of the party were more adventurous in their explorations than the men.

The trip from the Canyon to the river, is really a two days' journey, a stop being made at the hermit's winter cabin half way up. The trail is dangerous in the extreme, scaling precipices that drop off thousands of feet. In the descent we were so unfortunate as to lose a couple of pack animals carrying bedding and supplies; they lost their footing and fell three thousand feet; and fortunate we were that none of our party followed them. Harris once made the trip in 9 hours and 26 minutes; but he says he would not care to do it again, although he travels the trail by night as well as by day.

It will be recalled by many readers that Major Powell of the Government Survey, once surveyed portions of the Grand Canyon, and went down the Colorado river in boats, a most perilous feat and one which, for daring and skill, has never been surpassed. The expedition was successful for the information derived by the Government, but resulted in the drowning of several soldiers and the killing of others by Indians.

Still at the call of duty Major Powell dared invade this land of marvels whereon God has written the mighty story of the illimitable Past. Harris the hermit told me that he was one day on the Canyon's river with Major Powell, when the latter put to him this arithmetical problem: "John, suppose a line was instituted from this brink across the Canyon to the other side, and a string was let down from the centre of the line to the river, what would be the length of the string?"

John Harris gave it up and the Major said: "It would be just 6,494 feet long." But the hermit had to see how the calculation was made before he would believe it.

As the Canyon is 287 miles long, from 5,000 to 9,000 feet deep and from 6 to 20 miles in width, its immensity can be estimated. In its depths rushes the Colorado Grande, from a quarter to a mile wide, fathomless in many places, and running around mountains arising from the centre of the abyss; from this the reader can perhaps imagine what width, height, depth and greatness make up Nature's most wonderful work. Every strata of earth, stone and rock known, can be found; gold, silver and copper are there; granite, blue limestone, red sandstone, gray and purple stone, marble, onyx, asbestos, iron and other minerals. In the river are innumerable fish, and we caught many that we could not remember ever to have seen before; and fine eating fish they were too, among them Colorado salmon weighing fifteen pounds.

Game in abundance haunts the Grand Canyon, and a more delightful place to camp could not be found. It is cool in summer and never cold in winter. The foliage is luxuriant and one is surrounded by a grandeur of nature that subdues and causes him to feel what a tiny atom of humanity he is.

As we could not cross the Grand Canyon there—Harris' trail being the only one known—we went around by way of Lee's Ferry. There opposite the hermit's cabin, where the grandest views were obtained, we found that our old guide was nearing eighty and had ranged the country since a young man; and yet he had not slept under a roof for forty-five years. He had his riding horse and pack animal and rain or

shine was happy; his eyes were as clear as ever and he was still a good shot. His life had been one long scene of adventure.

Bidding farewell to the hermit, after several days' halt we pulled out over a long trail of more than three hundred miles to reach a point less than twenty miles from our starting point.

We found our Mormon guides and guard polite, eager to please, intelligent, and, strange to say, though cowboys, they never uttered an oath, did not drink, and always said their prayers night and morning openly, with no fear of those about them.

Our trail led us over a course which threw the San Francisco mountains against our backs, and it seemed in that land of mighty space that we would never drop them out of sight.

We passed through groves of cedars of Lebanon, and gathered wood for our campfires, for we were going into a country that was treeless as well as waterless; nowhere could we find spring or stream until we reached the Little Colorado near the Arizona diamond fields that caused such an excitement several years ago.

We passed through what had once been a

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vast inland sea; on all sides were volcanic mountains, some rising three and four thousand feet above the bottom of the plain; the craters of a few being still open, the sides barren of tree, shrub or grass, and rising in most fantastic shapes; all of them being of a bright red or purple hue. The valleys at their base were strewn with lava, and traveling over it was by no means pleasant.

Now and then a group of them rose together; and in one day's travel I counted thirty-three volcanic mountains, with glimpses between of scenery a hundred miles away.



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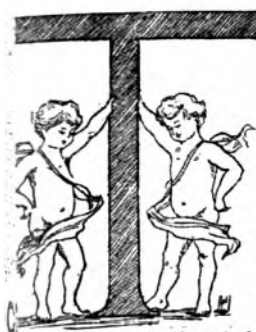
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THE LUNATION OR new moon occurs in May at about 28 minutes before 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 5th instant. The figure of the heavens erected for that time and presented here-with shows the luminaries just inside the 11th house opposed by the malefic Herschel from the cusp of the 5th; Saturn is in

lower heaven in the 4th house; Mars is in 8th; Venus is in the 9th near the south adian; Mercury, rapid in motion, occupies 10th; while Jupiter and Neptune nearly joined are in the 11th house.

Moon, ruler of the Ascending sign, and a co-signifier of the people is the ruler of the scheme. She is with the Sun opposed by schel and applying to a square of Mars. There is marked analogy between this figure and that superior which preceded it for the Equinox in March in the matter of public affairs, legislation, taxation, and depression industries; though some benevolent features lead to the conclusion that right and justice prevail and the general conditions of the country be improved.

The configurations are evil for the President. The political schemes and measures of the administration have little approbation from the people and his efforts and popular appeals are alike strangely baffled in Congress. A popular voice is raised in vain supplication to the government on measures of importance. The government continues to prevail among the labor and industrial classes and loud complaints heard, but it is feared that only laws detrimental and few or none beneficial will be made during this lunation. There are indications of misguided men in the extremity of their zeal, may seek to inflict violent harm on those who are unable to assist them.

Unusual opposition is evinced towards the end of the nation and violent harm, if not threatened to some person or persons in station. Some sudden accident, explosion, disastrous fire, or violent crime may be perpetrated near the 5th and 16th of the month. To see Mars occupying the 8th house, his baneful influence tends to produce feverish and contagious disorders, in many cases terminating fatally, particularly to some period of prominence.

The unhappy feature of the scheme seems to threaten as to the health and welfare of the younger members of our community. Troubles portended to, or through, children; giving rise of some bad disaster to buildings wherein they are congregated, such as school-houses or places of amusement or recreation; some bad infectious disease among them interfering with their learning. Let all having welfare of children in charge see that the buildings in which they are confined are healthy and secure; that proper means of escape is



provided in the event of fire; that no injury comes to them through excitement or panic; and that infectious or epidemic diseases be banished against.

The time is dangerous also to maternity, being promotive of sudden interruptions of gestation and more than ordinary danger in delivery. Practitioners of obstetrics will need to be more than ordinarily watchful of their patients during this lunation, especially in the last half of the month.

The testimonies of mischief to the 5th house adds to the fear of some serious accident, attended with loss of life, at some place of public resort, a hotel, theatre, or other place of amusement, and caution is therefore prompted to all those who cater to public hospitality or amusement.

Principal among the diseases likely to be quickened by prevail influences are those of the blood, heart, throat, and bladder. Urinary and generative disorders, ruptures, and fistulas are unusual trouble. Parents should have more than usual care of their children during this month and particularly near the time of the lunation and about the middle of the month, being sure not to neglect any symptoms of throat diseases as soon as they declare themselves, especially if the children were born about the 3rd of February, May, or August, of past years.

Mercury in the 10th house indicates some unusual favor or advantage or concession from the Chief Executive to the press and patronage and consideration to scholars, and ingenious men. Some important discovery is made in science, and some literary character by his efforts gains marked publicity and honor.

Saturn in the 4th retrograde, does not promise

as favorably for agriculture as could be wished, since his tendency will be by cold or rain to retard vegetation and give detriment to grain or other crops that are sown broadcast. He also gives danger of harm to mankind from underground explosions or cavings of the earth or from falling bodies. Persons connected with mines cannot be too cautious.

Some heavy failures are likely in the last part of the month which adds to the confusion and depression prevailing in monetary and commercial circles. Some serious bank failure is denoted about the 27th, and the general revenue of the government presents a very unfavorable appearance. Let the uninitiated beware of speculations and sudden schemes for quickly acquiring wealth.

Persons desirous of forming matrimonial alliances this month must take care to select fitting days from a careful investigation of their natures. Those born on the 23rd of the month, of past years, and marriageable ladies claiming the 3rd of the month as the anniversary of their birthday, should take especial heed of these suggestions. In the last part of the month indications are evil for the fair sex; death will probably cause a vacuum amongst the shining stars of the vocal, musical, or theatrical circles; whilst the poisonous tongue of slander is busy tarnishing the reputation of some who move in the higher spheres of society.

Some severe thunder storms or remarkable atmospheric phenomena, excessive heat for the season, with considerable lightning are indicated for the last days of the month.

Mars, the god of strife, enters Pisces on the 10th and promotes discord and violence among the inhabitants of Portugal, parts of Spain, Egypt, and parts of Northern Africa. The lunation occurring in Ireland's ruling sign, opposed by Herschel, is evil for that country. The Irish people are likely in these passing days to experience some sad affliction or serious disappointment in their political ambitions, and there may be some extraordinary scenes of violence or disorder.

CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR MAY.

MAY 1—Tuesday. This month begins with one of its superior days, full of energy and determination. The day is especially favorable for the artistic and decorative callings; for music and landscape painting and more than ordinarily propitious for matrimony between persons past thirty years of age or who are widows or widowers, unless their natures are very evil radically in this respect. Some caution is urged against undue haste or precipitation in business or monetary affairs, for persons born about the 7th of February, 1st of May, 11th of August or 3rd of November, of past years.

2—Wednesday. Have no dealing with usurers or very old or eccentric persons in the forenoon hours, nor expect much consideration from employees of railways or officers of great corporations; scrutinize very jealously any business project or scheme now presenting itself, having care that thou art not misled by any glamour of appearances.

3—Thursday. The middle hours of this day are very unfortunate; choose not this time for the beginning of any important undertaking, for no matter how favorable the promises, they prove delusive and result disastrously; above all things, beware of speculation. If thou wouldst avoid bad losses. If this be the anniversary of thy birthday or if born about the 2nd of February, 6th or 10th of August, or the 6th of November, of past years, thou wilt need to watch both health and finances vigilantly lest more than ordinary losses of property and strange experiences of an evil nature come in these passing weeks. Marriageable ladies born on the above dates or on the 14th of January, 1st of March, 11th of April or July, 5th of September, or 13th of October, of past years, had better be slow to accept the matrimonial proffer at this time made; while married ladies so born are now experiencing strange differences, infidelities, or unhappiness with or through their life partners or in the family relations. Let no one seek profit from dealings in houses or lands nor expect to find favor with the aged on this day, when also baffling and disappointing conditions prevail generally. The evening gives much improved conditions, when the intellectual pursuits are particularly favored, the mind is clear and active and the judgment is likely to be more acute than usual; the author and writer should earnestly employ these very late hours for some of their most important efforts.

4—Friday. The very early hours are the best ones in this day and should be fully improved for all classes of literary and intellectual efforts and engagements; let those engaged in the mechanical, mathematical, and scientific pursuits, specially improve the initial hours of this day for crowding their several undertakings of consequence; make contracts for machinery, printing, and engraving; and begin surveys and civil engineering.

5—Saturday. Commence no new undertaking on this day, nor expect much permanent progress in any matter of magnitude. Regard the flattering promise with much suspicion, avoid rash speculations, being satisfied if thy gains are only very moderate; travel not if it can be avoided and beware of incurring the displeasure of those in authority; government officials and officers of railroads and other large corporations will not be favorably disposed. Conditions are very threatening on this day and money transactions have but little, if any, chance of success; inducements may be held out for speculation, but REGULUS advises his friends to beware of temptation; litigation and heavy losses, if not bankruptcy, are likely to fall to the lot of a very great majority of those who embark their capital on this day. Those born about the 3rd of February, 5th of August, or 7th of November, of past years, are to guard for several weeks to come against sudden and disastrous changes, unusual losses, baffling conditions in business, and, in some cases, serious affliction if not death of near and dear relatives. Ladies, so born, should guard against discord in the home circle and the rupture of existing relations with the opposite sex, whether husband, father, brother, or lover; many such will rue the planetary conditions just at this period, and all of the gentle sex so born should earnestly counsel their near male relatives to be specially guarded as to both health and pecuniary transactions. Increased mortality is likely at these times from apoplexy, heart disease, and throat and urinary troubles, and the day is peculiarly dangerous and unfortunate for practice in obstetrics. Patients will need the most jealous and watchful care on this day, in such cases, if the life would be saved.

6—Sunday. Bridle the tongue during the early morning hours lest quarrels, inharmonies, and much unpleasantness come; but as the day advances it increases in benevolence and reaction from the contentious conditions prevailing in the morning will tend to quicken repentance, and, in many cases, conduce to extremes of religious fervor and sentiment; efforts of the clergy will be attended with more than ordinary success and church matters and officials will be much favored, particularly in the noon and afternoon hours; the middle hours of the day especially invite communion with the poet, musician, and artist.

7—Monday. This is one of the excellent days of the month; bargain for lands and houses; make contracts for their improvements and deal with aged persons, the agricultural

classes, and mechanics; surgical operations and chemical experiments generally succeed; consult thy dentist; travel; and trade in cattle, machinery, hardware and cutlery.

8—Tuesday. Be up with the Sun on this day and urge thy business to the utmost; make mercantile and commercial contracts; do important correspondence; apprentice children; deal with printers, publishers, and book-sellers; and prosecute mathematical and scientific studies and pursuits with vigor; but do not expect much profit or advantage from the elegant avocations or from purchases of artistic or decorative goods in the middle hours of this day.

9—Wednesday. Use the forenoon for making personal applications for favor or advantage from persons in public office or high authority in great corporations; the latter part of the day gives baffling and disappointing influence. Refrain from important transactions in lands or with reference to their improvements.

10—Thursday. Vigorously employ every moment of this day, particularly in the afternoon, in which all honorable undertakings meet with good success; the day is peculiarly propitious for the artist, dramatist, and musician; and all important engagements in these professions should be effected under the benevolent conditions of this day.

11—Friday. Have caution in all thy business engagements; sign no papers of importance, travel not, nor engage any help; annoyances of considerable magnitude are likely to come to editors, authors, booksellers, publishers, printers, mathematicians, civil engineers, surveyors, lawyers, and judges, especially if born about the first days of February, May, August, or November, of past years; to such persons correspondence goes wrong, gives little or no ultimate satisfaction, and, if very important, is best postponed until a more fitting season; the judgment will prove faulty and all mental productions are best laid aside for future consideration and revision under more benevolent conditions. The evening conduces to better success in all matters pertaining to real estate and for dealings with persons engaged in laborious avocations.

12—Saturday. Form no hasty conclusions in business; litigation or contentions are likely to interfere seriously with the happy outcome of affairs of magnitude or importance now begun; be not rash in thought or act and scrutinize carefully all business enterprises now presenting themselves; seek not promotion in public positions nor offend thine employer.

13—Sunday. Not specially favorable as a Sabbath day; pupil efforts in the forenoon will not be notable for soundness of either logic or judgment; the afternoon and evening give more earnest and eloquent sacred discourse though perhaps marked by eccentricity of ideas and strange peculiarities of expression.

14—Monday. Choose the forenoon if thou wouldst seek favor of superiors and improve every moment of the day for business; shun usurers and old and eccentric persons in the evening, when also keep thy wits about thee; literary labors are best deferred a short time, where best results are craved.

15—Tuesday. The forenoon hours are the best for urging all the honorable undertakings in life, with the exception of such as relate to the elegant pursuits or the musical and artistic professions; buy goods for trade, have money transactions; and ask accommodations of bankers and money dealers, all in the early part of the day; the afternoon discourages matters of art, music, the pursuit of pleasure and the polite avocations generally.

16—Wednesday. Rest quietly during the morning hours; sign no papers of consequence; do no important correspondence nor hire or purchase lands or houses; avoid aged persons, also contractors, plumbers, brick-makers, and generally those engaged in laborious avocations.

17—Thursday. Arise betimes and push all matters of business to the utmost all day; let mariners, plasterers, painters, cattle dealers, butchers, tanners, and workers in mines, also those engaged in electrical work or in the handling of electrical machinery or apparatus of any kind, begin new and important work in their several callings during the forenoon and noon hours of this day, for they are peculiarly favored by prevailing conditions.

18—Friday. The forenoon of this day is unfortunate for changing thy residence or for travel, when also avoid controversies with railroad officials and employees, for they will not be agreeably disposed. The day after 11 o'clock in the forenoon gives much improved conditions, particularly for engagements with persons in elegant pursuits; and for taking steps with reference to dress or adornment or the drama and musical entertainments.

19—Saturday. This day has but little to recommend it; those who speculate with their money on this day need not be surprised if disappointment comes, and general conditions bid thee pause before engaging in any matter of great importance. REGULUS desires to strongly impress upon the minds of all persons born about the 1st of March, September, or December, of past years, the necessity for extreme caution in all matters pertaining to health and finances for these passing weeks; particularly should speculation be avoided. There will be an unusual degree of nervous or mental depression recognized at this time by those whose natures sympathize, especially if born about the 17th of February, 22nd of August, in past years, and some unusual disorder in their business affairs, accounts, or correspondence. Beware of signing any writing of consequence. The literary world suffers some general detriment under these conditions; publishers, editors, press writers, and those in clerical positions having these birthdays will recognize these annoyances just at this time.

20—Sunday. There is but little promise of good from the first two-thirds of this day, especially of assistance to the clergy, those connected with the church or for matters generally of an ecclesiastical nature; contentions are more likely than quiet or rest; the evening is by far the better part of the day, giving enjoyment of the elegant in literature and art, and rendering courtesies between the sexes particularly agreeable.

21—Monday. Use the forenoon hours of this day for thy dealings with builders, plumbers, farmers, dyers, and all persons engaged in laborious avocations; also seek the society and ask favors of aged persons; purchase coal, lead, iron, wood, lumber, grain, and wool.

22—Tuesday. Do not relax thine efforts of yesterday, but be up and doing in every available moment; the time is favorable for mathematical studies and scientific pursuits generally; surgical operations and chemical experiments succeed; give preference to the afternoon for mechanical and inventive efforts, and for dealing in metals, chemicals, glassware, hardware, cutlery, and electrical materials and machinery.

23—Wednesday. The early hours of this day are the best and should be given preference for the principal affairs of the day; but as the Sun passes the noon meridian thou shouldst have care in all business movements, particularly such as relate to the elegant pursuits or landed property; avoid thy landlord, and have nothing to do with the improvement of lands or the decoration or adornment of persons or things; conditions contribute to bad fires and are likely to disclose some acts of extreme cruelty to some members of the female sex; indeed, these passing days are likely to develop sorrowful experiences to and through many of the female sex; to give activity in divorce proceedings, many ruptures in marital relations, lovers' quarrels, disputes with females, and disappointments in speculation and love, increased inclination to intemperance and dissipation; suicides and deaths, especially among females and from poison are increased; mortality is likely to be greater from complications of diseases involving the kidneys, stomach, and brain. Let all persons born about the 8th of January, 9th of March, 1st or 9th of April, 10th of July, 11th of September, or the 4th or 11th of October, of past years, be very cir-

cumspect in deportment, exercising more than usual prudence in their social engagements and pleasurable indulgences, giving special consideration to the matter of diet and their habits, and duly observing the suggestions above given, so far as invited by their several conditions in life.

24—Thursday. Make no engagements toward wedlock nor expect much success in the elegant pursuits or from dealings in dry goods or fancy or ornamental wares in these passing days. REGULUS especially advises the fair not to let wealth tempt them to wed, under the conditions of this or the preceding day, especially where there is much disparity of years, for disappointment and unhappiness lurk in the background and are likely to fall to their lot, particularly if their birthday anniversaries this year fall upon the days indicated in the last paragraph. The evening of this day inaugurates a better condition of things for the next 18 hours, especially for all classes of literary engagements and for seeking preferment from persons in authority.

25—Friday. Let all engaged in literary and scientific pursuits, and especially in legal, judicial, and ecclesiastical affairs be particularly active in the first half of this day; prosecute mathematical studies, do important correspondence and effect engagements with persons of wealth and prominence and concerning money matters. These things the more emphatically if thy birthday anniversary happens to fall this year about the 3rd of June, 15 of July, or 2nd of August, of past years.

26—Saturday. Choose this day for urging all honorable business to the utmost; for buying goods for trade and money transactions generally; give preference to the forenoon hours for effecting engagements of consequence pertaining to houses and lands, or their improvements; also for dealings with farmers, contractors and builders, plumbers, ship-joiners, and in agricultural implements and products; commercial men engaged in handling fancy goods, furnishings, and decorative wares of all kinds; also furniture, draperies, and wearing apparel are particularly favored on this day, especially if born about the 10th of June, 13th of August, or 11th of December, of past years.

27—Sunday. An evil Sabbath day, generally unpromising; unfavorable for ecclesiastical and judicial matters and indicates a series of embarrassments or disasters to churches, the clergy, and those connected with religious bodies or who occupy high stations upon the Bench or at the Bar; the day gives some unusual excitement, prompting a bride for the tongue and the avoidance of controversies of all kinds, especially as the evening advances; let all persons look out for fires, for combustion is alarmingly quickened in these passing days, when also thieves become active.

28—Monday. Merchants should transact business very cautiously this forenoon, avoiding, if possible, the signing of any contract, note, or other important writing; and postponing correspondence concerning matters of magnitude. Bankers and merchants will be wise to scrutinize signatures on money writings; some bad forgery or swindling operation will come to light. Do not travel nor make any contract or engagement with lawyers, printers, book sellers, or publishers, and be extremely careful in all uses of the pen; the latter part of the day is the best.

29—Tuesday. Be early astir and vigorously pursue all mercantile matters; prosecute mathematical studies and scientific investigations; engage with literary characters, printers, book sellers, and all engaged in clerical pursuits.

30—Wednesday. Begin this day with its first moments and push thine efforts for pecuniary advantage in nearly all affairs of magnitude; all matters now begun will be successful unless thy nativity be very evilly afflicted; and even if such be the case, the time is probably as favorable as any that can be chosen in the passing days. It is peculiarly fortunate for those who claim it as the anniversary of their birthday or who were born about the 1st of February, or December, of past years, as such persons have generally improved conditions of health and increased prosperity and may calculate with good assurance upon the successful outcome of their business ventures of the passing time, and should enter with zeal upon their various pursuits in life; buy goods for trade, and engage in new enterprises generally; as the evening approaches let more caution govern thine acts, avoiding any venture pertaining to houses or lands, mines or grains.

31—Thursday. Bright and prosperous are the conditions of this day; authors and artists are particularly favored and publishers and dealers in scientific, literary, or artistic works or productions should vigorously improve every moment in the forenoon. Conditions give special activity to dealings in fancy goods, jewelry, perfumes, silks, and all articles of adornment; begin thy journey, take recreation and seek pleasure and amusement; the day generally promises very favorably for the matrimonial engagement and for the solemnization of the marriage contract.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic and is the best.

Dear Editor:—Will you please put this letter in your columns to let your readers know that they need not be discouraged, even if the times are a little hard and money scarce. Almost every day I have received letters and circulars from different companies asking me to go to work for them, and some of them I tried, but never could do much. One day I was thinking how hard I had to work and how little money I got, when I ran across an advertisement of P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Maine, offering easy employment at good wages to every one. I thought this was one of the usual advertisements, all promise, but I wrote them and got their terms, and was so pleased that I went to work at once. I found that the work was light and pleasant, and the very first day I cleared over ten dollars at it. Some days I have not done so well, and some a great deal better; but in the year that I have been at it I have earned over one hundred dollars a month, and in all that time I have not been twenty-five miles from home. I never expected to see money come in so fast and easy. I have given my father enough to pay up a mortgage, have dressed and lived first rate, and have saved enough to put over six hundred dollars in the savings bank. I wish everyone that wants good honorable work and a chance to make money fast would write to them and get their terms to agents. If they do they can find employment all the time, or they can pick up enough money just at odd times to keep themselves in pin money and clothes. If they take right hold and work they can make money faster than they ever did before and with less trouble. Be sure and tell your readers that the address they must send to and just ask for a chance to work, is P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Maine.

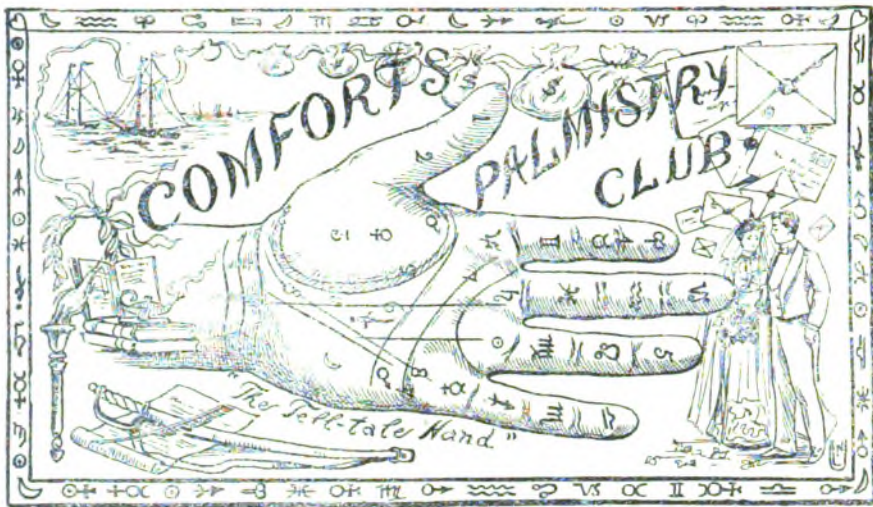
HINTS FOR WOMEN.

Avoid sweet things if you would not be too fleshy. White, transparent court plaster is the safest to use. All others contain poisonous dyes. Silver or steel thimbles are the only safe ones. All others contain lead, brass or pewter, producing inflammation in a slight scratch. Food leaves the stomach from the right side; consequently sleep will be sounder if one sleeps on that side, thus preventing the stoppage of the food passage. Heavy bed-clothing often produces sleeplessness. Light blankets and fluffy comforters are more healthy and sleep-producing than heavier ones. Accustom the children to as little bed-covering as possible.



Cut this ad out and send to us and we will send you the revolver by express C. O. D. If you are a dealer in guns and equal to revolvers sold by others at \$5.00 and upwards, pay the agent \$1.68 and express charges and keep it, otherwise **DON'T PAY A CENT.** It is .38 or .38, uses Smith & Wesson cartridges, self-cocking, patent ejector, full nickel and the best revolver ever advertised in a paper. Address, Sears, Roebuck & Co., Big Gun Catalogue Free. Chicago, Ill.

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A San experiment this month I give readings of several hands, drawings of which have been sent me by mail. It is necessary to state to begin with, that as these drawings were, with one exception, made in pencil by the parties themselves, they can hardly be perfect; and as the slightest change in the position, form or length of a line affects the reading of the palm, I cannot warrant the diagnoses given as absolutely correct in every particular. Again, the color and depth of the lines, the size and height of the mounts, the color and texture of the hand, its shape, size and other important details, which it is necessary to take into consideration in palm-reading, cannot be accurately, or even approximately, given in a pencil drawing on white paper; so that if the following readings should prove true in every way, I should surprise myself quite as much as you. However, the principal lines being given and the general shape of hand, thumb and fingers, doubtless the main results will prove correct.

The first hand for this month's reading is that of "John Augustus." He sends both right and left hand drawings. As I have already said, this is the better way; as the left hand shows the lines we were born with, and the right the lines as we have made or marred our lives. To begin with then, "John Augustus" has the square hand belonging to the practical person. He has good judgment and common-sense in everyday affairs. He is a hard worker and faithful in details. His thumb is small for the rest of the hand, giving a love and gift for occult matters, such as palmistry, hypnotism and clairvoyance. The shape of this hand would indicate a thoroughly trust-worthy person. His life-line shows a healthy life, extending up to eighty years or so. Certain lines in the left hand indicate an unhappy love affair, but as they are much modified in the right, it is possible that by his own good sense and force of character he has overcome the difficulty whatever it may have been. The heart line is strong, better in the right than in the left hand. The subject is not very affectionate and will probably work hard all his life. The head-line starts well, near the life-line, but droops too much on to the mount of the moon, giving another confirmation of his love for occult science. The little lines cutting the middle of this line show a tendency to headaches. The cross in the centre, danger of an approaching accident. The owner of this hand should be careful about exposing himself in dangerous places. The line of fortune bending towards the mount of Jupiter indicates attainment of his ambitions. Of course these interpretations might be modified by the appearance and size of the mounts of the hand, which as I have already said, cannot be judged from the drawings. There is a square on the line of head which means deliverance from extreme danger. A square is always a protection against evil significations. The cross in the centre of the hand is called the "croix mystique," and is not considered a good sign. Taken alone it means

life and head-lines being slightly separated at the beginning give energy and self-reliance; were they more so, they would say foolhardiness. The life-line is branched indicating constitutional weakness, and the heart-line also being wavering and branched we should say a weakness of the chest (lungs, liver or heart) was indicated. The forked heart-line, with a ray going to the mount of Jupiter denotes success and gratified ambition. A good head-line shows intelligence and penetration. There is a fine line of fortune in all the impressions, and a line of Apollo which indicates success and good fortune during the latter part of her career. Her talents are liable to be divided, however, between two objects which will pre-



"JOHN AUGUSTUS," RIGHT HAND.

vent the greatest success in either unless she is careful. We should advise her to select one congenial line of work, such as painting, literature, teaching, etc., and only one, and then to stick closely to that, persevering until success is won. She is of an affectionate, warm-hearted nature, but with so much coolness of head that she will know how to regulate her affections. There is nothing in the impression sent to indicate her age; she will, however, live to be about seventy-five, but will not always enjoy good health. The marriage lines are much blurred in the ink copies; but we should say only one marriage is indicated, if any.

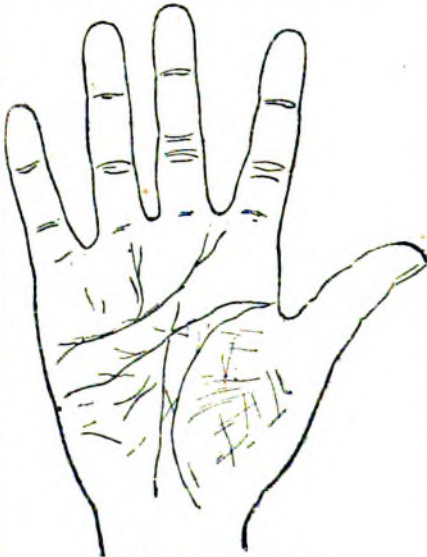
The third subject sends a very peculiar hand, and his initials are "R. J. T. M." It is a mixed hand, inclining to the sensible, useful and philosophical types. Whatever of good or evil fortune comes to him—and he is liable to have some strange experiences—he will not "lose his head"; but will take things as they come and make the best of them. Bear in mind, please, that we have only the left hand to go by, and that the right might materially alter the reading. Also that while we had a faithful copy made of his drawing, that several lines were either lost or weakened by the reproduction. We are having a process perfected by which we hope to reproduce exactly the hands sent us; but at present we must confess that we labor under a disadvantage. His life-line is weak between the ages of 18 and 40, and stronger after that, and he will live to be quite old. We should advise him to be more careful of his health after the age of 45, than he has been in the past. The heart-line indicates an affectionate disposition with probably several love-affairs. Its dividing into a trident with three forks reaching onto and towards Jupiter is the best possible sign and indicates riches and good luck. There is an indication however of a love-affair in early life which either resulted in a miserable marriage or deep grief to the



"JOHN AUGUSTUS," LEFT HAND.

mysticism, superstition, and occultism; or with a good hand, religion. But as much depends on the prominence and marks of the various mounts, and there is nothing given by which I may judge of these, I should not apply this meaning here without limitations. There are several lines indicating riches in old age, and good fortune. The cross in the wrist-line is accounted a sign of health in old age. One marriage only is indicated; with several journeys.

The next hand belongs to "Libbie P." who sends an inked impression, several times repeated, of her left hand only. As certain lines appear in some of these impressions and do not in others, it has been impossible to have a truly accurate drawing made of her hand; but we have done the best possible with it. It is a mixed hand, partaking strongly of the artistic and philosophic types. The owner is not only fond of beautiful things, of nature, of pictures and poetry, but she has evident genius and artistic ability. The pointed fingers, the third finger nearly equalling the second in length, and the general contour of the hand indicate a degree of brilliancy; and the knotty, uneven shape of the fingers, a calm and philosophic temperament and a good judgment that is usually lacking in the purely artistic type. The



HAND OF "LIBBIE P."

heart—although the presence of that successful fork on Jupiter may have delivered him from this trouble. Curiosity in regard to scientific matters and research is indicated. The subject did not complete his education until rather late in life, and is probably not the most orderly or self-reliant person in the world. A scientific turn of mind towards art and literature is also indicated and a certain amount of success along these lines may be looked for. He is fond of argument and controversy and is a

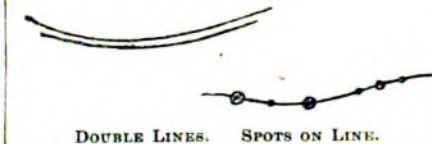


"R. J. T. M.'s" HAND.

clever sophist. According to the Saturnian line there is strong indication of strife for success spurred on by the wildest imagination and directed by a love affair. This line would not indicate success, but the Apollo line and the trident on Jupiter at the end of the heart-line ought to more than offset any weakness in the line of fortune. The owner of this hand is a person of strong individuality; and if his right hand bears out his left he should be more than successful.

We have received many hundreds of letters to this club during the month past, all, with two exceptions being of the most friendly and encouraging description. The exceptions referred to are from people who evidently have not read these articles very carefully; as we have several times stated that the Comfort Guide to Palmistry is in process of being issued and will be sent to all those entitled to receive them, as soon as they come from the press. So that there is no need of ill-temper or complaint if all would read carefully our statement in regard to them. In all probability the book will be ready for distribution sometime this month. Many cousins write "I am interested in the Palmistry Club and wish to subscribe at once." "Best thing of the kind ever seen." A New York man writes, "Digitus is evidently a genius, and thoroughly understands his business." (Thanks.) Another writes, "I take time out of my sleep to peruse Comfort; it is so bright and cheery." Another writes, "The only fault I find with the Palmistry Club is that it don't come half often enough." And so on. Would you believe it? We had 411 letters in one morning to this club alone!

As some of you doubtless would like to send impressions of your hand to be given here, this offer is made you. "Cheiro" the famous chiromancer who has written our book, gets five dollars for every hand he reads, and prices range from that down to one and two dollars. So you



DOUBLE LINES. SPOTS ON LINE.

see Comfort cannot afford to undertake readings for nothing. It is a great deal of work and takes time and study to read a drawing or cast of a hand. Therefore you should do something in return.

Send us six new subscribers to Comfort with \$1.50 to pay for them one year, and a drawing of both your hands, and we will print description of same under your initials or assumed name in Comfort.

Those of you who cannot do this are recommended to take steps to procure our new Guide to Palmistry. Remember, everybody who is entitled to receive one already has his or her name registered at our home office, and will soon receive the books. Others should read our

OFFER.

To every paid-up yearly subscriber to Comfort, who will mail us within 30 days, together with 50 cents the names and addresses of two new yearly subscribers, we will send Comfort's Guide to Palmistry postpaid and free of charge.

All letters must be addressed Comfort's Palmistry Club, Augusta, Maine, and the names and addresses of two subscribers must be in every case given in a plain, readable hand. Send names and addresses at once, and they will be booked in the order received. The Guide to Palmistry will be sent to all members of the club, as soon as it is off the press, as it is now rapidly coming to completion.

Besides many other points of interest, the book will contain directions for taking full and complete impressions of your palms, which can be sent by mail for reading by experts.

It must be distinctly understood that the above book is not for sale, it cannot be bought anywhere, it is specially gotten up for and copyrighted by Comfort, and it is the latest, newest thing out. It must not be confounded with any other work on palmistry. Consequently it will pay everyone to become a member of this Palmistry Club at once.

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THE SHEARS OF ATROPOS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ANNIE RUSS MILLIS.

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ESTHER sat in the door-way darning socks. A broad extent of undulating country spread out before her. The gently rolling hills, sprinkled with little pine trees, the fields of yellow corn, waving its dry and rustling

leaves in a monotonous autumn song. The cows were lazily grazing in the meadow opposite, now and then lifting their heads and sending forth a mellow "moo."

Esther's gaze wandered wearily over the picture, and stopped on the little figure in the yard at the side of the house. Tim was not really much more than a baby, but he was a sturdy little fellow though only four years old. Armed with a large shovel, he was digging in the little plot of ground he called his "dardin." A long rake lay beside him, and with his hat pushed back on a mass of tangled flaxen curls, he was working like a man, now dragging the heavy rake unsteadily over the rough ground, then lifting the shovel and trying to balance his little foot upon it as he had seen the men do. Now and then he would turn his smiling face towards his mother, and the answering light that shone on her own, told what was the joy of her life.

At last, weary of work and play, he ran to his mother's feet, and sitting down on the steps, laid his head against her knee for a few moments, then lifting it suddenly he looked over the front of the house. It was an ugly frame cottage of a dingy brown, new enough to have none of the dignity of age, even when it had repair, yet sufficiently old to have lost its freshness and be in need of paint. No effort had been made at adornment, and there was a discouraged look about everything, as if there was no heart or interest in aught about the home.

"Mamma," said Tim, solemnly, "do you know what I'm doin' to do when I'm bid?"

"No," said Esther, "what?"

"I'm doin' to build you a nice house. Where does you want to have it?"

Esther's thoughts flew back to her childhood's home, where she had been so happy. Oh, so happy, and she dreamily answered, "In Essex, dear."

"Well," pursued Tim, "it's doin' to be pretty, too. I'll mate a barn and put two ponies in it, an' I'll tate you to ride with 'em, an' I'll drive, and when we det home, you'll sit in a nice wed wocking chair and wock me, an' den we'll have supper, some bistit, an' jelly, an' milt, an' ice cream, an' won't we have a dood time!"

She looked at him curiously for a minute, and then asked, "And where will papa be?"

His face clouded an instant, then he whispered, "I dess papa'll be dead then."

Just then the gate clicked, and a tall man came quickly up the path. A brisk looking young mechanic, in his working clothes. No marks of dissipation visible, and the face, shaded by a shock of dark wavy hair, with deep blue eyes, might have been called handsome by some; but to a student of character, the heavy under lip, the line between the brows, and the droop of the corners of the mouth bespoke an arbitrary, if not cruel, temper, and obstinacy joined with a coarse nature.

"Hello, Esther!" he called as he reached the steps. The child raised his eyes questioningly and looked in his father's face, but without speaking another word, the man entered the house. The bright expression faded from the baby face, and he murmured sadly, "Papa don't know me yet."

Esther heard it, and the color mounted slowly in her face. She set her teeth an instant, then leaning down, she threw her arms around the child and kissed him with an impetuosity that was almost fierce in its sudden force, and said, "Now go and play till I get supper ready." She carefully turned the socks, pulling the toe down through the heel, then putting the two heels together, made them into a smooth little roll and laid them leisurely in her work basket beside the others, and sticking the needle into the cushion, she carried the basket into the house.

The kitchen was spotlessly clean but there was no attempt at decoration. Esther herself, in a blue cotton dress, was as daintily tidy as the room, though her gown was perfectly plain—as though clean she always must be because it was her nature to, but of ornament she would have none. With head erect and straight as an arrow she moved about the room. You could tell at a glance, a woman who would do her duty severely and keep the letter of the law, but beyond that there were no soft winning ways. The face was a pretty one, but immobile as a statue in its white fairness. It seemed as if the joy of living had been crushed out, and a beautiful perfect machine left. Her hands showed the marks of hard toil and you could see that she shirked nothing of the labor of the house. The kettle was boiling briskly, and she put the tea in the pot and set it on the back of the stove. The hash, which was all ready to put in the spider, was soon steaming over the fire. It only took a minute to toast the bread, and the apple sauce was on the table.

Her husband was sitting in the doorway now, with the penny evening paper, reading an occasional item aloud for her benefit, or laughing loudly over some campaign joke; for election was near at hand.

"I'm goin' to the rally to-night," he volunteered. "All the hands will be there; they mean to make the town go license this year anyway. 'Twill be a big time I reckon, for they'll have to fight for it."

"And do you want license too?" she asked. The question did not trouble her. John had never been a drinking man. That was not one of her worries.

"Well, no, I don't care about it for myself, the boys want all the fellows to vote their way, but I'd rather go with the boss; he's always treated me well and I get good pay; he knows what's best for the works just as well as I do. I guess it's just as good to pull his way, but I'm goin' all the same to see the fun."

"Come, your supper's ready," said Esther, and then she stepped to the door and called in the child.

John was generally rather a taciturn even surly man, but to-night his tongue seemed loosed, and he talked about affairs in the shop, the growth of the business, which was a new one, and what his prospects were.

At each pause Tim was ready with some question for his mother, but he never addressed his father. Esther tried to keep him quiet with a restraining touch on his arm, but John impatiently cried out: "Keep your child still or I won't have him at the table."

She flashed a quick look of anger at him which died out as it came, but she only said: "He don't trouble you much anyway, seems to me."

Soon after the meal was over he took his hat from the nail behind the door and started out. When he had left the house, Esther threw down her dish towel and catching the child in her arms, she clasped him to her heart while she burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. His loving little arm was round her neck, and a soft little hand patted her cheek.

"I love you, mamma, don't cry," said the sweet voice in her ear; and she was calmed and went back to her work. This was soon done and everything left in its accustomed order for the night, with the table laid for breakfast, which would be soon after six when the factory whistle blew.

Now came her happiest hour of the day. Tim climbed in her lap and while she gently rocked him they had a little talk and he said his prayers. Then she put him to bed. John generally walked out after supper so she was alone with the child for awhile.

"Now sing about the bird," demanded he, and the baby voice followed her own in "What does little birdie say?" always half a line behind, struggling for tune and words. "Now the yiver," and again he took up the familiar old refrain, "Yes we'll dather at the yiver, buftul, buftul yiver," then the eyelids grew heavy and with a sleepy little yawn he cuddled down on her arm. "We'll say prayers now," said the mother. "Oh yes! I want to say the man one, 'Blessed is the man that walteth not in a tuncil ungodly.'" Then he stopped, "That's naughty folks, goes and stays wiv 'em, an' likes 'em." Now let's say the dress makers one."

"But I don't know anything about dress makers; do you mean Miss Conly across the street?" "Yes, you do know too, you told me one day, 'Blessed'—then he thought a moment—"Yes, 'Blessed are the dress makers with the pieces, for they are children of God.'"

Esther buried her face in the soft curls till she could control the smile that would come,

then she tucked him to sleep in his crib with a dozen kisses; but as she turned away the tiny hand caught her own and drew her back while he whispered, "Do you dess papa'll know me to-morrow?"

Esther turned wearily away and descended the stairs, when she began nervously pacing the room.

Her thoughts turned backward only six short years when she was a merry girl; only six years, but how long they had seemed. Life before that was a different existence. How proud she was of the young lover who came from a distant town to woo her. She smiled bitterly as she thought, what chance had she in those brief meetings to learn to know him or his disposition. Frank and winning he appeared then to her. Her father's warning words sounded again in her ear. He had discerned more truly than she. "I am afraid, child, ye ain't suited to him, I dread ye won't be happy, but if ye love him I won't stand in your way." Yes! she had married without a doubt and gone to her new home filled with pride in her handsome young husband, and with never a foreboding that she should ever lose his affection. For a few brief months she believed in his love for her, then came the awakening. He had loved her for her pretty face and bright attractive ways. She might acknowledge that much without vanity now, since it was all he had cared for. She had grown up through girlhood with a common school education, and her father was an illiterate, uncultured man of narrow means, but still with a natural appreciation of the true and beautiful, united to a great love of nature, so her surroundings had been congenial; and without any great aspirations beyond her station, she was still far above her husband.

When the sweet little flower of humanity lay in her arms, she was satisfied, and once again life stretched before her filled with rosy promise; but as she lifted the corner of the blanket and joyfully asked, "Isn't he a beautiful boy, John, our son?" his face fell, and in a surly tone he said, "I don't like children any too well, and I hate boys; I suppose I could stand a girl, I always liked girls," and he turned on his heel and left the room. Never from that day through these four dreary years had he ever spoken to the child, or taken the slightest notice of him save to criticise.

Esther clasped her hands over her head and threw herself upon the carpet lounge in an agony of despair. How long could she bear it? Every day it grew harder and harder, for now the difference between the way other fathers treated their children and his father's neglect of him, had made its way into the precocious child's brain, and though he seldom spoke directly to his father, his occasional questions were so many dagger stabs to the tender mother heart.

"My-darling, my darling," she murmured, "what can I do? Is it my fault? Have I failed in my duty to you?" Then conscience turned and accused her of not trying sufficiently to win the father and soften his heart toward the child. Since they had left their pretty first home and moved to this one in a growing manufacturing town, she had not taken much interest in the ugly house they occupied. She was discouraged for she had loved the other home, and it had been a bitter wrench to leave it because John had said there was a better chance for him to get ahead there. She had

made few friends and spent most of her time alone with the child, who grew dearer and dearer every day. Still in spite of that, life stretched out before her a dismal road of unhappiness, for she could see no way to make Tim a contented, happy child, neither could she help the feeling of bitterness that would surge up at the thought of John's callous indifference, and selfish obstinacy, which made her so miserable. She was conscious that she inwardly held herself aloof from him, and self reproaches added to her wretchedness. As she lay there, she heard the shouts of the factory hands, who had formed a torchlight procession, and were marching through the streets. The light streamed in at the window and fell across the floor. As it faded out and the cheering died away in the distance she realized that the fire was almost dead; a few charred embers only were in the little grate; the room was chilly, and she had forgotten to light the lamp, lost in her sad reminiscences. She rose from the hard, uncomfortable couch, and with a heavy sigh turned to the shelf and struck a match. Just then she heard the sound of men's footsteps outside, and loud voices, suddenly muffled. She hastily lit the lamp, then went to the window, and drawing back the curtain, she looked out into the night. The moon was shining bright and clear; she scarcely recognized it as the same picture that had been before her at sunset. She dimly noticed it though her eyes were fastened on the men who had stopped now at the gate. One of them came up the path and knocked at the door. As she opened it he stepped in and closed it quickly behind him, then she recognized one of John's factory companions whom she had seen before when he had come to the house with John. "Don't be frightened ma'am," he said, "there couldn't nobody help it. The boys were makin' such a noise with their cheerin' and it scared the horse, and he run agin him and knocked him down; we hope he ain't hurt much, but they're bringin' him in."

She fairly tore the door knob out of his grasp and hung the door wide open where the group of men were huddled together carrying the helpless, unconscious figure. They entered carefully and laid their burden on the couch, and as she bent over him, too dazed to speak, the foremost among the men said, "We'll go for a doctor now, ma'am. Will Dennis will stay here so you shan't be alone; there's nothin' we can do now," and casting a pitying glance on the prostrate figure, they went out.

Then Esther came to herself and starting up she ran for bandages. "Get me some warm water, quick, there in the kitchen," and Dennis started to do her bidding.

John was unconscious and apparently did not suffer. Esther bathed the ugly wound over his temple and fastened a handkerchief across it. She knew nothing of scientific treatment, but she used her judgment as best she could; then she sank down beside the couch and eagerly watched for some sign of returning life. Dennis walked nervously about the kitchen or sat down uncomfortably on the edge of a chair, uneasily conscious that he was in the way, and could do nothing. Finally he said softly, "I guess I'll go to the gate and watch for the doctor."

Esther nodded her head. When she was alone by her husband she laid her head close beside his. All her angry, bitter thoughts faded into nothingness. It was not grief exactly that she felt, but the harsh, arrogant man faded from her memory, and the beloved husband of early days was at her side. She heard a slight sound and lifting her head saw Tim's little figure in long white night gown with his hair tossed about his face and a terrified look in the beautiful blue eyes.

"What is it, mamma? I'm afraid; what's the big noise?" and he shivered.

Just then there was a slight movement on the couch and John opened his eyes. He tried to move himself a little and reaching out his arm, called feebly, "Come! papa's little man, my own."

With a glad laugh the child rushed forward to him crying, "Papa knows me now, mamma, see! Papa knows me," and as the father clasped Tim close, the child climbed upon the lounge at his side, and nestling contentedly in the arms that had never before folded him in a loving embrace, he fell asleep.

Esther dared not disturb her husband again, so she softly covered father and child, and almost immediately John relapsed into unconsciousness again. With her heart full of thanksgiving she dropped into the low rocking chair beside them with the word, "In everything give thanks," upon her lips.

A few moments later she was roused by the doctor's entrance. He came forward, and as she anxiously watched him, all her heart shining in her face, the physician folded back the covering and laid his hand on the man's heart. There was not a sound save the quiet breathing of the child, who made an exquisite picture of health and beauty in his innocent sleep. Then he gently lifted him, and laying him in his mother's arms, he said, "Take the child, Mrs. Lee. All is finished."

A MAN OF DARING.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CHARLES E. BARNES.

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out so much as a cudgel.

Men will do strange things under the strain of an amorous passion, but stranger things when that passion is unrequited. The traveler in Palestine who does not hire a Bedouin dragoon, is sure to fall prey to one of those predatory bands to which a gilaour, or infidel, is legitimate plunder.

Blowitz courted danger. He let his Parisian fatalism run mad. He would do this or that, despite warnings, let come what would.

Away from Paris, Parisians are strange savages. They are like ships with a twisted rudder-cable; they go off at a tangent.

One day Blowitz came into the monastery at Jerusalem where we all were staying. His clothes were torn to shreds, his hands and face bleeding from many wounds, and he was covered from head to foot with slime and spittle. He had done the Mosque of Omar without the special permit granted by the Sultan—a most shocking offense—and being suddenly discovered in the very holy of holies with unsanctified feet, was kicked and cuffed and wounded with

bayonets till he was a sight indeed. It was a wonder that they did not kill him outright, and throw his body over the walls into the vale of the Kedron to the jackals.

Notwithstanding this frightful adventure, Blowitz coolly announced at the dinner table that he was about to start for Damascus, by way of the Dead Sea and east of the Jordan, on horseback and alone. Everybody smiled and looked at everybody else as much as to say, "Is that man mad, or is he a fool?"

"Why, Blowitz," said the patriarch of the monastery, "don't you know that you are courting disaster, perhaps death?"

Blowitz shrugged his shoulders, and went on eating.

"The east of Jordan is infected with Mahomedan tribes," continued the patriarch, "which will show you no mercy. Why, three weeks ago a Russian party, four men and three women, unprotected by dragoons, was attacked beyond Moab, and one of the women—a young girl of twenty—was carried off and is now held for ransom. They threaten to kill her if the ransom is not paid, and even went so far as to strike off one of her fingers and send it to her father who is dying by inches with fear, and who has gone to St. Petersburg for the ransom money. You have no idea of the perils of your journey."

The history of the young Russian captive seemed to interest Blowitz. "I will try to be captured by the same tribe," he said slyly. "It would be a distinguished situation."

That was the sum of Blowitz's life—"distinguished situations." Well, he was yet to have one which he little counted on, and he was not to cross the Jordan into Moab to get it either. The facts came out a few days later, and they were as weird and thrilling as they were ludicrous.

As Blowitz passed out of Jaffa gate the next morning, turning to salute us in the shadow of the Tower of David, I said "Good-bye" to him forever. He was superbly mounted, with enough oriental trappings to be mistaken for a Bedouin; and his rich bronze face, and straight though rather under-sized figure, bore out still further the illusion. His hair, which had grown very long and streaked with gray, was half concealed by the flowing kerchief floating from his turban, and if it were not for a certain uneasiness in the saddle, every Bedouin he met might have saluted him "a brother in the faith"; but these savage horsemen are clever and spot the novice who, unlike themselves, was born out of the saddle.

Blowitz made straight for the Dead Sea, by way of Mar Saba, the weird monastery in the ravine of the Kedron.

There are few stranger sensations than that experienced by one who stands for the first time on the shore of the Dead Sea. The awful desolation above, around and about one; the great, apparently limitless stretch of unrippled quicksilver flashing back the sun's torrid rays far to the south; the naked cliffs on the left and the burning monotony of the hills of Moab on the right; with a foreground broken by monotonous images cut in solid whiteness, unrelieved by living thing—not a flower, nor blade of grass, nor beast, nor bird, nor even a breeze to break the maddening monotony—one has the weird feeling of having been cast upon a crater in the moon, with only the surprise that there is at least air left to breathe. Then comes a strange sensation when one has disrobed and taken a plunge in the heavy brine which is of such density that one can stand upright up to the arm-pits in twenty feet of water without effort. It is like walking into a lake of molasses, if you can imagine such a thing.

Upon coming from the bath, the dragoon usually spreads rugs upon the sand, bids you lie down, covering the form and face with a light silk robe, shielding the head from the sun's rays. In a few moments a wonderful transformation takes place. The heavy saline solution has crystallized upon the body by the heat of the sun, and one finds one's self clothed in crystals of dazzling whiteness. One becomes a walking pillar of snow-white salt; and after the surprise has been enjoyed by the dragoon, they come with skins of Jordan water and wash the body clean of the salt crystals.

Of course, when Blowitz struck the banks of the Dead Sea, he must do as he had heard of others doing; he must take a plunge bath.

It appears that it was quite late in the afternoon that he dismounted on the barren salt sands and spread down his rugs, disrobing, after bribing his horse to quiet with a pomogranate from his saddle bag. Then he plunged into the sea and paddled around for half an hour, enjoying the sensation hugely. Tiring of that, he came out, stretched himself upon the rugs, drew a sheet of light silk over him, covered his face with his cork helmet, and then—ah, fatal folly!—went fast asleep.

When he awoke with a start some time later, the sun was gone; so was his horse; so were his clothes; so were his gun and small arms; everything but the sheet that covered him, his helmet, and—merciful robbers!—two pomogranates from his saddle bag.

Then, after looking everywhere in vain, Blowitz looked at himself, and saw that he was white as the driven snow from head to foot, and the crystals glistened back the light of the rising moon which was just lifting over bleak and desolated Gilead, greeted by a thousand baying jackals down the weird valley of the Jordan.

Blowitz ran down his repertoire of oaths and half way back again, then sat down and thought. Here was a "distinguished situation"! Twenty miles from civilization, over the meanest, beast-infested path. As long as he stayed where he was, he was safe. Nothing that lives, save curious man alone, ever comes near the Dead Sea.

Blowitz had about made up his mind to make a night of it, when he heard the weird minor strains of Bedouin singers on the cliffside in the distance, and saw their campfire burning before their cave camp. He might have known that the robbers of his chattels would ford the Jordan at Jericho, and be off east; but when he saw that Bedouin camp, he started for it in search of his stolen properties.

For two full hours he picked his way along, and it was a full hour before midnight when he came upon the strange spot.

He saw a semi-circle of Bedouins, some with barbarous instruments, men, women and children, singing the wild minor songs of the desert, while two lithe and beautiful girls upon a rug before the firelight, kept up a wild writhing dance which held the interloper spellbound.

Naturally the sudden coming into their midst of a milk-white ghost with its long hair and cadaverous face, brought consternation, and the sheiks were for blowing the wraith to bits. But when the stranger struck a grand heroic pose, with outstretched hand pointing to heaven in the pale moonlight, the grand sheik fell on his face, and cried, "By Allah! it is an angel sent from Mahomet!"; and laying down his arms, bade the others to follow, the women shrinking into the shadows in fear and trembling.

Blowitz was clever.

He saw that he was mistaken for a ghost, and proposed to use his new "distinguished situation" to advantage. He slowly advanced to the campfire, drew a burning brand, tossed it high in air, catching it deftly, then with the charred ends, drew across his snow-white bosom the sacred sign of Islam. Then he bade them come closer, and with most hideous grimaces, drew upon the sands a bowl. The signal was enough;

and, kissing his footprints, they shot off in all directions for refreshment for the angel visitor, setting before him roasted pomegranates, pomogranates, apricots, and rice with goat's milk. He ate ravenously, watched in awe by the cowardly savages, his flashing black eyes seeming to exercise a snake-like mastery over them.

"They have a guilty look, all of them," Blowitz muttered. "I believe they have got my clothes and my horse. I'll see!" Thereupon he took a fire-brand and advanced boldly into the cave camp. It was evident that the band was new to the place. Everything was in such confusion. The snow-white figure pawed about the cave for a time, then gave up. As he was retreating, near the door of the cave he stumbled over a sleeping form. It was a woman, and she started up as at the sound of the tramp of doom, with wild eyes staring upon the ghostly visitor in silence. Suddenly he saw that the pale hand uplifted as if to forefend a blow, was lacking the little finger, and his heart leaped up.

"You are no Bedouin. You are the Russian held for ransom!" He whispered this in French. The poor creature reached forward imploringly at the sound of that voice. "Yes, I am," she moaned. "Who are you? For God's sake—" "Hush! Do not stir! Do not even speak! Sit down and be quiet—very quiet. I can rescue you, but it will be very difficult. I shall not leave you. Trust me!" Then with his frame quivering with rage and very desperation, the angel walked forth, and with mysterious incantations, called down the curse of Mahomet.

Again the sheiks fell upon their faces and wailed; and again plucking a fire-brand, Blowitz drew a caparisoned horse in the smooth white sands, and with the air of one chosen of Allah, commanded it to be brought. A few moments, and the horse was led up before the campfire. Again Blowitz fell upon his knees, and with eyes uplifted as if acting upon the dictation and direction of God, drew a full-length figure of a woman with hands bound behind her.

At this there was a demur; and drawing forth two burning brands, Blowitz stepped back, raising his eyes to heaven, muttering, as if about to call down a rain of brimstone and fire, when the sheik cried out the command, and the captive was brought. Shamefaced and dismayed they helped the poor creature upon the horse in silence, and then the white angel turned the horse in the direction of the Dead Sea.

"Make for the sea!" he whispered. "I will overtake you. Say nothing or we are lost. Go!" All this was murmured as if it were an incantation in the language of the stars; and as the horse started down the valley, Blowitz fell upon his face, heaping the sands upon his head, wailing, from very fear in his heart that the stratagem might yet prove a failure. Then, as he raised his eyes, he saw that the sheiks were still bowed, and knew that immediate danger was past.

Again as if by miraculous direction, Blowitz drew upon the sands. It was a sheep, for he had heard one bleating near by. It was brought. Drawing a scimitar from the girdle of the sheik's belt, the white stranger killed the beast with a blow, and caught the blood in his two hands. This, with many a mysterious rite, he sprinkled upon the fire, before the cave, and lastly commanding the savages to kneel, upon their own heads in token of completed absolution.

Then, as mysteriously as he had come, the white angel vanished, striking off like a deer amid the shadows with a Bedouin's cloak about him!

The next morning at early daybreak a strange, half-naked individual might have been seen leading a Bedouin horse out of the valley of Gehenna up toward the tower of David. Upon that horse sat a young Russian girl, who, despite her hardships, was beautiful indeed, her sweet face now lighted up with a great joy, tears of thankfulness rolling down her cheeks, prayers of gratitude upon her lips. A few moments later they had entered at the Jaffa gate, where the half-naked Blowitz fell upon the stone pavements, fainting from exhaustion. He was cared for by kind hands, and had the pleasure not long later of hearing the ten silver bells in the Russian monastery which now sheltered the restored captive, sending out peal on peal in his honor.

A year later Blowitz had so far forgotten his unrequited love, and so far abandoned his fatalism, that he made a journey to St. Petersburg and brought back to Paris a beautiful Russian bride, together with the blessings of a father, and the ransom money as a dot.

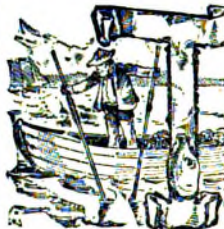
I am not sure that this happy event did not grow out of something very heroic and interesting said upon the desolate shores of the Dead Sea one very eventful midnight.

All honor to Blowitz, with all his foolhardiness, which, I doubt not, is well under training now.

A SEA-CHANGE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY LOUISA H. BRUCE.

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HE great ship-yard at Newport News had shut down.

There had been mighty rejoicing, flying of flags, blowing of whistles and firing of guns when the huge freight steamer, "El Cid," was launched; but had the workmen known

that they were about to be discharged on account of hard times, the gala day would have been one of mourning instead.

None shouted louder as the great ship glided majestically into the waters than Johnny Gregory.

He was a little fellow, only fourteen, but he had a soul big with aspirations and yearnings; and though he was but an errand-boy for the riveters, his heart had been full of pride in every bolt that had gone into the great ship's side. He said something of this to the workmen, one day, but they laughed at him, caring only for the money that was to come to them at the week's end.

It was an awful blow to Johnny when they told him his services were no longer required, and he watched "El Cid" steam away with a feeling that life's possibilities were all ended for him, if he could help to build no more big ships.

But hunger will make itself felt, however heavy the heart, and Johnny had a widowed mother who needed his help. So all summer long, he fished, and so kept the wolf—who is not very fierce in warm weather—from the door. And while he sat in his rocking skiff, waiting for the fish to bite, he read everything readable he could lay his hands on, mostly scraps

(NUTSHELL STORIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)

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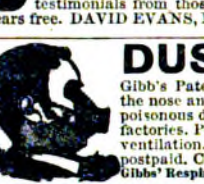


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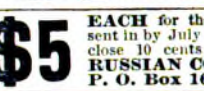
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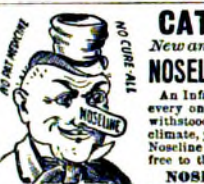
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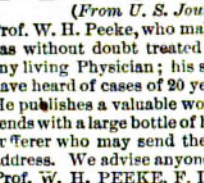
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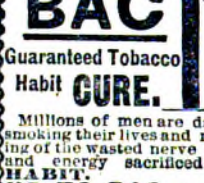
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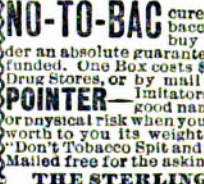
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THE NUTSHELL STORY CLUB.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

of old newspapers; and when these were exhausted, longed unspeakably for a chance to be something in the world, to know, to do things, and not to remain a poor fisherman all his life. One day, he read that "El Cid" had broken the record, and was the fastest freight steamer afloat; his heart leaped, and for one moment glowed with joy.

"I helped to make her!" he thought proudly; then the joy faded, and the future looked dark and hopeless.

September came, and the fish were harder to catch, and much harder to sell, for people wanted oysters now.

Several weeks passed, and then Johnny told his mother that he was going oystering. A man with boat and tongs had offered to take him out and give him half of all he brought up. His mother wept and begged him not to go.

"It is such a hard life, Johnny," she pleaded. "It is not so hard as starving," he said, simply, "and there is nothing else, mother."

Oystermen wear great waterproof boots, and oilskins over rough, warm clothes. Johnny pulled down the outgrown sleeves of his thin jacket, and wrapped his mother's old shawl around his head and neck, for the wind was cold and keen. He had grown in height during the summer, but was thin and weak, for a fish diet is not flesh-producing, however good for the brain.

The men were not quite ready to start when he reached the shore, so he read the wrapping of his frugal dinner while he waited. On this scrap of paper was something to absorb his thoughts; his beloved "El Cid" had been purchased by the Brazilian government, was to be converted into a war-ship, provided with a great dynamite gun, and go out to reduce the rebels to submission. What would he have given to go with her! But his ambitious soul must make its choice between two fates—oyster, or starve.

Oystering is far from easy work. One must stand on the very edge of the tossing boat, and thrust the great tongs down to the river bottom, to scoop and draw up sometimes only shells and rubbish. Johnny's first two trials were not very successful; on the third, he slipped and fell into the ice-cold water. He struck out and tried to swim, but instead of rising, he seemed to go deeper and deeper, then whirl around and around till his senses left him.

When they came to him again, he was gazing up into a clear, blue sky, while a soft, warm wind blew across him.

"Where am I?" he asked, amazed, of a man who bent over him.

"You are on board the 'El Cid,'" the man answered. "We pulled you out of the water, just now. You were bound for Davy Jones' locker, but you'll have to go with us to Brazil, now."

On "El Cid"! Then he was at home! Johnny could have turned and kissed the boards beneath him in pure joy and delight.

They dressed him in a uniform and enrolled him as one of the crew.

The crew was partly American and partly Spanish, but they all liked Johnny because he was so happy and willing. The thought of his mother's grief was all that dimmed his great satisfaction, but that would be changed to joy when he came back, having distinguished himself in some way.

The big dynamite gun fascinated him. The chief gunner explained to him all its parts, and how it worked. By-and-by, he learned of a curious superstition among the gunners. An old fortune-teller had prophesied that the man who first fired the gun would be killed by the discharge, and each hoped he would not be called upon for this duty.

They steamed along for many days at "El Cid's" greatest speed; then they came in sight of the enemy's fleet, blockading the harbor of Rio Janeiro. Now was the critical moment. The great dynamite gun must be fired before they came within range of the enemy's shells. The chief took careful aim.

"Fire!" he called to the gunners, and all held their breath with anxiety. But there was no sound but that of the engine throbbing through the ship.

"Fire!" was shouted again to the gunners, but not one of them stirred. Nearer and nearer to the battle-ships—and now a shell struck the water a few feet away.

Johnny could stand it no longer. He knew just how the lever that fired the great gun should be moved, and he sprang forward and laid his hand on it.

"Give me life for her—for 'El Cid'!" he cried in clear tones, and pressed down the lever.

An explosion followed which slook the ship as a cat shakes a mouse; the foaming waters rose around, so that the men could see nothing; but when they fell, the surface of the sea was strewn with floating fragments and sinking hulls. The enemy's fleet was destroyed at one blow.

Johnny was the hero of the hour.

The Spanish captain embraced and kissed him, while the chief wrung his hand fervently. The cowardly, superstitious gunners were put in iron, and "El Cid" steamed triumphantly into the harbor.

The officers, the chief gunner, and Johnny, went ashore together. Troops of the inhabitants met them with shouts of delight, bringing handfuls of silver, gold and jewels as gifts to their preservers. They were dressed in white, flowing garments, and spoke a soft melodious language Johnny could not understand. The captain talked to them, pointing to Johnny, and presently, they all shouted and surrounded him, kissing his hand, and slipping rings upon his fingers and gold chains about his neck.

There was a feast that night in a gorgeous palace, and Johnny, intoxicated with pride and joy, occupied a place beside the captain.

For three days, they feasted and rejoiced, and on the fourth, a great hunt was arranged for them. Johnny bestrode a horse for the first time, but as sailors are never good riders, no one appeared to notice his awkwardness.

A few miles from the city, they arrived at a jungle, dark, almost impenetrable, in pushing through which the riders became separated. Suddenly, before Johnny appeared a great panther, trying to creep out of sight in the undergrowth. Success had turned Johnny's head.

"If I shoot this panther, it will add to my glory," he thought, and fired.

There was a roar, a bound, a hot, suffocating breath on his face, and sharp teeth fastened themselves on his arm. The glistening tropical sky turned black, the torrid air icy cold; Johnny felt himself dragged by the teeth that gripped his arm.

"Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed the oysterman, seizing the limp form his tongs had brought to the surface, "durned if I ain't got 'im! I ben fishin' fer 'im wid these here tongs 'twell I purty gin 'im out. Durned if I bring any more boys out a-oysterin'!"

Often in drowning, the whole past life is re-enacted in a moment; to Johnny, whose past was eventless, had been unrolled a gorgeous vision, compounded of his own longings and ignorant dreams.

Poor Johnny! awaking from his trance of glory, to find that of his two alternatives, only one remained—to starve!

CAPTURING A THIEF.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY JONAS JUTTON.

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ORN had been disappearing for quite a while from my crib before I discovered it, and when I did make the discovery I was minus about forty bushels.

The crib was a log one with the cracks stripped with boards, and on one side of the crib two of these boards

had partly rotted away; and it was through these cracks that the grain had been purloined. As the corn was taken out other ears would fall from above and fill the vacancy, and thus it was that so much of it had been stolen before I became aware of the fact.

I had a very lazy, shiftless neighbor, by the name of Simpson, whom I suspected of being the thief. He had a wife and three children and they led a sorry life, as the husband and father would rarely do a day's work, but depended upon fishing and trapping; and he was too indolent to pursue even these industriously.

Feeling satisfied that Simpson was the thief I laid a plan to catch him. Going over to his house I called him to his gate and said: "Mr. Simpson, some one is stealing corn from my crib, and I have come over to borrow one of your traps with which to catch him, if you will be kind enough to lend me one."

"Certainly, certainly," was the answer, "and I hope you will catch him, for if there is anything I detest it is a thief. As you won't come in, just wait a moment and I will bring the trap out to you."

When he returned a few minutes later with a trap dangling from a chain in his hand, he said: "Here is a trap that will hold the largest beaver, and if a man gets his hand into it through a crack in the crib he will have a time getting it out."

"That's just what I want," I said, taking the trap in my hand and trying the spring. "I can't see the thing," I continued, "and I will be obliged if you will go over with me and set it."

"Why, yes," he accommodately answered, and together we returned to my farm, my companion brilliantly expatiating along the way upon the sin of dishonesty.

Upon reaching my crib I procured a hammer and a staple, and we entered to make preparations for the capture of the thief, who was making my corn disappear with such alarming rapidity.

Slipping the staple through the chain attached to the trap, I drove it into a log near one of the holes.

"Now you set it, Mr. Simpson," I said, "and if we have good luck we will have the corn-thief in the morning."

When Simpson had set the trap I placed it on the corn about four feet from the opening in the wall.

"Now," I said, "when the robber slips his hand through this hole here, the first thing he knows that trap will close upon it and there's our man."

"That's right," exclaimed Simpson, laughing immoderately. "I will come over in the morning and see what kind of a looking bird you have caught."

"I had better place a piece of board over this other crack," I said, "for the rascal might see it and avoid our trap."

A good idea," ejaculated my suspect, as I picked up a short piece of plank and stopped up the opening. "Now he will never know there is a hole there."

"Of course not," assented the owner of the trap. "We'll catch him to-night, sure," and again his risibilities were considerably excited.

Simpson refused my invitation to remain to supper, and, assuring me in answer to my thanks that I was welcome to what he had done, wended his way homeward.

As soon as he had disappeared from view, I returned to the crib and removing the staple from the place I had driven it, carried the trap over to the other hole, drove the staple into a log and placed the trap near the opening. I also removed all corn in reach on the sides so that when the thief thrust his hand in for corn he would be compelled to gather it from below.

"We'll see who is the shrewdest, Mr. Simpson," I chuckled to myself, as I thought of his astonishment and surprise when the trap closed on his cunning hand. Returning to the house I soon afterwards retired and dreamed of the night of catching corn-thieves.

I awoke bright and early the following morning and donning my clothes quickly I hurried out to the horse-lot. When I drew in sight of the crib the first thing I saw was Simpson standing by the crib with his arm halfway through the hole.

Pretending not to see him, I turned into the stable, threw down some hay for the horse and then started to the crib for corn. As I drew near I raised my eyes from the ground, and as though having just seen my prisoner, I said: "Why, good morning, Mr. Simpson; you are over early this morning. Came over to suppose to see what kind of a bird I had caught?"

Having his disengaged hand over his eyes he began weeping bitterly. With considerable sarcasm, I said: "Why, Simpson, I wouldn't cry about it. You know the old adage, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.' Because we failed to catch him last night is no proof we may not have better luck to-night. I am satisfied that is a good trap of yours, and if a man ever gets his hand into it he will have a time getting it out."

"Oh, Mr. Guthrie," moaned the poor fellow, "don't, don't talk that way! For God sake go inside and let my hand out of the trap; it feels like it is nearly cut in two, and my arm is completely paralyzed."

"How long have you been standing here?" I inquired.

"Since ten o'clock last night."

"Pretty long time," I said unfeelingly. "Looks like you would grow tired standing and would sit down awhile."

"Oh, please, Mr. Guthrie," he pleaded, "don't torture me any longer but let me out. Please do, for God sake, for I am nearly dead."

"I will go in and pull the staple out, and if you attempt to run I will blow the top of your head off!" I exclaimed, turning into the crib. I pried out the staple, and by the time I got out again Simpson had placed his knee upon the trap and released his imprisoned hand, which was terribly bruised and swollen.

Your hand will be all right by morning," I said, with more sympathy than I had shown, "if you will bathe it freely to-day with camphor."

"What are you going to do with me, Mr. Guthrie?" he asked in a trembling voice. "I will swear to God I never stole anything in my life until I got to stealing your corn."

"I believe you, Simpson," I answered, "and I don't think you would have done that if you had not really needed the corn for your family. And if you had not been too confounded lazy to work you would not have been compelled to steal. I feel sorry for your wife and children, and I hope this will prove a valuable lesson to you, and all that will follow in the future make better care of them. Now you go into the crib there and take one of those two bushel sacks and fill it with shelled corn out of that hog-head in the corner. Put it on one of my horses, carry it to mill, have it ground and carry the meal home, and then bring the horse back here as soon as you can."

He pleaded not to do it, but I insisted, and with a profusion of thanks he did as directed.

When he returned with the horse, I said: "Simpson, I do not believe in making a thief of a man if you can make an honest one of him. I will say nothing to any one about your crime. I hope and believe you will never steal again. You have meal enough to last you quite a while. Now here is a side of meat to go with it. Take it home to your family, go to work and live an honest man."

His emotions overcame him and he wept like a child.

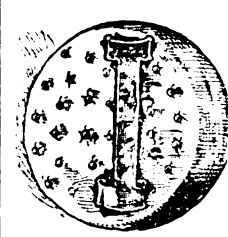
He took my advice, went to work, and in the course of a month came to me and paid me for the meal and meat, though I did not care to take the money.

Fifteen years have passed since Simpson stole the corn, and I have never known or heard of him committing a dishonest act since; and to-day he is highly respected and the owner of several thousand dollars worth of property.

ONE LEATHER CUSHION.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY E. S. L. THOMPSON.

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T was midnight now and the little brown house on the hill was perfectly quiet except for the ticking of the old-fashioned clock in the corner.

The winter winds sighed drearily in the pines which encircled "Griggsby's Haunt," as the humble villagers in Griggsbyville called the old

stone house in which Marjory Lawson had lived so many years with her step-grandmother; when the wintry day was almost deepening into twilight; the "decent funeral," just as the old lady's will had ordered, had wended its way into the time worn churchyard. Then, too, according to the lady's wishes, the very few near relatives had gone back to the stone house on the hill to hear the will read.

"A strange will it was," thought Marjory, listening to the weird music of the pines without.

"To Victor Moreland, Saddler and Harness Maker, I give and bequeath the sum of two hundred dollars." Grandmother Lawson had given charity to none while living, why should she select the harness maker for her favor more than any other?

"To my great nephew Charles Oscar Adams, the Mill and all Machinery belonging thereto, said Mill to be run and managed by Silas Drake, as heretofore with a salary of — hundred dollars per year."

"To my granddaughter Sarah Parmelia Lawson on the stone house on the hill known commonly as 'Griggsby's Haunt,' the said Sarah Parmelia Lawson to have possession of said house and all belongings, except the articles in the west room, after the marriage of my step-granddaughter Marjory Lawson."

"To my step-granddaughter Marjory Lawson I give and bequeath my love and best wishes for her prosperity; all belongings and articles in the west bed chamber and one leather cushion—said cushion belonging in my arm chair which I also bequeath to her. When she is married this cushion and chair may be of value for her children to sit upon."

"To Dr. Jabez Crowe I give and bequeath one hundred and fifty dollars, on the condition that said Dr. Crowe manufacture no more pills such as he gave me in my last illness. In such case the said one hundred and fifty dollars is to revert to Melinda Bassett, dressmaker, to assist her in finding a husband. The will also made provision for the payment of funeral expenses; there were no other debts, and lawyer and legates departed.

Was this all that fifteen years of hard service had brought her? Marjory Lawson was twenty-seven now; and living with Grandmother Lawson had been no easy task. The own granddaughter, who had inherited the stone house, had refused to live with and care for the old lady. The west bed chamber contained less than any other room in the house, and yet Marjory did care very much indeed for the two bed paintings that represented her grandfather and her step-grandmother. Whatever the tenor of the will the queer old woman had loved her after all.

She couldn't stay entirely alone in the old house; it was in her mind to invite Melinda Bassett, dressmaker, to share her lot until she should hear something from Dick Forde.

Just seven years since Dick had gone to seek his fortune in the West; it had been a rather slow-moving fortune Marjory judged, and it seemed likely that some disaster had befallen him, for six months had elapsed since the post-office had given her a letter.

Grandmother Lawson had always liked Dick, and believed that he would come up to the very day she died. "He'll come soon, come soon," these were her last words.

If he didn't come at all some complications might arise in the strange will which was already the town talk. That he might have changed his mind in regard to marrying Marjory or that he might be dead, were contingencies undreamed of.

This Marjory believed if living, he was still true.

Time follows the angel of sorrow with the beneficent breath of healing on its broad wings. If he does not come in the spring I will move out anyway," reasoned Marjory, plying her needle briskly.

Deacon Thurston and the widow Hale were to be married soon, also the young village doctor and the minister's daughter. If she could not make her own wedding garments there was some pleasure in fashioning them for other people. Work is a good tonic for any one so Marjory was not wholly unhappy.

In February she notified "Sarah Parmelia" that she would be ready to give possession the middle of March.

"She could hold on to that place if she'd wanted to, and was a fool for not doing it. There ain't much Lawson in that girl no way. 'Gettin' with them was keepin'." The furniture in that west bed room ain't worth carryin' out, let alone that leather cushion the old lady's had time out o' mind. If ever I heard of ingratitude there's a case; but it was just like Nancy Lawson, just like her."

Miss Zerelda Whitcomb wiped her gold rimmed glasses, sighed deeply with the weight of other people's sins, and resumed her fancy knitting.

"The crocuses and snowdrops were already in bloom, and the Easter flowers brave and golden greeted Marjory's eye the morning she was to leave the old stone house."

She knelt to gather some of the blossoms which she had loved and tended, when a hand touched her arm and a voice spoke as if of one risen from the dead.

Marjory turned and faced her long absent lover, Dick Forde!

A week later they went away to Dick's western home, which was a small ranch out of which he hoped to make something in the near future.

Dick had had good luck and bad luck in turn, and was just up from a long illness, but he was the same dear old Dick that he had been to Marjory in their younger and happier days.

Marjory took only from the old house the arm chair and its cushion, and the pictures. It was with very few regrets that she bade adieu to the old home, which had brought her more care than it had happiness.

Nine years! So short and yet so long had seemed this stay in their fair Colorado home.

It was an isolated life and yet Marjory had early grown to love it. Dick was active and energetic but some chronic disease was preying upon him, and Marjory, with the keen eyes of love, saw that only the best medical skill could avail to even partially restore him. Two little boys had come to bless their home—strong, rooping little fellows who made the humble cabin ring with boyish pranks from morn till night.

Their cattle had died the spring before, ready money was very scarce and the chilling winds of winter already upon them. If Dick could only go back to the East to some skilled physician or even to Denver! Marjory could only lift her heart in prayer to that One who notes even the fall of a sparrow to the ground.

Fred and Tom had never seemed so noisy and full of play; their merry banter worried the sick father who chided them just as Tom, who was eight, threw the cushion at six-year-old Fred, who stood near the fireplace with its smouldering embers. Fred dodged the old leather cushion and it fell on the bed of cords. Quick as thought Tom rescued it, but one side was burned in holes and even the ticking which formed the inner covering was scorched and breaking.

Mrs. Forde poured a bucket of water over it and then began to examine damages. She could repair the cushion with a skin which her husband had cured a year before, but the whole must be removed. When her scissors ripped away the inner covering small rolls of ticking, sewed with saddlers' thread, and then rolled in hair stuffing, greeted her eye. She ripped one of these, there were thirty of these peculiar rolls, and each one contained two hundred dollars.

Marjory Forde was almost speechless! Here was a solution of the vexed problems of life entirely unexpected. She laid down the old leather cushion, out of whose ashes had risen a new hope, and wept tears of joy mingled with thankful prayers.

People in Griggsbyville had wondered, and Marjory herself had often speculated, as to what had become of this sum of money which had been left the old lady at her husband's death. Her bequest to the saddle-maker, Victor Moreland, was now readily understood. He was in the secret of this peculiar hiding of her money.

Marjory understood now why a few hours before Grandmother Lawson's death, she had whispered: "Take care of the leather cushion!" but it had never occurred to her that it represented any extraordinary value. "He who laughs last, laughs best," she thought, recalling the comment all Griggsbyville had made regarding her legacy.

The old cushion meant that great deal more to her now than it could have meant had she received its contents as soon as Grandmother Lawson died. It meant a good home and a husband restored to health, and that happiness that comes to all who bide their time.

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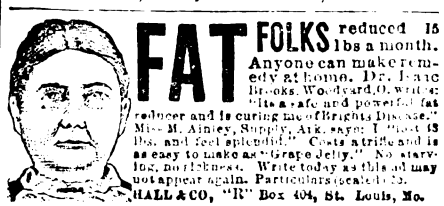
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CONDUCTED BY REGULUS.

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SUN, the great source of light and life, touches the first point of the sign Cancer at about 11 minutes before 6 o'clock in the morning of the 21st of June, this year. This is usually termed the Summer solstice marking the beginning of summer; and at this time the position of the firmament and the various stellar configurations, is exactly as depicted in the accompanying diagram.

The 13th degree of Cancer is on the Ascendant, while the latter degrees of Pisces, bearing Mars on their face, are culminating; and a fiery and contentious planet having only three or four degrees to move to reach the exact meridian.

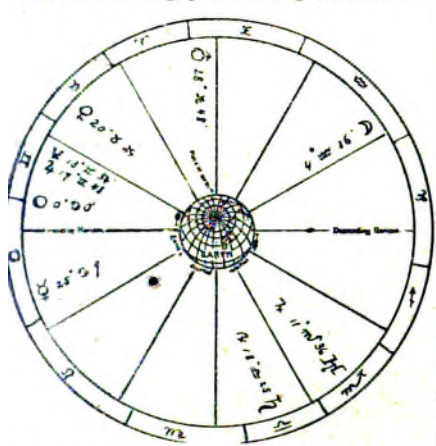
As a common sign ascended at the Ingress in March, that figure has precedence as a general basis for judgment of events over any other for the succeeding six months; and the deductions drawn therefrom are of prime importance until the Sun passes into southern declination in September next. This figure, therefore, must be considered as secondary rather than original in importance. There are, however, some specific indications worthy of comment and we now give them brief attention.

At the time for which the figure is erected, the Sun will be just above the horizon; Mercury will be in the 1st house; Saturn in the 4th; Herschel in the 5th; the Moon just inside the 3d; Venus in the 11th; while Jupiter and Neptune nearly conjoined will be just inside the 2d house of the figure.

Cancer rising gives the Moon dominion of the scheme, and she being also the natural significator of the people, is thus specially qualified to represent the masses. She stands on the 8th cusp in good aspect with Mars, but is applying to a quartile of Herschel, after passing which she hastens to benevolent aspects of Neptune, Jupiter, and Saturn, and, on the whole, promises some unusual advantages and progress to the people.

Mercury in the Ascendant having the trine of Mars, indicates a vigorous restlessness of the masses, not unattended with success, in forcing recognition of their wants and claims upon the constituted authorities of the land.

Mars near the 10th cusp does not add lustre to those high in authority; it denotes them as rashly consenting to the adoption of unnecessary severe and rigid measures in dealing with the true people of the country, and presages some degree of violence; giving also some indications of belligerent or warlike attitudes toward foreign powers in the northwest and south. This feature of the figure is indeed ominous and startling, pronouncing a mandate to



some person or persons constituting the highest power in the land to prepare for affliction of serious character, if nothing worse. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The President should have unusual care in his pursuit of sports with either the rod or gun, and he and members of his Cabinet should be on their guard against personal violence of all kinds. Mars, the inflammatory planet, being the afflictor, and being in Pisces, ruling the feet, he may have some unusual trouble with those members from hurts or from rheumatic or gouty pains or bad inflammations of the bowels.

In the midst of the excitement of the times, there are likely to crop out quite serious anarchistic tendencies threatening subversion of law and order, and which brings harm to that riotous element through enforcement of the laws of the land. There will probably be some influx of immigrants of an undesirable or criminal character, recruiting the membership of secret, socialistic, or revengeful organizations, and the authorities will need to be on the alert in this respect. Incendiarism will be rife, particularly through the machinations of secret organizations both for the purposes of plunder and revenge.

From the general tenor of these indications, it is urged that wise legislation, prudent execution of law, and extraordinary measures of relief by National, State, and Municipal authorities, and benevolent consideration by the wealthier classes of the people, may ameliorate some of the more serious afflictions of these influences.

Mars in quartile with the Sun and Saturn in the 4th house afflicting Mercury ruler of the 2d, gives danger of some bad outbreak in prisons involving loss of life of some in authority there, and troublesome times generally for those in charge of reformatory institutions. Let all such be well on their guard against surprise and disaster, especially from underground tunnelling or secret plots.

The Quarter will give some periods of intense heat, especially noticeable in New York City and Philadelphia, and there is cause to apprehend some extraordinary mortality from sunstroke and from diseases of highly feverish, inflammatory and eruptive character, particularly in southern localities. Too much care cannot be had by sanitary authorities. Diseases of the stomach, kidneys, and brain, and those involving the heart and bladder are peculiarly accelerated in this quarter. Some peculiar fatality is also likely to attend accouchments in the latter part of July and through August, when the best of care will be due to prevent ruptures and the beginning of diseases and hurts which cause suffering of the reproductive organs for long periods in the future.

Afflictions to signifiers caution those engaged upon the water and generally in the public sports and games upon both land and water, to have care of exposing themselves to danger. It is feared that there will be some shocking drowning disaster to a pleasure party, and probably some bad fires at seaside resorts. There will be unusual losses from fires and explosions, also some marked disasters from lightning, during June and July, particularly near the 17th to 22nd of June, 1st to 10th of July, and from the 25th to the 28th of the latter month.

The time is more unfavorable than usual for persons of prominence in the political world and it is rare that influences are so mischievous as in this quarter for injury from excessive indulgences of appetite, especially for stimulants. Some very prominent politician or statesman of our country will be called to his last home during the summer months.

The progress of Jupiter in the ruling sign of the country is one of the excellent testimonies of the figure, and, on the whole, promises quite favorably for the general welfare of the whole people; there will be improved conditions of trade and better crop prospects in general, though some detriment to those sown broadcast may be suffered in northwest localities along in the latter part of July, either from excessive heat or dryness or high winds and sudden storms of rain or hail.

Persons engaged in mines or other underground places should exercise the greatest care for avoidance of explosions in such places, that fatal results to human life may be averted. Some bad mining disaster or fatality from falling buildings or walls is apprehended in the latter part of July or about the 1st of August.

CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

JUNE 1—Friday. Strange occurrences baffle thine efforts of the middle hours of this day; expect little satisfaction from thy dealings with persons in government positions or with officers of large corporations. The latter part of the day is more favorable, conducing to activity and success in thy dealings with mechanics, druggists, cutlers, and chemists.

2—Saturday. The excellent influences of yesterday continue through the most of this day; the forenoon is fortunate for surgeons, military men, and all who deal in or employ sharp instruments or fire in their vocations; equally good for travelling or chemical experiments; the evening is less promising of good.

3—Sunday. One of the most favorable Sabbaths for the month, particularly for matters of the church; religious fervor is induced, and clergymen have happy influences to assist their Christian labors.

4—Monday. Be up betimes and waste no moments of this day in pleasure-seeking or idleness, for bright and prosperous are its conditions. It is one which REGULUS commends to thy friends for beginning the most important undertakings of life; it is particularly favorable for travellers, merchants, literary men, and scientists, and better than usual for stock speculations, although in such extraordinary methods of money-getting the nativity should be more directly relied upon; make all manner of contracts, hire houses and lands; deal with lawyers and judges, also ecclesiastics and traders in wool and woolsens. Every available moment during the thirty-six hours following the sunrise of this day should be vigorously improved. Let the time be chosen for purchasing the bulk of the season's stock in trade, for financial negotiations and for gaining business credit and reputation. If this be the anniversary of thy birthday, or if born about the 4th of April of past years, thou hast before thee business advantages and prosperity in high degree, proportioned to thy sphere in life, for many months; there will be improvement in finances either from real estate transactions, inheritance or legacy, or increased popularity or social pleasures, change of residence, new fields of labor and increased and more remunerative travel. Ladies claiming the above birthdays, who are of suitable age and condition will be in special favor with the opposite sex and much inclined towards the matrimonial engagement; those so born, who are already embarked upon the sea of matrimony, have special delight in the marital relation, gratification at the successes or new advantages falling to their life partners, or have particular pleasure in the social engagements or entertainments just at this time. Persons born about the 4th of March, September, or December, of past years should look carefully to the conditions of their finances at this time, as they are likely to be involved unpleasantly in a pecuniary sense or meet with unusual losses in their business. Such persons should not speculate at this time. The afternoon hours encourage special activity in dealings in fancy goods, jewelry, perfumes, silks, and all articles of beauty and adornment; urge literary matters, particularly concerning poetry, the drama, and all classes of musical and artistic engagements.

5—Tuesday. Continue thine efforts of yesterday with the utmost vigor, giving preference, if any, to the forenoon hours for business pertaining to the elegant and decorative in life; press all engagements pertaining to literature and the fine arts; execute deeds and contracts, launch literary productions, engage with printers, publishers, travellers, teachers, and mathematicians and pursue all scientific researches.

6—Wednesday. Arise betimes and push business vigorously; begin important undertakings pertaining to metals and manufactures; and deal with chemists, founders, physicians, tailors, cutlers, military men, and all in the mechanical callings.

7—Thursday. Be not hasty in courtship or marriage, and restrain all intemperate appetites; nor expect much success in the elegant pursuits or from dealings in dry goods or fancy or ornamental wares; do not choose the day for selecting dress goods or wearing apparel or for any important engagement of a musical, artistic, or dramatic character; the very late hours of the day are the best.

8—Friday. Actively pursue thy several avocations during all this day, giving preference, however, to dealings in real estate, boots and shoes, wool, lead, coal, and all classes of building materials, as well as agricultural products.

9—Saturday. Still another of the superior days of the month, in which the beginning of great enterprises continue to be favored. Be stirring early, engaging in all classes of transactions pertaining to houses and lands, such as purchasing, selling, hiring, letting, building, repairing, improving or furnishing. The time is particularly favorable for the artistic and decorative callings; for music and landscape painting and for the illustrating of literary

works; it is more than ordinarily propitious for matrimony between persons past thirty years of age or who are widows or widowers, unless their natures are very evil radically in this respect.

10—Sunday. A quarrelsome and contentious Sabbath morning inviting patience and forbearance in a remarkable degree; the religious discourse of the day is likely to be aggressive and controversial and be marked by haste and false logic. Let all persons born about the 10th of March, June, September, or December, of past years, look carefully to all their affairs at about this time, lest by their recklessness or haste, they become involved in litigation and experience misfortune and loss; or in some cases suffer violent hurts or diseases; such persons are now generally excitable, contentious and quarrelsome; they are admonished that patience and discretion would prove profitable allies in the present juncture of their affairs.

11—Monday. Consult and ask favors of aged persons; pursue antiquarian researches, engage in metaphysical studies and investigations, and have dealings with government officers and managers and superintendents in all great corporations.

12—Tuesday. A vein of evil is mixed with what would otherwise be very benevolent conditions on this day, and somewhat embarrasses or frustrates the undertakings of the time; make no bargains nor sign any contracts concerning houses or lands, defer consultations with architects and builders, and also all dealings of importance with persons in the dirty and laborious vocations, particularly during the middle part of the day.

13—Wednesday. This day is not conducive to success in any particular direction, but suggests rather prudence and deliberation in most of the affairs of life, prompting a call for patience and a bridle for the tongue and passions; do not travel unnecessarily. Some bad explosions or accidents are now likely.

14—Thursday. Do thou beware of any matrimonial engagement at this time if thy desire be for domestic peace or happiness; elopements and strange and unfortunate experiences in courtship and in all manner of social engagements, are likely for some days. Dramatists, musicians, artists, jewelers, upholsterers, and furniture dealers suffer baffling annoyances or losses and will need to exercise extraordinary caution in all their acts; it will be well for theatrical managers and artists if they have deferred entering into very important professional engagements during these passing days.

These suggestions are more peculiarly applicable to the natures of persons born about the 1st of February, or May, or the 5th of August or November, of past years. Some bad cases of cruelty or brutality to woman, also suicides among them, come to light in these passing hours; and scandal and unusual activity in divorce proceedings is promoted. The latter part of the day invites activity in all literary work and particularly such as is concerned with mathematics or scientific subjects.

15—Friday. The first half of this day is more favorable than the latter, and general business may be more successfully urged in the forenoon than later; postpone important correspondence and the signing of writings; this day is propitious for chemical experiments and for dealers in hardware, cutlery, firearms, metals, glassware, brass and iron work, and chemical and electrical apparatus, also with persons engaged in the ingenious and mechanical trades.

16—Saturday. This day is rather indifferent, though conditions do not encourage important moves in matters of writing concerning houses or lands.

17—Sunday. Rather a contentious Sabbath day, likely to invite aggressive pulpits discourse and theological debate and controversy, also quarrels and disputes among persons in the mechanical trades; let all be guarded in the handling or care of fire, hot liquids, and chemicals, and avoid accidents from such sources as well as from steam and electricity.

These suggestions are particularly appropriate for persons born on or about the 17th of March, June, September or December, or the 10th or 30th of March, 13th of September, or 3rd of October, of past years; for such persons are now likely to be physically and mentally feverish and excitable, oversensitive in feeling; in the midst of controversy or contention; peculiarly rash in thought, deed, or act; and should especially avoid travel or otherwise placing themselves in the way of harm or loss from accident, or of danger from eruptive and inflammatory troubles; all excitement should be shunned, particularly by such of these as recognize themselves to be constitutionally sensitive in the action of the heart. As the evening and night hours advance human passions are aroused and criminal propensities receive impulse to the commission of very treacherous and cruel deeds. It will be well if those indicated above have taken best precautions in the days leading up to this time against fires, explosions and violent accidents, and that insurance has not been neglected; for conditions contribute powerfully to combustion and increase the prevalence and destructiveness of fires; inflammatory and eruptive troubles and complications in diseases will be much increased and give cause for special activity among the medical profession for avoidance.

18—Monday. The forenoon is peculiarly evil for the inauguration of any matter of importance; surgical operations are extremely dangerous to both operator and patient; the medical profession should exercise extraordinary care in the practice of obstetrics during these passing days, for carelessness or malpractice in this direction will be attended with peculiarly fatal result; it is apprehended that there will occur notorious harm to some member of the fair sex, and probably suicide among them through treachery and deceit.

19—Tuesday. Personal applications for favor meet more success if made during the early hours of this day to persons in high life or officials in public stations; have no transactions concerning real estate nor engage in contracts with builders, plumbers, farmers, miners, and those in the laborious vocations during the latter hours of this day.

20—Wednesday. Let the business transactions of the forenoon be conducted with the greatest circumspection; sign no paper of consequence and be slow in giving credit; do no important correspondence nor hire or purchase lands or houses and postpone transacting business with lawyers; the afternoon is much better than the first half of the day, particularly for transacting business with chemists, surgeons, bakers, iron and brass workers, and carpenters and generally for pushing the business transactions relating to machinery.

21—Thursday. Have no dealings during the middle hours of this day with principal officers of great corporations nor have much confidence in the ultimate success of any business scheme presenting itself, especially if the same has anything to do with patents.

22—Friday. Fortunate for building or for purchasing or hiring houses and lands; and for dealings with landlords, also plumbers, tinner, and building contractors generally; buy goods for trade; seek pecuniary advantages or money accommodations and deal with judges, clergymen, and persons of means and prominence; the afternoon is less propitious and bids thee not expect much profit or advantage from the elegant vocations or from dealings in artistic or decorative goods.

23—Saturday. During the first two-thirds of this day, applications to employers and all persons in authority, for preferment are likely to meet with more than usual consideration, unless thy nativity be especially evil in this respect just at this time.

24—Sunday. The forenoon of this day is by far the better part of the day especially for such matters as are appropriate for the day; the afternoon is more likely to induce fallacious reasoning and unsoundness of doctrine in the religious discourse.

25—Monday. Begin this day with the Sun and urge all manner of business to the utmost; prosecute mathematical and scientific studies; deal with the intellectual classes, bookkeepers, publishers, printers, judges and lawyers; consult and change residence and effect commercial contracts of consequence. Give preference to the forenoon hours for all the elegant pursuits and fully improve the day for painting and all musical matters; the time favors the buying of silks, fancy goods, and all articles of adornment; for

workers in wax, embroiderers, milliners, and dress-makers, the early part of the day is specially recommended; the very late hours are more likely to contribute to disputes and contentions, and will call for prudence and patience especially to those persons born about the 23rd of March or June, or the 25th of September or December, of past years. These latter persons will be wise to look up their natures near this time and more intelligently guide their bark down the stream of life, the more safely to pass the whirlpool and hidden rocks of financial disaster and the better to shun the pestilential atmosphere of disease.

26—Tuesday. The early morning hours are not promising, being rather promotive of contention; be not oversensitive to reproach or rash in word or act; it will be well if fires have been guarded against during the preceding twenty-four hours for the passing time is peculiarly mischievous in this respect; the afternoon is somewhat adverse to successful outcome of ventures relative to the nice and artistic goods and does not bid much promise of enjoyment from social engagements or entertainments.

27—Wednesday. A very favorable day for the vigorous prosecution of general business; being particularly fortunate in the forenoon for buying goods for trade and for attention to matters of finance and dealings with persons of wealth and refinement.

28—Thursday. Be not rash in word or act during the first half of this day; travel as little as possible, and do thou have unusual care in using the pen; annoyances in correspondence and through writings will come; seek no advantage at the hands of merchants, travellers, teachers, or any of the classes of ingenious men in the world; thieves are likely to be unusually active in the very early morning and late evening hours; the afternoon encourages thy dealings with thy superiors in business.

29—Friday. Give no cause for offence to thine employer or superior in office, nor expect advantage or preferment from such source.

30—Saturday. A peculiarly happy day for the literary efforts and for mental improvements of all kinds; give preference to the forenoon hours for money dealings, adjusting of accounts, signing important writings, making contracts of purchases of magnitude, travelling, engaging help, and dealing in wearing apparel and all artistic and decorative goods. For authors, musicians, and artists this is an especially fortunate day, as it is also for all kinds of matrimonial engagements. REGULUS particularly emphasizes these suggestions to those of his friends who claim this as the anniversary of their birthday; the afternoon is urged for chemical experiments and the prosecution of business dealings in cattle, metals, cutlery and with persons engaged in the mechanical trades.

As "Comfort" has now made arrangements to present its readers every month with a full calendar of predictions like the above, for the next one, every old subscriber should renew his or her subscription now. To the farmer, the mechanic, the professional or the literary worker, this feature alone will be worth many dollars a year; while "Comfort" with all its valuable features still costs only 25 cents a year. Every reader should show it to his friends, also; as in business affairs, domestic matters or love, such a calendar, giving dates and even hours when it is best to engage in new ventures or to make important moves, is of greater value than can be easily estimated. Cut out this calendar and try it next month. Then show it to your friends and get up a club. We shall have extra inducements to offer later. Even if you do not believe in astrology, it will prove an interesting study. And who is there who cannot spare two cents a month, 25 cents for 12 months of "Comfort"?

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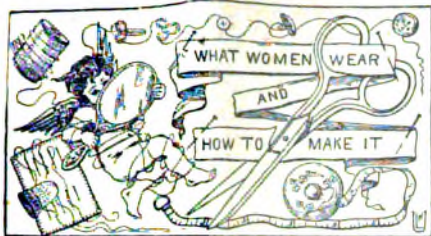
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In the spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—spring hats and summer finery. And the five young girls whom we present this month are so sensibly as well as prettily dressed that we desire very much to present them to you. Doubtless many of you can get hints for your own summer fixings, and certainly will gain an idea from the center-piece for making over your old gowns.

How many of you have ever heard of Liberty's great store in London?—as celebrated in its way as the Bon Marche in Paris. This London Emporium is not only one of the largest stores in the world, but it has the most beautiful and unique fabrics as well. Within a few years branch-stores have been opened by the Liberts in Boston and New York, where a great many novelties of exquisite texture and unique design may be procured at very reasonable prices.

Everybody has seen, or worn, or heard of the "Liberty scarfs" so much worn for two winters past. These originated with the London head of the firm and get their name from the establishment.

The fabrics shown at the American branches of "Liberty's" this year are wonderfully pretty. They range in price from 50 cents to \$3.00 a yard, and include cotton crepes, all wool challies, "Liberty satins," printed silks so delicate as to resemble the daintiest hand-painting, embroidered linens, chuddahs, velveteens, Khush cloths, and Kamel cloths.

The Liberty cottons are especially desirable for summer wear, as they are as delicate in effect as silks and are 30 inches wide and 50 to 65 cents a yard. They make the daintiest of gowns and wash and wear beautifully.

This has been a seeming diversion from the "picture girls" which we started to describe; but it is all because these are garments made by Boston and New York girls from the Liberty goods.

The central figure is especially pretty; but nobody would think that a made-over gown—now would they?

The girl who wears it, however, is proud of the fact that it is. Early in the spring she took out the lavender challee which had done duty two summers already, and was too much worn and too old-fashioned in cut to be presentable this year.

As she looked it over she sighed but did not give up in despair. Instead, she tucked a little sample of it into her pocket-book and went down to Liberty's. There she found a silk-striped lavender and white challee for 75 cents a yard. Of this she bought six yards, went home and with the aid of Comfort's glove-fitting patterns and a little original ingenuity, she made over her gown into a thing of beauty and a joy all summer. And with a large black hat, tastefully trimmed with white and lavender, she is one of the most stylish girls on Fifth Avenue.

Any bright girl who reads Comfort can do as well. Use your old gowns either as underskirt and sleeves with new material for the overdress, or vice versa. And if you can't have Liberty novelty goods, make it of Llama Cloth, or use your ingenuity and taste and select something else, cheaper perhaps, or more fitting for common wear. Only be sure your two materials harmonize, and if possible have your groundwork in both of exactly the same shade.

The upper left hand girl has on what is now called a "tea-jacket"—a garment very popular this season. Hers is made of Liberty satin, edged with fine oriental galloon; but an equally pretty one may be made of muslin or crepon and edged with lace.

The lower right-hand corner girl has on a "matinee waist"; which is nothing more nor less than a fancy silk blouse, with velvet ribbon belt and elbow bands finished with rosettes. Any girl can look like this in a cool summer material, and imitate as fresh as a daisy.

The girl above her is rigged for the street, and right breezy and wide-awake does she look, and modest withal. Her hat will be a popular one with young folks all summer; as any type of a sailor always is. It is too early yet to decide just which style of sailor will be the "rage" in August, but indications at present are all for this one.

The hat in the lower left-hand corner is a more dressy affair, and so far, large hats are by far the most worn. This one is a fancy straw with ribbon trimmings and a cluster of ostrich feathers at the side-back. Such a hat may be made as expensive as one desires. It is always well to remember, however, if one must be rigidly economical in the matter of hats, that a cheap large hat invariably proclaims its cheapness by looking "skimpy"; while a small toque or bonnet may be often gotten up at a very small expense and yet look stylish and well. So if you must have a cheap hat, choose a small one. The new bonnets are prettier than the hats; they are very small and so varied in shape, color and trimmings as to suit every face; fine light straws are wreathed with spring flowers, and have two rabbit's ear bows of black or dark velvet. The big Alsatian bow has been perched in every place, till at last it has reached the most eccentric position of all—squarely at

the back. Black moire ribbon is bowed up on everything. A wide-rimmed, low-crowned hat of multi-colored straw has two erect loops of wide black moire ribbon at one side of the back fastened by a huge buckle, and branches of lilacs with large pink roses and buds finish the trimming.

There is a craze this year for crepons and crinkled stuffs, and in American cotton goods they may be bought for 12 to 25 cents a yard that are really beautiful in effect. Higher-priced ones come in silk and wool and in mohairs. In the new wools there is a tendency to light colors, tan, beige, ecru and the grays, or white striped with any of these colors. The craze for black and white, too, is not over and there are many mixtures of these in small designs and chine effects.

None of last season's goods, however, are passe and there are many ways by which last year's gowns may be remodelled and made as new ones. Over-skirts are by no means necessary. Only one in about four of the imported gowns have them, and while the spring openings showed over-skirts, they were in the minority. In making over old gowns, however, they are often a novel feature that may combine the elements of the picturesque and the economical. It rests with you all, however, to decide the momentous question whether women shall burden themselves with heavy draperies and over-skirts and stiffened or "sham" underskirts.

One outcome of the effort to introduce over-skirts is the reappearance of the panel on one or both sides of the front of the skirt—another good way to freshen up your last year's gown. A panel on each side of a harmonizing or contrasting shade, will modernize your old "bell skirt"; and revers, sleeves and "ripples" at the bottom of the basque made of the same material as the panel, will make up a handsome summer gown which nobody need mistrust is your old one.

A new fabric is a light-weight silk and wool woven in vertical stripes, so that it looks like a satin striped grenadine worn over a light-colored silk. These goods need no trimming, and are made up with perfectly plain skirts and nothing more than jet or lace trimmings on the waist.

Brown, in all its various shades is to be exceedingly popular this summer. The most favored will be the new golden-brown, and other shades are beaver, beige, light coffee,

A MAMMOTH AQUARIUM.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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FTER this, a visit to New York will be more interesting than ever, especially to dwellers of inland regions. Because an enormous aquarium is about completed at the extreme lower end of the city, where one may go and have a chance, in the course of time, to see every kind of creature that lives in salt water. Not to see their skeletons or their stuffed bodies as one does in museums, but to see them living under natural conditions and swimming about contented and it is to be presumed, happy.

Many people have seen or heard of the building on the Battery known as Castle Garden, which served as a receiving depot for immigrants and before that as a concert garden, after its use as a fort was gone by.

It was in 1892 that the New York authorities decided to have an aquarium and to place it at that particular point. There is nothing like it in this country, and only a few in Europe. For two years the work of preparing the building has been going on, and for several months the selection of its inmates has been making. American fish are to have the preference in the new aquarium, and the tanks will first be stocked with them. But there are to be specimens of every kind of fish and water animal that it is possible to secure.

The building, with its sense of space and air and the light, which even on cloudy days, falls through the windows and leaves no dark or shady corner, and with the superior system of supplying the tanks, is the best aquarium in the world. Of course the system by which the water is kept fresh in such a place is of the greatest importance; because, unless this is properly done the fish will not live.

The process by which this is done will be of interest. As the building is close by the salt water, there will be no lack of supply. When the water is brought to the aquarium first it is filtered and then distributed through a four-inch main with a one-inch drop-pipe to the different tanks. It is pumped through the filters up into the storage reservoirs in the balcony and then distributed through the rubber pipes. There is nothing in any of the plant which can be affected by



THE SUMMER GIRLS OF '94.

suede and tobacco; the shades, as previously hinted, all tending towards lightness. Yellow and green appear often also.

Large sleeves remain the proper thing, and consequently capes are the favorite wraps, as it is so difficult to get a jacket on over such balloons as fashionable sleeves might justly be called.

Before closing I would like to speak again of the advantages of our glove-fitting patterns, such as were offered in our March number. Dressmakers bills are often much larger than the cost of the goods they make up. But if a woman has a good, reliable pattern and knows how and where to buy, she can reduce the cost of clothing her family to the lowest.

With the pretty Llama cloths, challies, and other dainty summer goods, and suitable patterns to cut and fit them by, an ingenious mother can fit out her family well at very small expense. She is a bright and praiseworthy mother who makes the effort, at least.

With the approach of hot weather a good toilet powder becomes almost a necessity to every woman's outfit. Some people are strongly against the use of powder on the skin, because so many kinds contain arsenic, bismuth and other injurious articles. But a really pure powder is a comfort and a blessing. Medical men everywhere are a unit in recommending the Borated Talcum powder of the Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., as a perfect sanitary preparation both for grown people and for babies. It is delightful to use after shaving, for sunburn, heat-rash, and for chafed skin on the most tender of infants. Such is the confidence of the proprietor in it, that they offer to send free samples for trial to any Comfort readers who are unable to get it of their druggist.

If you are out of employment, or want to get into something more lucrative, as well as novel and pleasant, buy one of the NEWCOMB FLYING-SHUTTLE RAG-CARPET LOOMS, advertised in another column of this paper. We can cheerfully and honestly recommend Mr. Newcomb and his weaving machine. Write for catalogue and price list, FREE.

the action of salt water. The pipes are all of hard rubber, and the filters are bronze. There are six storage tanks for the fresh water and the same number for the salt water which is drawn out of the bay immediately in front of the aquarium building. The pipes are so arranged that salt or fresh water can be distributed through them to any of the tanks. There are thirty-six tanks on the lower floor extending around the building, and occupying each of its sides, excepting the north wall. These tanks are 8x10 feet. Each is enclosed in an iron frame painted a dark maroon. The tanks are to be lined wholly with white tiles, something which has never been done before. They render it much easier for the spectator to see the fish than do the usual dark walls of an aquarium. About five feet from the glass front of each tank hangs a curtain of maroon cloth, to prevent the reflection of light on the shiny surface of the thick glass at the front of the tank.

In the balcony there are sixty tanks. These will vary in size, all being smaller than those down stairs. Each is six feet high. The wooden base occupies two feet of this height, while the glass tank takes up the other four. There will be 600,000 gallons of water used every day. The sea water after being filtered is cleared by a chemical process which makes it a pale marine blue to the spectator a short distance from the tank, but when one stands nearer it is clear, white and transparent. It is all filtered by two bronze filters, which have a capacity of over 200,000 gallons a day. They are said to be the best bronze filters in the world. The fresh water is filtered in two copper filters, which have a capacity of about 150,000 gallons a day.

On the floor down stairs are seven large pools, for the larger fish and the sea animals. These are about six feet deep, and a stone wall about three feet high surrounds them. In addition to this, another wall of bronze and glass will protect spectators. All of the pools excepting one in the centre are kidney shaped. The centre pool is round and twice as large as any of the others. It is the whale pool, and the management is confident that the whale can be got to put inside of it. Seals will occupy one of the pools, which has been arranged especially for them, and the manatee, or sea cow will occupy another. The building will be decorated with palms and appropriate plants.

There is a large room up stairs which may sometime be used for a summer school of biology, which, with the aquarium at hand, will offer unusual advantages to students. The aquarium will be ready for the public during the early summer months. The American fish first supplied will include not only our

native fish, but those from Bermuda and South America. There is no city in the world to which it is as easy to bring fish stock from everywhere as New York. And consequently it will not be advisable for anyone, hereafter, to visit New York and neglect seeing the finest aquarium in the world.

Do not think it is a place for children alone. Grown people will find it a place of absorbing interest; and invalids will reap a great benefit from an hour's visit there, watching the life and motion and health of these none too familiar marine acquaintances.

A \$65 SEWING MACHINE FREE.
Our \$65 Alvah Sewing Machine now sold by us at \$8.25 to \$22.50 will be placed in your home to use without cost of one cent to you. Cut out this advertisement and send to day to ELY MFG CO., Dept. 20 Chicago, Ill.

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This is a better shoe than Retail Stores sell for \$2.50, and, being our own make, we guarantee the style, fit, and wear. If not satisfactory we will refund money or send another pair. WE CAN FIT YOU in Opera Toe, either Plain, or with Patent Leather Tip, or Common Sense. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address: WEARERS SHOE MFG. CO. 284 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

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May was named for the goddess *Maia*,
(mother). She was the daughter of *Atlas* and
the mother of *Mercury*. May was called the
maternal month in olden times.

The emerald is the lucky stone for May. It
was thought by the ancients to promote friend-
ship and constancy, to discover false witnesses,
and bring happiness in love and domestic joys.
According to superstition the emerald strength-
ens the sight and memory of the wearer. An
old verse says:

"Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife."

May is a favorite month all over the country.
In the north it ushers in the flowers and fresh-
ness of summer without the heat and dust; in
the south it brings the loveliest weather with-
out the torrid temperature of July and August.
All the world loves the month of May.

The thirtieth of this month, the nation de-
votes to the memory of the brave men who gave
up their lives in the service of their great
country. Thousands of valiant soldiers are
sleeping under the green sod as a sacrifice to
patriotism and justice and the great cause of
humanity. All honor to their memory; and
may the new generation now coming up to take
their places be as patriotic and as faithful to
their country in time of peril as they.

HAVE YOU A FORTUNE IN YOUR HAND?

The great satisfaction with which *Comfort's*
Guide to Palmistry is being received by the
press and public, may be judged by the follow-
ing editorial comments. To say that this original
little volume is creating a sensation is express-
ing it mildly. And when it is considered that
the book is not for sale, but may be had free by
Comfort readers, no one will be surprised when
we state that thousands of men and women are
daily availing themselves of our generous offer.
As there will not be another free edition, all
those wishing a copy will do well to apply at
once in accordance with the conditions printed
under the head of *Comfort's* Palmistry Club in
another part of this issue.

A Most Unique Publication.

(Boston Beacon, March 24.)

The immense popularity and widespread interest
which the public is taking in the old-new subject
of palmistry would scarcely be credited by those who
are in a way to know it—not as a fashionable fad,
which it certainly is, but a popular one. One of the
unique publications of the spring is the "Comfort
Guide to Palmistry," which is a hand-book of lines
and other mysterious marks of the hand written down
to the people. Books on palmistry hitherto have
been so abstruse, so mixed up with so-called sci-
entific terms and other balderdash that ordinary people
could make nothing of them; but this one, written
for the most part by "Cheiro," whose wonderful suc-
cess in London led to the setting aside of an act
of Parliament against palm-reading, and who has been
creating a sensation this winter on Fifth avenue, is
as simple as a primer. "And God made marks on
the hands of men," says Job, "that the sons of men
might know them." And Job knew a thing or two,
even if he did have boils.

Highly Entertaining.

(New York Press, April 1.)

Highly entertaining is *Comfort's* Guide to Palm-
istry, just issued by *Comfort* of Augusta, Me., the
paper having the largest circulation of any publi-
cation in the world.

Is there anything in the science of palmistry? It is
hard to say; but certainly thousands of people be-
lieve in it, and many others are interested in the
subject. Those who would read the marks in the
hand will be pleased with this book. It is not for
sale, but is issued as a free club premium to sub-
scribers.

Read Your Hand?

(Cincinnati Times-Star, March 31.)

The interest in Palmistry, which has existed in all
ages, took a fresh impetus a few years ago and has
been constantly growing. What is there in the
science? In fact, is there such a science? Do the
marks in the hand indicate anything about the char-
acter of the person and the events, past and present,
of one's life? Whether we consider this the one way
or the other, it is true that palm-reading is the fash-
ionable fad of the time. People of all classes and of
all degrees of intelligence take an interest in it.
Comfort, the great New England monthly, has issued
a guide to Palmistry as one of its club premiums and
the book is one of the most unique publications of
the age. It cannot be bought, but a letter addressed
to *Comfort*, Augusta, Me., will tell how to get it.

"Mighty Interesting Reading."

(Toledo (Ohio) Blade, March 26.)

Perhaps the most unique publication of the year is
a little work just out called *Comfort's* Guide to
Palmistry. Heretofore the books published on this
little understood subject have been abstruse, mixed
with metaphor and superstition, and generally writ-
ten above the plane of ordinary human intelligence.
But here we have a book of plain, simple, definite
rules, with illustrations of all the different marks

and shapes of the hand, which, whether one believes
in its teachings or not, makes, as Horace Greeley
used to say, "mighty interesting reading." People
throughout the country are helping to spread this
sudden wave of popularity on which the ancient sub-
ject of palmistry seems to be riding.

Palm-reading is all the rage, and the above men-
tioned book seems to be catering to a long-felt want.

The hard times are going but are not yet
gone. The business of the country has had a
severe shock, and everyone from the bootblack
to the retired capitalist has felt it. The people
who had money tried to keep a tight hold on it;
and so those firms which had been doing busi-
ness without capital went down with a crash.
Many bankrupt swindling schemes have been
exposed, and while some honest men have suf-
fered, business has come down to a sounder
basis. Better times are on the way but it is not
safe to discount the future. Better times al-
ways come slowly. Booms do not bring them
but they come through healthy prosperity
founded on the great natural resources of the
country. Business, like the human system,
cannot recover its health in a moment. It must
be built up slowly and even then it may receive
set-backs and delays. The American people are
naturally given to over-production, and seasons
of depression are therefore sure to follow.
What the Government does or does not do is of
less immediate consequence than men are apt
to believe. The country's own strength will
bring it through if the law doctors give it half
a chance. When one thinks of the millions of
poverty stricken people flocking here from all
parts of the world, the only wonder is that
there has not been an era of starvation, instead
of a season of business depression.

The higher the state of our civilization, the
more fruit and vegetables we consume. Fruit
has become one of the great necessities of life.
Everyone wants it and everyone must have it.
The United States not only raises an immense
quantity for use at home, but sends much
of it to foreign markets where it has become
famous, as the best fruit grown. The
prunes and raisins from California received the
highest award at English, German and French
expositions in competition with those of the
old fruit-raising countries. The fruits of the
United States include apples, oranges, grapes,
peaches, cherries, berries, plums, pears, apri-
cots, limes, nectarines, figs, dates, prunes, grape
fruit, persimmons and many other varieties
which used to be obtained only from the
tropics. Even pineapples are now grown to a
large extent in the south. Some of these fruits
are dried by patent processes, or put up in tin
cans and glass jars to be shipped to the farth-
est ends of the earth. Fresh fruit for our own
people must be delivered speedily. To do this
special fruit trains have been put on all the
principal railroads with refrigerator cars which
are maintained at a low temperature in the
hottest weather. The magnitude of the fruit
business is shown by the fact that a single
house, Porter Brothers Co., shipped 4,961 car-
loads of fruit out of California during the past
year. This industry has grown so quickly that
even the people who have fruit on their tables
every day, winter and summer, do not realize
that the United States raises more fruit, better
fruit, and delivers it more promptly than any
other country on the globe.

We desire to call attention to the remarkable
closeness with which our astrologer, Regulus,
predictions for March were fulfilled. He pre-
dicted that the eclipses would "be precursors
of mischievous events of more than ordinary
influence in the production of considerable
mutation in the affairs of our government, the
conditions of society, and the general welfare
of our country." To specialize, he said; "the
power of the government shall be much shaken;
that there shall be much trouble, anxiety, and
impediment to the mind and detriment to the
person of the ruler." And again: "dissatisfac-
tion among the people at the administration of
public affairs, and furious wrangling and de-
bate in Congress threatening harm to the
people." One has only to look at the wrang-
ling in Congress during March, their slow
action, and the opposition to every measure
proposed, to see the verification of this. Then
he says that prominent men and "those high
in office in church and State suffer dishonor
and disgrace or are cast out of their dignities
and places." Mr. Gladstone's retirement from
the highest office in English Parliament is
proof enough of this. Kossuth's death is con-
firmation of the prediction that some great man
would die. Again he predicted much distress
among the poorer classes and opposition to
their interests, and that "the high and wealth-
ier classes shall be injured and damaged by the
common sort of people." Coxey's uprising,
the Colorado riots, and the numerous
strikes in New England, New York and Chicago,
in consequence of which thousands of people
have been thrown out, or have voluntarily gone
out of employment, is an evidence that this
prediction was true. "A wedding or engage-
ment in high life" was carried out by the an-
nouncement of the proposed nuptials between
Lord Roseberry, (Gladstone's successor) and
the Prince of Wales' youngest daughter. At
the close he said: "Those in care of school
buildings or school children should be duly
watchful against harm of all kinds that could
happen to their charges." Towards the last of
March a four-story schoolhouse in Chicago
took fire while the school was in session and
burned to the ground. Several hundred chil-
dren were in the building at the time and a
panic ensued, during which the scholars
jumped from windows and several were seri-
ously injured, although fortunately none were
killed. Whether our readers believe in astrol-

ogy or not, a careful comparison of our monthly
calendars with actual happenings can but
prove an interesting study.

As warm weather approaches it is essential
that parents should give unusual care to the
diet of their children. There is an aged tradi-
tion that if one wants health all one has to do
is to go into the country; whereas, in the city,
owing to the presence of Health Boards and
Commissions, there is a safety of which coun-
try people know nothing. It is, generally
speaking, in the city that the purest water is
drunk. It is in the city that children are fed
that to send a child into the country and place
it on a plentiful diet of milk for the summer, is
the only thing to do to secure for it certain
health, has not only been disproved, but has
been decided by science to be as foolhardy a
course as a parent can pursue. Moreover, the
finer the breed of cows, the greater the danger.
In-breeding, to preserve the purity of the stock,
simply develops the hereditary germ tenden-
cies in cattle as well as men. The recent case
of the children who were sent from the city
into New Hampshire to build up their health,
and who died suddenly of disease introduced
into their systems from the milk they drank,
and which was from a herd of thoroughbred
cows, impresses this danger very deeply on the
minds of parents just now. Yet all these possi-
ble disasters may be avoided by applying the
same care to country life that the law obliges
producers to conform to in city life. Residents
of the country are not safe from evils and
microbes of many sorts, and though fresh air
and a change from city to country living is al-
ways desirable and often essential, the pre-
cautions which surround city life should be
taken into the country by visitors. To be ab-
solutely safe, neither water from the well nor
milk from the cow should ever be drunk until a
sufficient amount of heat has been applied to
destroy any germs of disease that may be in
them. All sorts of impurities may reside in
wells which look as clear as crystal, and all
water taken from wells, especially when located
near the house, should be boiled twenty minutes
before using. It should then be set away to
cool and may be bottled and placed on ice be-
fore use. If ice is not available it will acquire
a palatable temperature in a stone jug of which
there are always plenty on a farm. The treat-
ment of milk is of even more importance. It
is never safe to drink any milk that has not
been sterilized. This process is a perfectly sim-
ple one, being merely the application of heat
at a boiling point, 212 Fahrenheit, for twenty
minutes.

A very convenient apparatus for this purpose
called a sterilizer, can be had at any druggist's
or at a house furnishing shop, for \$3.75. If one
can afford this, it is a good and convenient
thing to have, but it is by no means essential;
as this same process may be applied to milk
with the simplest means found in the humblest
kitchen. Next to the sterilizer, the easiest
method of securing the result is by using a
double boiler, or, as some call it a jacket-kettle,
always avoiding tin, if possible. In using the
double boiler, the milk should fill the kettle
only about two-thirds full; a sheet of absorbent
cotton, (or even non-absorbent will do), should
be placed over the top beneath the cover. The
object of this is to prevent the dripping back
into the kettle of the condensed vapor from the
milk. If cotton is not available, a clean nap-
kin, folded several times, may be used, a watch
being kept that it does not become dripping
wet. The milk should be kept over the steam
twenty minutes after the water in the outer
kettle begins to boil. If a double boiler is not
available an ordinary kettle may be used for
the water, the milk being placed in a wide-
necked bottle. If bottles are used, precaution
will have to be taken to prevent their breaking.
Preserving jars are always available, and easiest
as well as safest for this purpose. The bottle
should only be filled half full, and cotton should
be arranged in the neck, extending two or three
inches down into the bottle. The bottle should
never be allowed to stand directly on the bot-
tom of the kettle; it is well to stand it on the
iron rest you use for your flat irons, but a tin
cover, or a horse shoe, or a few large nails, any-
thing, in fact that will leave a water space be-
tween the bottom of the bottle and the bottom
of the kettle, will answer the purpose. A patent
top bottle, closing with a tin cap which is not
air-tight, is really the best for this purpose;
but with a little ingenuity, even that is not
necessary; if one but understands the
principle that steam of boiling water, applied
twenty minutes to milk, will sterilize it, there
is no home so poor that its children may not
be protected from any of the germ dangers
known to be lurking in milk; while to neglect
these precautions is criminal.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy,
Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children
teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums,
allays pain, cures wind colic and is the best.

Notwithstanding the hard times there is still
one blessing that comes even to the humblest
home, and that is a baby. A Connecticut house,
the N. N. Hill Brass Co. of East Hampton, evi-
dently appreciate this fact for they have just
invented a novel, fifteen cent baby rattle and
teething ring which is said to possess astonish-
ing silencing and soothing qualities, besides
imparting grace and flexibility to the intellect
of the "latest arrival."

HAPPENINGS.

The longest canal in the world runs from the fron-
tier of China to St. Petersburg and covers 4,422 miles.
A box that had been sent by express to Omaha as
stationery, was opened and found to contain the

bodies of an old man and young girl. The mystery
is as yet unsolved.

Times have been very hard in the great cities this
winter and there is much suffering among the poor.
The number of unemployed is larger than for many
years; and steps have been taken everywhere, to feed
or give work to as many people as possible.

An elephant escaped from a circus in New Orleans,
and ran riot, overturning a big dray, tearing
with teams, frightening horses and finally rushing
into a shirt store and tearing everything he could
lay his trunk on to pieces.

Mme. Ruppert, the noted complexion specialist of 4
East 14th Street, New York, will present free to all
who will call at her office, a sample bottle of her
famous Face Bleach. Those residing at a distance
can get same by sending 25 cents to cover mailing ex-
penses. This liberal offer is characteristic of Mme.
Ruppert, and ladies will no doubt be glad to avail
themselves thereof.

A soldier who was tried and sentenced to be court-
martialled on the western frontier recently, grew
rapidly thin and ill from the time of his trial, and
when he was finally led to the place of execution died
of fright before he could be shot.

A MOST WONDERFUL OFFER.

\$8.50 buys a Sewing Machine which all other
houses sell at from \$23.00 to \$50.00. Easiest
terms ever offered. For particulars send this
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the agent \$5.38 and express charge, otherwise Pay Nothing.
It is a perfect Full Blooded Harness, Oak Stock, Genuine Tan-
Patent Leather Blinds, Heavy Breast Collar and Breeching, Double and
Buttled 1 1/2 Traces. Everything First and WARRANTED. Order TO-DAY.
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Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to *Comfort*, and every contribution must bear the writer's own name and post office address in full.

Original letters only, which deal with matters of general interest will be published. They must be as brief, plain and correct as the writers can make them and may vary in length from one hundred to four hundred words. Only letters of exceptional merit and interest may reach 450. Contributors must write on one side of their paper only.

Every month a number of prize monograms composed of the writer's initials, will be awarded to those sending the best contributions. These monograms, which will be most desirable ornaments for stationery, cards, etc., will be printed in connection with the respective letters, and new electrotypes of same will be mailed, post paid, to the prize winners.

\$10 CASH PRIZES \$10

In addition to the foregoing, the following cash prizes will be paid monthly:

1st. For the best original letter	\$3.00
2nd. " " second best original letter	2.50
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Competitors for these monthly cash prizes must comply with all the above rules, and in addition must bring at least one new cousin into the *Comfort* circle; that is, they must send one new subscriber with each letter, together with 25 cents for a yearly subscription.

These cash prizes will be announced monthly in this department.

No premiums will be given for subscriptions sent in under this Prize Offer.

All communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.

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Grace C. Pittenger,	Burt F. Jenness,
Gussie Louise Korty,	H. A. Stone,
Elam Dicks,	

SUCH piles of intelligent letters come in from the cousins all over this great country, that it would take a sheet as big as the largest New York Sunday paper to print them all; consequently we are suffering just now from an "embarrassment of riches." So this month I shall cut everyone down as much as possible, and in many cases give extracts, and make this a special monogram number. Because, while it is impossible to accord cash prizes to all who deserve them, I feel that some reward ought to be made to many of those to whom I cannot give cash.

In a recent number of *COMFORT* there was a letter descriptive of a "clam-bake." Perhaps it may interest the cousins to hear something about how clams, scallops, oysters, etc., are obtained from Narragansett Bay, famous for clams since the settlement of the colonies.

"There are two kinds of clams, the soft shell and the hard shell, or quohogs. Soft shells are found in the sand and mud covered with tide-water. Formerly they were dug only at low tide with a short-handled hoe. The clams when disturbed eject a tiny jet of water, which indicates their location. Last summer, for the first time, the supply was unequal to the demand, several hundred bushels being required daily at the various shore resorts; and a new way to dig for them was devised. When the tide was lowest, men waded into the water and transferred mud to wire baskets. These shaken in the water allowed the mud to escape and left the clams in the basket. By this method the clam-digger worked without regard to the tide. Clam chowder is a favorite dish in Rhode Island, made as follows: Fry in a deep kettle pieces of salt pork cut into small squares; when the fat has tried out, remove the pork scraps and put in onions sliced; fry until brown; then add layers of raw sliced potatoes and chopped clams, season with salt and pepper, cover with water and boil twenty minutes, then add sliced or canned tomatoes, Worcestershire sauce, sherry or port wine and cook twenty minutes longer, then add milk and 'Pearson's' hard bread. When it has come to a boil remove from fire. Serve hot. At the shore resorts cauldrons holding forty gallons each are made every day. Hard shell clams, or quohogs, are found on river bottoms or bay, and are caught by dredging. Long handled rakes with iron teeth and fitted like a pair of shears, are used. Quohogs are nearly round in shape, and have a white shell, while soft shell clams are oblong and darker. Quohogs are used somewhat in bakes, but are best for chowder and batter-fries. Scallops are protected by law for five months in the year; not more than twenty-five bushels may ever be taken by the boat in a day. They are opened at once and shipped in pails. Scallops are good stewed in milk or fried in crumbs. 'Providence River' oysters bring a high price. The oyster beds cover many acres and are owned by the State. They are under State supervision and are leased for a term of five years to the highest bidders. Several hundred acres are reserved for public use, and from Sept. 1st to April 1st oysters are free to all who may gather them. At 12 midnight, on the last day of August, there are generally a hundred or more boats ready to begin working at the firing of the signal gun. The grounds are watched to prevent poaching, by a patrol, in house-boats moored at various places. The star-fish destroys hundreds of bushels every year. They attach themselves to the shell of the oyster and when it opens to feed, insert an arm so the shell cannot be closed. Crabs are caught by nets. Lobsters are not much caught in Narragansett Bay, but just outside, a great many are taken. Baited traps made so that ingress is easy and egress impossible, are set, into which the lobster crawls. Occasionally a soft shell lobster is found. None are ever seen in market, but are bought at a high price by Newport epicures." W. E. ANTHONY, M.D., Providence, R. I.

Most of you have heard of Chautauqua, and many perhaps have taken the "Chautauqua Course."

"The place was formerly known as Fair Point, but after it became a great educational centre it was changed to Chautauqua. It came into notice first as a camp meeting ground. The first Sabbath-school assembly was held there in 1873, and in 1878 a movement was inaugurated for the promotion of general culture among the people. This movement originated with Bishop Vincent, and has increased until the 'Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle' has students not only in every State and territory of the Union, but in every quarter of the globe. It has given diplomas to many thousand students who have completed the four years' course of study. Its aim is to give the student, the college out-look; and is so arranged that an individual can pursue it alone, or as associated study. It has been a great means of educating the masses. New departments have been added until Chautauqua deserves the name given by Joseph Cook 'The Summer University.' During July and August the place is veritably a 'city in the woods' where thousands come for instruction and recreation. Here the best speakers interest the people; capable and efficient teachers instruct in language, science and art, and skilled musicians delight vast audiences. The place is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of learning, and one who comes for recreation alone will find himself sooner or later interested in some department of this great school. The great city dailies consider Chautauqua of such importance that they send staff correspondents to despatch daily accounts. A visitor may board at the handsomely appointed hotel and be served with meals fit for an epicure with bills to correspond; or, if economically inclined he can obtain good fare at any of the numerous private boarding houses at an expense correspondingly light. A partial list of speakers and instructors has been announced for the season of 1894 and the session promises to be full of interest." Mrs. ELLA F. FLANDERS, DeWittville, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

The next letter contains such excellent advice that I commend it especially. Let every cousin who writes to *COMFORT* study it carefully.

"Success in authorship requires patience, perseverance, long practice and postage stamps. A simple story of every-day life plainly written, without striving for literary effect, stands more chance than one on an unfamiliar subject. Be brief. This is a busy world and matter must be concentrated. Be plain. The use of large, uncommon words that no one understands is no sign of cleverness; but shows only a mind untrained. A few years ago a youths' paper offered large cash prizes for short stories, and I concluded to try for one. Born and raised on the Kansas plains, I probably could have written a simple home story of the prairie; but I chose to write of the California gold craze and weave in the ill-fated wreck of the steamer Brother Jonathan. Both subjects I had no knowledge of, only having heard my father relate them. It was a theme upon which I could elaborate, but could do little else. Having no knowledge of a hill, or mountain, how could I describe them? So I said in four thousand words what might be said in two. With its long introduction, its thrilling narrative and lengthy explanation, it is a wonder my MSS was returned as 'unavailable.' I was not discouraged but was taught a valuable lesson. Two mottoes every young writer should copy boldly and hang before his desk. 'Impossible is a fool's adjective' and 'Perseverance is more than genius.'" EDITH WILLIAMS, Chicla, Kansas.

Here is an extract of a pleasant letter on wood-pulp:

"Last summer I visited a wood-pulp mill in New Hampshire. Various kinds of wood are used, chiefly poplar. An immense saw divides the logs into two foot lengths. These are placed under a 'barker' moving in a groove, and skillfully turned until the outside portions are removed. The lengths are then thrust into a vise-like machine and one end held firmly against a set of revolving blades. The chips falling into the open mouth of a shaft are carried to a vat below containing a mixture of acids. When this mass has undergone chemical treatment it is drawn into another vat through which runs an endless belt made of thick felt some two and one-half feet wide. A thin coating of pulp is carried by this belt over a series of heated rollers, then back to the vat to receive a new coating, then over the rollers again, and so on until the successive coats have formed a paper-like material. An automatic arrangement cuts this web into sheets about four feet long. These are packed closely to a required depth and subjected to great pressure, leaving a plate of substantial pulp. Wet again, this is carried to the moulding rooms, pressed and partially dried in the desired shape. Finally it comes to the 'dry rooms.' Many articles are made in this mill: table-tops, lapboards, hay-caps, pulps, tin-baskets, slatting, etc." ANNETTE KIMBALL, East Baldwin, Me.

"High up among the mountains of China," says another cousin, "stands one of the most curious religious edifices in the world. It is the monastery of 'Yung Fee,' where a company of Chinese priests live. The monastery consists of several buildings at the entrance of an immense cavern near the top of a lofty mountain. The rocks under it are so precipitous and reach to such a height, that it seems impossible to reach them without a balloon. Near by are steps cut in the rocks, but for most of the journey from the level country below, the narrow, steep and slippery path leads sometimes through lonely gorges and sometimes through thick and dark forests. One building is supported on the timber of a religious duty has led them to spend their lives among the caves and precipices of this lonely and gloomy mountain." R. L. LAVALLEY, Port Allen, W. Baton Rouge, La.

We have already published so many letters about the Mexicans and Texas, that I can only give you an extract of a most interesting one about Corpus Christi.

"Corpus Christi, Texas, is an old place, and was an early army post. Its name, signifying 'the body of Christ' was given it by the Mexicans. Before the Mexican war, the American Army under General Taylor was encamped here from August 1845 to March 1846. Our streets are paved with oyster shells and our sidewalks bordered with oleanders from ten to fifteen feet high and blooming almost the whole year. It is a rare thing to have even a slight freeze during the winter; the mercury seldom falls below forty degrees or rising above ninety. Many of the children have never seen any snow. On the island is situated a light-house, a quarantine and a life-saving station." BETTIE A. BRIGGS, Corpus Christi, Texas.

What would the most of you think to have to undergo such an experience as the following?

"We were living on a cattle-ranch in southern Kansas. The spring of '76 was an exceptional one; there had been a great deal of rain; the rivers and creeks were full and the ground soaked. I was alone with my two small children fifty miles from a settlement. It had not rained much all day, but at sunset was raining hard. I retired early. I do not know how long I had slept when I was awakened by a clap of thunder. My little girl began to cough just then; that hoarse, choking, croupy cough so feared by mothers. I sprang up to get her medicine, and was above my knees in water! I waded to the table, reaching it just as it was tipping over, lighted the lamp and placed it on a shelf high up on the wall. By that time the water was on a level with the bed. Telling my little girl to stand up on the bed and hold on to the headboard, I caught up the baby, threw a quilt around him and started out of doors. The rain was coming down in sheets and nearly took my breath, while the forest flood almost swept me off my feet. The darkness was intense except when the lightning came. I managed to reach the hill back of the house by wading, laid the baby down and went back for my little girl. I had left the door open and everything movable had gone out. I managed to

get back with the girl and a few quilts. I wrapped the little ones up and sat down to wait for daylight, with no covering but a cotton nightdress. I shall never forget that night, alone in the storm and darkness. And what did daylight reveal! The water had subsided, leaving only mud and wreckage behind it. Not an article of dry clothing or a mouthful of unsoaked food left. All my young chickens, nearly one hundred, were drowned. The roads were in such a state that it was three days before the men could get back. The hens on the roost were not harmed, and we lived on their eggs for three days. You may rest assured that we had the house moved onto the hill as soon as possible. Both children are living, and the little girl, a woman now, remembers perfectly the night of the flood in Kansas."

MRS. E. A. WAYLAND, 514 Tenth Avenue East, Duluth, Minn.

You will like to know something of the Mongolian or Chinese pheasant.

"It was sent to America from China some twelve years ago. There were two importations, fifteen or twenty hens with a less number of males. The plumage of the male bird is very beautiful, with upwards of twenty-nine different shades, the colors changeable in the sun. The male weighs about five and the female four pounds. They are more for open ground than the native pheasants. They seek brush for shelter when flushed, but will not tree for a dog. They make a loud cackling when flushed, run and hide with remarkable dexterity and are a hard bird to get. All the plains and untimbered hills and mountains between this coast and the Atlantic are adapted to him and I see nothing to prevent his over-running all the unimproved parts of the United States. He 'roosts' on the ground, hiding among grass or weeds. The hen lays from twelve to eighteen eggs at a clutch, and raises two and sometimes three broods a season. The male crows like a young rooster just learning the art, and flutters his wings afterwards. He will sit on a fence and crow for hours when you have no gun, but if you think you can get him when you have one, try it and see." B. F. SHAMBROOKE, Umpqua Ferry, Oregon.

Here is something for the lovers of cats:

"My little boy has a pet kitten 'Trixie.' One night he was awakened by Trixie meowing mournfully at his bedside. Seeing it was not daylight, he did not help her up as usual for a romp, but turned over for another nap. But she kept uttering the most piteous caterwauls, and climbed onto his bed in her anxiety. I half awoke upon hearing her cries. A few moments later she rushed to my bedside with her fur all ablaze, meanwhile giving vent to the most dreadful screams! The house was on fire! I sprang from the bed, smothered the flames on the poor tortured kitty with a blanket, and gave the alarm of fire. Some one had fired the building by throwing a bunch of rags saturated with kerosene into the store-room at a broken window-pane. The flames were extinguished after serious damage to the house. Yet we probably owe our lives to the kitten, whose furry coat has grown new again, and is as snowily beautiful as ever. Do you wonder that Britton loves his kitty?" MRS. HATTIE M. TAYLOR, Heady, Greene Co., Mo.

The next cousin says "My husband says he gets more facts from Aunt Minerva's page than if he sat down and read a whole book." Sensible man!

"Cayuga Lake ice is noted for the purity of its water; its ice is in great demand. When a spot has been cleared on the ice, it is cut into sections, 9 feet by 12 to 15. They are marked and cut halfway through, at the same time, after which they are floated through a channel into the canal. A man with a long iron-pointed pole, breaks the section into squares according to the markings, another man pushes them toward the conveyor, which catches them and carries them to the car, where it is packed. They sometimes load as many as 140 cars in one day, with the help of the conveyor, so you see how much in demand our ice is." MRS. GRACE C. PITTENGER, Cayuga, N. Y.

I am extremely sorry not to print the whole of this letter from Vermont. Having seen the lake described, I know its beauties cannot be over-estimated.

"Lake Willoughby is about six miles long, nestled between two high mountains, upon whose sides Nature has imprinted many curious and interesting pictures. High up on one side, standing out in bold relief, a face is plainly seen called the Old Man of the Mountain. The letters U. S. also are plainly visible as if carved, yet so high and steep is this side and entirely bare, that this would be impossible. Coming down the east side, one can see upon the Rocky ledge a deer's head, a goose, and a man with a gun in his hand, taking aim. A group of rocks lying near the shore is known as 'Devil's Den.' Many years ago a party attempting to cross the lake in the early spring upon the ice, narrowly escaped being drowned. Just as the party were about midway the horses suddenly, and without warning, broke through and dropped out of sight, leaving the frightened occupants with the latter part of the vehicle on the edge of a yawning gap. The horses were never seen afterward. The whole party would have gone to the bottom, had not the wagon-bolt dropped out as the horses went down, separating the fore wheels from the vehicle, and leaving the occupants safe upon the ice." NELLIE J. ALLEN, Box 92, West Burke, Vt.

Do you believe in dreams? Here is a very strange one.

"The large, old-fashioned frame house in which I was born and raised, is in the part of eastern Indiana now known as the 'Gas Belt.' When I was 13 years old I dreamed that while we were sitting around the fireplace, the wood burned out, the coals became embers, the embers died into ashes, and the ashes into filmy clouds and vanished up the chimney. Suddenly a soft blue flame shot up in the centre of the fireplace, filling it with heat and light, and warming all the room. We were all frightened, except father and mother, at such an unusual occurrence. I stepped to the edge of the hearth, and saw that the blaze came many thousand feet out of the depths of the earth. A few years ago wood was so scarce in this part of the country, became a thing of the past and all the people in town and country began to burn natural gas. When I saw the first soft blue blaze shoot up in the old fireplace at home, I shouted aloud, 'This is what my dream signified!'" J. H. VANMATE Koons, Lock Box 465, Muncie Ind.

Here is a description of the prairie dogs of Neb. "They look some like fat, young puppies. When disturbed they run pell mell to their holes and sit upon their hind legs; then giving a shrill bark they dart out of sight. Each hole has a mound beside it. These mounds probably give the term Prairie Dog-town. All are connected, and it is supposed they are dug down to water. The rattlesnake and a kind of owl share this subterranean home with these queer little animals." MRS. ELLA DUNNING, Gandy, Logan Co., Neb.

Most of you, I hope, are familiar with Whittier's poems. Here is something about his birthplace:

"The house is three miles east of Haverhill, Mass. A guide board bears the inscription: 'Birthplace of John G. Whittier. House erected by James Whittier in 1838.' The house has an old-fashioned chimney: the windows are high and the panes small. Without regard to the direction of the street, the house stands square with the sun, the front facing the east. In summer the place is quiet and beautiful. In winter it is a desolate spot, and doubtless suggested the simple yet beautiful poem 'Snow Bound.' In summer home Whittier spent his youthful days and gathered with the family circle about the fireside while 'The mug of cider simmered low And the apples sputtered in a row.'" BURT F. JENNESS, Box 79, Bradford, Mass.

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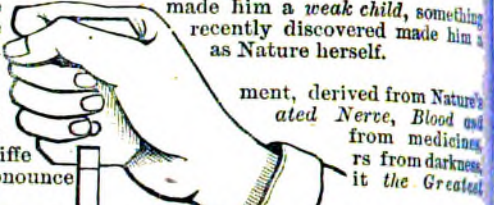
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as a matter of public interest. The
for instance, published Feb. 10, 1891

Vassar Ambler, 146 Cherry Street, is a cash progress prize in less than ninety days and premiums. While the success of two things — two things which are with ordinary intelligence — a personal trial for first place, Mrs. Ambler, who was ill. Her brother, who is connected with the company, after testing its merits, she bought a \$5 lot on the 23rd for one of our special progress prizes. She so enthusiastically that ten days later to engage sub-agents to help her. Her selection of receiving from us, on the eighth progress prize. Although now — April 10th, she buys \$700 worth in a store, leaving her a net cash profit of \$150. The most lady in New York.

amar Street, Knoxville, Tennessee, a
 experience with OXEN led him to be-
 He already buys in \$50 lots (which re-
 tting him a profit of \$69.50 every trip.
 February, 1894, beside being sure of a
 of sales." On Feb. 26, 1894, Mr.
 another lot of OXEN, which ship at
 ll ever bless the day that I first heard
 92, while stopping at Johnson City,
 topping told me of a lady boarder
 ets in imparting new life and strength
 by her own confession, been more
 not benefit her case, it was regarded
 Knoxville, and being practically out of
 nd must say that I am surprised at the
 y, as I have gone from 134 pounds to
 aiment since I have been working for

ea, Minnesota, says in a letter of March
bit as good as gold to me. It is hard
n eyes when I see the cures that OX-
RS are effecting. A lady said to me
r shower his blessings on THE GLASS
at OXIE is doing for suffering hu-
THE NERVES and OXIE PLASTER!
When I go into a new territory, I first
confined to their bed. If I cannot sell
ya, and I never fail to sell to them when



Pennsylvania is Mr. J. N. Williams,
 sburg. This young man only be-
 EN on the 18th of July,
 already won a special
 \$200, on account of pro-
 received hundreds of
 premiums on account
 his sales. In a hel-
 1894, Mr. Wil-
 is thanks for the
 m us on that day
 and states that he
 ply for an agency
 onderful results
 ase of a friend of
 bled with serious
 So wonderful was
 e human system,
 \$25 lot, which
 at he is now forced
 which retail for
 which also gives him
 N free, which retails for
 is fast becoming a house-
 and no family is com-
 cal powers to give new life



In the Saddle Through Arizona and Utah.

III

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Copyright, 1894, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



and Utah appear to be like camels as far as enduring the absence of water is concerned.

After several hours' travel without seeing any game, not even a bird—without a tree, twig or water in sight—we came upon the Arizona Diamond Fields, and hunted in vain for precious gems. These mines are simply large fields of gravel, lying a few miles from the Little Colorado. Everywhere we saw fine specimens of petrified wood, while the stones and rocks were of strange formation. The trail was a fearful one for the wagons and the animals, but we reached the Little Colorado without accident and went into camp; though we observed mounted Indians watching us from distant points.

The Colorado Chico, as it is called, is a most uninviting stream; but the water was cool and the grass was plenty on its banks, so we were content for the sake of the animals. We filled our casks and antelopes, and our wagons with driftwood; for another timberless, waterless desert lay before us. We kept a close watch for Indians, but were not disturbed though the cunning robbers did get away with a couple of our ponies.

Leaving the river the next morning we continued on our way, still escorted at a distance by our Indian friends, the Navahoes. About noon we dropped the San Francisco Mountains out of sight behind. Our trail led along what is known to the guides as Cedar Ridge, a rugged yet picturesque country. Here we came upon two open Indian graves, with skeleton forms placed in a sitting posture, their faces toward the setting sun. We also met the first travelers we had seen, a Mormon wagon train; with it was an old woman of eighty-six, spry as a kitten; also an infant but two weeks old and born on the trail. The mother had a stove in her wagon and looked very comfortable in her "home on wheels."

That night we camped on Cedar Ridge, a dry camp, as usual. We had a stampede of our horses and some shots fired; but we got the animals back again, and several Indian ponies came back with them all saddled and bridled, so that the Navahoes gained nothing by the stampede. Our next night's camp was at Navahoe Springs at the head of a canyon running back through cliffs thousands of feet in height. Upon the summit of these cliffs are the ruins of the houses of the Moquis, a once mighty race of people, but now with only a remnant left. They always built their villages upon the tops of the cliffs, and their women had to carry the water for their jars upon their heads, sometimes for miles.

The view from the mouth of the willow-fringed and grass-carpeted canyon is a superb one. It looks across mighty plains to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and the lofty red cliffs far beyond. The water was icy cold, and grass abundant and all were happy, including the horses. Here too, we found game in abundance, mountain sheep, deer and lion.

Leaving Navahoe Springs we approached Lee's Ferry, across the Grand Colorado River, and each moment became more interesting in our trip. The descent to the ferry is a most dangerous one, and it seemed strange that our wagons and horses were not hurled to destruction. But we made the descent in safety and then found a large herd of cattle being driven from a ranch to the market in Utah. The cowboys frightened them into plunging into the river, and then a swimming horse led the way across, the herd following, though we saw a score or more borne down the stream to death in the rapids.

Here the Colorado glides swiftly along through banks of rock thousands of feet high, and the stream is half a mile wide. There is a ferryman here, and it is called Lee's Ferry, after one who paid the penalty of his crimes with his life. Many have heard of Major John D. Lee, the Mormon Danite; yet it may be well here to refer to his career. A commander in the Mormon army, it was alleged that he was the instigator in what is known as the "Mountain Meadows Massacre," in which a large wagon train of emigrants going to settle in Utah, were completely wiped out; it was at first supposed by Indians. An investigation by army officers revealed the fact that they were white men disguised as Indians who were the leaders of this cruel butchery of men, women and children; and that John D. Lee was the chief. He at once became a fugitive and sought refuge on the Colorado, at the point now known as Lee's Ferry. Being a Mormon he carried with him his three wives, and built houses for them in a canyon a mile from the ferry. A desolate place when he took possession, he transformed it into a perfect garden spot, and so we found it when we visited there, for the present ferryman is also a Mormon.

It is said that Lee used to ferry across the river the very officers who were searching for him; but at last he was discovered and after a trial was shot to death by the government soldiers. The house still remains, and we were invited there to supper by the ferryman; seldom did we find a repast as tempting, for there was not another habitation within seventy-five miles. We had chicken, antelope steak, coffee with cream, butter, the most delicious bread, honey, preserves, fried potatoes and watermelon.

Lee's Ferry is about 3,500 feet above sea level, and overhung by vermilion-hued cliffs over five thousand feet high. The ferry boat is a rude affair of bent timber, and in crossing we lost several of our horses. The descent to and trail up on the other side is simply awful, and was made with lassoes attached on either side.

After camping on the river for a couple of days, we resumed our march to Kaibab Mountain, Kaibab being the Indian name for Mounskin—called so on account of the great number of buck found there.

In the canyon we found bear, deer, turkeys, quail, rabbits and wolves, while all fruits thus far planted grow to perfection there. We enjoyed a swim in the river, though the temperature of the water was at the freezing point. The day we arrived three men had been lost in a boat, in trying to row down the stream and search for gold, and it is said that many daring gold hunters thus perish. The ferryman gets \$5.00 a boat load across the river, and it was our unanimous opinion that he deserved it. He is

also the postmaster, but if his revenue from sale of stamps is more than a dollar a year, it would surprise me; and yet, Uncle Sam's brave mail riders penetrate to the most desolate and dangerous spots in the Wild West.

We met at the ferry a man who was a fugitive from justice, we felt sure, from his eagerness to cross; some hours after, we came upon two officers of the law on his trail, for having committed murder.

As we reached the summit of the plateau, the right rim of the Grand Canyon, the grandeur of the scenery impressed us all. Our trail now lay down the river, as it had been upward on the other shore, for we had turned the loop at Lee's Ferry.

Our first camp for the night on this side was woodless, waterless and grassless; for we counted on account of a breakdown of one of our wagons. Having no wood we could not build fires, and it was a desolate night which we spent on that barren plain, keeping our horses close on account of the howling wolves. But experience had taught us that we must take things as they come, and there was no grumbling. Our trail next day led us along cliffs of the most fantastic shapes, where huge pieces of rock had split off and rolled down into the plain, and the sandstorms had moulded them into stone animals, from elephants to horses. We found one spot where there were several hundred of these enormous rocks, all bearing a resemblance to dead elephants. All day long we were discovering new and startling features in what we called "The menagerie of the gods." We pictured in the vermilion cliffs towering thousands of feet above us, churches, forts, castles and cities. We can see once more the snowy summits of the San Francisco mountains. The Grand Canyon, looking as though the earth had split asunder, is on our left; the vermilion cliffs on our right, and Kaibab Mountain rising far ahead; with the chasm that marks Lee's Ferry behind us, the cliffs over Navahoe Springs also visible, and about us the purest, clearest atmosphere we ever knew; so clear was it that deer miles and miles away seemed almost within range of our rifles.

That was a day's ride none of us will ever forget.

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

MUSIC FREE TO YOU.

We will send 163 Popular Songs, words and music, sentimental, pathetic and comic, absolutely free if you send 10 cents for three months' subscription to AMERICAN NATION, our charming illustrated magazine. This music includes Little Fisher Maiden, Tarra Boom de ay, I Whistle and Wait for Katie, After the Ball, Comrades, Old Madrid, and 157 others. Bear in mind, you shall have this immense quantity by sending 10 cents, silver. You will be delighted. Address, AMERICAN NATION CO., 122 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

\$2.98

STEM WIND

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14K Gold Plated Watch Sent C. O. D. on Approval

Beautifully engraved and warranted the best timekeeper in the world for the money, and equal in appearance to a solid gold watch. Examine at express office, if satisfactory pay agent \$2.98. Cut this advertisement out and return with order. Address W. HILL & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, 207 State St., Chicago, Ill.

I WILL send to any one FREE, a recipe that will positively cure LIQUOR DRINKING or DRUNKENNESS. Harmless, and can be given secretly if desired. Address, M. A. NILES, 467 Dudley St., Roxbury, Mass.

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MEN'S AL. PNEUMATIC \$75.00.

The KNIGHT LIGHT ROADSTER.

Made in DIAMOND or DROPPED FRAME.

Pneumatic Tires, Wood Rims, Best 28 IN. \$125.875. Tube, Tangent Spokes, Reversible 26 " \$75.850. Bars. Illst. Cata. & Bargain List Free. 24 " \$60.835. 15 per cent. off if you name this paper.

KNIGHT CYCLE CO., 313 N. 14th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

\$1.98

STEM WIND

CHAIN FREE

CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address, and we will send you this elegant watch by express for examination. You examine it and if you consider it a bargain pay the express agent our sample price, \$1.98, and it is yours. Fine gold plate Chain and Charm FREE with each watch, also our written Guarantee for 5 years. Write to-day, this may not appear again.

THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

List of Prize Winners Under Our SPECIAL ROLL OF HONOR OFFER.

Every reader of COMFORT is interested to know about the distribution of our Roll of Honor prizes, which we promised to tell about when we announced the offer in a late number of our paper. Our readers will remember that we made the following extraordinary agreement, in order that COMFORT might attain the million and a half mark in circulation for which it is striving:

For ninety days, beginning with March 20, 1894, each day to present either a lady's or gentleman's gold watch, (Elgin or Waltham make, the best in the world, such as formerly sold for \$40), a nice tea set of 56 pieces, or a splendid sewing machine, to the person who sends us the largest list of new yearly 25-cent subscribers (or two-year subscribers, 50 cents each with premium post-paid) as follows:

On one day of each week this prize will go to the party who sends the largest club from anywhere.

On the following day it will go to the party who sends the largest club from the post-office where COMFORT has the smallest number of subscribers, of any of the post-offices heard from that day.

On each of the next three days it will go to the party sending in the largest club of town or country subscribers.

And on the following day the prize will go to the party who sends the largest club of city subscribers. And so on for ninety days.

When it is recalled that this is a special agreement and that these prizes are given in addition to the regular premium offers made by the publishers, its liber-

ality is almost astounding. But the offer did not stop even here, and there was added the most marvellous absolutely free premium offer ever made by any reliable paper. Knowing that as only one of the tea sets, etc., were given each day; and that there were hundreds of workers, who would send in good lists as yet fail of securing one of these prizes, the publishers added this remarkable offer for the benefit of such club raisers:

In addition to all this, we will pay, on the first day of August, 1894, One Thousand Dollars in Cash, as a "compensation prize," to the most successful getter up of clubs under this offer, who fail to win either a gold watch, tea set or sewing machine.

As soon as the readers of COMFORT realized that one of these costly, standard articles was to be given to some fortunate club-raiser in addition to the regular premiums, there was an immediate rush to compete in this grand distribution of Roll of Honor prizes; and every mail has been loaded with letters from the friends of the paper who have been getting up lists of subscribers to place COMFORT in every family, and to secure premiums and prizes for themselves. There has been such an unexpected effort on the part of our friends that we have had hard work to prevent delays; but we congratulate ourselves that COMFORT has so many good friends and that our offers have met with such great success that we are now assured of a circulation of one million and a half every month. Now do our readers realize what that means? Do they know it means that fifteen hundred thousand homes will every month be filled with happiness and sunshine by the arrival of this paper? That every reader will be "in touch" with some seven or eight million other readers, all bound together by a common tie?

But what we are most pleased to know is, that this great boom in COMFORT's circulation will allow us to make the great improvements we have planned for a long time; and that our paper will become the most marvellous production of printer's ink in the whole world. It is the knowledge that, in addition to its many pleasing features, its Palmistry and Astrology clubs, its interesting corners and chats, and its novel, interesting and instructive articles all of which are designed to interest every member of the household, COMFORT is to improve and add to its enjoyments every month; this is what makes it such easy work to secure hundreds of new subscribers.

In hundreds of letters coming to us daily, club raisers tell how easily and pleasantly they get subscribers. They say that everyone is interested in the paper; that it takes with all the moment it is shown; and that everybody is surprised at the wonderfully low price of 25 cents a year. Sometimes readers hesitate about starting out to canvass; but when they find how easily subscribers are obtained and how valuable the premiums are that we offer, they are always glad they went into it. Success attends every one who gets subscribers for this paper, if the effort is made with good courage.

We hardly expected so much interest would be taken in our Roll of Honor distribution of prizes, but every letter shows that our workers are fully alive to their chances, and are on the watch for the winners. Our only regret is that we are not able to send each of our friends one of these prizes, as we should like to show this extra appreciation of their efforts; but all that we can do is to give the presents under the promise we made.

Every letter from a prize-winner is full of praise of the unexpected beauty and value of the prizes, and to receive articles of such artistic design and finish, and such exceptional value. It is true that we have spared no expense in getting prizes the value, appearance and workmanship of which should be ample reward for any amount of work given by a prize winner. Here are three of the letters:

Jamaica Plain, Mass., April 10th, 1894.

TO THE PUBLISHERS OF COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

I desire to thank you for the lovely gold watch which, much to my surprise, you awarded me March 30th, as the getter up of the largest club from the post-office where COMFORT had the smallest number of subscribers received that day. Seeing your generous offer, and knowing several people who, I felt sure, would become subscribers if the manifold merits of COMFORT were brought to their notice, I thought I would make up a club and send you. With very little trouble I obtained twenty new names, but so many

other calls on my time were pressing just then that I could not wait to get more. So I sent the twenty names, with 25 cents for a year's subscription for each, hoping but hardly expecting so small a club would win a prize when I knew you must be daily receiving so many. Consequently, when the beautiful Waltham watch arrived, I was surprised as well as delighted. I immediately took it to my jeweler and had it set and started; and he pronounces it equal to any gold watch selling for \$30 to \$40 at the different stores. I have now used it ten days and it keeps perfect time and gives the best satisfaction. I should think every reader of your magnificent family paper would take advantage of your very generous offer regarding sewing machines, tea sets and gold watches. You not only do all you agree, but you do better. Wishing COMFORT every degree of success, I am,

Yours gratefully, H. P. WINSLOW.

Exeter, Maine, April 14th, 1894.

TO THE PUBLISHERS OF COMFORT.

I have just unpacked the lovely tea set which you sent me and I must write you a letter to express my gratitude. I don't see how you can possibly afford to give away such expensive prizes. Not a single piece was broken and it is so nice and beautiful that I can hardly believe it is really mine. I feel a little ashamed to think I received such a dear dainty prize for so small a list; so you can be sure of getting a lot more subscribers from me. Thanks to you and COMFORT for your kindness.

Very truly yours, EVA BROWN.

423 Meridian St., East Boston, April 20, 1894.

EDITORS OF COMFORT.

Last Monday I was most agreeably surprised to receive your letter advising me that my club of 31 subscribers had won a gold Waltham watch under your daily prize offer. On the afternoon of the same day the watch itself reached me in good order, and I have waited before acknowledging its receipt because I wished to see how it kept time, and also to get the opinion of Boston jewelers in regard to it. I now take pleasure in saying that it is not only one of the handsomest watches I ever saw, but that everyone to whom I have submitted it for examination has pronounced it a strictly first-class timepiece, embodying all the latest improvements. It certainly keeps accurate time, and I am especially delighted to know it is a Waltham, (and a stem-winder and stem-setter at that); as it has always been my ambition to possess a timepiece of that world-renowned make. I wish I could explain to you how deeply I feel indebted to COMFORT for the opportunity the publishers have given me for getting such a treasure, free of cost. It was a pleasure to get up the little club for your excellent and constantly improving paper, and while I hoped to be one of the lucky ones, I scarcely expected to win a gold Waltham. If there is another paper or business anywhere that has offered such opportunities as COMFORT presents, I have never heard of it, and I don't believe anyone else has.

Respectfully yours, H. M. AITKEN.

Before giving the list of those who have won the prizes so far, we wish to urge every reader of COMFORT to take advantage of the Roll of Honor offer and try to secure one of these valuable prizes, or to have a part in the grand distribution of the one thousand dollars in money. The work is light and easy and you will be well repaid with the regular premiums which you will receive whether or not you are fortunate in obtaining one of these special presents; for this offer is a special one and the prizes are given in addition to any regular premium offers of ours, and many of these prizes are taken by small lists of subscribers.

As May COMFORT goes to press April 26th we give the names of the several subscribers who were awarded these valuable and beautiful gold watches, tea sets and sewing machines as Roll of Honor presents up to the 25th; and the June number will contain the names of 25 more Prize Winners.

Adrian Dana, Centerville, R. I.; Stephen P. Shaw, Lakewood, R. I.; A. B. Miller, Troy, Ga.; Miss Carrie Waters, Ocean View, Cal.; J. J. Lowen, Winkler, Manitoba; Emily G. Hellerson, 219 E. 56th St., N. Y.; C. R. Barker, Kincardine, Ont.; Mrs. C. E. Smith, Rayne, Acadia Parish, La.; J. R. Faist, Williamsport, Pa.; F. Gibson, Columbia, S. C.; Mrs. J. H. Jondall, Roland, Iowa; M. B. Smith, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. John G. Driscoll, St. Albans, Vt.; J. S. Jackson, Glencoe, Ore.; Miss Eva Brown, Exeter, Me.; Miss Glina Daniel, 212 E. Cherry St., Sherman, Texas; Elvie B. Aekley, Uncasville, Conn.; H. M. Aitken, 423 Meridian St., East Boston, Mass.; Geo. A. Rivers, Barrows Store, Va.; Wm. Binns, Warsaw, Ind.; Mrs. Wm. L. Litchfield, Box 68, No. Scituate, Mass.; Mrs. T. F. Burke, Warsaw, N. Y.; G. N. Arnold, Delevan, Wis.; Mrs. Anna Hetherington, 325 Ann St., Kansas City, Kans.; Mrs. Louisa Schuh, 325 Weber Ave., West Belleville, Ills.

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A Necessity in Every Household.

A LONG FELT WANT AT LAST FILLED.
NO MORE LOST UMBRELLAS OR CANES.

Who does not know what a bother it is to find an umbrella or cane when you want it unless you have a regular holder? If it rains you are certain to have mislaid your umbrella; or you find it tumbled on the floor and maybe stepped on or broken. Sometimes it gets hidden out of sight and lost. All these troubles arise from not having a proper receptacle in which to keep your umbrella. You find the price at the stores for any kind of an umbrella holder more than you can pay. It is to meet this want and to save further trouble that we offer the **COMFORT UMBRELLA HOLDER**. It is the best and most convenient thing of the kind ever offered the public, and every one who sees it is wild with delight over it. It can be fastened to the baseboard or wall instantly as shown in the cut, and is the simplest, handiest and best rack ever shown. Umbrellas can be inserted or removed in an instant, and it holds them firmly. It keeps a wet umbrella from the walls and paper, and collects all the drip in a cup at the bottom. It is a handsome ornament and being made of highly enameled metal will last for years. It is a necessity in every home, office and place of business and you can sell them on sight and get your own price. Hundreds of readers of Comfort are making money "hand over fist" by getting them and then selling them to their friends and neighbors. It is the fastest selling success of the age.

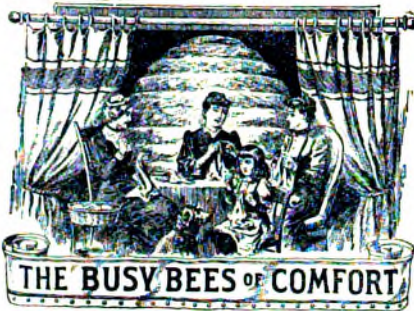
SPECIAL OFFER TO COMFORT READERS ONLY.

If you will send us a club of three yearly subscribers to Comfort, at 25 cents each, we will send you absolutely free of expense one of these Comfort Umbrella Holders, or we will send one to you post paid on receipt of 50 cents; three for \$1.; six for \$1.75; 12 for \$3.. At this price Agents will double their money on one dozen.

EXTRA PREMIUM To increase the boom in Comfort's subscription list, we offer extra inducements to every reader sending us a list of yearly subscribers. Every reader sending us a list with 25 cents for each subscriber will be eligible to receive one of our Roll of Honor prizes, consisting of 56-piece tea sets, gold watches and sewing machines, which we are giving away every day to lucky friends who send subscribers to Comfort. If you do not get one of these you may still be successful in the Grand Distribution of One Thousand Dollars in Cash, which Comfort will make among club raisers who fail to receive a tea set, etc. In any event you get the regular premium we offer. Read in another column who have won prizes.

Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





Copyright, 1894, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



Let us see what is in our hive this month, stored there by Busy Bees from everywhere. An indispensable article in every household is a place to keep soiled clothing; and through the kindness of one Bee I am able to offer you a practical suggestion in regard to this.

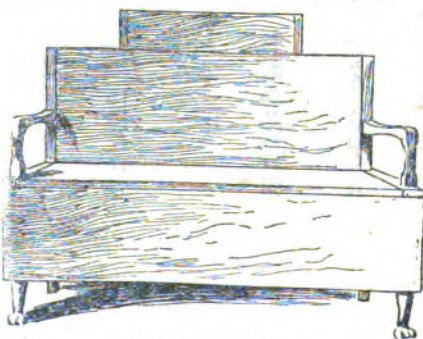
"Here is a basket for soiled clothing. The laundry bags are usually too small to hold large garments. For the bottom, take a board a foot square; get the tea matting that is given away at all grocery stores, and two of the large heavy pasteboard boxes that are found at clothing stores. For the sides take pasteboard 12 inches wide at bottom, 16 inches at top and 28 inches long. Cover these four sides with the matting, lapping it over on wrong side and sewing to pasteboard with long stitches on back and small stitches on right side. Line with cambric overhanded neatly to the edges. Sew the four sides together over and over on wrong side for three seams. The last one of course will need to be sewed up on the right side. Place this on the back. Tack the sides to the bottom and make a square for the top; line the sides. Place bows of ropes at each corner of the top. Get four brass balls for feet, or wooden ones could be used. This may be painted on the sides or left plain. Sew brass curtain rings to the sides and one on the front of cover, to use as handles. Another design is for a rustic porch. Any handy man could make one, who could have access to the woods. The sole cost would be for nails and floor boards. It could be made of any size to suit the house where it was wanted. Take small, straight saplings, cut in pieces of equal length and point the lower ends for the roof. Take two pieces of right length for each upright standard, and nail a small piece, pointed, at each end in the centre between them. Get small saplings that will bend easily, and curve a piece from the sides of each upright standard to the cross piece above. Nail a short straight piece from each corner to centre of curved piece. Make the railing at the floor in the same manner. Make the piazza wide, whatever the size."



LAUNDRY BASKET.

Another cousin writes:

"A certain famous publication bears at the head of its columns this legend: 'Encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself.' Contributors to this department of COMFORT have often been admonished by its 'Queen Bee' to furnish something as useful and practical as possible; she has even turned the shaft of ridicule upon decorated broomsticks and be-ribboned shovels; she has often urged us small Bees to present ideas which shall contribute to the comfort and happiness of the greatest number. It being, therefore, our province to obey, I offer a few suggestions for plain, prudent people. 'Rag bags,' then shall first be my theme—their contents and how to utilize them. The members of a certain benevolent society had been called upon for articles of clothing for the poor, so we straightway betook ourselves to our rag bags, those grand receptacles of left-overs and stray odds and ends. Here were old stockings galore; worn out undervests, skirts of worn out dresses, and remnants of this, that and the other. The stockings were cut down and made over. That is to say, the foot was cut off and a new bottom sewed in its place. Twelve good substantial samples of foot-gear were fashioned from these castaways and you may be sure that one stockinged mother and her half dozen children, were right glad of them. One of the Benevolent's members made some very nice petticoats for children, of the legs of woolen stockings, cutting in small gores, umbrella fashion, and turning up a neat feather-stitched hem; several small sacks and dresses—actually dresses! were evolved from red and blue fine woolen legs (the worn feet being used for the foundation for ironing holders). The worn out undervests were next taken in hand. One enterprising sister managed to eke out a number of summer skirts from the cotton ones, and something warm and substantial from the woolen ones for winter. The back breadths of old calico dresses furnished good material for kitchen aprons, and even an occasional dress for little folks. To tell of all the magical effects that originated in that one rag bag would be simply impossible. So do not consign your rag bags to the tender mercies of the tin peddler, for they may hold lots of comfort for someone."



THE COLONIAL SETTLE.

"Everybody will doubtless agree that a trunk, to look upon, is an ugly object, but a certain cosy sitting room that I know of con-

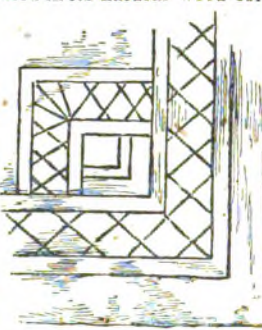
tains one which, transformed by woman's wit, masquerades as quite a fine piece of furniture—a small sofa or divan, and calls forth words of astonishment and praise from all beholders, when let into the secret of its plebeian origin. The change which it suffered came about in this wise: The lid of the trunk, raised to its full height, formed the back of the sofa; this was secured in position by braces and cleats and in place of the cotton tape straps connection top and sides, was a four inch band of dark red felt—ribbon, velvet or plush might be used instead. A strong piece of duck was hooked to the sides by means of loops and pegs; this, with a tufted cushion formed an easy, comfortable seat; a mahogany stain was given the front and sides. A drapery of dark maroon canton flannel gave new outlines to the hard, rigid old 'box,' and enveloping it from top to bottom produced a most artistic effect. The canton flannel was trimmed with a heavy bullion fringe, which had done duty on a fashionable gown away back in the seventies. So much for this bit of furniture, which cost next to nothing, all the materials from which it was wrought being mere 'pick-ups.'

"The inventive power of one woman has led to a regular boom in trunk furniture, stimulating thereby the feminine brain to other achievements. So unpromising an affair as a discarded wash-bench has even been brought into play; its weak wobbly legs readjusted on a firm basis by means of divers andundry braces, with a back added, cushioned, painted and draped with old-time brocatelles, stands as a signal triumph of mind over matter. A friend tells me that she is engaged in similar work, only her wash-bench happens to be an old table—a four-footer, minus leaves, with badly warped top, but with a good framework, which she is making broader, and the nicest of spindling legs, real Queen Anne! The legs will be cut down one-half; she will remove the warped top, and substitute one elastic and springy, put on a back, paint it white, cushion and drape it with white."

"The old-fashioned 'settle' of good Colonial times, has now been revived, so we are all on tip-toe for one wherewith to furnish up the wide, big hall—the proper place for them in an old Colonial mansion; but how and where to compass an object so to be desired! Funds were not forthcoming—times were hard and no immediate sign of betterment; the country was on the verge of ruin, brought to this strait by 'McKinleyism,' or the Sherman Bill, or distrust of the policy of the new administration, or 'general rascality,' I've forgotten which; but we said, life isn't worth living without a settle, and that settled it. A settle is a little, low, commonplace bench, with a straight, uncompromising back, as hard as can be imagined. Lots of them came over in the Mayflower. No doubt John Alden and Priscilla did their billing and cooing on one. One day one of us had an inspiration. We mounted the attic stairs, two steps at a time, and there in the dim corner, festooned with cobwebs, in a state of 'innocuous desuetude' was the very thing we had yearned for. Why hadn't we thought of it before the billows of dejection had completely submerged us? It was only an ancient blue chest, yet we saw in it such possibilities. We had only to raise the lid to an upright position and secure it with a heavy brace; there was the straight, hard, uncompromising back of Miles Standish's day; one of our 'household band' who is a born carpenter, fashioned some high, square-looking arms, some odd-looking legs, and a panel of ash which belonged to an old extension table, was made fast to the sides, and formed a handsome, solid seat. We stained it mahogany color, and the following week saw it in the big roomy hall, in whose dim, religious light it had as fine and aristocratic an air as one could desire. And it cost the magnificent sum of twenty-five cents for paint; while those in the big city ware-rooms cost as many dollars."

"The other day I saw a sideboard made from an old-fashioned, high, mahogany bureau. A frame-work was erected over the top and sides, plain and solid, in which was set a plain, mahogany-framed mirror of a day long past; a couple of shelves at the top completed it. A very nice hall or library table can be made in this way: take an oblong, spindle-legged table with drawer, such as may be found in most country kitchens. Set a frame about the edge two fingers or so in width and paint any desired color, rosewood, walnut or mahogany; stuff the inside of frame slightly and cover with felt, which may be tacked down with brass-headed nails; put a shelf underneath, one-third distance between top and bottom, and cover like the one above. The lower shelf may be used for parcels, hats, etc., while the drawer is convenient for gloves and small articles."

"And now for a carpet of unheard-of material; only common burlap which can be dyed or used in its natural wood-color. With a broad



PATTERN FOR CRUMB-CLOTH.

strip of felt or carpeting as a border, it makes a very presentable carpet for the bedroom of a country cottage. A large square, embroidered with the hem with bright colors, in side stitch, makes an excellent crumb-cloth or a pretty stand-cover. An oblong length of any desired size, embroidered at the hem, folded and mounted on a rod, makes a handy catch-all or newspaper receptacle. Very pretty school-bags can also be made of it. A portion of the same, with embroidered or plain bands of cretonne or felt top and bottom, is pretty enough for any modest house."

E. M. Cass, Hallowell, Maine.

So many ladies like new patterns for edging that I am going to give you this to be knitted of Scotch linen crochet thread:

- Cast on 19 stitches. Knit once across plain.
- 1st row. Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 4, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 1, over, knit 1.
- 2nd row. Knit 12, over, purl 1, knit 2, purl 1, knit 3.
- 3rd row. Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 3, over, knit 1.
- 4th row. Knit 13, over, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 3.
- 5th row. Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 2, over, narrow, 2, narrow, over, narrow, over, knit 5, over, knit 1.
- 6th row. Knit 14, over, purl 1, knit 3, over, purl 1, knit 3.
- 7th row. Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 4, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, narrow.
- 8th row. Knit 13, over, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 3.
- 9th row. Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 5, over, narrow, over, knit 3 together, over, narrow, 2 last.
- 10th row. Knit 12, over, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 3.
- 11th row. Slip 1, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 2,

over, narrow, knit 6, over, knit 3 together, over, narrow, 2 last.

12th row. Knit 11, over, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 3. Then repeat from first row."

Mrs. J. M. Howes, Providence, R. I.

And among all these widely different suggestions, I am sure you all can find something of benefit and practical use. QUEEN BEE.

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EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I will send a beautiful waitsong entitled "Oh, Bird of Joy" (regular price \$1.00), and several other pieces choice sheet music with a sample copy of a musical magazine to any reader who will send me two stamps for mailing, and the address of two or three friends who are interested in music. MISS VIOLA H. RAE, P. O. Box 1729, Boston, Mass.

LADIES



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WHEN TO GET IT. you saw this.



CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE H. WYNNE.

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LAST month there was held in Boston an exhibition which was one of the most hopeful signs of the times in the woman's world. It is so much the fashion among women to belong to clubs of all kinds, many of which lead them away from the home and its best interests, that any movement leading to the improvement of the home, or calling the attention of women to the best methods of improvement of the family and its housekeeping, is indeed a hopeful sign.

The exhibition referred to was a "Domestic Science exhibit," and showed all the modern improvements in the ways of housekeeping, new cooking utensils, the methods of cooking by gas and electricity, the latest improvements in plumbing and drainage, and, in fact, everything new in the ways of the best and most intelligent housekeepers of the land. And it is to the credit of modern women that such an exhibit, with an admission fee of 25 cents, could be kept open three weeks and be kept full of interested students and housekeepers, eager to learn the newest up-to-date appliances which tend towards the pleasure and happiness of the family.

A man in a cook's cap and apron made the most delicious biscuits in the world, all the time giving "points" to women old enough to be his mother and who had kept house for years. Some of these elderly ladies were inclined to laugh at him, at first, but after tasting his light, flaky biscuit, baked in a gas stove at his elbow, they "remained to praise." Perhaps in the days to come, when, (if things turn out as some women are trying to have them and women vote and perform all sorts of outside business, while men have to stay at home, tend babies and cook,) they will astonish us all by their superior methods of doing what has always been called "woman's work." Who knows?

A word in regard to gas stoves. They are a vast improvement on oil stoves for summer use, being much neater and doing their work perfectly. Of course they can only be used in houses that are lighted by gas; but so many country villages are now using either gas or electricity, that I am sure some of you will be glad to avail yourselves of the newest things in connection with them. Gas stoves are made of all sizes and capacities, from small flat affairs with only one griddle up to kitchen ranges, fully equipped and costing \$50 or \$60 apiece. They are attached by a pipe to the main supply or the chandelier, and a fire and hot oven can be had any time at a moment's notice, with no smoke, smell or soot.

Perhaps the most wonderful of all modern kitchen improvements however, are the ways of cooking by electricity. Any house using electric bells or lights can use electricity for cooking and find it not only economical but that it gives a more delicate flavor to edibles consigned to its care. The illustration shows an oven used in the Domestic Science exhibit, capable of baking four loaves of bread below and several pies above at one time. A set of wires are attached to it from behind coming from the electric light wires, and in a few minutes after the switch is turned on, the oven is piping hot.

At the upper left-hand corner of the picture is a broiler, heated by electricity. The attachment by wires is plainly indicated, as it is also on the flat-iron and the chafing dish.

In a kitchen where it is possible and desirable to use electricity for cooking, ironing, etc., a long table at one side of the room may have a full connection by wire for the different utensils, oven, chafing dish, broiler and griddle for boiling. A set of switches over the table can be very easily manipulated by the housewife, throwing the heat onto the particular dish desired without heating the others. Any practical electrician could put in the wires and any woman, with ordinary care, could learn to manage them. It is the neatest and most satisfactory method of cooking, and where ordinary fuel is high, the most economical.

Another modern improvement in housekeeping is the woven-wire ware that comes for many uses. Country houses with cool cellars and no ice, find the little cupboards for food with sides and top of woven wire of great value, as neither dust, flies or mice can get at the food. Covers and entire boxes of it are also used for many purposes; while no well-regulated household nowadays neglects to put woven wire screens on the windows instead of the old-fashioned ones of mosquito netting.

Now is the time when the winter clothing

should all be put away safely where "moths cannot corrupt." Blessed be the housekeeper who has a cedar closet or even a cedar chest. But she who has not need not despair. She can take a large-sized packing box with close-fitting cover fitted with hinges, and line it with old newspapers carefully pasted in to cover every possible chink. In this she can lay away the winter garments of the family, carefully folded, sprinkling camphor between; or if that is too expensive she can use the moth candles or moth balls procurable at any drug store.

In these days of house-cleaning, when every woman finds it necessary to be on her feet even more than usual, she is too apt to be careless about her foot-gear. No good housekeeper likes to sit down in the afternoon until her kitchen stove is nicely blacked. But too often she, herself, is willing to sit down in the front of the house, in some pretty room, with an old, shabby pair of shoes or slippers on, just because she is too tired and her feet ache too much to wear new or tight ones. Now this is all right, if she would take as much pains with her shoes that somebody will see, as with her kitchen stove that nobody will be likely to see. There is a kind of liquid dressing known as Brown's French Dressing which does not crackle or otherwise injure the leather. It costs little and it keeps an old pair of boots presentable as long as there is anything left of them. It is also invaluable for freshening up children's shoes, and I would advise every mother to keep it always in stock. The same firm make a Spanish Cream dressing for russet shoes and an Army and Navy blacking for men's boots that has long been a favorite. We do not usually commend articles in these columns, but the Brown shoe dressings have been so long a standard article that we are quite willing to endorse them.

And now for a few long-tested English recipes, which ought to be better known over here.

You know the English eat a great many pigeons, while the average American is only just finding out how good they are. Here are three recipes for cooking them.

ROAST PIGEONS.
Pigeons should be eaten fresh and drawn as soon as killed, and should be thoroughly washed. Wipe them dry, put 1 tablespoonful butter into each bird and season inside with salt and pepper. Roast about 30 minutes, basting well all the time. Serve with parsley or egg sauce.

PIGEON PIE.
Take 3 or 4 pigeons, put into each a little butter, put them in a baking dish with a few slices of bacon or ham; pepper and salt to taste. Half fill the dish with stock or water, cover with pie crust, and bake about one and one-half hours. Ornament it in any way that may be preferred. Cut a hole in the centre of the pie to allow the steam to escape.

STEWED PIGEONS.
Clean four pigeons thoroughly. Mince the livers and add 2 tablespoonfuls parsley minced and 2 tablespoonfuls butter. Put this inside the birds, truss them and put into a stewpan with a few slices of bacon; pour over sufficient stock or water to cover them, and simmer gently for 40 minutes. Dish them; thicken the gravy with flour, let it boil, pour over the pigeons and serve. If obtainable, add one tablespoonful mushroom ketchup to the gravy. Everybody ought to know how to make fish balls—an excellent and appetizing dish—for salt fish may be obtained anywhere.

FISH BALLS.
Soak salt cod or haddock over night. In the morning pick it in to small pieces. Pare 12 small potatoes and add 2 cups of the fish. Boil these together until the potatoes are cooked. Then drain and mash well with a fork. Add 1 tablespoonful butter, and a little pepper and salt if required. Allow the mixture to cool, then add two eggs. Mix very thoroughly, shape into balls and fry in a basket in boiling fat 2 or 3 minutes, or until nicely browned.

The well regulated family should eat as many vegetables as possible at this time of year, as nothing is better for the system.

ASPARAGUS PEAS.
Scrape and mash a bundle of asparagus.

cut it into pieces about one-half inch in length, put it into boiling salt water and cook until nearly done, then drain well. Now put it into a saucepan with 1 tablespoonful butter, a small piece of parsley and 1 onion. Place on the fire and stir for ten minutes; then add 1 teaspoonful flour, 1 teaspoonful sugar, and moisten with boiling water. After boiling a few minutes remove the parsley and onion and thicken with the yolk of one egg and 2 tablespoonfuls cream. Season with salt, and when on the point of boiling, serve. The sauce should be thick enough to adhere to the asparagus.

CARROTS.
Scrape 8 large carrots, slice into rings, put in boiling water and boil until nearly done. Then drain, put back in saucepan and add one-half cup stock, one-half cup cream, pepper and salt to taste, and boil until the carrots are thoroughly cooked. Mix together one tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful flour, and add this to the gravy. Let it just boil and serve.

BEEF GREENS.
Wash thoroughly the leaves and stalks of young beets and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and cut, but not mince, and season with butter, pepper and salt if necessary. Boil a piece of salt pork or bacon with the greens if preferred, in place of butter.

CARROTS COOKED IN A GERMAN WAY.
Wash and scrape 12 young or 4 old carrots. If young, boil whole; if old cut into rings about one-fourth inch thick. Put into a stewpan 2 tablespoonfuls butter, and when melted put in the carrots with 2 teaspoonfuls chopped parsley, 1 teaspoonful chopped onion, a very little nutmeg, and salt and pepper to taste. Shake the saucepan over the fire a few minutes until the carrots are saturated with the butter. Then pour in one cup stock or broth and simmer about 1 hour or until tender. Into another stewpan put a small piece of butter, add 1 tablespoonful of flour; stir over the fire until a nice brown, then add the broth that the carrots have been cooked in, boil this one minute, pour over the carrots and serve very hot.

PIE CRUST FOR PIGEON OR CHICKEN PIE.
Cream together one-half cup butter, one-half cup lard, add 2 cups flour and mix well. Moisten with sufficient water to make a very stiff paste and roll out once. Into 2 cups flour rub a piece of butter and lard the size of a walnut, mix with a little water and roll out. Take 1 cup

butter and one-half cup lard and spread half over paste in small pieces. Fold over and over and roll out again. Put the remainder of butter and lard and roll over. Then roll out once more and cover the birds.

STEAMED RHUBARB PUDDING.
Make a crust with 2 cups flour, 1 heaping teaspoonful baking powder, 1-3 of a cup of butter or lard and about 1-2 cup water. Mix these ingredients into rather a stiff paste, roll out thin and place as much rhubarb cut into half-inch pieces as the paste will hold. Allow 1 cup sugar to one quart rhubarb. Fold the paste over, stick the edges well together, put in a steamer and cook 2 hours. Serve with milk or cream and powdered sugar.

STEWED RHUBARB.
Wash the rhubarb and cut it into pieces 1 inch long. Put in a baking dish with a very little water and some small pieces of lemon peel and 1 cup sugar to every quart of rhubarb. Bake until the rhubarb is tender but not broken. Serve it with baked or boiled custard.

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FREE A SILK DRESS. Every person answering this advertisement can get a handsome dress free. It has been our custom to give our annual subscribers a handsome dress every year. We want a subscriber in every home. We intend to send a liberal offer of 60,000 new subscribers within the next 60 days. Our illustrated paper is one of the brightest, most humorous family news and story papers published, size Harper's & Leslie's Weeklies & contains latest hints on dress, fashion, etc. We can show proof for hundreds of subscribers. Send 10 cts. silver or 15 cts. stamps and we will send you every week for three months a copy of our paper. We want one of our handsome presents free as soon as subscriptions received as **BEECHER'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, N. Y. CITY, P. O. Box 2124.**

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW THE CARBON WICK!! A LIGHT NEARLY EQUAL TO THE ELECTRIC LIGHT. Burns One Year. No Trimming Required. **THE CARBON WICK** Is a Novelty and can be Sold on MERIT AND VALUE.

If you are after an article that is used in every family on this American Continent, besides Stores, Saloons, Halls, Churches, Railway Cars and Stations; a necessity for the whole world. You want something that pays handsomely, both buyer and seller then send for trial samples of OUR PATENT CARBON WICKS, which cost but little, will bring you 100 per cent. profit. We have affidavits of our Patented Carbon Wick burning 1040 hours with a wick 15 inches in circumference, giving the last hour as large, clear and bright as at the first; without touching or trimming during the whole period. One of the largest Lamp Manufacturers New England, used in one year over 35,000 of our Patent Carbon Wicks in the 35,000 lamps used in Wick to each lamp, and the Manufacturer writes us: "We find the Carbon Wick Beats them all." It can make 300 per cent. selling at retail. We offer unsurpassed opportunity for New England and territory. Hudson River with its population of over 8,000,000, equals to 1,600,000 families—an intelligent community—then there are "the rest of Mankind" included in the whole continent, North West and South West, with its population of over 60,000,000 and 14,000,000 families waiting to buy our Carbon Wick. We now offer the most liberal terms to agents. The article is new and meets a popular demand and is easy to carry, pays immense profits, and sells easily and readily. Medium or Large size for house lamps, by mail, sample 5 cents; per dozen, 25 cents; per gross, \$2.50. Large or B wicks for table, hall, store or bracket lamps, 1 inch wide, sample 5 cents; per dozen, \$2.50; per gross, \$25.00. D wick, 1 1/2 inch wide, for incubators, hall, bracket, or store lamps, sample 5 cents; per dozen, \$3.50; per gross, \$35.00. Argand wicks for parlor lamps, sample wick 8 cents; per dozen, 33 cents; per gross, \$3.30. On all orders amounting to \$10.00 accompanied by the cash, 15 per cent. off. Send for a sample and see how they go. We can supply you with any style Carbon Wick in any quantities. Write for Address, **COMFORT, Agents.**

COFFEES, SPICES & ETC. direct from London offering Premiums to Consumers of Dinner and Seta. Silver Ware, Lace Curtains, etc., etc. importation, and from manufacturers. This 150-page Catalogue will interest and please to mail YOU one upon receipt of LONDON TEA CO., 195 Congress St.

SALESMEN WANTED wholesale and retail agents for every firm. Liberal salary and expenses paid. Permanent stamp for terms. **CENTINIAL MFG. CO.,**

\$25 to \$50 per week Gentlemen, why not "Old Reliable" make a good thing out of your spare time? We have a quick way to make money. No experience or machinery. This is a new operation; last 5 to 10 years. Every family has a place for it. It is a place to make money. Write to W. F. Harrison & Co.,

GOLD WATCH These watches are fully warranted and would cost \$25 to \$30, but to get them they will be given free. We will give you a cent of money from your pocket, you take no chances—no risk. For we give a watch that will not stop, and you can keep it as long as you want one (Ladies' or Gentlemen's) without delay. Write for our 50c. postal note for our gold watch. One a month. Gent.—I have received the watch, and I must say I was very much surprised, and my expectations. **JACOB BLANK, Toledo, Ohio.** Gentlemen—My gold watch just received, and it is a beauty. I am sending how you can give away a watch but you must be prompt. **W. F. Harrison & Co.,**

No. 52, KEEN-EDGE For Razors, and all Edge Tools Require a Razor Edge. **KEEN-EDGE** will sharpen the dullest razor in minutes, and give it a fine smooth cutting edge. **KEEN-EDGE** is used by every Razor with a sharp and never need honing. It makes old razors good as new, and is warranted not to injure the finest razor in the least. Don't pay 15 cents to have your razor honed when a cake of **KEEN-EDGE** will keep it in perfect order for years. **KEEN-EDGE** will put a fine smooth cutting edge on any tool in one-tenth the time it takes to sharpen it in any other way. Razors and other tools will hold their edge three times as long as cut better. Why? Because **KEEN-EDGE** is a fine preparation and makes a smooth strong edge that will cut well and wear well. Every man who shaves needs **KEEN-EDGE**, every family, every shop, and every factory has some edge tool that needs **KEEN-EDGE**. Any one can use it successfully, and full directions come with every cake. There is 15 cents a cake. Agents can sell it to almost any man, and at nearly every house. If you sell 10 cakes a day, your profit is \$8.75. Many agents are doing well. If you need work, order a dozen or a gross, try the business; if you do not need the work, use a cake, and know the luxury of having a razor, knife, or other edge tool always in order, sharp and ready for use. Prices: One cake, 15 cents postpaid; 10 dozen cakes, \$1.00 postpaid; one gross cake, \$9.00 by express. Address, **MORSE & CO., Augusta, Me.**

In addition to our regular fashion article this month we are glad to offer our readers some further hints for the coming season. For common wear, nothing is more stylish than the "tailor-made" suit; and the accompanying picture gives the most popular habit that can be recommended. Comfort's glove-fitting patterns make it possible for every woman to have one.

Now, it is not necessary in order to be economical to carry self-denial to the point of total abstinence in everything not absolutely required to hold soul and body together. You may feel that you cannot afford to spend money in new dresses as you have been accustomed to, but that is no reason why you should go around in dowdy, old-fashioned attire. There is no need to allow a natural feeling of commendable pride in your personal appearance to pass, simply because your straightened circumstances will not admit of your patronizing the dry goods merchant at present; and here is here the benefit of the home-dyeing arts come in. A little personal effort will enable you to keep up appearances, and maintain your self-respect, and that without the expenditure of more than a little time, and the exercise of ingenuity.

Comfort desires particularly to offer such helpful hints to its lady readers, in maintaining their laudable regard for personal appearance, and to that end has made arrangements with its Glove-Fitting Pattern Company to furnish special designs for its exclusive use. These designs Comfort has copyrighted, and they cannot be had elsewhere. They



4081.

4078.
Ladies' Cape.

will be found in every way appropriate for the season, and the patterns which they illustrate will give thorough satisfaction, being simple, economical, and absolutely accurate.

Comfort aims to secure the best of everything, and it is because, after careful investigation, we are convinced that these Glove-Fitting Patterns are furnished by the most reliable and skilled designers and manufacturers of dress patterns in this country that we have selected them for the special models which we offer to our readers.

The regular prices at which these patterns are retailed range from twenty-five to forty cents each. Comfort will supply them to its subscribers at the uniform rate of ten cents each, this being little more than the average cost of mailing and handling.

No lady need now be compelled to wear a garment of last year's style. Each pattern is accompanied with minute directions for putting the parts together, and with these directions, and the hints and suggestions which accompany them, exclusively written for Comfort, and published with the illustrations, the most inexperienced dressmaker will be able to remodel her old garments.

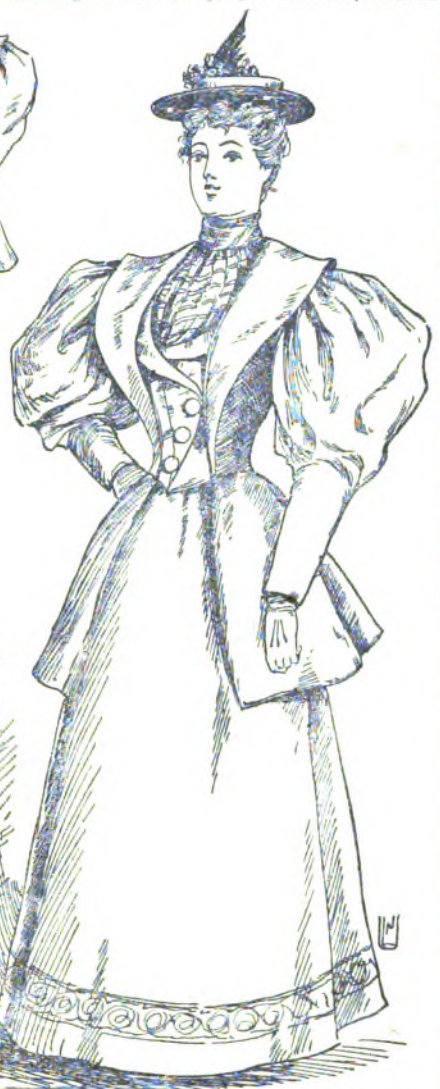
But let us consider some of these special patterns. The suit combines pattern No. 4081, the ladies' coat-basque, and No. 4093, the circular skirt.

Light brown cloth is advisable for the skirt and basque, the vest and revers being of old

blue satin antique: a full chemisette and standing collar of two toned brocaded taffeta, in blue and brown is worn with it, and the vest is closed diagonally with three large gilt buttons. The basque skirt is lined throughout with taffeta to match the chemisette. Any of the new spring silks or woollens make up charmingly by this pattern, various combinations being suggested by individual taste.

The circular skirt is trimmed with a band of Moorish braid in tones to harmonize with the rest of the toilette. Pattern 4081 is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measure, and retails for 30 cents. Pattern 4093, ladies' circular skirt, is cut in five sizes, viz: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure, and retails for 30 cents.

The ladies' cape pattern No. 4078 is one of the most popular of the season's styles. Made of black moire antique, and trimmed with cream guipure insertion as here pictured, it makes a simple, elegant out-door wrap. Both cape and collar, are made over an interlining of crinoline to give them the proper stiffness, with an



4081 Ladies' Coat Basque. 4093 Ladies' Circular Skirt.

inside lining of changeable silk. Moire or satin ribbon is made up in three triple box-plaits which are sewed on the lower edge to the collar in the back, and brought around to tie in a large bow in front.

All styles of moire, faille and ottoman, silks, covert, and ladies' cloth, cheviot and silk and wool mixtures, are used to make capes by this mode.

Jet, passementerie, braid, lace and insertion, black or white, or black over white, are the most popular trimmings, lace and jet being much used together.

This pattern is cut in five sizes, viz: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure, and retails for 30 cents.

Any lady can easily obtain these patterns absolutely free by a slight effort. Remember they can not be had elsewhere, and you will have to send to Comfort for them. But this is easily done.

Just read the following remarkable offer:

The Only Way to get these Copyrighted Patterns.

Cut out the following Coupon. Write plainly with a lead pencil your name and full address. Mark size of page, as the case may be, opposite the number of the pattern or patterns wanted and mail to Pattern Department, Comfort, Augusta, Maine. Enclose 10 cents for each pattern ordered which includes a three months' subscription. See that you mark the right numbers, as mistakes made by you cannot be rectified. The figures under the illustrations give the number of the pattern. When more than one pattern is ordered, but only 10 cents is enclosed, the first number marked on Coupon will be sent. Compare Coupon, after you have filled it out, with the numbers under illustrations.

COMFORT'S PATTERN COUPON.

4081 Bust Measure. 4093 Waist Measure. 4078 Bust Measure.

Name, _____

Full Address, _____

To each and every person who will send us one new yearly subscriber to Comfort (with 25 cents to pay for this yearly subscription) we will send free, postage paid, any one of the patterns named in the above coupon.

For two new yearly paid-up subscribers, we will send free, postage paid, all three of the above patterns.

In every case the coupon must be correctly filled out and returned to us, to prevent mistakes.

As these free patterns easily sell for 30 cents each, in city, town, or country, such a chance to make money easily and quickly has never been presented to womankind.

All coupons and subscriptions under this special offer must be sent to: Pattern Department, COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

A 86 BOOK FREE! 800 Pages! 500 Pictures! Mammoth! Complete! Delightful!

Readers of COMFORT Can Obtain This Book Free.

Wood's Natural History has been offered as a free gift to every person who is willing to get up a small list of subscribers for COMFORT at 25 cents a year for each subscription. You can find out how to obtain this valuable premium in the April number of COMFORT. This great book is published exclusively to be used as a premium, and cannot be bought at the stores. It is a magnificent edition of a wonderful work, which has always sold in cloth for \$6.00. We have a limited number of copies of this delightfully interesting and instructive book left and will give them to those who send in lists of subscribers under the offers made in the advertisement in April COMFORT. Sent absolutely free for a two years' subscription to COMFORT at 50 cents and 10 cents extra to pay mailing expenses (60 cents in all).

Address, COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!

GOLD WATCHES, TEA SETS, SEWING MACHINES AND COSTLY PLATED WARE GIVEN AWAY.

NO DECEPTION. ABSOLUTELY FREE GIFTS.

How you can become Eligible in the Free Distribution of many thousands of Valuable and Useful Articles of daily need.

READ EVERY WORD OF THIS.

The depressed condition of the general market and the scarcity of money have kept people from buying luxuries lately. Just before the tariff agitation and the repeal of the silver purchase law by Congress, manufacturers had piled up immense stocks of jewelry, plated ware and other articles hoping for better prices. With the fall in the price of silver other prices went down, and to avert ruin, manufacturers were forced to offer their stocks for sale. Such an avalanche in the fall of prices was never seen before. The large cash buyer could buy at his own price. Comfort has taken advantage of the situation and purchased an immense stock of costly and useful articles right from the factory at bargain prices which would hardly pay for the raw material.

To boom Comfort's vast circulation and to have our subscription list reach the million and a half mark, we shall give away free of any expense all of these articles. All that we wish in return for these presents is a little assistance in obtaining new subscribers. When you show a copy of our bright and sparkling monthly paper, COMFORT, to your friends and neighbors and explain to them its original copyrighted features which interest every member of the family you will have no trouble in getting them to subscribe. Every agent reports canvassing for Comfort delightful and profitable, and there is no reason why you should not find it so. Let us tell you what these articles are and how easily you can obtain them.

HOW TO OBTAIN THIS Dainty and VALUABLE TABLEWARE WITHOUT PAYING OUT ANY MONEY.

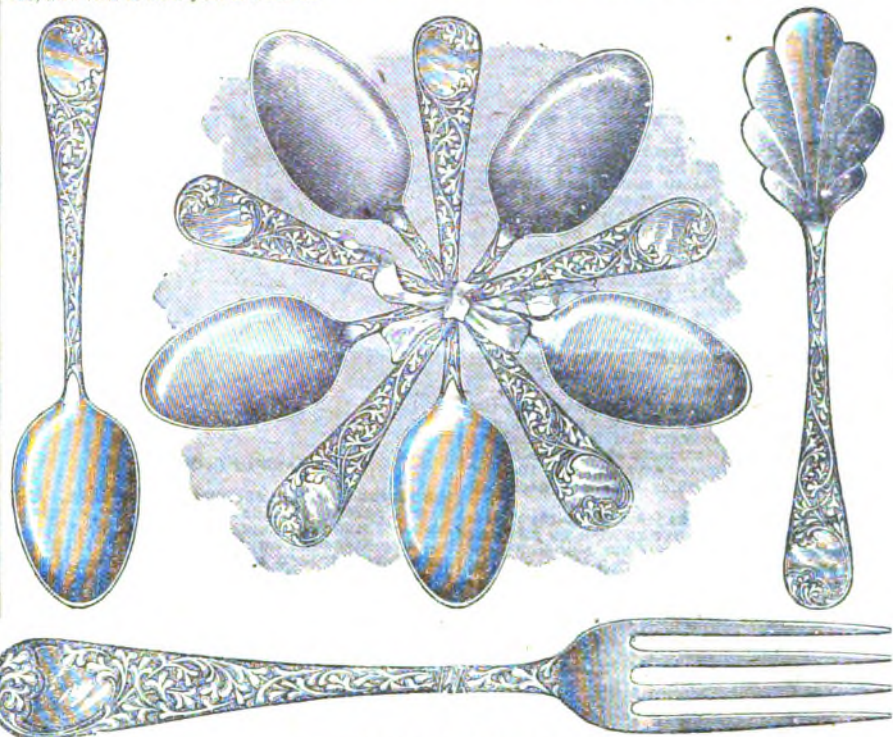
Sets of Beautiful, Embossed, Double Plated Forks, Tea and Table Spoons and Sugar Shells for your own use or to give away as a Handsome Present to a friend.

Every Article Full Standard Size.

These goods although bought by us at a low price are of standard make and appearance. They not only look like solid, sterling silver but wear just as well. Only an expert could tell the difference. They are double plated on heavy, pure white alabaster metal, the base of which is genuine carbonized silver white steel. For looks and wear they are just as good as the goods which sell for \$7.00 a dozen in the stores. They are no experiment. They have stood the test of seven years constant service in hotels and restaurants without defect. These goods are even better for they have been subjected to the latest patent process which renders it impossible to tarnish or stain them by any ordinary test. They will wear a lifetime in daily use.

We cannot say too much in praise of these valuable gifts. They are goods exquisite in design and finish and marvels of beauty and utility. No such offer was ever made by any reliable paper and it is only the peculiar conditions which enable Comfort to make the unparalleled offers which we do. Do not put this off but act at once before our supply is exhausted. We cannot promise to renew this magnificent offer.

Every reader who has looked at these cuts and read this description will want to have the articles themselves. Comfort will give them to you as an inducement to obtain a few subscribers, and this is how you can do it:



FIVE GRAND OFFERS.

Every Comfort Family can have these Latest Style Fashionable Double Plated Forks and Spoons without any Expense whatever.

FIRST. If you will send us the names of two yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, or 50 cents for a subscription two years in advance (which can be your own or for some friend) we will send you free of all expense either a set of one-half dozen of these beautiful embossed double plate teaspoons, or a set of three tablespoons.

SECOND. If you will send us a club of three subscribers, we will add to either of the preceding offers one beautiful sugar shell of the same quality and handsome design. So that you can obtain either 6 teaspoons or 3 tablespoons and the sugar shell for three subscribers.

THIRD. If you will send us four yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, we will send you either one dozen of these teaspoons, one-half dozen tablespoons, or one-half dozen forks of the same quality and beautiful workmanship. Either one of these for four subscribers.

FOURTH. If you will send us a club of only eight yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, we will send you express paid:

6 double plated teaspoons.	3 double plated tablespoons.
6 table forks.	1 embossed sugar shell.

FIFTH. In addition to the above liberal inducements we will make one more grand offer for a little larger club. For a club of fifteen yearly subscribers at 25 cents each we will send express paid:

12 double plated teaspoons.	6 double plated tablespoons.
12 double plated table forks.	2 embossed sugar shells.

YOU CAN MAKE BIG MONEY.

Every one of the articles is durable double plate of full weight, size and finish. They are so fine in design and finish that if you do not care to use them on your own table you can use them for choice wedding or holiday presents. If you want to make money there is no easier way than to secure a few subscribers to COMFORT and get these unequalled premiums absolutely free to yourself. They are quick-selling goods which you can dispose of easily at handsome prices, every cent of which is profit. Every one who sees these beautiful premiums is wiled to obtain them; so that all you have to do is to sell them in your own neighborhood and then get a few more subscribers for another lot. You can sell them at the following low prices without any trouble and make a handsome salary:

Teaspoons at 62 cents a dozen.	Table forks at \$1.00 per dozen.
Tablespoons at \$1.00 per dozen.	Sugar shells at 10 cents each.

We will not sell these goods and the only way in which you can obtain it is to get subscribers to COMFORT under our offers.

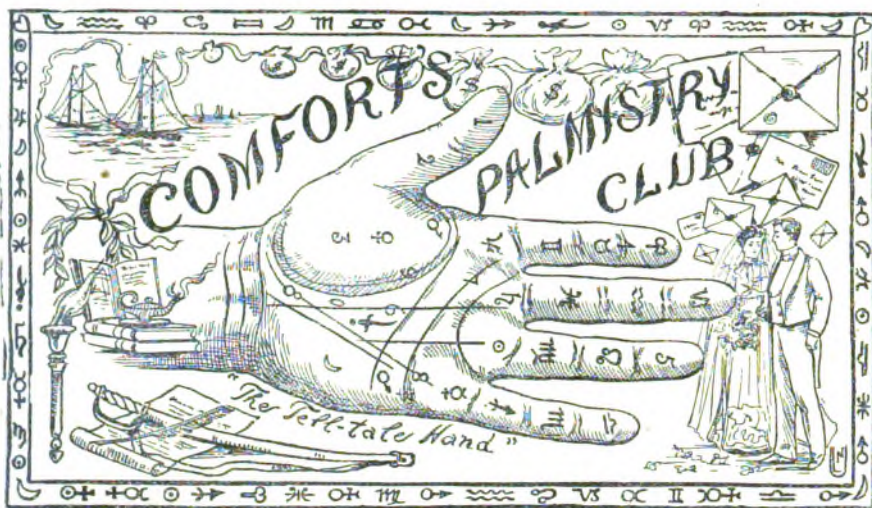
A WONDERFUL EXTRA PREMIUM OFFER.

The above are the most liberal premium offers ever made by any reliable concern, and they pay every worker well for his time; but we intend to make an extra offer in addition to induce you to do this work for us. Besides receiving the regular premiums given by the above offers, every reader sending us a list of two or more yearly subscribers to COMFORT will become eligible to receive any of our Roll of Honor prizes which may be won by such list of subscribers.

MONEY, GOLD WATCHES, TEA SETS AND SEWING MACHINES PRESENTED FREE TO COMFORT'S FRIENDS.

Our Roll of Honor prizes are distributed daily under a perfectly fair and just arrangement, to friends sending in lists of yearly subscribers to COMFORT. They consist of beautiful gold watches, such as cost from \$35 to \$45 at the stores, elegant 56 piece tea sets of latest pattern and the latest style sewing machines of approved design and make. These rich presents are given daily to club raisers for COMFORT, who often win them with a small list of subscribers. A tea set and gold watch have already each been won with lists of only five subscribers. While a large list stands a better chance it is not absolutely necessary that it should be large to win one of these. As every willing worker cannot win one of these Roll of Honor prizes, COMFORT will give still another reward by making a Grand Distribution of One Thousand Dollars in Cash to active club raisers who fail to receive one of the watches, tea sets or sewing machines. You can find no easier way to make money and we hope that you will avail yourself of these great offers.

Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



CONDUCTED BY DIGITUS.

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How

DO you suppose a murderer's hand looks? Invariably you will find it red or of a livid tendency. If it is red, the murder will have been committed in a fit of fury resulting from a momentary passion; if livid, the murder will have been premeditated and the whole instinct of the owner is evil. The first phalanx of the little finger will be heavily lined, and a sister line will generally be found at the base of the life-line. The line of head is thick, deep and rather short; it will also have a circle on it somewhere and be joined to the line of heart, and separated from the life-line. The nails will be short and thick, and the life-line thick, with red spots, and the head-line twisted across the hand. When you find all these signs in a man's hand, you may be sure the subject has committed or will commit murder. How many of you are reading Mark Twain's "Puddinghead Wilson"? In the story he makes one of his characters read the hand of a young Italian count and discover there, unmistakable evidence that he had killed a man; and, so undeniably does he prove it, that the Italian confesses. So there is another proof that the hand shows past, present and future acts of one's life.

Take a thief's hand, for instance. The line of head is red and twisted; the mount of Mercury has a grille; the joints are highly developed; the whole hand is dry and thin. The little finger has one deep strong ray from the mount on to the third phalanx which is also connected with several small lines. Such a man cannot help stealing if he wants to.

A liar has a high mount of the moon with the head-line running forked down onto it, and small red points appear on the fork. A short thumb and the inner surfaces of the phalanges hollow; confused lines separating the lines of head and life, are all indications of a deceitful person.

Letters keep coming in from all parts of the country from subscribers who wish to join our Palmistry Club, and many are the words of praise and encouragement which they contain. There are three hands which I shall give you this month. The first belongs to the mayor of one of the largest eastern cities. Anyone who



A MAYOR'S HAND.

understands palmistry would at once say this is a hand of firmness. The life has been one of authority. The man would rule well but would be jealous of his position, and for that reason would be suspicious of the people with whom he came in contact. He would be good in the management of men, and would hold his own in any high position with dignity.

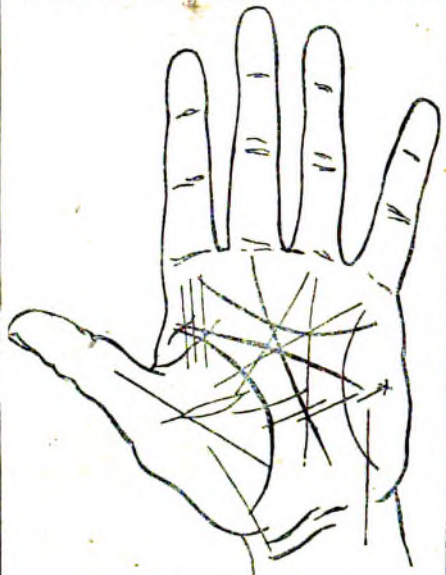
The line of destiny is divided, so that his career is distinctly in two parts. For the first I would recommend a military life; for the second a political or social one but in any case a life of authority. He has too much common sense and reason to be vain. A position of importance would therefore suit his nature. He will not be tyrannical in power, but he will be dogmatic in his views and in the expression of his opinions. He would be a valuable ally to his party in a political cause, for even his opponents would like and respect him. He would uphold law and order with great firmness.

He has not what I would call the true quality of tact; his individuality is too strong for him to suit himself to other people, and he is almost too outspoken for his own good. In business enterprises he will be inclined to try too many things, and although a strong man past fifty, great care should be taken of his health.

This man early in life had a narrow escape from the violence of other men, and an attack on his life will once more be made.

The second hand belongs to a lady who signs L. G. B. The shape of both hands and fingers indicates an artistic temperament with a philosophical turn of mind. She will form her own

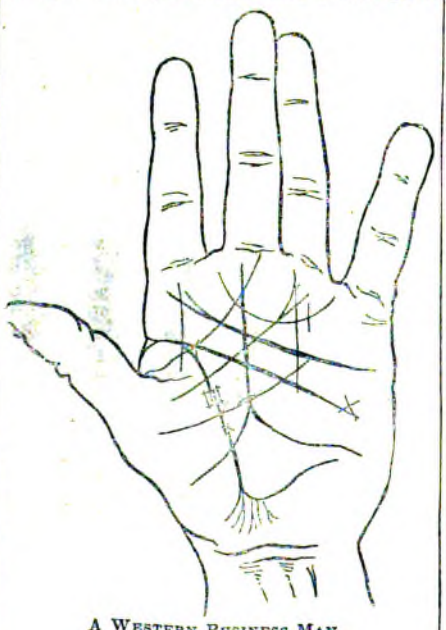
ideas of things, moral and mental. She is just, discriminating and sensible. She has good reasoning ability but lacks in will power; but she can give excellent reasons for her lack of will and uncertain disposition, and takes remarkably sensible views of things. The principal lines are all good and strong. The slight space between the head and life-lines give freedom and energy to carry out her own ideas. She will live to be about seventy and enjoy good health in the main. The line running from the Mount of Mercury to that of Venus gives happiness and good fortune. That star on the mount of the moon, however, being connected with the life-line by broken lines, indicates hysteria, if not actual madness at some time in the life. The little line from the wrist running into Venus' mount indicates good luck, and the one running from the life-line to



HAND OF L. G. B.

the thumb is a sign of marriage for love. An island across it, however, connected with Apollo's mount by another line indicates that an advantageous opportunity for a brilliant marriage has been missed. Three lines running up on Jupiter's mount are signs of luck and happiness. On the whole I should say "L. G. B." is a fortunate and successful woman.

The third hand belongs to a business man in one of the western states. It is a good type of business hand, practical, sensible and faithful in all things. Perseverance, foresight, order and intelligence are characteristic of this type of hand. His health, however, has not always been good. The life-line broken within a square, shows that the subject had a serious illness, with danger of death, at the age of about thirty-five. The next break in the life-line connected by a bar across the broken ends, shows a preservation from illness about ten years later. The life-line is tasseled at the extremity with a ray going to the mount of the moon. This indicates loss of property between the ages of sixty and seventy, with danger of suicide or insanity as a result. The subject has had an unhappy love-affair. I should say that between the ages of 35 and 40, he had been divorced from one wife, after serious quarrels with his or her relations. It was a good move for him, however, and he has already, or will shortly marry again with happier results. He is ambitious and makes money easily. His struggle for success has been stimulated by love for some woman but is attended with the best results. From the position of the tasseled ray on the life-line, this man, who will have accumulated much property by the time he is sixty, should be very careful as to his investments and securities from that age on. Although a thorough business man he has a great



A WESTERN BUSINESS MAN.

love for art and literature and takes the good of his money as he goes along, without, on the other hand, being a spendthrift. He has the "croix mystique," but displaced in a most unusual way so as to lie between the mounts of Mars and the moon. This is a favorable sign, however, and will lead to good fortune.

There are many interesting things about the hands that the student of palmistry should know, and which the most casual observer, even, might make use of. If you see a person whose hands are habitually white, never changing color, or at least very slightly, you may set him or her down as a heartless, selfish person, entirely without sympathy, and wanting in affection. Redness of the skin denotes a hopeful temperament; yellowness, biliousness; blackness, melancholy; while a wholesome rosy color is the best of all, betokening a bright and generous disposition.

The consistency of the hand means much. A soft hand betokens a lazy disposition, while a hard hand indicates energy, restlessness and willingness to work. If the left hand is soft and the right hand hard the owner was born with a natural inclination to ease and sloth; but has overcome that disposition by some other force in his nature; or vice versa.

A perfect hand should be firm without hardness, elastic without flabbiness. A long, pointed first finger, indicates a religious nature. Trust not the man or woman who always keeps the hand tightly closed. They are secretive and often untruthful. To carry the hands open shows liberality and openness.

The hands, hanging habitually at the side, loosely and open, mean restlessness, laziness and often a suspicious disposition.

The man who walks with his hands clasped, swinging them to and fro, is prompt and impetuous. To keep them motionless at the sides indicates dignity and reserve; while keeping them studiously and absolutely impassive is a sure sign of conceit, vanity and deceitfulness.

Now watch your acquaintances a while, and see how they carry their hands.

As I told you last month, "Cheiro," the famous chiromancer who has written our book, gets five dollars for every hand he reads, and prices range from that down to one and two dollars. So you see Comfort cannot afford to undertake readings for nothing. It is a great deal of work and takes time and study to read a drawing or a cast of a hand. It will be possible to give readings of your hands in this corner for a while, but it is a great deal of work to prepare them; therefore you should do something in return.

Send us six new subscribers to Comfort with \$1.50 to pay for them one year, and a drawing of both your hands, and we will print description of same under your initials or assumed name in Comfort.

Those of you who cannot do this are recommended to take steps to procure our new Guide to Palmistry. All should read our

OFFER.

To every paid-up yearly subscriber to Comfort, who will mail us within 30 days, together with 50 cents, the names and addresses of two new yearly subscribers, we will send Comfort's Guide to Palmistry postpaid and free of charge.

All letters must be addressed Comfort's Palmistry Club, Augusta, Maine, and the names and addresses of two subscribers must in every case be given in a plain, readable hand. Send names and addresses at once, and they will be booked in the order received.

Besides many other points of interest, the book contains directions for taking full and complete impressions of your palms, which can be sent by mail for reading by experts.

It must be distinctly understood that the above book is not for sale, it cannot be bought anywhere, it is specially gotten up for and copyrighted by Comfort, and it is the latest, newest thing out. It must not be confounded with any other work on palmistry. Consequently it will pay everyone to become a member of this Palmistry Club at once.

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Maj. A. F. Grant, (nom de plume) Casstown, Ohio, Second Prize.
Judge Warren Truitt, Sitka, Alaska, Third Prize.
Roger Demar, (nom de plume) Fort Bowie, Arizona, Fourth Prize.
Cornelia Murray, (nom de plume) 1729 Everett St., Alameda, Cal., Fifth Prize.

"STEEPLE JIM."

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY J. R. MILLS.

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OW it was that "Steeple Jim" wandered so far away from the cities of churches, was not quite clear—not even to him. But it was nevertheless a lamentable fact that on a bright spring morning the good fellow found himself

helpless and hungry in the streets of Omaha when that city enjoyed but a few churches, with scarcely one of them ambitious enough to own a steeple.

If "Steeple Jim" had an idea that he could make a living on a prairie by the perilous trade of climbing up the flanks of church-spires till he looked like a little black ant against the sky, he made a great error. Omaha had not aspired very far heavenward in eighteen hundred and seventy-nine; and men were quite too much absorbed with the things of the earth earthy to give such sky-cleaving professionals as poets and steeple-climbers a livelihood.

Thus was it that after a ten days' sojourn, poor Jim found himself high and dry on the breakers of penury and despair, and as much out of place as a watchmaker in Zululand or a music teacher in a deaf and dumb asylum, without a friend save an empty stomach which was fast proving a very quarrelsome comrade.

By the time that the young climber had reached the Union Pacific shops, which lie at the very edge of the muddy Missouri river, that mad old stream was fast getting the better of its dykes and dams, mounting to the high-water mark with dangerous speed. In some of the lower shops work had already been suspended, and men with valuable tools, done up in carpet sacks, were making their way to higher places.

"Steeple Jim" sat down upon a car truck and

his senses seemed fascinated by the swift rushing tide, floating here and there the roofs of sheds, rafts and boats broken from their moorings, bedding, stacks of hay buoyed up on barn floors, with now and then the carcass of a cow or sheep thrown upon the boiling surface, disappearing the next moment in the seething mud. It was not a pleasing sight, but it was a herald of what was yet to come.

As the workman passed near him, "Steeple Jim" looked up into the bronzed and grimy face. "What's the hurry?" he asked with a smile. "Is the river rising?"

"Is it risin', do ye want to know, lad? Well, Oim rayther of the moind that it is, sir. The dams 'ave broke above Sioux City, and by foive this afternoon there'll be fouor feet of water where you be sittin' now, sir!"

"Perhaps there's a chance for a poor fellow to lend a hand?"

"'Fraid not, me hearty," responded the Irishman, letting fall the heavy kit of tools from his shoulder, "there's a devil more hands than waik now, for we must all knock off whoile the flood's on. An' she's agoin' to be a big wan whin she gits 'ere. Howly Mither! I saw wan of her ancestors in '68. She was a great flood—Hist! But come wid me; you're an honest lad an' Oi've an honest dollar fer to halve wid ye. What's your thrade, b'y?" and the two started up the hill from the shop district.

"I climb church steeples for a living."

"Ah, y' do, eh? Will, you'll be a great-grand-fayther twyst over before y' mak' a livin' climbin' anny around here, me laddy. The ownly places of warship in Omaha are the Devil's, an' he don't tak' the trouble to put steeples on 'em ather. You're as out o' place here as a hot drink in July, or a mustache in the back o' your neck. Ho! what's that?—more news?"

They had sauntered along till they had come upon a group of several hundred men, clustered before a telegraph office. By the open window a young Westerner stood upon a barrel, announcing important dispatches. The two men caught the last words of the speaker, as he read in a falsetto to the breathless throng:

"—and they have gone to the rescue!"

"Riscue? Riscue what?" said the big man to one of his fellows, crowded to the fore. "What's the matter?"

"Why, haint ye heard?" said the other in amazement. "There's a little child on a hay-stack floatin' down the river!"

"Howly Mither! in that devil's maelstrom?"

"Yes, a little girl. She's passing Sioux City now, and they are trying to save her. Her father is on a locomotive keepin' alongside o' her on the banks all the way down the river on the other side. They tried to rescue her at Vermillion and at McCook, but failed. The poor father has offered five thousand dollars for her rescue!"

"Steeple Jim" started to exclaim something, attesting his sympathy, when the young man on the barrel withdrew his head from the window, and the murmurs hushed. Then the screeching falsetto rang out: "They have failed!"

"Oh, oh!" broke from a hundred shuddering bosoms.

"The ferryboats were baffled and they put back," continued the speaker. "Four boats well manned just missed her, and one capsized, the gallant sailors saved by the others. The river is running wild. The father of the child

has started on his way down the riverside again on the locomotive. He is almost broken hearted. The whole city turned out as she went by, and the sympathy is deep and heartfelt. The reward for her rescue is raised to ten thousand dollars, and Omaha is appealed to to make a last effort!"

A confusion indescribable followed. One of the roughest and ready of the forward ones struggled upon the barrel by the young man's side.

"Boys," he shouted, "who will make one of a party of four with me to go in a boat to the rescue?"

"I—I—I!" The wild response was almost unanimous.

"And who will join me in another boat?" cried a second.

A hundred more shouts attested the bravery of the rough men, touched to the heart by the awful tidings.

"Follow me, then!" and soon the crowd had dispersed by groups, all making for the riverside to secure boats, and the two men who stood silent at the edge were quite alone.

After the thinning out, the big Irishman turned his thoughtful face to "Steeple Jim." "Se ther," he said cynically; "did y' iver see such a pack o' fools? Bliss their souls! They've got no more idee o' what's comin' pell mell doon that mud-howl than a Florida nagher knows av an iceberg. Besoides, ther' aint wan sailor among 'em. Well, some un'll get wet afore noight, me lads!"

"Steeple Jim" was standing still, his hands clasped before him. Hunger had sharpened the poor fellow's imagination, and pity had softened his heart. In his vision he saw with dimmed eyes a helpless little child floating on a vast and seething tide, down, down to very eternity, vainly crying out to an agonized father who was rushing along on the bank beside her, praying, waving, straining his blood-shot eyes, with heart like lead in his anguished bosom, unable to rescue, helpless to save. The poor lad's soul was wrenched with the vision, and a deep and all-encompassing resolve controlled him. He must rescue that little child, he knew not how; but, survive or perish, he must make the effort of his life.

"How long before she will reach here?" queried "Steeple Jim," with voice quivering, his eyes averted to conceal their tears.

"Well, me lad, it's summat over a hundred moiles, an' ef the flood cooms as fasht as her ancestor did, she'll be here in sivin hours—about foive o'clock or so to-night. What's the matter, young mon? You're lookin' moighty serious like."

The young climber's face was illuminated with a grand idea. "Can you get me a big rope?" he said, quickly.

"What y' goin' to do? Swim it?"

"No," said the younger, "I am going to go out on the great bridge yonder, with a rope around my waist. You are going to let me down, and when the stack comes by, you will drop me, bang! on to the pile. I'll rescue the child, swing free, and then you will haul us both up! What say you, old man?"

The big Irishman's mouth was round with wonder and his eyes blinked.

"God save y', me b'y!" he burst out at length, "but you're a godsind—you're a genius, an' y' don't know fear. Coom; let's 'ave a boit o' suthin' to eat, an' toim to think it out!"

All traffic across the great bridge that spans

the Missouri at Omaha had been abandoned about noon, as it was considered unsafe; so it was with difficulty that the two men, the taller, a giant of his kind, with a coil of waxed rope over his shoulder; the younger, like a wiry horse jockey, a feather in weight but of amazing proportionate strength, passed the guard by means of special privileges accorded a U. P. shop workman. By four o'clock, the river had buried the high-water mark by four feet, still swelling and gaining in velocity.

"Steeple Jim," ever at home on a pinnacle, as a sailor in the shrouds, had climbed to a high point above the centre of the structure, exploring the scene with a strong glass which had been generously lent them, and shouting down the principal events to the Hibernian, who had broken four clay pipes in his chattering teeth while trying to ease his anxieties with smoke. And with reason; for the scene was terrible beyond description. Every conceivable thing that floats, save human bodies, was racing down the mad, plunging, seething stream, made dangerous by floating debris and wreckage, some of it on fire, and by the sudden whirlpools that quickly formed and drew down vast floating structures into its black maw. The high points were filling with men, women and children, all gathered to watch, from their position of safety, the sacrifice of a human soul, and groups of men were hurrying hither and thither on the edge of the stream, preparing their boats for the perilous voyage of rescue.

Suddenly sweeping the far cliff beyond the bend with his glass, "Steeple Jim" saw a wild, waving of white handkerchiefs and cried down:

"Old man, she's coming! She's coming!"

A shriek that brought the Irishman's quivering frame to its feet, stiffened and rigid.

"Ah, may God save us!" he murmured.

"They are manning the boats!" followed that shrill voice from above, like an eagle's scream above the tide.

"An' manny a widdy there'll be to-noight, if they venture in that hell o' wather!" came the trembling answer.

"I see the engine," cried the watcher again. "She's puffing along into Council Bluffs. There's a tall man in black, standing on the tender, facing the river with folded arms and head uncovered."

"Howly saints! but that's the poor fayther, God's marcy on 'im," shuddered the big man below, his heart so sick at the thought that he dared not raise his eyes.

There came a silence—oh, so long, so deep and terrible, that the old man seemed even then to divine a calamity.

"Old man! Old man!" The voice was broken and hollow, like the echo of a heart suffering a sudden torture.

"What is it, lad?"

"God save her now! God save her now!" returned the plaintive wail. "It's on fire! The haystack is all on fire!"

The big giant uttered a cry and sank to his knees as if shot through the heart. "Great God!" he moaned, quivering like the iron bridge itself shaken with the turmoil of waters. "That's the last blow!"

"The boatmen have abandoned the rescue," the watcher called out. "They are leaving their boats in despair!"

"Ah, it may be God's will afther all," rejoined the Irishman. "For what's the gain if

to save wan, a dozen air drowned? Poorfayther, poor, poor mon!"

Suddenly came a shriek from above that seemed to lift the giant by his very hair.

"The child! the child! I see the child! She is crouched down by one corner, forward, and the whole lower half of the floating raft is ablaze, old man! Are you dead?"

"No, no, no! By heavens! Ol'm aloive, lad!" The stricken rescuer was clinging to a strand, his eyes wild with the new frenzy.

"Then make ready. She will just miss the fourth abutment. Quick with the ropes, man! Run!"

Down the strand came the fearless climber like a shooting star, urging the old man on at full speed.

"Put on your gloves, quick; while I tie the rope around my waist! Are you ready?"

"Ready!"

"Here she comes! Do you see her? There! crouched down before the burning pile. We are her last hope; and if we fail—" The sentence was never ended, save in a choking.

"Pray to God, lad! Pray to God before you go!" was all he could say. His face was haggard with an ashen pallor.

"Here! She will go directly under here," said "Steeple Jim," as if taking aim. "Brace yourself! Hold fast, old man! I'm going to drop. Ready!"

"Heaven save you! Ready!"

"Now! down! faster—down—quicker—faster!" and the slender form shot down till it swung like a spider to its slender strand far, far below.

"Now, when I give the signal, let me fall till I strike. Ready! One, two, three, NOW!"

As the shriek rose above the roar of the whirlpool, thirty feet of rope shot out and then stopped. "Steeple Jim" had landed. The dense smoke of the burning pile enveloped the Irishman with the rope in his hands and he was like one stricken indeed to lose consciousness entirely for a second; but, suddenly the wild shout from twenty thousand throats along the river banks broke over the tide like distant thunder, and he felt a wrench at the rope and heard a fierce shriek of command from below.

Steadily, swiftly he drew, with not even yet the courage to open his smarting eyes, while the shrouds in the distance increased. Then with a prayer on his lips, the brave man looked down and gave a weird savage shout of joy. There was "Steeple Jim" with his clothes burned black, but with face lighted with the glory of a hero's victory; for the little girl was clasped upon his bosom, her slender white arms wound trustfully, thankfully about his neck!

Never was such a season of feasting in the frontier city as that one in honor of "Steeple Jim" and his rough comrade, and if reward was thought of, it was forgotten when the melting scene between father and daughter took place on that quivering, groaning bridge, even while the heroes were resting.

But, after the greater reward of a noble duty done, and the thanks of a father and a whole city, came the lesser one; and, generously dividing the big purse with his co-rescuer, the two men went into prosperous trade with their capital, and to-day may be found in that thriving city, both more than well to do, and flushed with pride whenever is spoken the name of a little girl, since become the wife of a diplomat in Washington and a leader in social life.

The Silent Rider of the Pampas.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MAJ. A. F. GRANT.

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USED to boast of possessing a good set of nerves, but since a certain night in 186—I have given over that claim, and have been content to relinquish it to others who have not been tried as I have been.

Nerve is an excellent thing to have at

all times, and especially when one is cornered in a strange country; but let one ride across the pampas at night and meet with the sights and scenes that come across one's path at such times, and he will discover that a plentiful supply of the coolest spirits is the main desideratum of the journey.

In the spring of 186—I found myself in the small town of Rosario on the Parana. I had come out to the pampas country in search of both adventure and health, and had found plenty of both. At that time one of those numerous rebellions that mark the history of the South American States was keeping the Banda Oriental in a turmoil, and an army of gauchos and others headed by the redoubtable General Mitres was said to be advancing across the open to attack Rosario.

I was desirous of reaching Concepcion, at which place I had some money interests, and my friend tried to persuade me from undertaking the trip until the political status of the country became more settled. But I resolved to make the journey, hoping to reach Concepcion before the rebellious army could intercept me, and accordingly I made preparations for the ride.

Learning of my contemplated journey, General Quiza, who commanded the little garrison of Rosario, came to my room and requested me to carry dispatches to Concepcion and to place the same, in case I got through in safety, in the hands of one of his subordinates there.

"I am free to say," said Quiza, "that if you are taken and the dispatches found upon your person you will not fare very well at the hand of your captors; but I am sure you can secrete them so as not to excite suspicion."

Liking General Quiza, who was a gentleman in every sense of the word, I accepted the proposed commission, and the dispatches which were written in Spanish on very thin paper were sewed up in my collar and made no bulk at all.

Well mounted and armed as well, I left the plaza just as dusk was settling down over Rosario for my hundred and fifty mile ride. I preferred to start at night as I knew the pampas well enough not to miss my way and, then, I would not be roasted by the terrible heat of the plain.

My horse was an old stager and used to pampas travelling and had a knack of avoiding the biscacho holes even in the darkest night. Besides this, he had ears as sharp and keen as those of the fox and was as sure footed as the mountain goat.

The pampas at night are the hunting ground for bands of wild plunderers, and the lonely traveller must keep a sharp lookout if he does not care to be held up by the gauchos who steal from their huts and play robber to their hearts' content.

Another source of dread is the pampero, the

dreadful wind and rain storm which comes on almost unheralded and in a moment, as it were, levels every sign of vegetation and covers the endless plain with a sheet of water. I had met the pampero before and had experienced with it not at all pleasant.

A few miles beyond the last huts of Rosario I encountered the pampas proper. By this time the sun had gone down behind the vast growth of thistles on my right, and the plain looked like a sea. I cast a look back at the last remnants of civilization and then turned my face toward distant Concepcion.

As the darkness increased a mist seemed to settle down over the open, and through it came the hoot of the little owl that burrows in the biscacho holes, and now and then I heard the lonely cry of the oven-bird.

My horse avoided the biscacho dens, which reminded me of the gopher holes in our western prairies, and I was cantering along when all at once a growing noise reached my ears. I knew what it meant at once. The pampero was about to break over the scene and as I began to adjust my waterproof poncho for the purpose of keeping dry my weapons, the thunder increased and the first black drops of water fell.

In another moment the storm was upon me, vivid flashes of lightning showed me a great sheet of water falling from the inky sky, and the wind at times nearly lifted my firmly rooted steed from the ground.

We endured this just ten minutes at the end of which time the pampero passed as suddenly as it had come and the stars came out, and a moon, which had before given but little light, hung like a silver shoe in the sky.

But I seemed to be in the midst of a lake. The water reached to my horse's knees, such had been the quantity discharged by the pampero clouds, and when I had thrown back my poncho I started on once more.

It was now a ride through a vast lake. Every sign of vegetation had vanished, the thistle thickets had been levelled by the storm, and the moon silvered the water as far as the eye could stretch.

We proceeded on and on, I hoping that the water would come to an end, but at last I gave up in disgust. It promised to reach all the way to Concepcion.

But suddenly I became aware that Montezuma and I were not the only living things on the water-covered pampas at that hour. I distinctly heard the sound made by at least one other steed behind us and when I drew rein and looked back I could distinguish nothing.

Recalling what General Quiza had remarked about my fate, should I be captured and the hidden dispatches found, I rode on again, only to hear the splashing in my wake telling me that I was followed.

The feeling that came over me and took full possession of my soul I cannot describe.

I recalled all the stories I had heard about the murders on the pampas, and how the bodies of the killed were left to the beaks of the vultures and the sharp teeth of biscachos and wolves; I myself had seen the bones of the unfortunate bleaching in the sun with now and then a cross erected by their friends, and an inscription in Spanish deploring their untimely fate.

Whenever I galloped through the water the unseen person in my wake did the same, and when Montezuma walked the steed behind kept the same time.

Now and then I would stop and listen to the splashing, but in a short time the unseen would stop also, nor move on again until we had continued our journey.

I rode half turned in the saddle, for I was always looking back in hopes of seeing the tracker and my eyes became more and more used to the strange light that prevailed.

A man may be tracked in a jungle by a tiger, but at times he will catch glimpses of the man-eater; but in my case I could see nothing, and at all times could hear the sounds of my hunter as he came on through the water.

Montezuma, with his ears pricked up, would turn his head at intervals and listen a moment with distended eyes to the splash, splash of the Unknown.

I must have made ten miles with this unseen hunter at my heels as it were.

The moon was sinking below the waste of water, and in a short time it would be dark again for the stars gave but little light with the queen of the skies at rest.

I dreaded the coming on of darkness, for I knew the tactics of the gaucho outlaw, and more than ever dreaded the meeting on the pampas.

If I could induce him to come within range of the revolver which I gripped I felt that I would soon settle the matter with him; but he persisted in keeping his distance, as if he were playing with me as the cat plays with the captive mouse.

"We will sit it out here," said I at last to my horse as I drew rein and leaned back in the recado or native saddle. "We will see who has the best endurance."

This time the horse behind me seemed eager to come on and meet me.

I noticed that he did not stop as he had done, but that the splashes were regular, and told that he was certainly coming on.

In a little while the moon bade adieu to the watery plain and dipped beneath the treeless horizon.

"Now for it, horse," thought I.

On, came the unseen, the splashing sounding all the time and announcing that he was nearing us. I tried to pierce the little light that prevailed, and at last there loomed between me and the water beyond the figures of a horse and a man.

At last! Thank heaven I had seen the Unknown!

The strange steed was coming directly toward me, and this was encouraging. I felt my blood stagnant before from fear leap like a lava current through my veins, and I was eager to meet the robber.

Presently the trappings of the horse became visible, then the dress of the man. I saw the gay trappings of the saddles, and the wide lace embroidered leggings which told that he was a robber of some style.

All at once the thought that perhaps I might escape notice crossed my mind, and I suddenly placed my sombrero over Montezuma's nozzle to drown any whinny he might make.

On came the unknown rider and as I raised the revolver he came alongside and his horse stretched out his thin neck as a welcome to my steed.

The man in the saddle did not move. I saw that a poncho covered the upper part of the body, and thinking that the rider may have fallen asleep, I put out my hand and clutched the nearest arm.

At the same time I brought the revolver to bear on the rider's breast.

"Who are you?" I called in Spanish.

There was no reply, and the silence caused a chill to sweep to my heart.

I shook the man till he tottered in the saddle and then looking down, I saw the end of a lasso dangling about his boots.

In another instant I jerked the poncho from the shoulders and then with a startling cry nearly fell from the saddle.

Merciful heavens! the man beside me was headless!

And to make the thing more grotesque, a hat had been crushed down over the bleeding trunk.

For some time I was so unnerved that I ventured no further; then striking a match on the pommel of my recado, I held it toward the silent rider of the pampas.

A bit of yellowish paper was pinned to the man's arm and I read: "So perish all spies of the pampas!" Here my little flame flickered and went out.

That was enough. In another moment I drove the spurs into Montezuma's rears, and fortunately finding shallow water from there on, we went like the wind across the death-infested pampas; and I bore to Concepcion, with many an inward shudder, the apparition of the headless horseman of the wild waste.

It was an experience I shall never forget.

ALASKAN BEAR STORY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY WARREN TRUITT.

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ELL, I was never much scared by Injuns," said Capt. Jack Weatherby, as he sat by the stove in the Silver Bow Saloon in Juneau, Alaska, "but I was almost scared out of my boots once by a bear."

Seeing a chance for a good story, several of the loungers by the stove, who were miners from the Yukon river gold mines, passing the long winter at Juneau, and were talking of the Athabascans of that region when Capt. Jack came in, united in asking how it happened.

The Captain very deliberately drew out a black looking, strong smelling pipe from one coat pocket, and a plug of tobacco from the hip pocket of his overalls, and proceeded with much deliberation to fill, and then light that same strong smelling pipe. Then seeming to remember his surroundings, and that his adventure with the bear had been called for by his companions, he took a long draw from the pipe and said: "It was over here on the Taku river, where I opened up a ledge last year, that I had the rather thrilling venture with that bar."

I had an Injun, named Sequota, with me at the time. Well, we camped down near the river, but had to walk almost a mile from camp, up the canyon, and around the mountain side, to reach the ledge where we worked.

"We had only worked a few days, and had the brush and moss cleared away, and the outcroppings of ore uncovered pretty nice, when this blamed bar cum down the mountain side snuffin' around to kinder git acquainted with us I s'pose. When we left camp in the morning we took our lunch with us, up to the mine, in a basket and at noon we'd set right down on the rocks at the mine and eat it to save time."

"That day we made two or three big blasts before noon and had just got another whoppin' bustin', big one ready, when we felt kinder hungry like, and I sed to Sequota, 'S'pose we take a snack of grub now before we blow this feller off, an' then we'll light it an' go down under the rocks and take a little quiet smoke while it fires off, an' the rocks an' dirt gets settled.'"

"Now Injuns aint afraid of grub, or restin' neither, so we sot right down an' took our lunch; then I got up an' kinder stretched, an' lit my pipe, an' started down the mountain side to git behind a big ledge of rocks, where we took shelter when we sot off a blast. As I turned to go I told Sequota to tetch a match to the fuse an' cum on down. I s'pose I got about twenty steps away, when I heard the most unearthly squall I ever heerd in all my s'perience in the west. It fairly made my har stand on end, fur I thought at first that the durned Injun was soundin' a war whoop, an' was goin' to kill me right then an' thar."

"I barly had time to turn round, when he shot past me like the wind down Taku Valley in winter."

"It is queer how a feller can think when he is skeert, or in danger. I remember now how it flashed through my mind that the Injun had missed me in his fierce charge an' that I would run back up to the mine where my Winchester was, behind a big tree out of the way of the rocks from the blast, an' I had actually turned an' taken two or three steps back up the mountain, when, lookin' up to locate the tree where my gun was, I saw a sight that just 'bout paralyzed me. On the instant I stood rooted like a cedar tree, an' was cold as the North Pole Christmas night, for right in the mine a big cinnamon bar was comfortably seatin' hisself, an' startin' in to eat the remnants of our lunch! Bein' early in the spring the critter was purty hungry. He sed the Injun an' smelt the grub, an' cum down in a hurry to have a little sunthin' to eat, in a sort of off-hand social way them bars have. He must a bin right clost to Sequota afore he seed him, 'cose I never saw sech jumps as thet Injun made! Nancy Hanks couldn't a kept in sight on him! He never let up runnin' till he got back to camp."

"Well, I didn't want my gun jest then bad enough to go up after it; but as the bar settled down fur a quiet lunch, I thought I wasn't in much danger. My har had limbered down sum, an' I didn't feel quite so cold, so I thought I'd stand thar an' watch the cuss crunch up my grub."

"He sot up thar and looked down at me, an' I must say he was not hansom. Then he jest reached down an' tuck up a can of beef which we hadn't opened, an' held it in his mouth like he was anticipatin' the delicious taste of it. He seemed to kinder smile at me in a barfaced way as he thought on it! Poor durned bar! He waited a little too long, anticipatin' what a good thing he was goin' to have, for jest then, there was a 's'plosion, an' a roar like a cannon, an' dirt an' rocks cum down that mountain side like somethin' had happened. I was knocked about ten foot myself, an' landed into a bunch of salmon berry briars right on my head. It sorter stunned me but didn't do me no serious harm."

"I straightened up, an' clared my eyes of sand an' dirt an' looked up to the mine where the 'sturbance seemed to be. I smelt the odor of burnt har an' fresh meat mingled some. The bar was badly torn up, an' no mistake! But he was growlin', thrashin' around, an' clawin' the devil club brush. I saw he was dun up an' couldn't hurt me, unless I got up clost, which no man as knows bars would do."

"The cuss had sot down to eat our grub right over the blast Sequota had lighted jest before he saw 'im."

"I waited till he got settled down an' appeared dead, then I slipped up an' took my Winchester an' give 'im a load right in the hed at short range, but he was ded as a Killisnoo herrin' already."

"I found when I examined him that he was badly broke up an' torn by the sharp rocks."

(NUTSHELL STORIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)

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KITCHEN CHATS.

CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE H. WYNNE.

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O YOU know that with the approach of warm weather too much care cannot be taken with regard to the diet? As the country becomes older and more civilized and its people grow more refined, heavy meat-diets are being discarded and fruits and vegetables are adopted as an essential part of human nature's daily food.

It has been proved as a scientific fact, too, that children brought up on a heavy meat-diet are more savage in their natures, that they lack gentleness and delicacy, and that they develop gross and selfish natures later in life. Take a family, for instance, where the children are allowed to stuff themselves with meat three times a day. They have the snappiness and savagery of young animals. Their manners lack refinement and they do not compare favorably in the higher development with children who are well fed on good grains, nuts and fruit. Meat-eating is largely a matter of habit; and if you bring up your children to eat meat not over once a day, giving them the cereals, with plenty of nuts, raisins and fruit as a substitute, you will make better men and women of them.

In summer, too, it is well for everybody to partake freely of vegetables. They furnish the system with a needed change, keep the pores and ducts open, are cooling in their effects, and in every way are desirable food. New York City has a vegetarian society, the members of which pledge themselves to live only on vegetable diet. Their membership is rapidly increasing and other societies are being formed. Besides these organizations there are many individuals who, in the progress of modern thought, look with horror on the custom of eating animals. And looked at in one way, the custom does savor of cannibalism, doesn't it? Such people substitute nuts for meat, and they are very good for that purpose, also, furnishing quite as much nutriment and in much the same kind as meat.

The New York vegetarian society celebrated its annual dinner a while ago, and here is its bill of fare. Not so very bad, is it?

- Soup
- Cream of celery
- Relishes
- Olives Tomatoes Cucumbers
- Salted Almonds Pickled Walnuts
- Haricot beans on bread with curry sauce
- Removes
- Braised lettuce with mushroom sauce and celery croquettes
- Stewed oyster plant with risoles and sweet potatoes, Lyonnaise
- Brussels sprouts, cream sauce
- Lemon ice
- French peas, country style
- Baked stuffed tomatoes with spaghetti a la Milanaise
- Fried squash, creole style, with corn fritters
- Mixed salad with toasted crackers
- Sweets
- Rice and apricots Croute of mixed fruits
- Orange salad Nesselrode pudding
- Dessert
- Stilton, Roquefort and Camembert cheese
- Fruits of the season Nuts Raisins Cakes
- Tea Coffee Chocolate

Many of these dishes can be prepared by COMFORT readers, and I advise a trial of them. It is a mistaken idea that only a meat-diet gives strength. The finest and strongest dogs in this country are trained to eat vegetables such as carrots and turnips and potatoes; and are never given meat. Horses and mules and oxen never eat meat; and in fact every animal that works lives on vegetables. So don't train the children to believe that meat is indispensable.

Do you know how to make a good cup of tea? Some of you excellent ladies look horrified at the question; and I can hear echoing all over the land the reply:

"Why, I made tea before you were born!"

Yes, doubtless; but was it good tea? Was it such tea as the Japanese or Chinese epicure would drink? You know, in that land of the tea-plant, they would not touch one cup in a thousand of the concoction we call good tea over here.

For instance, many of you put a teaspoonful of tea into a tin pot, pour over it some water—hot or cold as it happens—set it on the stove and let it boil from five to thirty minutes. Others are careful to pour boiling water over the tea and set it on the back of the stove to "steep" until the tannin is all soaked out into the liquid; and yet others let the grounds stand over from one meal to another, adding fresh tea each time and boiling the whole lot together.

Now all these ways extract the tannin, which is the injurious part of the tea, and cause the liquid to become a vile compound unfit to put into the human stomach, and producing more nervous disorders among women than you can possibly imagine.

Now let me tell you the true way to make tea. In the first place buy a good brand of tea—the best is by far the cheapest in the long run. Then buy a teapot such as the Japanese and Chinese use—one constructed on the same principle of the filter coffee-pots. They are odd-looking little round tea-pots, sometimes with a queer handle sticking out at one side instead of at the back, and they have a little earthen cup, pierced full of holes, that just fits into the top of the pot under the cover. Then

all you have to do is—just before you sit down to eat—to put the tea into this cup and pour the boiling water over it, letting it filter through the cup. Pour it off once, if you like, and run it through the tea once more; but do not boil or "steep" the tea. In this way you get all the fine flavor as well as the stimulating qualities of the tea, without getting the tannin and its injurious effects. Some people even, make their tea at the table, drinking it immediately it is made, which is the best way of all, especially if you have an alcohol lamp.

Now let us have some of the receipts used in the vegetarian dinner—all simple dishes which you can try for yourselves.

CREAM OF CAULIFLOWER SOUP.

Put into a stewpan a nice sized cauliflower; cover with boiling water or chicken broth. Cook for 30 minutes, then take it out and mash with a vegetable masher, reserving about a quarter of it whole. Return the mashed cauliflower to the stewpan with one quart of the broth in which it has boiled, adding one and one-half pints scalded milk and one-half cup cream. Salt and pepper to taste. Thicken with two tablespoonfuls butter and two tablespoonfuls flour cooked together until smooth. Break the cauliflower that was reserved into small pieces, add to the soup, boil again five minutes longer and serve with toasted bread.

Cream of Asparagus soup and Cream of Pea soup may be made in the same way as Cauliflower.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP.

Wash a head of celery, cut it into small pieces, put it into a pint of boiling water with one-half teaspoonful salt, a little pepper and nutmeg and boil until soft. Then mash in the water. Boil one onion chopped, in a half pint of milk for a few minutes, and add it to the celery. Rub all through a sieve, return it to the stewpan and let it boil. Thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and a tablespoonful of butter stirred together in a saucepan until smooth. Add one cup of cream, let it boil once more and serve with squares of toasted bread.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS.

Take one quart sprouts, trim and wash them well. Put them in a stewpan with two quarts boiling water and one tablespoonful salt. Cook for about one-half hour, then drain and put back in a stewpan with one-half pint milk and allow it to boil. Thicken with two tablespoonfuls butter and one tablespoonful flour cooked in a saucepan till smooth but not allowed to brown. Add one teaspoonful salt and a little pepper; boil for two or three minutes longer and serve.

CREAM OF RICE SOUP.

Take one-half cup washed rice, put it into a stewpan with one quart stock or broth and simmer for one and one-half hours with a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Strain the soup through a colander, rubbing all the rice through. Return it to the stewpan adding one quart of scalded milk and two tablespoonfuls butter. Boil once more and serve with squares of toasted bread.

Cream of Barley soup can be made the same way, using barley instead of rice.

STUFFED TOMATOES.

Take six good-sized tomatoes and cut a thin slice from the stem end. Remove the seeds and pulp and mix with it two tablespoonfuls of cracker crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful sugar, one-half teaspoonful onion juice and a little pepper. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture and cover the top of each with buttered crumbs. Bake about one-half hour or until crumbs are brown. If preferred, instead of cutting the slice quite off the tomato, it may be cut nearly through, so that it can be closed to form a cover. In that case no bread crumbs will be required.



CHINESE TEA-POT AND FILTER.

SALISFY OR OYSTER PLANT.

Scrape, wash and cut the salisfy into rings an eighth of an inch thick. Throw into vinegar and water to keep from turning black. When all is ready, put into boiling, salted water, and boil one hour. Put in vegetable dish and serve with yellow sauce, made as follows:

YELLOW SAUCE.

Beat the yolks of two eggs, add two tablespoonfuls thick cream and two tablespoonfuls flour. Mix well together and add one pint of the water the salisfy was boiled in and two tablespoonfuls butter. Place over the fire until it boils.

CHICKEN SALAD.

Put a chicken into boiling salted water and boil one hour or until tender; then take up and allow it to get cold. Cut it up into small pieces. Place some lettuce leaves around a salad bowl, then some lettuce cut rather small. In the center of this place the cut chicken. Pour over some Mayonnaise dressing made as follows, and serve.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.

To be successful with this everything must be quite cold. One-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful mustard, one teaspoonful powdered sugar, yolks of two eggs, one-half pint salad oil, two tablespoonfuls onion juice, two tablespoonfuls vinegar. Mix the dry ingredients in a bowl; then add the eggs, beaten with a Dover beater. Add the oil a few drops at a time, beating well until it thickens. When about half the oil is used, or the dressing is very thick, add a little lemon juice, alternately until both are used up. Lastly add the vinegar. When done this dressing should be of the consistency of thick cream.

VEGETABLE SALAD.

Take lettuce, water cress, spring onions, cooked and cold beets, radishes, cooked string beans and potatoes; cut up and mix well together, put in a salad bowl and pour over a French or Mayonnaise dressing. Cover this mixture with some thin slices of cooked red beet, and on each piece place a slice of hard boiled egg, and serve. This makes a delicious and very attractive dish. Almost any kind of vegetable can be used for this salad, and either may be omitted if desired.

LETTUCE AND TOMATO SALAD.

Wash and drain thoroughly two heads of lettuce and put in a bowl; place on the lettuce two tomatoes cut into thin slices. Pour over a dressing made of one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful pepper, three tablespoonfuls salad oil, one and one-half tablespoonfuls vinegar, and serve.

POTATO SALAD.

Take six medium sized potatoes which should be well boiled but not allowed to break; cut them while hot into thin slices, add an onion chopped, season with salt and pepper and sprinkle over one teaspoonful chopped parsley. Pour over a French dressing made with one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful pepper, two tablespoonfuls salad oil, one tablespoonful vinegar; put in a cool place until required for use.

LETTUCE SALAD.

Take two large heads of lettuce, wash well and drain very thoroughly; then place in a salad bowl with the hearts on top. Mix one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half saltspoonful pepper, two tablespoonfuls salad oil, one tablespoonful vinegar and if obtainable one-half teaspoonful Taragon vinegar. Pour this dressing over the lettuce, mix all well together and serve at once. Hard boiled eggs cut in quarters may be served with the above if desired, and cream may be substituted for the oil.

SUMMER'S JOY.

Butter some thin slices of bread, place them in a deep china or glass dish and cover with a layer of strawberries and powdered sugar, then another layer of buttered bread and another of berries and sugar, and so on until the dish is full, having a layer of berries on top. This must be prepared three or four hours, or an entire day or night, before serving. Raspberries, blackberries, sliced peaches or apricots, blueberries, bananas, figs, or in fact any fruit that may be desired may be used in the same way.

This dish will be found especially appetizing in hot weather.

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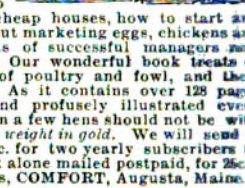
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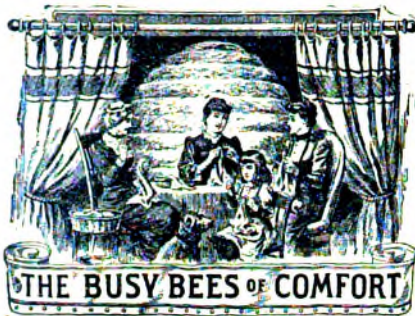
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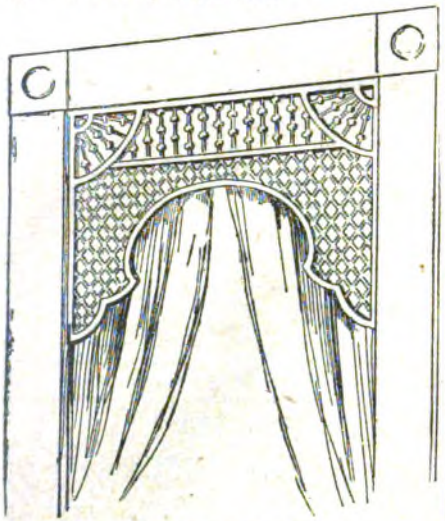
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LET us have ideas from as many cousins as possible. "The more the merrier." We have Bees in all parts of the country who ought to be able to bring to our hive many practical and useful hints for all.

"In spite of all that has been said and written against rag carpets, there were more of them made during the last year than in any one year before. Rag carpets are cheaper and more durable than other kinds, and when properly made are handsome," writes a cousin.

"The first carpet I shall describe took the premium at a county fair three years ago. The chain is dark brown. The bright stripes are composed of six threads of orange, six green, yellow and red twisted four, purple six, green and black twisted six, red six, brown six, yellow and red twisted six. The last is the centre of the bright stripe. The plain stripe was forty-two threads of dark brown. The rags were mostly cotton and badly faded; after each wash-day the worn out garments were put in a large box until ready to use. The lightest colored ones were then dyed yellow, orange, red and green, and the others darker colors with diamond dyes. This carpet has been in constant wear ever since it was made, and after it was washed the second time the colors were as bright and pretty as when new. Another carpet that has been greatly admired, is composed entirely of shaded stripes. The brown stripe is five inches wide, light brown in the centre and dark brown on either side. The colors in the bright stripe are black, drab, purple, lilac, orange, yellow, red and pink, in the order named. After the rags were dyed black, half as many more were put in the same dye, and came out a pretty drab. In the same way lilac was dyed after purple, yellow after orange, and pink after red, so that each dye was used twice and none of it was wasted. The third carpet has a plain stripe of dark rags, sewed 'hit or miss.' The light rags are dyed with diamond dyes, and used for the bright stripe. This was composed of five threads of red, three orange, two yellow, four dark green, three light green, six blue, four indigo blue, four purple and six yellow, the latter the centre of the bright stripe. The rags for the 'hit or miss' part should all be torn and thoroughly mixed before sewing them. Many a home has been made cozier and prettier by the industry of the housewife in making rag carpets, and she has felt well repaid for her trouble. Even the old style carpets are preferable to bare floors that must be scrubbed once or twice a week to make them look respectable." E. J. C.

Now, there is one good idea for you. I want to add right here, that the City of Boston raised over \$100,000 last winter to give work to the unemployed, as described recently in a COMFORT article; and a large proportion of it was paid out for the making of rag carpets and rugs; so you see they are by no means "gone by." Here is a practical hint:



WINDOW FRET-WORK.

"I want to write a word of approval for the pretty corn stalk fretwork shown by Mary A. Winslow in last August's COMFORT. When the door casings are high and portieres used in place of doors, many women find it difficult to draw the curtain, the rings tending to bind on the pole. I had to face such a situation once and with a portiere 18 inches too short for the opening. A fretwork frame was made to fill the upper part and the curtain pole placed beneath. That arrangement brought the rings where I could manipulate my draperies. As my room communicated with a dressing room, I tacked a piece of rose colored silk behind my lattice, and when my dressing room was illuminated a soft, rosy glow appeared in the doorway. It would be pretty to have the curtain material carry out the corn stalk idea, say cream color with blue cornflowers scattered over it." Mrs. E. H. COOPER, Meriden, Conn.

Now right here I want to call the attention of the Bees to the accompanying illustration of the Sorrento wood fret-work and carvings. This particular one is painted white, but they are not expensive, if bought in the simple designs, but with a little ingenuity and skill in the use of a knife one might easily make one at home. Thin strips of wood or splint may be woven into a very pretty frame-work; and I hope many of the Bees will, this year, try the corn-stalk frieze written up in last August's COMFORT. The great advantage of having such a fret-work over a window lies in the fact that the room can be more properly aired. The curtains and drapery as you see, are fastened below, not above the fret-work. Now a room should be aired from the top of the window always. And with one of these fret-work affairs, the air comes straight into the house and is not interfered with by thick draperies or curtains. I hope you will try it in some form or other.

To most housekeepers a hint as to the renovation of mattresses will be welcome:

"If one needs a new mattress and money is scarce, the following plan of making one is

very nice. The only expense will be the ticking, thread and binding. Cut two widths of ticking the length of your bed for the top of mattress, and two for the bottom. Cut pieces for the sides seven inches wide, and sew them all around the bottom of the mattress, making it square at the corners. Put into a quilting frame as you would a quilt, using strong cord; place a wide board supported on chairs under the middle of the mattress to prevent it from sagging and tearing away from the frame when it is filled. Now put a layer of cotton batting over the bottom of the mattress (the thicker the layer of cotton the softer the mattress will be) then spread with corn husks which should be pulled from the stem at the bottom and shredded by drawing the tines of a fork through a layer of them. Smooth and level the husks, tucking them well into the corners, and then put another layer of cotton over the husks. Then place over it the top piece of ticking, basting it around the sides and ends of the frame the same as the bottom was done. Take a long mattress needle and a ball of twine, and cut circles an inch in diameter from the cotton. Push the needle in from the top to the under side, then back again half an inch from the under side, then the cord over it. Work in rows, just as you would tie a comfortable on both sides, and tie the cord over it. Work in the frame, overhand the top and sides together and bind all around with mattress binding. I suppose most of us have old chairs around the house that we don't know what to do with. I will tell you how I fixed up an old cane rocker. First the cane was strengthened by wire woven through it, a piece of sacking stretched over some pieces of an old comfortable, and lastly covered with blue denim, stretched tightly and tacked with brass headed tacks. The back of the rocker was treated in the same way. The denim was outlined in a conventional design with orange colored floss. The other was an old wooden chair which I made into a comfortable little sewing chair by sawing off the legs a few inches, the back ones just a trifle shorter than the front. It was then given a coat of bronze paint, the seat cushioned with silk crazy work, a crescent of the crazy work was padded, lined and tied on the back of the chair with bright ribbon for a head-rest."

Mrs. RHODA WELLS, Lawrence, Kansas.

Isadore Clark writes:

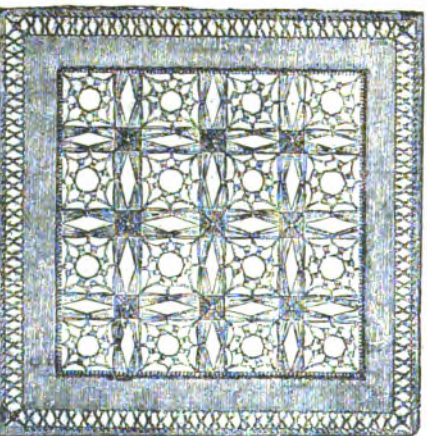
"A pretty rustic hanging basket may be made of small willow limbs or any kind of wood that is handy, by building them in log-cabin fashion around the bowl or pot that is to hold your plant, making it six-cornered, and fastening the corners together with wire picture-record. There should be notches cut in the twigs so they will be firm and not too large spaces between them. Paint green or leave in its natural color, and make as deep as the dish that holds the plant. Leave the wires long enough to form the handle of the basket, by which it is hung up. Fill the inside of the basket with a layer of moss and set in the plant. The bottom is made with sticks bound together with wire."

Maggie E. Hudson of Lucknow, Ontario, wants to say:

"I have received several letters from your readers with a United States postal stamp enclosed in each (which are of no value in Canada), asking questions about the 'Netted doiley' published in the March COMFORT. If not against the rules of your paper please tell them that the description of the netting was as plain as I could make it. A meshing needle can be bought in any fancy goods store, the price is about ten cents."

Now I am going to close by giving you a pattern for drawn-work. One of the earliest and most ancient forms of embroidery is drawn-work. Some beautiful and very old specimens have been shown in both English and foreign museums. Irish linen is used chiefly for the foundation, but canvas of all kinds is also used; scrim is very nice to work on, as the threads are easily drawn. Very beautiful work is produced when the real Scotch linen floss to which we have several times referred is used, both in white and colors. Here is a beautiful pattern for a centre-piece of a table:

"Take a piece of coarse linen and draw warp and woof threads away so as to form a succession of squares. Leave sixteen to twenty threads between each. Buttonhole round the outer edge of the drawn part of the work with colored linen floss; then work a little lace stitch. Thread the needle with colored floss, fasten it firmly to the edge, and loop it twice into the side of one square, and when it comes to where the threads are left divide them in half, and loop it through one-half of them.



DRAWN CENTRE-PIECE.

Cross the thread over the thick, undrawn parts, and continue to loop it twice in every side of the square until all of the squares are worked around and all the left threads secured. Then work the ornamental wheel in the centres of the open squares upon the loops. Make the wheels of three buttonholes close together, with a space left between the ones made and the three next to be worked. Three buttonholes are worked in every loop, eight forming a wheel."

You will find this delightful work for the long summer afternoons.

QUEEN BEE.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
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OF
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AND GET
THE GENUINE
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LADIES! Use only Brown's French Dressing on your Boots and Shoes.

LUXURIANT HAIR. The Wonderful W. & C. Hair Tonic will promote the growth of your hair, make it soft and silky, remove dandruff, cleanse the scalp. Absolutely harmless. Half-pint bottle sent prepaid for \$1.00. Rates to Agents \$8.00 per dozen. WILLIAMSON & CLAGGETT CO., 826 Herkimer St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

MUSIC BOX. For parlor use; beautifully finished; ornamented. Plays songs, dance or operatic music. This box will be sent to any express office on receipt of 74 cents. Offer for 60 days only. Address, Music Box Co., 215 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM Toilet Powder. Approved by the Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation for infants and adults.

Delightful after shaving. Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blisters, Pimples and Tan, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Decorated Tin Box, Sprinkler Top. Sold by Druggist or mailed for 25 cents. Send for Free Sample. (Name this paper.)

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Just The Thing For The Baby. Indestructible Rattle and Teething Ring combined. Made with two large, round, nickel Bells on Russel Leather Strap, and large Rubber Teething Ring, securely fastened to an Enamelized Handle. Length over all 6 in. Ring 2 in. diameter. Sent on receipt of only 15 cents, or two styles for 25 cents. N. N. Hill Brass Co., East Hampton, Conn.

GOOD LADY or GENTLEMAN TO DO Copying at home. Lock Box 1204, Lima, Ohio.

Modene Removes hair from the face, neck, arms, or any part of the person, without pain or injury to the skin.

ONLY ONE SOLD IN A TOWN. RAC CARPET LOOM Weaves 10 yards an hour. 100 yards a day. New FREE Catalogue and Price List. Address C. H. NEWCOMB, 826 West 5th Street, Davenport, Iowa.

Dealers Don't Love Us because we let them alone. Our blades are hand-forged from razor steel. This cut is exact size of our 7 in. strong knife. To start you, we will sell one for 48c; 5 for \$2, postpaid. Best 7-in. shears, 60c.



This knife and shears, \$1. Lady's 2-blade, pearl, 35c; Gent's fine 3-blade, \$1; Hollow ground razor, \$1.25; Best razor strap ever made, 60c. Send for 80-page free list.

MAHER & GROSH, 71 A St., Toledo, Ohio.

LADIES AND GENTS SIZE HUNTING CASE
FREE! A Solid Gold Filled Hunting Case Elgin Style Watch and a Set of Silverware. We want your trial order for 100 of our full sized 4 1/2 inch HAVANA PERFECTOS STRAIGHT TEN CIGAR CASES. FREE a 14k. Solid Gold filled Elgin style Hunting case Watch, and a hand-somely lined case containing 6 knives and 6 forks, hand-engraved, guaranteed by Sterling Silver Plate Co. We will send the Watch, Silverware and Cigars in one package, to any part of the United States, C.O.D. \$8.75. Remember we don't send a cheap open face watch. We positively affirm that we send a hunting case, elegantly engraved, full jeweled, gold filled watch with a 20 year guarantee, as handsome as any solid or gold filled watch on the market. When you see it you will say that we are correct in making this statement. We are strictly in the Cigar business and are the largest Cigar Dealers in America. This offer is made solely to gain more trade and holds good for 60 days only. You have nothing to risk and all to gain. Cut this out, return it to us with your full name and address and we will immediately express you the Cigars, Watch and Silverware for examination. After examining everything, if satisfactory, pay the agent \$8.75 for all; otherwise don't pay. Instead of the Silverware you can have a Five Shooter 32 or 38 calibre double action Smith & Weston Cartridge Revolver. RIVERSIDE CIGAR CO., Dept. C 173 and 175 Greenwich St., N. Y. City.

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We want your trial order for 100 of our full sized 4 1/2 inch HAVANA PERFECTOS STRAIGHT TEN CIGAR CASES. FREE a 14k. Solid Gold filled Elgin style Hunting case Watch, and a hand-somely lined case containing 6 knives and 6 forks, hand-engraved, guaranteed by Sterling Silver Plate Co. We will send the Watch, Silverware and Cigars in one package, to any part of the United States, C.O.D. \$8.75. Remember we don't send a cheap open face watch. We positively affirm that we send a hunting case, elegantly engraved, full jeweled, gold filled watch with a 20 year guarantee, as handsome as any solid or gold filled watch on the market. When you see it you will say that we are correct in making this statement. We are strictly in the Cigar business and are the largest Cigar Dealers in America. This offer is made solely to gain more trade and holds good for 60 days only. You have nothing to risk and all to gain. Cut this out, return it to us with your full name and address and we will immediately express you the Cigars, Watch and Silverware for examination. After examining everything, if satisfactory, pay the agent \$8.75 for all; otherwise don't pay. Instead of the Silverware you can have a Five Shooter 32 or 38 calibre double action Smith & Weston Cartridge Revolver. RIVERSIDE CIGAR CO., Dept. C 173 and 175 Greenwich St., N. Y. City.

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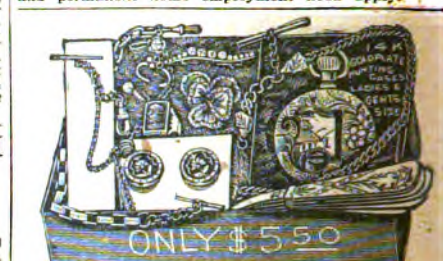
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LADIES make men's wages working for me quietly at home; permanent position. Address with stamped envelope, MISS GERTRUDE MOHLER, Joliet, Ill.

AGENTS, Perfumery etc. on CREDIT. 150% Profit, & Ex. Pd. Full terms Free. Full size pkge. delightful perfume, 10c. 8 for 25c. HERBENE CO., Box 4, Station L, New York.

YOU You can now grasp a fortune. A new guide to rapid wealth, with 240 fine engravings, sent free to any person. This is a chance of a lifetime. Write at once. Lynn & Co. 48 Bond St. New York

SALESWOMEN. We have an original, legitimate, much-needed article which sells best during hard times, because it saves money and suffering. Women and men without any experience whatever are now making from \$15 to \$50 per week without neglecting their home duties; no capital required, full particulars, free samples and references in our own State and ours by mail. Address, C. M., Box 1692, Boston, Mass. Only those seeking respectable, profitable and permanent home employment need apply.



Actual Value, \$16.75 (apparently worth \$40.00). Our price only \$5.50 and express charges. Gasket consists of 1 Watch, hunting case, 14k. gold plate, ladies' or gent's size, full jeweled lever movement, warranted 5 years (worth twice the cost of all). 2 gent's rolled gold chains (worth \$1.00). 1 Ladies' rolled gold chain. 1 ladies' silver chain. 2 ladies' breast pins. 2 ladies' rolled gold int. diamond and garnet rings. 1 gent's rolled gold cameo ring. 1 apparels diamond scarf pin. 1 pair rolled gold cuff buttons. 6 Teaspoons, triple plated with pure silver and nickel. Jewelers' price \$2.50. We send the entire lot to you by express C.O.D. for \$5.50 and express charges. You can sell the things for all the entire lot costs. Mention size Watch wanted. Buckeye Watch Co. 35 to 39 College pl. New York

THE HAMMOCK CHAIR.

A elegant easy chair for house or lawn wood or dale; also combines the features of a hammock and of a swing, it is for Summer and Winter use. The most economical arrangement ever invented, as having an adjustable lazy back and so arranged that it can all be folded up into a very small space when not in use. It is just what EVERY BODY wants to have whether house-keepers or boarders, men, women or children, and certainly a most comfortable affair, having all ropes, hooks, etc. attached. It can be put up and taken down or adjusted to any desired height, from 3 to 7 feet in a second. It is splendid to put up in the door or on the piazza for an invalid. The children are just crazy to use it for a swing. We offer this brand-new article as a PREMIUM for a club of six yearly subscribers at 25c. each. We will sell 1 for 25c, if 20c. extra is forwarded for postage or express COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



WHAT A LOT OF COMFORT I CAN NOW TAKE.

FARMING OF THE FUTURE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

Copyright, 1893, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



ARMERS of 1000 years hence will grow for market a great many vegetables and other plants which are not now cultivated. In all the world there are about 110,000 species of plants. Of this vast number only about 300 are raised and propagated under human care. Even when those which are utilized in a wild state are added, the total does not reach one per cent of the whole. In other words, not one plant in 100 is of value to man.

There are hundreds of seed-bearing grasses; yet only six of them are employed in this country as foods—namely, corn, wheat, rice, barley, oats and rye. These have become what they are now through cultivation. The wheat and barley of to-day are much larger and finer grains than the wheat and barley which have been found in ancient Egyptian tombs and in the buried cities of Greece. Like methods would develop many of the wild grasses into acceptable new cereals within half a century.

One of these is the so-called "wild rice" of the lakes. There are two seashore grasses which bear excellent grains, though of small yield, but the latter could be improved. Every new food that is added to the human bill-of-fare is an important benefit to mankind. Parsnips, the oyster-plant, parsley, the artichoke and spinach are all of comparatively recent discovery. Only a few years ago the tomato was deemed poisonous in New England.

Corn originated in Central America. When Columbus landed it was cultivated all over this country by the Indians. From the beginning of civilization man has explored the earth for plants to serve him for various purposes, chiefly for food and medicines. From age to age the stock of vegetable treasures has been slowly and cautiously added to. So it will continue in the future. Unfortunately, people are always reluctant to adopt a new edible.

Farmers in Florida have begun to raise calla-lily roots for market. They look somewhat like potatoes, with the addition of a few whiskers. In cooking they have first to be boiled, in order to destroy certain acid properties, after which they may be fried, roasted, baked, or what not, according to taste. The plants grow readily in swamps, and so thickly that the yield of a single flooded acre is enormous. They reproduce themselves by the multiplication of their bulbs underground, so that the grower has simply to dig up the offshoots and leave the parents to propagate anew.

For centuries the Egyptians have raised calla-lily bulbs for market during the seasons of the Nile overflow. These bulbs are a common vegetable in the markets of Japan. So prolific and palatable are they that their propagation in many parts of the United States, where conditions are favorable, may be looked forward to as an agricultural industry of the future. A giant gooseberry that grows on trees is a fruit that is likely to obtain popularity in this country before very long.

It has been seriously suggested that the bamboo might be cultivated profitably in the United States. It could be grown as far north as New York. The farmers of Sicily consider it their best-paying crop and produce it abundantly on otherwise worthless wet land. It dies to the ground each year and produces a fresh growth in the spring. Marketable canes are obtained in one year, a single plant giving five or six canes 30 feet long.

Bamboos are true grasses. Some of them attain a height of 150 feet and a diameter of 2 feet. Of the sixty species native to China only half a dozen are cultivated. One kind in India, called the "giant pen tree," is said to grow 40 feet in as many days. Supplies of bamboo seeds for planting are difficult to obtain, as the plants seed rarely—sometimes not oftener than every 25 or even 60 years. Moreover, the seeds do not germinate readily, and hence propagation is

accomplished almost wholly from root-cuttings, eyes and offsets.

Bamboos are used for fencing, roofing, rigging ships, laths, rafts, water-pipes, boxes, mats, cordage, paper, masks, and baskets. Furniture made from the stems is much in fashion just at present. A few species have a berry-like fruit, and the seeds of others resemble rice. The young and tender shoots are out for fodder, and such delicate portions of one or two Japanese species are cooked and eaten like asparagus.

Flower-farming is an industry of the future in this country. At present the United States is an enormous buyer from France of cologne waters, pomades and perfumed oils, which might just as well be produced here. Many great districts between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels of latitude are excellently adapted to this sort of horticultural pursuit. What is required for the purpose is merely an altitude of at least 500 feet above sea level, shelter from cold north winds and freedom from the white frosts of lower areas. The attempts made in Florida to raise orange blossoms for market have failed because low-lying lands were selected for use. Flowers of all sorts grown high above the sea have a finer and more intense bouquet.

The flowers grown in France for such purposes are of the most ordinary varieties, and the rearing of them requires no exceptional skill. Fancy blossoms are eschewed. The violets are of the "single" kind; the roses are of the common pink sort, such as grow about farm-houses in the rural districts of this country; the tube roses and white jasmynes are of the plainest sort. Plain flowers are best because they have the sweetest smell and most of it. In "adorning the rose" horticulturists have let go some of its delightful odor, and the same remark applies to the violet. The transforming of the blossoms into marketable perfumes and pomades is not an affair requiring great skill.

Flowers are actually employed for food to a considerable extent. Artichokes are immature flower heads, and cauliflowers are a sort of flower. The common cabbage, a rare wild plant in nature, furnishes under cultivation the cabbage, the turnip-cabbage, the cauliflower and the Brussels sprout, according as the leaves, roots, or flowers of the plant have been specially developed. Brussels sprouts are buds which have not reached maturity.

Another variety of the cabbage, called "broccoli," is grown on soil that has been reclaimed from the sea. It is a distinctively maritime plant, and, to secure for its sustenance as nearly as possible like its natural food, starfishes are gathered on the beaches for manure. The crop is put into casks which have contained claret, an agreeable aroma being in this way added. Finally, the broccoli comes to the table in the form of pickles or chow-chow.

Yellow pond lilies make excellent preserves. Nasturtium blossoms are often used in salads. The flowers of the caper bush are familiar in sauces. Cloves, used for flavoring, are the unexpanded buds of the clove tree dried in the sun. Petals of the violet and rose are made into preserves and candies. Some North American Indians regard as a delicacy the cooked flowers of the pumpkin vine.

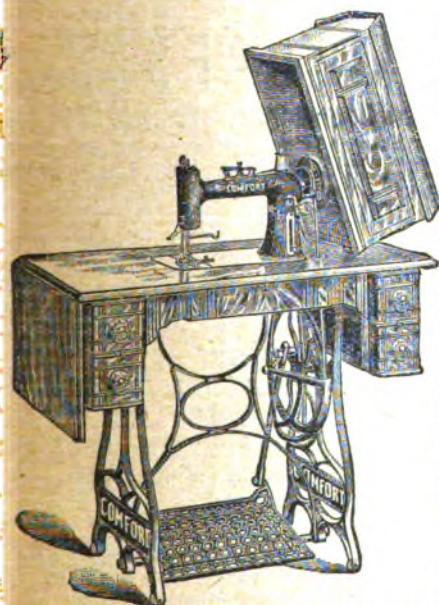
Read on editorial page of this issue of COMFORT, "How a would-be suicide became a happy, prosperous, married woman."

\$1200 IN CASH PRIZES.

As COMFORT pays the most liberal prices of any paper in America for really good short stories, our readers will be gratified to know that our \$1200.00 Cash Nutshell Story Prize offer will be renewed in the July number. Subscribers should watch for the new offer, and those who have materials for first-class stories of adventure, etc., which are strictly original and have never appeared in print, will do well to prepare them. All who propose to compete under the new offer should carefully read and comply with every one of the printed conditions, and thus save themselves and the editor much trouble. As particulars will be fully given in our published offer, the editor cannot undertake to enter into correspondence on the subject. The competition being open to paid up COMFORT subscribers only, the present is the time for paying the way to winning one of our rich cash prizes by sending 25 cents for a new yearly subscription or for renewing an old one.

A \$60. HIGH ARM SEWING MACHINE FOR \$19. WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

MANUFACTURERS ASTOUNDED. BUYERS DELIGHTED.



Bed Rock Prices Reached. Every Woman Gets a Bargain. A Standard home, light-running sewing machine with every attachment and improvement sold for only \$19, freight paid.

Every woman wants a sewing machine. At one time the prices were so high that very few people could buy them. To-day there are many cheap, worthless machines offered to the public at reduced prices, but they are built of poor material and cheaply made. The manufacturers of the first-class light-running machines combine to keep up high prices. No wonder that every one of these Combination Manufacturers is alarmed and dismayed over the appearance of the

COMFORT \$19 HIGH-ARM SEWING MACHINE

for it successfully breaks "Trust Prices." The Comfort Sewing Machine is a standard made, light-running, high-arm and modern improvement sewing machine, combining all the best features of the progress made in sewing machine mechanism in 30 years. It is beautifully proportioned, ornamented and finished. Made of fine Walnut or Antique Oak and finished in selected metal and nickel trimmings.

WHY IT IS THE BEST MACHINE.

It is handsomer and runs with less noise than any other make. It is 50 per cent lighter than the old machines. Every stitch is perfect. Runs easily without strain or wear to either fabric or machine. Perfect in taste. Everything about the machine and its attachments modern, elegant and complete. Hard work and drudgery becomes play with such a machine to run. It does every variety of work on every variety of fabrics with the lightest or coarsest thread. It is just the machine for Tailors, Dressmakers, Mothers and all others doing plain or fancy sewing. It does the work the quickest and with the least labor. For simplicity, durability, ease of management and capacity for work it has no equal.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COMFORT SEWING MACHINE.

It is well made and strong, full of wear. Is made of carefully selected wood and metal which give both strength and beauty. It has a Gothic top and five drawers, Extension Drop-Leaf, and all the most recent improvements—Self-threading Shuttle, Self-setting Needle, Stitch Regulator with Scale, Lock Stitch, Automatic Bobbin Winder, Loose Balance Wheel, Equalized Tension, Cylinder Shuttle and all the late additions. With every machine we include free of extra cost, an Illustrated Book giving complete instructions, a beautiful Cover, and a Full Set of Extra Steel Attachments in velvet-lined lacquered box.

SIMPLICITY, DURABILITY, PERFECTION.

OUR 5 YEARS' WARRANT ACCOMPANIES EACH MACHINE.

Remember that this is a thoroughly honest machine, built on the most perfect principles and full of life and work. The best and most complete sewing machine before the public to-day. We guarantee it to be exactly as we represent, and for five years' ordinary use. It will last a lifetime. Any part of this machine can be replaced if broken.

\$19.00 CASH PAYS FOR THIS MACHINE.

\$19.00 cash pays for this sewing machine and for the freight to any point east of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. To any point in these four States, or west of them, we will send the Comfort Sewing Machine for \$22.50. SPECIAL.—If you order a machine and are not satisfied with it, after fifteen days' trial, it can be returned and the full amount paid will be refunded. It costs money for the Sewing Machine Agent to support an office and collectors. No such expenses are added to the cost of one of our Machines. You get the benefit of Factory cost.

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue fully explaining this Comfort Sewing Machine. If there is any particular question you wish to ask we shall be pleased to write you and fully answer your questions. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

\$2.29 In a Club of Ten Thousand \$2.29 THAT'S THE WAY TO BUY YOUR SUMMER TOILET.

STYLISH GOODS
FASHIONABLE DESIGN
RICH EFFECTS.



DO you want one of these stylish summer weight costumes of jaunty pattern, made in the very latest Parisian styles for this season, of the very best material and at a price for which you could not buy the cloth alone in your own local stores? You all want the most taking and stylish gowns you can buy, and you will get them, too, if you can purchase them at a reasonable price. You don't want to wear a poor country-made, out-of-date, way-back dress when for less money you can have a tasty, well-cut and well-made costume in the style of the summer of 1894. Owing to depression in trade we have contracted with a noted manufacturer to deliver us June 1st Ten Thousand Comfort Summer Toilettes. These we shall send to COMFORT readers as presents, or at a cost lower than they can be bought by any store keeper in the country. Let us tell you how you can get this extraordinary bargain, and obtain the benefits of this popular

COMFORT SUMMER DRESS CLUB.

By buying one of these toilettes at once you become a member of this Club and with its extraordinary facilities you are enabled to get the dress at exactly the cost of manufacture. You pay for a single dress precisely what you would if you should have fifty thousand manufactured for you in a lot. No profits or extras, you get the straight manufacturer's price. We take the risk of ordering this immense number in order that you may become a member of this Club and

GET YOUR DRESS AT MAKER'S COST.

Remember that we shall not order another lot and this limited number goes to the first comers who join this Club. Which of our six million readers will be among the fortunate ten thousand to get this privilege? Act at once.

When you buy the cloth or a dress at your store you have to pay Four Profits. The manufacturer, the wholesaler, the jobber and the store keeper all get a profit which you have to pay, besides the cost and trouble of making. If you join this Club you pay only the first contract price.

DESCRIPTION.

This lot of costumes are sold for less than dealers can even handle them; the cost of manufacture without profit. The cloth is excellent and very fine in finish and color. Their cut is the latest Parisian style and by real French artists. The make is first-class; none but skilled workmen and the best of materials having been employed in their construction. The price for the whole suit is less than the plain material costs in stores. There never was such a Woman's Bargain offered to the public before and now is the time to take advantage of it. The Comfort Summer Toilette is handsome in every way. "Fits like velvet and wears like iron," and gives style, grace and air to the wearer. You know how delicious the feeling is that you look smart and well-dressed, and that's the sensation you have when you put on one of these elegant summer costumes. You know you have on the latest style, city-made clothes; that your whole appearance is pleasing, "fetching" and up-to-date; and that no one around is dressed better than you are. That's the Comfort Toilette.

HOW TO MEASURE FOR THIS SUIT.

Put the measure around the body, over the dress, close under the arms, drawing it closely, not too tight. The skirt you can adjust yourself. State what color you prefer.

Our Offer. We will send you one of these fashionable costumes, in the correct style and color, with every part perfectly made, for \$2.29, and 37 cents extra to pay packing and shipping charges (\$2.66 in all).

GRAND COMFORT CLUB OFFER.

If you will get up a club of 12 subscribers for COMFORT at 25 cents a year each and 37 cents, extra, to pay packing and shipping charges, we will send you one of these Comfort Summer Toilettes absolutely free of any expense.

ANOTHER GREAT BARGAIN!

Comfort's Little Princess Costume.

GIRL'S GINGHAM DRESS. BANKRUPT SALE PRICE ONLY \$1.87.

The recent failure of one of the largest Department Houses in Boston enables COMFORT to offer to its readers an unparalleled bargain in little girls' gingham dresses. Comfort's Little Princess Costume is a gingham dress of artistic and pleasing effect for children 4 to 14 years old. It is a handsome Scotch gingham, thoroughly well-made and trimmed with extra fine material. Comes in stripe and other effects in the summer of 1894 designs and cut. Is the grandest bargain ever offered to parents. Dress all made of best material and first-class in every particular. Costs all made and in your house less than you can buy the same quality gingham cloth alone, not to speak of the superior workmanship and pattern of its make. Get in your orders for this at once. No time to hesitate. Order by age and state whether child is large or small for her age.

Sold for \$1.87, and 25 cents extra to cover shipping expenses. Given Away, to every person who will send us a list of 10 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each and 25 cents to pay shipping expenses (\$2.75 in all), we will send one of these dresses all free.

Boy's Comfort Vacation Suits.

JUST THE THING FOR THE BOYS.

RELIABLE, STRONG, NEAT.



COMFORT never forgets the boys and we always look after their interests. We have a limited number of Boys' Comfort Vacation Suits. These are made of heavy, firm "Blue Medal" cloth and sewed with strong thread. They are cut in the popular Boys' sailor effect style. Fancy embroidered, trimmed with best braid and strongly made for vacation wear. Just the thing for your boy to wear all summer. They look well, wear first rate and do not shrink or fade. Made for vacation and playtime wear, though they look good enough to go to church in. Same suits sell in the stores for \$2.50. Our price only \$1.33 a suit, and 17 cents for shipping and packing expenses. Order by ages 4 to 10 years.

SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER.

Get up a club of 7 new subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each and send with 17 cents for shipping expenses and we will send one of these suits to you absolutely free of cost.

Cool and Delightful!

JUST THE THING FOR HOUSE, LAWN AND GARDEN WEAR.

COOL, COMFORTABLE AND "PRETTY AS A PICTURE."

Rich India Print Wrappers For Summer.

We have 5,000 beautiful India print gowns made for a New York dealer who failed before this summer's consignment reached his salesrooms. We shall sacrifice this entire lot at just the cost of handling, to the lady readers of COMFORT who send for them at once. Fast colors, Strong make, Firm cloth and Improved Mother Hubbard style. Suitable for any age or for any position. Our Price just covers cost (not more than 2 to any one address) 98 cents and 17 cents for express and packing, \$1.15 in all. Give bust measure in ordering and state what color you prefer.

Our Offer to You. If you will send us a club of 5 subscribers at 25 cents each and 17 cents extra for express and packing, we will make a Free Present of one of these wrappers.

Remember that there will be a rush for all these summer novelties and we shall send them "first come, first served." Don't put off sending until they are all gone, but order to-day, while you are sure to get them.

Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine,
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TERMS: 25 cents per year in advance.

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Published Monthly by
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Boston Office, Hancock Bld'g. New York Office, Tribune Bld'g

June was named for Juno, the patroness of
marriage, and is therefore the popular month
for weddings.

June is the month of roses—a favorite month
with old and young. There is a freshness and
greenery about June that, like Christmas,
"comes but once a year." It is like the full
blossoming of youth—the promise of full fru-
ition, but more enticing, more fascinating than
is often borne out by actual facts.

June's sons and daughters may take the agate
as a talisman. It is said to ensure long life
with health and prosperity, and according to
an old legend, allays fever and quenches thirst.
An old rhyme says:

"Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With a ring of agate on her hand
Can health, wealth and peace command."

Before the close of this month most of the
schools and other institutions of learning of
this country will be closed. Commencements
will be over and exhibition-day will mark the
shutting up of the schoolhouse doors for the
next two months. Two classes of people will
heartily rejoice at this; first the teachers, tired
and worn, who need to recuperate against the
first of September; and second, the children
who are eager for their long holiday. Let them
run and live an out-of-door life. Let them ride
and walk and swim and romp to their hearts'
content. Put on them the simplest clothing,
and let them be playful young animals. It will
do them good; and when school opens again
next fall they will be all the readier to settle
down to business.

Some people complain that the growing cus-
tom of divorce proves "marriage a failure."
On the contrary it is an indication that mar-
riage is successful as an institution rather
than any proof that it is a failure. The great
mass of divorces are obtained or sought with
the view of getting freedom to marry again. If
marriage is a failure, why do the divorcees rush
straight into matrimony again? Is not that
very fact the symptom of a desire for the hap-
piness of matrimony which has not been grati-
fied? Proportionately, many more divorced
women than widows marry anew, and statistics
show that most divorced men re-marry. It is
safe to presume, then, that the wholesome in-
stitution of matrimony is not falling into any
decay, and the unusual number of June wed-
dings this year are an indication of the promise
of better times in the world of business and in-
dustry. They prove that the spirit of the
people this spring is hopeful.

A general movement is being agitated throug-
out the country towards better roads; and no
one is going to be so much benefited by it as
the farmer. People in cities do not go into the
country until summer when roads are dry and
passable, nor do wheelmen do much traveling
in the wet months. But the farmer, living five
miles from town, is compelled to use the roads
constantly, rain or shine. Whether the high-
way is hub-deep with mud or smooth as an
asphalt pavement, he must drive to the post-
office, the store, the market, the railroad
station, and if he does his duty by his children,
to church and to school. The mill, meeting
house, store and school are four times as far
from him in muddy weather as they are in dry;
consequently it is the farmers who are the
greatest sufferers from bad roads, and who have
the most to gain from good ones. The wear
and tear of wagons and horse-flesh, the waste
of time and the frequent loss of business op-
portunities as well as temper consequent upon
bad roads are not easily estimable. No portion
of the business community receives a greater
benefit by multiplying opportunities for ex-
change than the farmer, and nothing will so
largely increase the means of exchange as good
country roads.

The present session of Congress has empha-
sized the fact that it is as difficult to cater
satisfactorily to desires of a great country like
this as it is to provide satisfactorily for a large
family.

We are one people, but the tastes, the needs,
the desires of the various sections are as differ-
ent as if we were a dozen countries. It is rare
to find the children of the same parents who
either eat, speak or think alike, even though

brought up under the same roof and at the
same table, by the same tutors. In these re-
spects the people of this nation are like a great
family, and it would be impossible, owing to the
vast extent of the country, the individual in-
terests of its various sections, and its differing
natural products, that the selfish good of one
section should be of the slightest interest to any
other.

Recent attempts to present the tariff and sil-
ver questions as political issues have demon-
strated the fact that these are purely local
issues. What is urged on behalf of one section,
is opposed with equal energy by another. One
State wants free coal, one free iron, one free
sugar, and all want what is for their individual
good, for communities like men are selfish.

\$1200 IN CASH PRIZES.

As *Comfort* pays the most liberal prices of any
paper in America for really good short stories,
our readers will be gratified to know that our
\$1200.00 Cash Nutshell Story Prize offer will be
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the editor cannot undertake to enter into corre-
spondence on the subject. The competition being
open to paid up *Comfort* subscribers only, the
present is the time for plying the way to winning
one of our rich cash prizes by sending 25 cents
for a new yearly subscription or for renewing an
old one.

How a Would-Be Suicide Became a Happy, Prosperous, Married Woman.

Last June the foremost illustrated paper of
London, "The Sketch," sent one of its editors
to interview Cheiro, the Palmist. In the ac-
count of his visit, which appeared in the July
1893 issue of the paper named, the writer said:
"Glancing into his earnest, handsome counte-
nance, as I made my apologies for disturbing
him, I felt I was face to face with no mere for-
tune-teller or spiritualistic adventurer, but the
pioneer of a dawning science, and, as I after-
wards learned, a great traveler. With a smile,
Cheiro pointed to the autographs of well-known
London doctors, who, having been convinced
by what they had themselves seen and heard,
do not hesitate to express their opinion that
the science of Palmistry deserves the deepest
study. He makes no mystery of his profession,
absolutely believing it can be used in many
ways for moral and scientific advancement. He
reads your hand in a straightforward manner—
preaching no irrevocable fate, but simply tell-
ing you that such and such things will occur,
and, if you do not like it, it lies in your power to
alter it. He is most courteous in answering
questions and distinctly explaining the mean-
ing of lines, and, having read my past with mar-
velous accuracy, I am sufficiently impressed by
his skill to follow his advice in the future. He
gave me many illustrations of the benefit of
Palmistry; I have only space for two.

"One was of a leading lady in society, who
visited him some months ago, and whose line
of life distinctly ended at thirty-eight. She
was then thirty-five, and he explained to her
that unless she withdrew from the whirlpool of
excitement which society demanded her life
was doomed, and strongly urged her to live
more quietly. She was so impressed by his
grave words of advice that she did so, and in
less than seven months her life-line had grown
1-16 of an inch.

"Another was a young girl in desperate
trouble—like many other would-be suicides,
morbidly anxious to know her probable fate
had no suicidal mania overcome her. After an
interview with Cheiro, he so far convinced her
that each one is master of his own destiny that
she drew from her cloak a loaded revolver, and
gave it into his keeping, and, following his ad-
vice, is now a happy and prosperous married
woman."

This wonderful man Cheiro is the author of
Comfort's Palmistry Guide (just issued) which
enables anyone to master the science of read-
ing human character and thus fathoming many
of life's mysteries. No one should fail to get
this interesting and highly instructive book,
which is exclusively issued by *Comfort* for free
distribution among its readers, in accordance
with the conditions printed in connection with
the Palmistry Club offer in this issue.

PROVERBIAL PHRASES.

Woman's jars breed men's wars.
Willful waste brings woe to want.
Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.
Who hath a good trade through all waters may
wade.
The highest spoke in Fortune's wheel may soon be
the lowest.
When the heart is afire, some sparks will fly out of
the mouth. (This is why courting has been called
sparking.)
When the wind's in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind's in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth.

ABOUT MUSIC.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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THE tendency of civiliza-
tion is in no way better
shown than by the fran-
chise of those educational
luxuries once looked upon
as the privilege of the elect,
and still known as "the
fine arts," but
which are to-
day the right of
every one. But
a few years ago
nearly all
branches of
music were
looked upon as
open only to
the few. The
right to strum
upon the key-
board of a
piano for years
represented all
the common
rights in
music. But all
that is passed.
There are
comparatively
few who have
no music in
their souls, and the cultivation of what they
have is not only a refinement; it has become to-
day a duty. Music is not only a great pleasure
to one's self, and to all those about one, it is a
cultivation that tunes all the finest chords in
one's nature. Since there are few without it,
and none who cannot be made happier by it, it
has to-day become as much a duty with parents
to discover the particular bent of their children
in this direction as in any other.

But a few years ago mothers who, at a certain
age, placed their children at the piano to drum
out so many chords a day, were supposed to
have done all that could be done. But to-day it
is as common to find girls taking lessons on the
violin as it is to find boys handling the bow,
while many a young girl has mastered the
'cello with its marvellously human tones, and
can pick melody from the tinkling strings so
allied with Spanish serenades and moonlit
nights—the mandolin and guitar. These latter
instruments, comparatively easy to master, and
for which much beautiful music has been writ-
ten, are exactly suited as the accompaniment to
the singing voice in a certain kind of effective
but unpretentious music, and never does a
young girl look prettier than, when seated on a
low chair, she takes her mandolin or guitar in
her lap, and sings in a soft sweet voice to its
staccato melody.

The growth of the orchestra in this country
has had its result in arousing an interest in in-
struments that but a few years ago one had to
go abroad to learn, and to-day there is no in-
strument in the full orchestra that may not be
fully mastered in American schools.

It has been proved by the introduction of
singing into the public school system all over
the country that all voices, most particularly
among young girls, are capable of cultivation,
and the result is not only beneficial in its im-
provement of the speaking voice, but in the
pleasure it is for one to be able to sing, ever so
little, if that little be well, and if only for one's
own gratification.

The piano to-day not only has to share



honors with mandolin, guitar, and even banjo
as an accompaniment for such home singing,
but the harp, the instrument of medieval times,
and one at which a pretty girl looks doubly
pretty, has returned to favor. The harp is es-
sentially an instrument for a woman, and given
the taste to dress appropriately, and with a
suggestion of classic bearing it would be diffi-
cult to imagine a more beautiful combination
than a sweet voice, a pretty girl and the long
lines of the harp. Judging by the number of
women who have taken it up lately this fact is
being newly recognized.

All this every student of national progress
discovers as soon as he begins to seriously note
the signs of the times. Conservatories are
springing up, and the statistics of the oldest
and most famous one in this country—that at
Boston (the city that has always taken the lead
in all educational and artistic matters) known
as the New England Conservatory of Music—
furnish absolute proof if it is required. When
one finds a home conservatory like this one
with nearly two thousand pupils from all over
the States, from Wyoming to Maine, and from
Indian Territory to Florida, and with half a
hundred foreign students from countries as
distant as Turkey in Asia, Scotland and Brit-
ish Columbia, one begins to realize that the
foreign conservatory has ceased to be indis-
pensable to the proper cultivation of the Ameri-
can student. Indeed the riches of America
have in the past few years attracted to its con-
servatories the very best of foreign teachers,
and that fact is rapidly breeding native teach-
ers who like native singers will soon outlive
the foreign talent which up to ten years ago
was supposed to alone be entitled to artistic
triumphs. As a proof of this two out of four of
the great prima donnas of the greatest opera
company ever gotten together, and whose tri-
umphs this year were won in Paris as well as New
York, Boston, and Chicago, were Boston girls,
while a third was of English birth and Austral-
ian breeding.

Courses of study in such conservatories em-
brace in addition to music an opportunity to
study all the arts—painting, literature, acting,
sculpture, and are accompanied by general
cultivation which broadens the mind, and fits
one thoroughly for whatever path in life one
intends to follow—the home, the teacher's, or
the artist's—and more than that, with the lib-
erality which marks the real American enter-
prise, at an expense that brings it within the
reach of the most modest purse, so that with
true American democracy the daughter of the
farmer and the daughter of the professional
man are subjected to the same influences.
Nothing so marks the prosperity of a country
as its interest in the liberal arts, and its prac-
tical demonstration that thorough cultivation
brings happiness, and of this fact the present
growth in all matters pertaining to musical ed-
ucation is a telling point in the progress of the
Americans as a people.

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will give you One Free. We
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age a GOLD PLATED CHAIN and
CHARM to go with the watch.
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THE NUTSHELL STORY CLUB.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

"What come of the canned beef?" asked Yukon Dick.

"The bar had set his heart on tastin' that morsel an' I guess he didn't like to miss it," said the Captain. "So he had it fast in his teeth an' I had to pry it out with my pick to git it, but Sequota an' me et it that night for supper, for the bar was too poor to eat an' we didn't have much meat in camp."

"That bar holdin' on to that meat reminded me of some men. They grasp a cherished project for money makin' so close an' firm that they die a hangin' on to it, an' then the lawyers an' the widder's second husband git to eat what they saved."

"HELD UP."

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ROGER DEMAR.

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HE Silver Gulch stage was an hour late.

Two passengers besides myself had been impatiently awaiting its coming. I say impatiently, because every hour of daylight was precious, as the Silver Gulch stage seldom made a trip without being "held up" by highwaymen; and from those who had had the disagreeable experience, we had learned that a "hold up" at night was worse than a daylight one.

The express agent came out from the livery which answered for freight, express, telegraph and post office. He looked at his watch, then glanced anxiously up the road.

"What kin be the matter?" asked the old lady who was waiting for the stage.

"I don't know, ma'm, but I fear that Wild Pete is up to his old pranks again, he has been quiet for two months, but one can never tell when he will turn up."

"Oh, dearie me, I hope he will let us be, but I have staided on the stage robber question a heap, and I guess they won't catch this woman nappin'."

"I hope not, ma'm," respectfully replied the agent returning to his desk.

I had been slowly pacing back and forth. The waiting was getting unendurable, not on account of the stories of the highwaymen, but I was due at Silver Gulch the following day at 3 o'clock, where I was anxious to complete an important mining sale. I say important, because it meant everything to me and mine. My wife and babies I had not seen for a year, as I had been living in the West during that time in the hopes of getting rid of the terrible cough, which the doctors informed me would end in consumption unless I changed climates, and the climate of New Mexico was recommended.

The little home was mortgaged to allow me the change. I was getting well, but money was so scarce and the dear wife was struggling on alone. Five weeks before this trip I was fortunate enough to obtain the position as book keeper for a gentleman who had large mining interests, and it was the sale of his mines in Silver Gulch that I was now on my way to complete. I was going, as Mr. R— was not able to, owing to an attack of la grippe, so he had commissioned me, saying that if I succeeded in making the sale, my commission would be two thousand dollars. Two thousand dollars meant a return home to the dear ones; the paying off the mortgage, and my old position again. Now if I should be late at the meeting, there was no telling what would happen. So I paced to and fro, with the mole hills fast building themselves into mountains.

At last a heavy dust in the distance indicated the related stage. We gathered our belongings (mine being only a small satchel containing a change of clothing, and a few toilet articles; my money and mining deeds were securely sewed between the linings of my coat) and were ready when the six horse stage drove furiously up to the station.

The mail, freight and express were tossed from the top, as by a hurricane.

The horses were reeking with sweat, and everything was loaded with the dry sand and dust which cover the western prairies.

"What made you late, Jo?" inquired the agent.

"Oh, one of the durned nuts came off a back wheel, and I had to walk back a mile or so to git it."

"I was afraid Wild Pete had you again."

"I reckon he would if I had anything aboard wuth havin'; he's a durned smart one, he is, never harms a feller unless there is somthin' wuth comin' for, curious how he knows every time. All aboard, time's short."

We were soon rushing along with the clouds of dust pouring in over the heavy wheels. Nothing was heard but the cracking of the driver's whip, and the muffled trot of the horses in the thick dust.

About sunset we entered a narrow canon. The air was cooler and the dust less, and by this time we had begun to exchange remarks.

The other two passengers were seated opposite to me. The old lady was dressed richly and showily. She was an ignorant woman, but from her talk and appearance, she seemed to possess a sufficiency of filthy lucre. From her conversation with the gentleman near her, who listened with a well bred, amused air, I learned that she was going to visit a son, who had made a fortune in silver mines. We were nearing the station where we would change horses and get supper. Night was upon us and the talk had drifted onto the all absorbing topic, "stage robbers."

"Was either you men ever 'held up'?" inquired the old lady.

Neither of us had been.

"Wall now what would ye do if we should be held up?"

I waited for the other gentleman to reply.

"Really I do not know," he answered, looking annoyed.

"I think I would lie down in the bottom of the stage if there were any shooting," I replied laughing.

"Wall they won't get much money from me," answered the old lady, "because I have hid mine in the top of my bonnet. I have eight hundred dollars there."

The words were hardly uttered when a pistol shot rang out, and a deep voice cried, "halt!"

A man wearing a mask, from beneath which flowed a wild red beard, opened the stage door. In one hand he held a pistol, in the other a dark lantern which he flashed from one to the other.

"Alight!"

As we stepped from the stage another dark figure stepped in front of us presenting two pistols, and uttered the command, "Hands up." A third masked person was ransacking the stage.

I was the first one searched. The excitement produced a severe fit of coughing.

"Two silver dollars and a Waterbury watch, and taken from a consumpive Kankee, here take them, climb back thar, bad as we are, we don't rob dead men," and the fellow gave me a contemptuous push into the stage.

Five dollars was all they found upon the old lady.

Wild Pete eyed her narrowly, and then passed on to the third and last passenger.

"Now my fine fellow shell out. We know you've got the tin, and if you don't shell we are going to blow you into bits." They found a fine gold watch and fifty dollars in green backs. "If you don't shell out more, begin your prayers."

"I have no more to give you, but this lady here has eight hundred dollars in the top of her bonnet."

I leaped from my seat with indignation. The old

lady screamed, "You nasty brute!" Even Wild Pete stood motionless with surprise. Recovering himself he said, "Come lady hand her over. Sorry to trouble ladies; but times is hard."

The money was indignantly handed over. Once more we were on our way, neither I nor the lady looked at our fellow traveller. Words could not express my indignation, I longed for strength to treat him as he deserved.

When we reached the station the driver did not alight. The station keeper called, "Hello, Jo, what's the matter?" No answer. A lantern was brought, and Jo was found in a dead faint. When he recovered consciousness, we found that the shot fired by Wild Pete to stop the stage, had taken effect in Jo's shoulder, and he had fainted from loss of blood. There was no one to drive. Our fellow traveller exclaimed excitedly, "I must get to Silver Gulch some way." I felt that walking was too good for him. Then the old lady began to sob. The reaction was setting in.

"I will drive," I ventured. A grateful look passed over the faces of my companions. When Jo's shoulder had been bandaged we had supper, and a change of horses. We placed Jo inside the stage, and then started across the mountains. We reached Silver Gulch at the stated time.

The landlord informed the old lady that her son would come for her in the evening.

As we three stood waiting for our rooms to be assigned us, our fellow traveller stepped up to the old lady, saying, "Madame, you no doubt think that I am a scoundrel of the deepest dye; but here are nine hundred dollars. The eight hundred you lost through me, and a hundred dollars interest. The reason for my action was, that I had many thousands of dollars concealed upon my person which I could not afford to lose. I thank you many times for the loan, and beg your pardon for the act which appeared so black."

Then turning to me he said, "I do not know your circumstances; but if I can assist you in any way to repay you, a sick man, for doing your share in getting us here, command me."

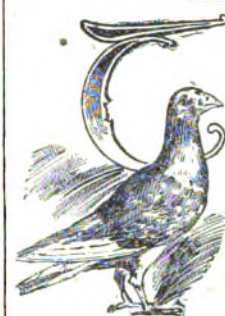
I was too surprised by what had taken place, to do more than bow my thanks.

Well, the mines were sold, but the sale was brought about by my fellow traveller, who did better than I could have done, and through his influence Mr. R— made my commission three thousand dollars; and I and mine have had cause to bless the time when I was "held up."

SALLIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CORNELIA MURRAY.

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THERE was no use denying it, Sallie was frightened.

She had never been a timid girl, and had a reputation of not being afraid of anything. And now she was frightened at what? She did not even know.

She was living in San Francisco, her parents occupying one side of the house, the owner the other.

Sallie's married brothers and sisters were living near, and the mothers and babies were all over to "Grandma's" to lunch. Everything was going pleasantly until mother said: "Run upstairs for the napkins, Sallie." Sallie was halfway upstairs when a loud rapping on the wall stopped her. Thinking the landlady wanted something she called out:

"What is the matter, Mrs. Sanders?"

No one answered.

"Did you call?" she repeated.

No reply.

"Strange!" thought she.

Going into her mother's room to the bureau, three terrific raps made her rush down stairs.

"I'll never dare tell this," she thought, as she stopped a minute in the hall to calm herself, before going into the dining-room to make herself so useful. No one noticed that she looked disturbed, and in the merry time that followed, she forgot her fright.

Company gone and dinner over, Sallie started for her room; halfway upstairs a loud rap, rap, rap, aroused the old fright, and caused her to run back to the hall.

Frightened and vexed, she said: "Confound it," but was horrified by three soft raps responding to her. She went into the next room and shut the door. "This beats me," she said; "I'll wait till mother hears it and see what she'll say."

Now Sallie's mother was not a woman that indulged in "nerves" or foolish fears, and when she finally started upstairs, Sallie followed full of curiosity. But mother's presence had no effect, for three rousing knocks greeted her ere she reached the landing.

"Sallie, go to the door, some one is knocking."

Sallie obeyed.

"No one here, mother."

"Go to the side door."

Sallie returned the same answer.

"Then go to Mrs. Sander's, she is sick and needs help."

"She is not at home, mother, she went out early this morning."

"Well, it is very queer, some one knocked," but she passed on to her room, where again she was greeted by three hurried knocks. "I tell you, Sallie, some one is at the door, go and see what is the matter."

"I know there is no one there, mother, the knocking has been going on all the afternoon. Mrs. Sanders is gone, and there is nothing to explain it. A soft rapping replied to this and Sallie began to cry.

"What is the matter?" said her mother sharply: "have you no sense? That rapping can't hurt you. Probably the old sick cat has got in between the fence and the house, and when she scratches or moves she hits a loose board and makes the noise."

Rap, rap, sounded close by.

Opening the window, she seized a broom and reaching far out pounded the roof of the shed vigorously.

"Shoot! shoot! get out of that!" she cried, until wearied with her exertions, she drew back into the room, to find Sallie laughing.

"Well, you do beat all; I'd like to know what ails you? Anyway the noise is stopped." Rap! rap! rap! replied to her.

Broom in hand, she rushed to the window again, where she whooped, banged and scatted, until tired out, then slamming the window she sat down and took up a newspaper with a look of defiance for all mysterious things in general, and this one in particular.

For a time Sallie stood looking out the window, wondering if quiet was restored, while her mother pretended to be greatly interested in her paper, then several loud hurried knocks startled them both again.

"I declare," exclaimed her mother, starting to her feet, then seeing Sallie was fearful, "Of all silly girls! you better go to bed."

"I don't care," said Sallie; "I don't want to stay here if this keeps up."

"Fiddlesticks! before I'd be frightened by a knocking! Go to bed and behave yourself."

Sallie took her lamp and went to her room. "Believe mother is frightened herself," she muttered; "I wonder what father will say, he is awfully nervous, and if he thinks this is nothing I'm mistaken. I'll wait until he comes."

Drawing her chair to the table, three loud raps made her start up with a "Good gracious!" but at the sound of her father's footsteps she hastened to the door full of interest as to what he would say or do.

"Where are you?" he called.

"Upstairs, father."

"Come to bed early didn't you?" he said, slowly mounting the stairs, and nodding to Sallie in the doorway.

Entering his room and commencing to talk of the

events of the day, he was interrupted by a loud rapping.

"What's that, Martha Ann?"

"Why, it's that old sick cat," mother commenced to explain, but a series of raps interrupted her and brought them both to their feet.

"Cat!" said the old man contemptuously; "that's no cat, and you know it, Martha Ann."

"It's been going on all the afternoon, father," said Sallie, and she told him all she knew about it.

The old man looked disturbed, and mother looked disgusted. Sallie returned to her room, and there was a brief silence, then a loud rap, rap, rap.

"Oh Lord!" exclaimed the old man and there was a creaking of the bed and a rustle of clothes that suggested he had jumped into bed and covered his head up. That made Sallie laugh, but a warning knock near her made her hastily prepare to follow his example; but on lying down such a vigorous knocking commenced that she flew out of bed quicker than she got in.

"Who are you? What do you want?" she cried impatiently. A soft rapping was the only reply, except a groan from father.

That night can never be described. It was filled with rappings above, below, loud raps and soft, exclamations from father, tears and laughter from Sallie. Towards morning the raps ceased for a while, Sallie exhausted had crept into bed and father was beginning a faint snore, when several loud hurried knocks in different parts of the house aroused them again.

"Good Lord!" wailed the old man.

"Oh dear!" wept Sallie.

A few minutes after a light flashed from the brother's window; hurried footsteps crossed the street; the door bell rang, and the brother called, "Mother, come over quickly, Jane is very sick."

Mother was up and gone in a few minutes, followed by several raps.

"Sallie," said the old man, "I guess Jane is going to die."

"I'm afraid so, father."

When daylight began to dawn they were glad to get up. Father went out for a little walk, while Sallie made a glowing fire and nice hot coffee.

Father returned and under the influence of warmth, coffee and company brightened a little.

"Have you heard from Jane?"

"No."

"Sallie, what do you 'spose that knocking is?"

"Mercy knows, father, I don't."

After breakfast Sallie was left alone.

"What shall we do?" she thought, "we'll all be crazy if this continues long, and people will laugh at us and say it is nonsense, but no one can sleep in such a racket. Wonder what the old lady next door thought of it? She came in quite late. Guess I'll go see if I can see her."

So she went to the front door and was just in time to meet the old lady.

"Good morning, Mrs. Sanders, how are you this morning?"

"Shure Miss Sallie I'm not well at all, me head aches, and I haven't slept a wink the blessed night."

"Why, what was the matter?"

"Matter! Shure Miss Sallie yer not after telling me you could sleep with all that rapping going on?"

"Yes, we heard it," said Sallie, too proud to own her fright. "What do you suppose caused it?"

"Why, it's thim pigeons that come over from the bakery."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the roof was covered with asphaltum and gravel, but the wind has blown most of the gravel away, and these warm days the sun softens the asphaltum, so when the pigeons come over their feet sink into it, and as it grows cooler towards night it hardens and holds the cravats fast, and they bate themselves to death trying to escape. It was their wings bating against the roof that you heard."

"Indeed!" said Sallie, and she went into the house filled with self contempt.

Father came to lunch looking downcast. Something in Sallie's face made him stop short with, "Well, what is it?"

Sallie laughing, explained.

"Humph!" said the father; but he asked for two cups of tea and went out whistling like a boy.

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Editor's Note. The following rules govern the publication of matter in this department.

Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to *Comfort*, and every contribution must bear the writer's own name and post office address in full.

Original letters only, which deal with matters of general interest will be published. They must be as brief, plain and correct as the writers can make them and may vary in length from one hundred to four hundred words. Only letters of exceptional merit and interest may reach 550. Contributors must write on one side of their paper only.

Every month a number of prize monograms composed of the writer's initials, will be awarded to those sending the best contributions. These monograms, which will be most desirable ornaments for stationery, cards, etc., will be printed in connection with the respective letters, and new electrotypes of same will be mailed, post paid, to the prize winners.

\$10 CASH PRIZES \$10

In addition to the foregoing, the following cash prizes will be paid monthly:

1st. For the best original letter	\$3.00
2nd. " " second best original letter,	2.50
3rd. " " third " " "	2.00
4th. " " fourth " " "	1.50
5th. " " fifth " " "	1.00

Competitors for these monthly cash prizes must comply with all the above rules, and in addition must bring at least one new cousin into the *COMFORT* circle; that is, they must send one new subscriber with each letter, together with 25 cents for a yearly subscription.

These cash prizes will be announced monthly in this department.

No premiums will be given for subscriptions sent in under this Prize Offer.

All communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.

CASH PRIZE WINNERS.

Charles O. Beach,	\$3.00
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T. S. Arthur,	Maud F. Wade,
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YOU will notice this month that three special prizes have been awarded. This is because of the excellence of three articles. "A White Zone Legend," "Happy Happenings" and "Some Virginia Games," which were a little too long for this corner of ours; and because, too, their writers are well-known cousins from whom you will all be glad to hear once more. Their contributions will be published in another part of the paper, under the titles given. If they are crowded out this month they will appear soon; so be on the lookout for them.

You all, doubtless, read the article printed a few months ago in *COMFORT* about stamp-collecting? Here is some further information from one who evidently knows.

"Would the *COMFORT* cousins enjoy reading a philatelic letter? So vast has the business of collecting, exchanging and disposing of stamps become, that firms in large cities all over the world do nothing else but buy and sell stamps. Collecting them in quantity is carried on largely by branches of the King's Daughters and the Shut-In Society; and millions are sold by them every year to the large stamp firms—the proceeds of which go to the charities of these various organizations. In a recent Philatelist magazine is a list of the various denominations of Columbian stamps amounting to \$2,000,000,000; the total face value of this issue was \$40,077,950. In 1893 there were 1,606,364 registered letters delivered at the New York post-office alone; while the total number of pieces handled during the year was 1,334,943,145, a daily average of 3,659,378. There were sold during the year 244,973,328 postage stamps, 46,432,375 stamped envelopes and 64,165,075 postal cards. The total weight of mails received and despatched was 386 tons. The question is, how many of these stamps will the collectors receive? What becomes of them? Well, some claim that walls are papered with them; others believe that *papier mache* is made of them. The latter idea is absurd, as any kind of stamps are worth much more than their weight in *papier mache*, and instances are rare where walls are papered with postage stamps. The contract for furnishing the postal cards for this country for the next four years began October 1; and between that time and October 1, 1897, the contractors are to furnish Uncle Sam with at least 2,500,000,000 postal cards—enough to furnish every man, woman and child in the country with thirty-eight each. If laid end to end, they would reach around the earth more than eight times. In the printing twenty tons of ink will be used and a carload of paper boxes, besides a carload of timber to pack up the cards set out every month from the factory. One hundred dollars a month is spent for the smallest item of detail, i.e., the paper bands which enclose every bunch of twenty-five. The card is to be two and one-half by five and one-half inches, which will be the only size manufactured after October 1st. The front of the card will bear a likeness of Thomas Jefferson." CHARLES O. BEACH, Box 31, Jerusalem, Ohio.

The next letter contains some useful information about the Aurora Borealis:

"I wonder how many of the cousins have witnessed the lovely Aurora Borealis we have recently been looking at? Various theories explaining it were discussed at the breakfast table this morning. 'Scientific men,' said the head of the household, 'say it is electricity passing out of the earth at the poles, I believe, or something of that kind.' Since then we have been reading up on the subject, and I will try to give a few facts gleaned from a mass of scientific data. The Aurora Borealis is more correctly termed the Aurora Polaris, since it is also visible towards the south pole. It is assumed that the earth, a vast magnet, becomes overcharged with electricity which being dissipated causes the illumination. It is always seen in the direction indicated by the magnetic dipping needle, which is not necessarily due north or

south, as the magnetic poles do not coincide with the geographical poles. The same aurora may be visible over quite a large portion of the earth's surface, one having been seen once by observers in Pennsylvania and at the same time by inhabitants of France. It is also a fact that auroras often occur simultaneously in both northern and southern hemispheres. In northern latitudes the rays of light sometimes diverge from a point above the horizon, thus forming a complete oval. Telegraph wires are sensibly affected during an auroral display, proving its electrical character. Auroras occur with greater frequency during certain recurring periods. But for fear of getting beyond my depth I will close, hoping I have at least suggested an interesting subject of study." MARY B. ALLAN, McMinnville, Tenn.

An American boy or girl who is not interested in the home of George Washington, which is being preserved by the efforts of the women of this country, would be a strange person.

"Mount Vernon is situated in Fairfax County, Virginia, on the Potomac river. It was here the Father of our Country lived, died and was laid to rest. The old mansion is now used as a museum containing numberless mementoes of colonial days. As one approaches for the first time, he recognizes it at once from the many pictures he has seen. The best way to reach Mount Vernon is by steamboat from Washington. After leaving the wharf our attention is first attracted by the tomb and looking through the iron grating two coffins can be seen of solid marble of old-fashioned shape. One contains the remains of Gen. Washington. On the white lid is the flag and shield with 'Washington' carved on the coffin's base. The other contains the dust of Martha Washington his wife. The house is a low-ceiled structure looking eastward, fronted by eight large pillars. At a distance it looks as if built of stone; but it is of wood cut in squares and painted. It is now controlled by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. Several States have furnished a room or corner. Alabama has furnished the east hall, and here hangs Washington's sword which he wore at Braddock's defeat. Other swords are here also, with inscriptions that they would never be unsheathed save in defense of the country. Ohio has furnished the east parlor or music room. Here is the old harpsichord which he presented to Nelly Custis at her marriage. Next is the little round table on which Washington and Lafayette played whist. Washington's flute is also here. The death chamber is furnished by Virginia; it is a small bed room up one flight, with roomy closets. The bedstead is the one on which he died. An old arm chair, Washington's traveling trunk with 1775 and the monogram G. W. engraved on the plate of brass, and a liquor case pre-



sented him by Lord Fairfax when he was a young surveyor, and a chair which stood next the bed while he was dying, are here. Washington's library was on the ground floor and looks out upon the river. Here are his books, pictures, a bust of Lafayette and a picture of Potomac Falls. It was in this library he was notified that he was elected President. Outside is the superintendent's home, the negro quarters and the usual outbuildings of the Virginia planter." ISAAC M. BOND, Tacoma, Va.

"Sometime since," says a new cousin, "in making a trip across the continent from the Pacific coast, I found myself at Yuma, Arizona. There was but one train a day each way, so, although my business could be dispatched in a few hours, I had to stay twenty-four. I had heard that Yuma was terribly hot—but being almost on a level with the sea—but I was not prepared for the heat I experienced. I had business at the County offices and, although the distance was not great, and February just ending, my feet were almost blistered through my shoes. I really believe that sand would have roasted eggs in five minutes. The county buildings were low straggling adobes, and small red ants crawled all over the floors. Yuma is a county of 10,000 square miles—larger than some kingdoms with millions of people. Yuma is mostly desert, but irrigation will yet make it 'blossom as the rose.' I saw great numbers of Apaches clad nearly in the garb of nature, with a liberal allowance of paint laid on in fantastic stripes. Although mingling with the white people freely, they had but a thin veneer of civilization. One old fellow, evidently a warrior, or chieftain of renown, strutted around dressed only in a tunic of dirty white cotton cloth which trailed behind him at great length; and a smoke-colored belt paraded her charms before the young braves in a skirt formed of a campaign banner adorned with portraits of Cleveland and Hendricks. Some very old squaws came across the long bridge over the Colorado, bearing great panniers loaded with mesquite wood—only one-fourth of a cord—which they peddled about town. Toward evening I crossed the river, which is quite different from the Colorado of the Canons further north, and ascended the flinty hill occupied by old Fort Yuma, a collection of quaint-looking 'dobs' now used by the Sisters who are instructing a large number of Indian girls. At the foot of this hill is the old military cemetery. It affected me deeply to read on the discolored tombstones, half-buried by the foundations of the Colorado, the names of soldiers, many of whom had died in this desolate region in the fifties, soon after the cession of the territory by Mexico. I made my way back through the mesquite thickets to the bridge. On these flats the Apaches burrow, like wood chucks. I could hear them in all directions as the twilight deepened; and I hurried across, my polite salutations to the home-going, dusky pedestrians not being very encouragingly returned. The night at Yuma was delightful. Cool, still, balmy, the subdued hum of voices blending musically; and the moon a revelation of glory, flooding the pure air." JOHN R. BENSON, Mount Morris, Genesee Co., Mich.

Here is an instructive letter about the Russian Thistle, the most destructive weed that ever grew in this country.

"A few years ago it was only found in the southeastern part of Russia and from that place it was imported to Bon Homme Co., S. Dakota, mixed with flaxseed, about 1873. It is an annual, and when full grown reaches the height of three feet, with a root one-half inch in diameter and twelve inches long. Its leaves are soft and juicy in the spring, but after July they drop off and the entire plant is covered with sharp spines or thorns one-half long and one-half inch apart. Where the spines join the vine is a brown kernel which has a winged blossom and contains over 200,000 tiny seeds each. The thistle goes to seed about the fifteenth of August and then breaks loose from the root and the wind sows the seed for the next year's crop. In order to plow in the fall, the farmers use leather boots to protect their horses' feet otherwise they would be cut raw in the wheat, rye, and barley are injured 20 per cent the second year it appears in the field, but oats and millet have an even chance. It is now spreading at the rate of fifteen miles per year and covers an area of nearly 70,000 square miles, and Congress has been petitioned to look into the matter of extermination. It has caused a loss of over \$4,750,000. So if the Russian thistle is not exterminated it will render the most valuable lands useless throughout the continent." EARLE F. WILSON, Box 818, Eau Claire, Wis.

This seems to be truly an alarming state of affairs. Here is a rather amusing story from North Carolina:

"The great August storm of last year which swept

the coast of South Carolina, not only left nearly thirty thousand negroes without shelter or food, but nearly completed the extinction of the alligator. One of the last of the Patriarchal stock took refuge, during the tidal wave storm, on the roof of a floating cabin; it was already occupied by Uncle Joe Jenkins and Aunt Sally and their family.

They lived on a Combahee plantation, and when the water first reached up to the floor of their cabin, Uncle Joe moved his family into the loft, very near the rafters and shingles. The water continued to rise and soon reached their perch; and having knocked a hole through the top, Uncle Joe crawled with his family on the roof, just as the undulating gave way, and the whole fabric went floating off towards higher land in the swamp. In a few minutes a large alligator pulled himself up on the roof, and with a knowing glance at the negro family, made himself comfortable amid the howling tempest of thunder and wind. Uncle Joe saw that his cabin would soon be hurled against a projection of the high ground in sight, and said: 'I see um done broke up; an' he mos' ginerly allers do sink inter de infernal regions.' He took one of the ropes by which the family had escaped below, and made a lasso. Just before the cabin struck, he skillfully threw the loop over the beast's head, and revily drew it tight around his neck. He had already tied his wife and children together, except the baby, which was held in its mother's arms. Just as the cabin touched the projection and was falling to pieces, the alligator struck out for the nearest land, and by the assistance of the alligator and his own swimming, Uncle Joe got his family safely on shore. But in the effort one of the girls became entangled in brambles vines, and Uncle Joe called his wife to assist. Without a thought of danger she laid the baby on the ground and went to assist her daughter; as she started to return she saw the alligator moving off with the baby in its great jaws. With the shout of a demon and the leap of a tiger, she sprang forward and alighted astride of the alligator's back, seizing the lasso with such force that he was choked and let the baby fall, just as Uncle Joe reached the spot. They saved the baby, and the family lived on alligator." T. S. ARTHUR, Bryson City, N. C.

Who has not read that lovely poem "Beautiful Hands"? I am sure you will appreciate this old story newly told:

"Many years ago a ruler issued an edict ordering all the women of his dominion to pass in single file before his throne, when the one who had the most beautiful hands should receive a handsome prize. The day arrived and with it the women. As they passed by the throne all kinds of hands were displayed, some lovely in shape, others bony; some beautifully white, soft and delicate, others rough, black and coarse; some glittering with jewels, others whose only ornaments were the scars and marks of hard work and exposure. But the most noticeable pair was enclosed in black gloves and owned by a timid, shrinking woman clad in the same sombre hue. When the last one passed out, this timid one was ordered to return. She came in trembling with fear, as she met his angry eye. 'How dare you come into my presence with gloved hands?' said he. 'My lord,' said she, falling upon her knees and nervously clasping the offending members. 'Several years ago I was left a widow with children to support, and when I looked upon their pinched faces and thought of the scanty larder, I cried in my grief, 'What shall I do?' A voice came to me, and in sweet soothing tones said, 'Whatever your hands find to do, do it with all your might.' This comforted me, and I arose from my knees and obeyed the command, and you see,' said she, drawing her glove and holding a hand delicately formed but roughened and browned by toil, they found plenty to do. Your orders were I must obey. I knew I could not win the prize; I shrank from the jeers and taunts of the more fortunate and wore my gloves. Will my lord forgive?' 'You are forgiven,' said he with tears in his eyes, and with a wave of the hand she was dismissed. And the prize was awarded to her, 'for,' said he, 'a hand darkened by toil for others is more beautiful than one whitened by idleness, and there is nothing so lovely as a pure, unselfish heart.' Now, dear readers, was that a just awarding? Yet how many are willing to spoil the dainty jeweled fingers to be of help to others, and each answer for himself." L. E. BUFFINGTON, Parkersburg, West Va.

Here is an entertaining fact for you: "Ginseng is a plant very much esteemed by the Chinese for its medicinal virtues. The name is of Chinese origin and means life of man. So highly are the virtues of the root esteemed that at one time it is said to have sold for seven times its weight in silver; and it has often been exchanged for its weight in that precious metal. Now this belief in the extraordinary merits of ginseng as a medicine may or may not be a delusion, but man a boy this part of Indiana is dependent upon it as a means for earning most of his pocket money. 'Sang,' as it is called, grows wild in the woods. It takes about five pounds of green 'sang' to make one pound when dried. It sells usually at from \$2 to \$2.50 per pound, and an industrious boy can dig four or five pounds of green roots in a day, so if he works hard he can make good wages. Entering the woods the experienced sang hunter looks upon every side, not allowing the least shrub or plant to escape his notice. When he has dug all he can carry, he returns home empties his pockets or his 'sang poke' into a basin of water, and washes every root perfectly clean. It is then strung with needle and thread on long strings and placed in the sunshine to dry. As soon as dry it is ready for market." BRUCE FRANTZ, Palmyra, Indiana.

Following this, let us read of another strange plant:

"Chestnut Ridge is perhaps one of the richest and most interesting places in Pennsylvania, full of natural curiosities and queer plants. Doubtless there are a great many of the *COMFORT* cousins that never saw the Witch plant, and for the benefit of such I will give a plain illustration of the root which grows on this mountain. It was thought by the Indians that no evil could come to the possessor of this root. All the roots maintain the form of a human being, and are covered with thread-like fibres resembling hair. There are also natural caves in this mountain which have never been fully explored. On going in a certain distance (about 200 or 300 yards) your light is suddenly blown out by some unknown cause, and you are left in the dark to find your way out as best you can. A certain Indian chief, who lived in this mountain before the war, told an old settler about a cave in this mountain containing many bars of gold and silver, and the necessary tools for converting it into jewelry and trinkets. He told the locality in which the cave was situated, but the entrance was closed with large stones or rocks, and his obscure outline did not lead to the discovery of the cave. Another queer discovery was made in this same place by a cooper who was cutting hoop poles, when he accidentally dropped his hatchet, and to his surprise it had cut into a rock of solid lead." N. B. ACKERMAN, Lyeippus, Pa.

The next cousin has an old Massachusetts tradition to relate:

"Among the interesting events which took place during the War of 1812 was one proving there were heroines as well as heroes those days. On a point of land off Scituate, Mass., called 'Light House Point,' lived the Bates family, consisting of the father, mother and two daughters, whose duty it was to keep the light burning at night. The two girls, Rebecca and Abbie, are known in history as the

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J. P. New. Toml

A black and white illustration showing a man on a horse galloping towards the right. The man is wearing a hat and a long coat, and is holding a long staff or spear. In the background, there is a large stone archway or gate. The scene is set in a landscape with some trees and a path.

the neighborhood of such di-
supernatural origin and spe-
devils, on account of the f-
evil way in which they flit a-
surface.

These phenomena occur most often in dry and sultry weather. A spot of ground becomes excessively heated, which causes the air above it to ascend. This occasions an influx of the atmosphere from all sides, but unequally, the result being a grating motion visible in the sand or dust raised in the air. In other words, a sort of natural chimney is created, through which there is a constant upward draft. Thirty or forty feet high, perhaps there may not be enough air to wash the sand along, but at the center of the dust pillar, there is heard a rushing and

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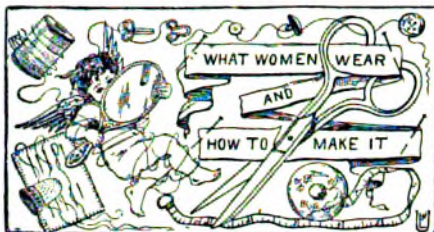
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JUNE is the month for weddings everywhere, and an especially appropriate one, too. The goddess that, in old times, was supposed to watch over June was Juno; who was the patron saint, so to speak, of matrimonial events, so that from time immemorial, June has been the month of months for weddings.

As COMFORT will go into many homes where fair young girls are getting ready to be transformed into June brides, we give this month a picture of the "Comfort June Bride"; who, as you see, is still keeps within the bounds of reason and common sense. Her gown, while it is cut with a train, is not ridiculously long, so as to need several small boys to walk behind and carry it for her. This especial girl chose a soft white silk for her wedding gown, and although she has plenty of money, she refused to have a "Paris-made" gown, but chose instead to have it made by a good American dressmaker. "America is good enough for her," she says. This waist as you see, is cut high in the neck and trimmed over the shoulders with deep point lace, and she carries a bouquet of pure white roses. Her veil is of simple white illusion, long and full.

Any COMFORT girl who has a bridal outfit to provide for could easily copy this. A plain white silk need not be very expensive; and silk is much more dainty and appropriate than satin, for a wedding gown, as the latter is too stiff and shiny and ungraceful. If something yet simpler than a plain surah or china silk is desired, soft white nun's veiling or Henrietta will make up very satisfactorily. Any kind of white lace or embroidery will do for the corsage trimming; and five or six yards of fine white illusion should be provided for the veil, as two widths are needed. For a bouquet roses or lilies of the valley are the most popular, and a bride generally carries flowers of some sort in her hand. Sometimes, however, she chooses to carry a prayer-book instead. Either orange blossoms or lilies of the valley may be worn in the hair.

The bride's traveling outfit is quite as important as her wedding robe. Let her choose something modest and inconspicuous, and not allow herself to be persuaded into getting unserviceable goods either in colors or material. A quiet gray, or better yet one of the shades of tan, makes up well into a lady-like and stylish traveling costume. For some reason a bridal couple are always singled out as such by everybody on the train, when they are on a wedding tour, consequently the bride should avoid anything that will stamp her as such; for she will find herself the object of a good deal of scrutiny at the best. A tan-colored costume of Henrietta or other plain goods, made with a plain gored skirt, and a half-length jacket, cut flaring at the bottom and with a becoming vest will be pretty for such girls as tan is becoming to; and a soft gray, not too light, will generally become those who do not look well in tan.

The mignonette hat shown in the accompanying cut is actually worn by a bride and is as sweet and modest as she is herself. This one is of dark fancy straw, trimmed with soft pearl ribbon, and has a bunch of mignonette standing up at the front. If one has a tan-colored suit, a brown straw with tan colored ribbons and a bunch of mignonette or of violets would be extremely proper.

Of course one's gloves, and if tan is worn, one's boots, should match the rest of the costume.

The kind and amount of underwear which a prospective bride lays in stock is also to be considered. In our mothers' days girls were set at work as soon as they had fairly blossomed into womanhood—sometimes almost before—making up cotton and linen into chemises, night gowns, drawers and skirts, against the time they should be married. They were made to crochet yards and yards of lace, to edge them with, and to embroider, even, that they might have several dozen of every kind of garment to lay away and grow yellow before they were ever worn. Sometimes these garments

laid in scented chests and bureau drawers for many years before they were ever used and at last had grown out of style and the owner had grown out of them.

Nowadays, however, we have more sensible ways. To begin with, chemises have long ago been discarded, except by elderly or very conservative ladies, the modern jersey or silk underwear and the corset-cover taking their place. Again, materials—both the cloth and the trimmings—have become much cheaper than formerly, and it does not seem necessary or wise to lay in such a stock as women of twenty years ago thought they must have. It is not advisable nowadays, to buy up for future possible wear garments one does not need, or will not need for several years to come. Styles change materially, in these modern times, from year to year; and with all the improvements in hygienic underwear that are constantly coming in, it is not wise for a young bride to burden herself with underclothes which she will very likely outgrow and will certainly want to discard before she ever gets to wearing them.

June is the month for Commencements, also, and for the benefit of the young girls who read COMFORT, a few words should be said in regard to commencement gowns. White is, of course, far the most suitable for these dresses. Don't imagine a white dress is an extravagance. It is never so for a young woman, because there are so many places where a white gown is the prettiest of anything to wear. The economist who looks upon white as an extravagance because not suited to many other occasions is advised that if a soft wool be chosen, or a simple lawn or dotted Swiss, it can be worn all summer for church and little visits. White dotted or book muslin is always

The ruffled blouse is a novelty, and simply represents a blouse waist of the usual form, but covered with four tiny ruffles on the shoulders, and with four more standing out about the waist, and the sleeves have two turned-back ruffles at the wrist.

The bow-knot is the latest thing in hair dressing; it is set up high on the top of the head and stuck through with a tortoise-shell dagger. Jackets of the latest cut are shorter and not quite so full in the skirt. Black is the most useful color, but a fawn colored coat with black moire vest can be worn over almost any dress. Cutaway jackets to be worn over vests



A MIGNONETTE HAT.

of tan, reseda and red are again popular with tailor-made gowns.

For summer wear nothing looks daintier than a neat dimity dress. These dimities come this season mostly in tinted grounds, although

white grounds will be extensively worn. Satin baby ribbon, and ruffles of fine tinted linen lawn, edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, are some of the materials employed as trimmings. The blazer is a feature of the spring season, and it is made of fine twilled serge, with revers and sleeves of moire antique. This spring's blazer is short in the back, falling only ten inches below the waist, but longer in front.

Round waists made of vertical rows of insertion, or open work mohair braid, under which a contrasting color is displayed, are now stylish.

Fichus are as fashionable as ever, and the styles are varied and pretty.

A heavy cord is an excellent finish for the bottom of dresses, as it prevents wear on the material.

The very lightest shades in gloves will be worn for street; mode, pale yellows and tans.

Belts and collars of jet are now fashionable.

A short, stout woman should never wear a belt or girdle, or short waist, or basque, or any garment which makes a break or straight line at the waist all the way around. In fact, as I have always maintained in these columns, every woman should study her own figure and general style, and then use her common sense.

QUEER BUT TRUE.

London has 70,000 street lamps.

London's population is 4,231,421.

Envelopes were invented in 1839.

They used to tax beards in Europe.

There are 48 distinct diseases of the eye.

We raised 5,000,000 bushels of peanuts last year.

They have professional trunk-packers in London.

There are nearly 50,000 hotels in the United States.

A Georgia man has a cat with eight well-formed legs.

There are 219,270 houses in France without windows.

Artificial flowers were invented by nuns in the 18th century.

21,000 people are employed at the Krupp Gun Works in Germany.

Three and one-half per cent of English soldiers cannot read or write.

Georgia exports over a million dollars worth of water-melons a year.

It is estimated that 2,000 vessels and 12,000 lives are lost at sea every year.

The largest check ever drawn was on the Bank of England, for 5,333,650 pounds.

The Japanese and Koreans hitch their horses by tying their forefeet together.

A bar of steel costing \$1 may be worked up into watch springs worth \$250,000.

There are 4,500 species of wild bees, 3,200 of them being natives of this hemisphere.

Iron ore veins from five to twenty-two feet thick have been discovered in Nova Scotia.

A pumice-stone mine has been found 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, on Tenerife Mountain.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Oatmeal is good to rub silver-ware with.

Melted beeswax and sweet oil mixed to form a salve is excellent for burns.

A dish of vinegar kept on the stove while cabbage is boiling counteracts the odor.

A tablespoonful of sugar sifted over pies before baking, improves them wonderfully.

Sweet oil rubbed on to finger marks on furniture and then wiped off removes all traces of them.

Before making up new flannel, soak it in cold and then in hot water, and it will not, it is said, shrink afterwards.

A rag wet with kerosene well rubbed on the mechanical parts of a sewing machine, will remove gum and dirt.

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FARMING FOR PEANUTS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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FARMING for peanuts is an industry with a future. Already it has multiplied by five the value of the tracts of land in Virginia and Tennessee. The crop in those two States is worth \$3,000,000 a year to the producers. They get about a bushel for it, that price allowing a profit of 50 to 60 cents. An acre of good land will yield 50 to 60 bushels, signifying a clear gain of \$30 to \$40 per acre. In fact, it may be said that peanuts bring in more money for the acreage planted than any other farm crop, except perhaps tobacco, hay and corn.

Recent foreign advice that peanuts are to be adopted as part of the ration for the army and navy of Germany. For this purpose their cheapness and nutritious properties recommend them. Scientists men over there have been experimenting with them and have found that a pound of peanut meal, which contains 4 cents, is equal in nourishing power to 3 pounds of beef. The meal contains just about twice as much nutriment as peas and beans, quantity for quantity. It is an ideal anti-fat diet, owing to its very small proportion of sugar and starch.

In Europe enormous quantities of peanuts, made brought from Africa, are pressed for oil. The cake left is used as an adulterant for olive oil, while the poorer part of the product serves in the manufacture of cheap soaps. The residue, after the oil has been expressed, is called "cake" and is utilized as forage for cattle and horses. But the German chemists have discovered that this cake affords a food-stuff in every way suitable for human beings. So they have prepared from it what they call peanut meal; also peanut flour and peanut gum. The grits is the coarse stuff dried and purified. It is intended for making soups and cakes. The fine is ground and bolted. These new foods were tried by the patients in a great hospital. A few of them do not like the food-stuff, but the great majority found it palatable. All thrived on it. Thorough cooking is absolutely necessary. Peanuts eaten raw or even roasted in the ordinary fashion are wholly indigestible. They pass through the body almost unaltered by the digestive fluids. Properly treated in the kitchen, however, they become easy to digest.

So it appears that from the cake, which is almost a waste product, obtainable in unlimited quantities at a nominal price, may be obtained a highly-concentrated food that combines wholesomeness with cheapness. This is a discovery of great importance in Europe, where millions of people are always close to famine. The adoption of peanuts into the dietary of the German army and navy would have tendency to popularize them for table use. Should the taste spread, a boom would be given to the cultivation of this interesting vegetable here as well as abroad.

So far as the production of oil is concerned, American peanuts are not likely to rival those produced in Africa. The latter are more rich in oil than ours. They are hulled before being shipped. Most of them pass into France through the port of Marseilles. Some of the oil obtained by grinding and pressing the kernels is utilized as an ingredient of oleomargarine. The "cake" sells for \$30 a ton. In Germany the shells, which make up about 26 per cent of the total weight, are employed as material for a kind of paper. The best peanut oil costs only \$1 a gallon.

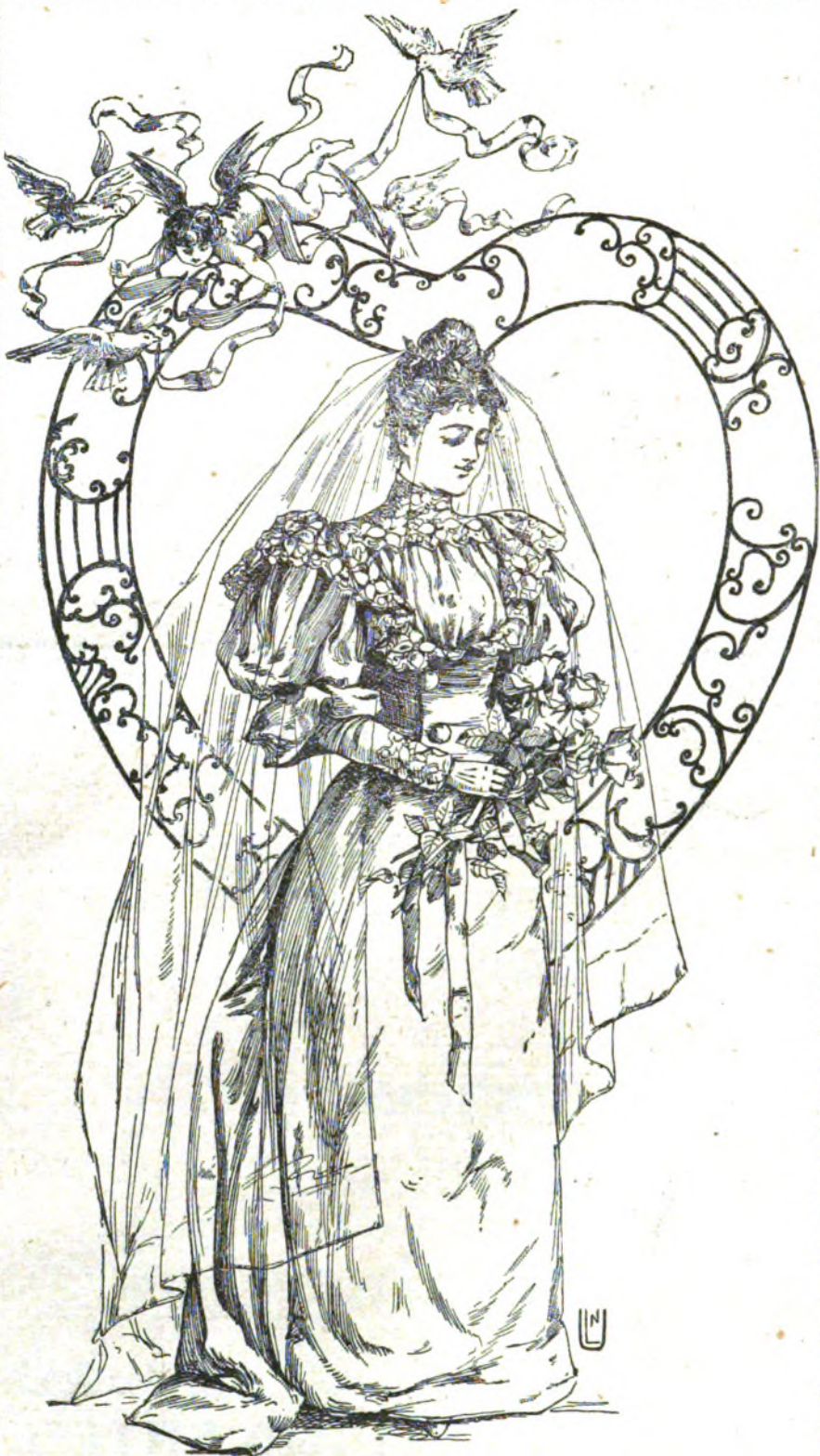
Peanuts require a loose soil, warm and well drained. It must contain lime, or else lime must be added by the farmer. The land is prepared early in the spring and should be thoroughly pulverized just before planting. The planting is done about May 1. The field is checked off in rows about 30 inches apart, and at each intersection of the rows two kernels, carefully hulled so as not to break the inner skin, are set at a depth of 2 inches and covered. In Virginia an implement used for this purpose is a sharp-edged pole, 2 inches from the end of which is fixed a piece of plank. This is jabbed into the earth, and into the hole thus made the seeds are dropped.

The nuts are harvested soon after the first frost by running a plow under the vines to cut the roots. Then the vines with the pods are lifted out of the soil with a fork, and the dirt having been shaken off them, they are permitted to lie on the ground in the sun for half a day. When wilted, they are stacked loosely around a pole 7 feet high and capped with hay or straw. At the end of 4 weeks the nuts are picked off the vines by women and children. Before being sent to market they are cleaned in a long cylinder with slatted sides. When all have been gathered from the field, hogs are turned in to graze. Peanuts fatten pigs very quickly. The hay is excellent for cattle, especially cows, making a rich milk. In Tennessee two kinds of peanuts are produced—red and white, the difference of color being in the skin that covers the kernel. The red is more prolific and matures earlier than the white, with fewer imperfect pods; but it fetches 25 cents a bushel less, the flavor being inferior. In the South peanuts are variously known as "goobers," "goober peas," "ground-peas," "ground nuts," and "peanders." Peanuts are now a recognized article of commerce and are quoted each day on "change" in many cities.

The best peanuts come from Virginia, which produces 3,000,000 bushels annually. Tennessee is next with 600,000 bushels. Norfolk is the greatest market for this kind of produce. Big factories there are employed in rendering marketable the nuts sent in by the farmers. They are winnowed and screened to cleanse them. Then they are sorted, on the head ones being picked out by girls standing on the head ones revolving belts upon which they are thrown. Finally, they are packed in bags and shipped to jobbers in the cities.

Of course, the peanut is not a nut at all. It is a sort of pea. The blossom puts forth a little appendage which makes its way into the moist earth and swells below ground into a pod containing from one to four kernels. Roasted peanuts are used to some extent for adulterating chocolate.

Read on editorial page of this issue of COMFORT. "How a would-be suicide became a happy, prosperous, married woman."

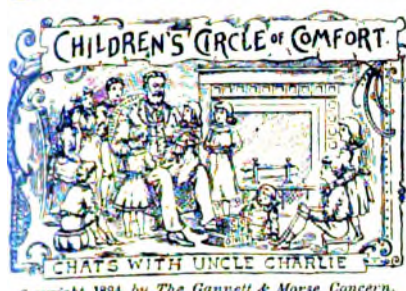


A JUNE BRIDE.

pretty, and is serviceable because it can be easily laundered at home, and always look fresh as long as a bit of it lasts. In wools nothing is prettier than crepons, and nun's-veillings. The skirts of these may be perfectly plain, or trimmed with rows of satin or moire ribbon; a single narrow ruche or a ruffle of ribbon directly on the bottom, and a ruche of white surah cut bias and frayed on the edges, are other simple and effective trimmings. The round bodices for such gowns are slightly full over a fitted lining and have vertical rows of lace insertion or ribbon with full ruffles falling over the sleeve-puffs. Sometimes they are made with yokes and have full berthas of lace or ribbon-trimmed ruffles. The waist is girdled with ribbons, carelessly folded, and tied in odd, squarish bows in front, or in the back, and may have long sash ends or not, according to fancy. With a white gown of this kind a young girl is ready for any sort of afternoon entertainment all summer, or any kind of evening affair for the next year.

The following fashion hints will be appreciated by all.

Tan, in all shades, is still a favorite color. Some of the tan cloths and fancy heather mixtures which include the tan shades, are made up with trimmings of green velvet shot with dead leaf brown.



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HAVE you ever heard, children, how the Chinese train the cormorant to catch fish for the market? Don't you know what a cormorant is? And have you ever heard a hearty eater described as a person with an appetite like a cormorant?

Well, it is a web-footed bird about two feet high, with a big, flat, strong beak. He lives along the sea coasts of Europe, Asia and some parts of America, and lives on fish. His appetite is never satisfied and when he has swallowed all the fish he can hold he keeps right on catching them. So the Chinese tame him; and after he has caught and eaten fish until he cannot swallow any more, they take them from his beak for the market. In this way he makes a valuable fishing companion for hours. How would you like to go fishing that way? All you would have to do would be to take fish from his mouth and drop them into a pail or basket. I think that would be a delightful way for a lazy man to go fishing.

As this is one of the months when small boys, and even small girls, like nothing better than to go fishing in some convenient stream, I am going to tell you about some queer fish. I can remember, when I was little, of going into the meadow one day and fishing in the little brook which ran quietly on its way to the nearest river. In those days it wasn't so easy as now to get fish-hooks, and only the children of the very rich could have them in country places. But the young person who grew up to be "Uncle Charlie" to a million boys and girls, was just as well contented with a bent pin fastened to the end of a stout string, with a common stone for a sinker; and the minnows and shiners used to bite at the angle worms which had been cruelly impaled on a bent pin, just as quick as they would if a patent fish-hook with all the modern improvements had been behind it. And I am sure you won't laugh—at least not many of you—when I tell you that the very first fish I ever caught wasn't a fish at all but a common little brown toad that I suppose was peacefully sitting close to the edge of the brooklet, and happening to see a fat worm dangling close to his nose made a grab for it, and was quickly pulled out from his secluded bower. However, he was not more astonished than the youthful person who had so taken him by surprise; and he was soon allowed to go in peace, a sadder but wiser toad.

And this leads me up to some queer fish I was going to tell you about—and suggests the toad-fish as the first to be considered. They are not pretty fish to look at. They are called toad-fish because they are brown and spotted like their namesakes. They have sharp spines on their heads and fins, and if molested use them to make serious bleeding wounds; although if they are left alone, they are not at all quarrel-

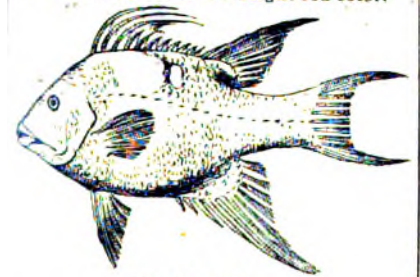


A TOAD-FISH.

some. They live along our coasts from Cape Cod to the Gulf of Mexico; and in the last-named waters they grow quite large. They have the faculty of changing their color or shade from light to dark, according to the place they are in.

They eat small fishes, crabs and shrimps. A toad-fish loves to bury itself among the eel-grass at the bottom of water that is only a few inches deep and get partially under a stone. Then he stays there peering out, very much as a dog looks out of his kennel; at the slightest alarm it draws out of sight, but he is really watching for his prey. And when some poor, unwary crab or shrimp comes carelessly along, the first thing he knows he has gone to make a dinner for the toad-fish. Then again the mother fish chooses just such a place to deposit her eggs, staying by them for days until they are hatched out. The toad-fish is not generally eaten; although scientific men have tried it as an experiment and find its meat rather delicate and nourishing. But he is not a very inviting looking customer, is he?

Then there are several kinds of "parrot-fishes" called so because of their brilliant colors. There is a red-fish in California that belongs to this species, and another around Florida called the hog-fish. Shouldn't you think they might find a more attractive name for it? He is eaten at Key West and proves very good. He grows to anywhere from four to fifteen pounds. He is a favorite food-fish in Cuba, although the sale of the hog-fish is forbidden by law because he is considered poisonous. He is called by that name because his head and snout are supposed to resemble those of a hog, although he is of a bright red color.



THE HOG-FISH.

Who of you ever saw a skate? Not a steel one such as you skim over the ice with but the kind of fish known as a skate?

There is a kind known as the barn-door skate, not because you could skate on a barn-door if you had on a pair of him, but because of its motion in swimming swiftly around the bottom.

Again there is another queer fish called the "Johnny Grindie." He lives in fresh-water lakes and rivers. They have tremendous great mouths—so large, in fact, that when a family of little ones get frightened at play, the mother just opens her mouth, the children all rush in, and she swims away to a place of safety with them!

Then there is a silver moon fish, called in the Chesapeake region the "Look-down." But the queerest of all is the flying fish. They are usually seen quite a distance out at sea, but sometimes fly on board passing vessels. The California flying fish is sometimes eighteen



A FLYING FISH.

inches long, but is quite thin and slender, its fins resembling wings. It sometimes flies a quarter of a mile although it does not rise, usually, more than three or four feet above the water. But although it has fin-like wings, it propels itself largely by the motion of its powerful tail. A first cousin of the flying fish is the "skip-jack" which, although it cannot fly very far at a time "skips" over the surface of the water at a pretty good rate; especially do they do this when they are chased by the porpoise or the tunny—much larger fish which eat the poor skip-jacks when they can catch them.

I suppose there are not many boys—or girls either—who have not seen an eel, since they are to be found both in fresh and salt water. A great many strange stories have been told of eels, ever since the first books were printed. The ancients used to believe that they could come out of the water and travel across the land like snakes; but I don't believe anybody ever saw one do it. But a scientific work tells



THE SPINY-BACK EEL.

us that a live and active eel was dug from the soil, five feet deep at Exeter, N. H., in 1870, some distance back from the seashore, and that it was active and healthy. A spiny-back eel has a row of saw-teeth along its back that makes it anything but a desirable pet; and that makes me think of the "sting-ray," which lives half hidden in the mud at the bottom of some pool, and has a sharp, hard point, just like a big steel needle, in its tail; and whenever the small boy wades too near him, up comes that sting and pierces his flesh like a stiletto. A great many of you know him by experience. Horrid, isn't he?

Really, though, there is nothing more interesting than the jelly-fishes, which although they are a cross between sea-plants and fishes, and are the lowest form of animal life in the water, are nearly always pretty and always harmless. As I have told you before, however, they do really live and breathe, and which is more than the plants do, they move from place to place. It is only by this last attribute that they can be distinguished from growing marine plants. Nobody objects to them except an occasional fisherman whose nets sometimes get so clogged up with jelly-fish as to become practically useless. But when seen floating in the water a sunny day, they are really beautiful and often reflect all the colors of the rainbow.

Now I am sure, after this long talk on fishes, you will keep your eyes open and when you go fishing this summer you will endeavor to learn all you can, not only about the particular kinds you catch but about all other varieties as well. How do you enjoy being a member of our Naturalist's Club? Have you got up a club yet, and sent for that volume on Natural History offered as a premium to Comfort? If you haven't you ought to; because there you will find not only the most instructive but the most entertaining and amusing talks about animals and their habits.

UNCLE CHARLIE.

"33" NEW GAME to pass away many an hour. Very interesting for old and young. 10c. by mail. **MANHATTAN TOY CO., 88 Walker St., N.Y.**

MY ELECTRIC BELT SENT ON TRIAL FREE Give size. Dr. Judd, Detroit, Mich. Want agts.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN. Light honorable employment at home, will pay \$20 to \$40 per week. write us. **MATTOON & CO., OSWEGO, N. Y.**

\$5. Per 1000 PAID. For distributing circulars from house to house. Good men wanted to work for us. WE PAY CASH. Have NOTHING TO SELL. Enclose stamp and give reference. **U. S. Mutual Advertising Association, Chicago, Ill.**

DAVID KILLED GOLIATH WITH A **CATAPULT OR POCKET GUN.**

So the idea is old but a perfect modern sling at this price has not been made before. This has great force and strength. Made of a solid piece of rubber, with cup to hold the projectile. Requires no powder, no caps; is neatly finished, durable, and can be carried in the pocket, as it weighs only three ounces. Will shoot shot or bullets with accuracy and force, and with a little practice will kill birds on the wing or bring down a squirrel from the highest tree. It is the best thing out for taxidermists, as it will kill without spoiling game and makes no report. A boy can have more genuine pleasure in a day with a Catapult than with anything else made. The loop, strap, pocket and pulling tip are all moulded in one solid piece of the best kind of rubber. Enclose 15 cents for a three months subscription to "Comfort" and we send one free, postpaid. Boys make money selling them. One dozen sent for \$1.00. Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

AGENTS TEN THOUSAND TONGUES THEY TELL THE TRUTH FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

Of the many thousand voluntary letters we are receiving and which are open to public inspection, we here publish a few.

They come from living witnesses.

They are Nineteenth Century facts.

Every one can make a trial of our wonderful article which has been enthusiastically proclaimed "a greater discovery than electricity," and as a trial means relief and cure, the sooner the weak and weary and hopeless, make such trial, the sooner will they find strength, vigor and happiness.

Could Hardly Get About. One year ago I was so weak and nervous that I could hardly get about, but after using Oxiene a complete change has come over my whole system, and now I feel like a new man. **HON. D. L. HICKS, Maysville, Jones Co., N. C.**

Four Doctors Failed. My nervous system was all run down, and after trying four eminent doctors, and spending over one hundred dollars without relief, I bought a box of Oxiene of your agent and now feel like a new woman. Have gained twenty-five pounds. I believe if it had not been for Oxiene I would have been in my grave. **MRS. MATILDA WHITTAKER, Gosport, Ind.**

I am Satisfied. A year ago, when my wife had nervous prostration, she took Oxiene, with very satisfactory results. At that time I carefully investigated the article and even went through the factory where it is prepared, and observed the process from beginning to end. I am satisfied that the ingredients are harmless and that the compound has a tonic and strengthening effect, such as is especially desirable in cases of nervous prostration and general debility. **A. M. GODDARD, City Solicitor, Augusta, Maine.**

I Could not Walk. Before taking Oxiene I was so weak and nervous I could not walk across the room. My husband says he noticed my improvement the first day. I am now completely cured. I trust you will publish this testimonial, as we speak very highly of Oxiene. **Mrs. N. E. MAPLE, Cobbin, Kansas.**

I Bless the Day. I was pronounced incurable by the medical profession here, having been down with nervous prostration for months. I bless the day I learned of the Wonderful Food for the Nerves. Since I recovered my strength from using it, I am going about among the sick for seventy-five miles selling it, together with Oxiene Plasters. It is doing a great work. **W. H. SPEER, Coal Mt., Forsythe, Ga.**

Not Able to Go Out. Oxiene has been a godsend to me. I was nervously prostrated, unable to go out. I now eat heartily, and am so strong that I go about all over my farm. **Rev. J. H. SALLER, late Capt. Co. B., 16th Cavalry, Thomfield, Mo.**

Crazed with Pain. One lady here says it is a godsend to her, having cured Neuralgia which she was nearly crazy with. I myself suffered with severe pains in my head, chest, and all over my body, but do not now have even a small pain anywhere. **Mrs. MARY C. CALL, Farley, Mass.**

Suffered Thirty Years. For 30 years I have been troubled with Neuralgia, Nervous Prostration, Heart Failure, and Stomach trouble, being hardly ever free from pain. Having derived no benefit from local or foreign doctors, my son advised Oxiene. The very first dose helped me. No words can express my joy at my relief. **Mrs. CATHERINE THOMPSON, Dakota, Iowa.**

Great Relief. Alta I. Bowen, of San Bernardino, Cal., writes: "I suffered terribly for many years with Neuralgia. I had tried doctors and patent medicines, getting no relief. Oxiene was recommended to me, and I gave it a trial. I must say it has given me great relief."

Surprised at My Recovery. I have been troubled with Neuralgia of the Head, and Throat Trouble for years past. Oxiene has completely cured me, and I feel like a new man. All my friends are surprised at my recovery. I know that Oxiene is a godsend to the sick and suffering, and am anxious to have every one know of its wonderful cures. **S. G. FORD, Auctioneer, Ellis House, Schenectady, N. Y.**

An Excellent Remedy. Please send me Oxiene by return mail. I have used your Wonderful Food for the Nerves for sick headache, and find it an excellent remedy. **WILMOT EVERETT, Athol, Mass.**

The Only Relief. I have been a sufferer from sick headaches for the past four or five years, and tried many different kinds of medicines without relief until I took Oxiene. After using about twenty-five tablets of this Wonderful Food for the Nerves, the headache left me. I only wish that all people who have been troubled as I have been would try Oxiene. **Mrs. SALLY EDWARDS, New Benton, Pa.**

Nearly Crazed. I feel like shouting praises for Oxiene. I had a severe pain in my head which made me feel sick all over. I was nearly crazed all the time. I tried everything, but could not obtain relief until Oxiene was offered me by your agent here. I now feel like a new person. It certainly does more than you claim for it. **Mrs. MARY A. HIGHT, Axtell, Kansas.**

Work All Day. There was no comfort in life for my daughter before taking Oxiene. I was so weak I could hardly get one foot beneath me. I also had severe pains in my head, and could do no work. It is now a pleasure for me to work all day. **Mrs. B. J. LORD, Wiskansa, N. Y.**

Oxiene Cured Them. I have suffered fearfully from nervous headache. Oxiene has been the one thing that has cured them. **Miss EDNA BURDICK, Clinton, Iowa.**

Untold Agony. I have been an invalid for the past 10 years, having suffered untold agony with Dyspepsia, Catarrh, and Heart Trouble. For about a year I could not lay on my left side, and doctors and medicines gave me no relief. After taking Oxiene, I immediately felt much better. I can now sleep, and am gaining strength every day. **LUCY A. DAVIS, Cornish, Ind. Terr.**

All Else Failed. For years I have suffered with Indigestion and Nervous Debility, and have spent hundreds of dollars trying to effect a cure. Your Wonderful Food for the Nerves has at last accomplished it. I can now do anything without distress, and feel well and strong. **Mrs. HIRSH ANGEL, Beecher, Ill.**

Eat what I Please. I suffered for 8 years with what doctors call chronic inflammation of the Stomach. I could not eat meat of any kind; could not sleep an hour for months until I tried Oxiene. I can now eat and sleep with so much comfort that I feel it my duty to make my grateful acknowledgment to this Wonderful Food for the Nerves. **Mrs. DAVID TITUS, Tryonville, Pa.**

Recommends it to All. The well-known policeman, George P. Turnbull, of Schenectady, N. Y., says he was afflicted with Stomach Trouble for 5 years. He received no benefit from all the remedies he tried; but now feels better than for many years, and recommends Oxiene to all.

I, Stanley K. Hawkins, of Augusta, Maine, hereby certify that I am in the employ of the Giant Oxiene Co., of said city, and that the letters, testimonials and endorsements regarding Oxiene published in this paper are genuine and that they are true copies of the originals in the possession of the said company, and I certify further that thousands of similar testimonials and endorsements are being received by said Giant Oxiene Co. from all parts of the United States.

State of Maine, Kennebec ss. Personally appeared the aforesaid Stanley K. Hawkins and made oath that the above statement by him signed is true. Before me, A. G. ANDREWS, Justice of the Municipal Court, Augusta, Maine.

OPIUM HABIT. The BEST CURE known. Given before pay is required. Dr. M. C. Benham & Co., Richmond, Ind.

Cured Chronic Catarrh. I suffered with Catarrh for twenty-five years, and found no relief until I tried Oxiene. **W. O. LUDWIG, Medina, N. Y.**

Cured Catarrh. I have used your Wonderful Food for the Nerves in my own family very successfully, treating Catarrh, Pneumonia, etc. I was in very poor health indeed, and could not work at all. But after taking Oxiene I am able to do any work I choose. **SARA W. BUDD, Thorofare, N. J.**

It Has Cured Me. Your Wonderful Food for the Nerves has cured me of Catarrh and La Grippe, and it has done so much good in our family that the neighbors are all anxious to try it. **Mrs. FANNIE KOTZ, Hope, Kan.**

Troubled for Many Years. I was troubled with Catarrh for many years, but used your Wonderful Food for the Nerves, and have been greatly benefited. It also cured my sister of the Grippe. **FANNIE MATHEWS, Fairburg, Neb.**

Cured My Boy. Mrs. Emma Wickham, of Wilber, Saline Co., Nebraska, says that she has received great benefit from Oxiene. It has also cured her boy of the Tobacco Habit, and given her father strength.

After Thirty-three Years. I can say for Oxiene that it has cured me of the Tobacco Habit after using tobacco thirty-three years. My health is much improved, and I feel better than I have for a long time. **C. C. PALMER, Bloomington, Ill.**

Cannot Praise It Enough. I am very much pleased with Oxiene, as it has cured my husband of chewing Tobacco and smoking. I enclose money for another assorted lot. I cannot praise it enough. **Mrs. E. H. FISHER, Ida Grove, Iowa.**

Completely Cured. I was a Tobacco user, but Oxiene has cured me of that disagreeable habit. Your Wonderful Food for the Nerves has also helped my wife greatly, and we are both so much stronger now that we cannot praise Oxiene too highly. **O. S. CHAPMAN, Coyville, Wilson Co., Kan.**

Cured of Tobacco Habit. I was under the care of physicians, and my life was at one time despaired of. I was afflicted with what the medical profession call "tobacco heart," and my pulse was so irregular as to cause me the greatest distress and alarm. At this time I began using Oxiene, and after taking one giant box, I was a perfectly well man, heart beat was strong and regular as it did twenty years ago. **JOHN SLINN, Gen. Agent Vermont Life Ins. Co., Fall River, Mass.**

Its Healing Powers. The Grippe left my wife and myself without strength and with weak nerves. We are satisfied that all has not been told of the good Oxiene will do. May its healing powers travel all over the globe. **E. W. MILLIS, Rapid City, So. Dak.**

Thought I Wouldn't Live. Last winter I had La Grippe so badly my physician said it was about as hard as any one could have it and live through. It left me with a terrible cough, which the doctors could not stop. My friends thought I was going into consumption. In the meantime I purchased Oxiene. One box stopped the cough and a second box cured me entirely. I can truly recommend Oxiene to all afflicted with this dreaded disease. **Mrs. L. FRAZER, Auburn Park, Cook Co., Ill.**

Strong and Well Again. Since having La Grippe my system has been completely run down, but after taking Oxiene I have become strong and well again, gaining in flesh and spirits. **Mrs. VINYARD, Tampa, Tenn.**

Doctors Couldn't Cure. The doctors were unable to cure me of La Grippe, and I lingered along months without hope. I bought Oxiene of your agent, and gave it to my children for pneumonia fever. It cured them, and I tried it myself with wonderful results, for I am not only well and strong, but am cured of deafness of thirty years' standing, and now hear as well as anyone. **Mrs. MAY M. MENKE, High Sands, Cal.**

Back To Health and Strength. After suffering from the effects of La Grippe for fifteen months, mother has at last discovered that Oxiene is just the remedy to bring her back to health and strength. **JULIA D. SYKES, Fort Henry, Tenn.**

Tortured for Forty Years. I have been tortured and distressed beyond endurance, almost with a severe and obstinate disorder of the Stomach, Nerves, and Kidneys for about forty years, and have spent a fortune for medicines from eminent physicians, and in addition, resorted to all the popular remedies of the day, without benefit. Enclosed find money for Oxiene, of which I must have more at once. **WILLIAM PAUL, Tipton, Ind.**

A Very Bad Case. I am well pleased with the results of Oxiene. One party here who has a very bad case of Kidney Disease, has been greatly benefited by the use of Oxiene, and declares it to be the most Wonderful Food for the Nerves. **Mrs. LINDA LOWE, Rogersville, Ala.**

Would Not be Without It. Oxiene has cured my Kidney and Bladder trouble which I have been subject to from childhood. We certainly would not be without it. **Mrs. LIZZIE E. SMITH, Rockland, Me.**

Was a Complete Wreck. It is wonderful how Oxiene has improved both my wife and myself, especially my wife, as she was in such a nervous state she could not sleep at night or control her nerves at all; and now she is as strong and healthy as ever in her life. And I was also a complete wreck with my Kidneys and back, but now I am as strong as ever. I send thirty dollars for another lot of Oxiene. If I had a dozen boxes to-day I could dispose of them to neighbors. **JAMES G. BENNETT, Chief Engineer, Telephone Building, San Francisco, Cal.**

Wonderful Results. Mrs. M. F. Jessup of Walla Walla, Wash., says she has been troubled with weak back and female weaknesses. Being unable to obtain relief from physicians she tried Oxiene with wonderful results. She is now well and strong, and recommends Oxiene to all women.

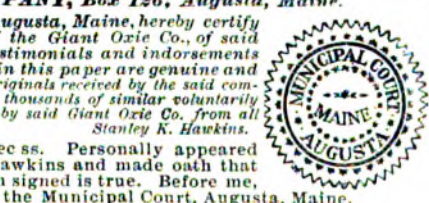
More than Thankful. I was miserable for years, suffering untold agony from female disorders and weaknesses. I used Oxiene with the greatest success. I feel more than thankful, for the doctors thought there was no hope. **GILLIS DICKENS, Low Gap, N. C.**

Shout Its Praises. I was a wreck when your agent came with Oxiene. I began gain at once, and I want to shout its praises all over the world. I trust all suffering women will try it. **NANCY KIRBY, Low Gap, N. C.**

Suffered Unceasingly. Oxiene has done me more good than bushels of medicines. I have suffered unceasingly for twenty years with a burning pain in my stomach, but since taking Oxiene I have been entirely free from it. There are others here who are being cured of similar troubles. **Mrs. E. WILDER, Milburgh, Mich.**

Write us at once for facts about the Wonderful Food for the Nerves, Oxiene. It is not a stimulant; not a medicine; not a drug, but the only genuine Food for the Nerves, Blood, and Brain ever discovered. It gives new vigor, new strength, new life to the weak, weary, and debilitated.

Agents are making fortunes at home selling this wonderful discovery. Write promptly or telegraph and secure your territory before some one gets ahead of you. **THE GIANT OXIENE COMPANY, Box 126, Augusta, Maine.**



In the Saddle Through Arizona and Utah.

V

Through the Wilderness of Silence.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

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I enjoyed our noon-day camp in Soap Creek, so named from its frothy waters, and as usual where there is water, we found game of various kinds.

We traveled over a plain 7,000 feet above sea level, and with views that extended nearly two hundred miles. It was as though our eyes had been endowed with supernatural sight, for distances in Arizona are positively appalling. With an area as large as New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, and a population limited, Arizona's extent, wildness and magnificence of scenery is beyond comprehension. New scenic wonders constantly appeared on our way. The Gentiles were excited at what we beheld, while the Mormons rode serenely along with an "I-told-you-so" expression.

As usual, we camped in a canyon at night, near an enormous spring known as "Jacob's Pool"; for wherever the Mormon has his way he gives a place a Biblical name.

After crossing the Colorado the country improved in fertility; water was more frequent and grass good, with cedar groves at intervals for wood. From Jacob's Pool our strongest glasses revealed our next night's camp across a valley, a stone cabin at Cains' spring, also flowing out of a canyon. We found the cabin, a rock fort in fact, built for the benefit of ranchmen who strayed that way in search of horses and cattle from House Rock Valley Ranch, many miles to the northward, and owned by a son of Brigham Young.

At Cains' spring we got wildcat and deer in plenty, and had a visit from a wandering tribe of Piute Indians. We visited a wonderful cavern at the head of a canyon. I was so fortunate as to bring down a very large mountain lion, after a brush at close quarters with this savage king of the mountains. We went to the Indian camp but were not strongly impressed. The Piutes were with John D. Lee in the Mountain Meadow Massacre, and they have had a hang-dog expression ever since.

On our next day's trail we "rounded up" a horseman who was recognized as a horse thief; in fact he was mounted upon a horse stolen from Rock House Ranch. He was glad to get off with a lecture and to go on foot.

After a day's rest we began the climb up Kaibab Mountain. And such a climb! There was no trail, and eight horses had to be hitched to each wagon; at some places even more, the buckboards being supplied with four animals. In addition to this it took four cowboys on the upper side of each wagon to prevent the vehicles from dashing down the mountain side. It took five hours to go less than a mile, and all day to reach a camping place on the summit, three miles from our starting point. But when we reached the summit the view repaid all our toil, worry and danger. It covered an expanse the human eye can compass in no other country, so clear is the atmosphere—extending three hundred miles. Our camp was at Crane Lake, the water of which was inky in hue. The coyotes made night hideous with their howls, and the next morning we killed game within rifle range of camp.

After a couple of days' rest here we pushed on for our destination opposite the cabin of John Howe, the Hermit of the Grand Canyon. Winter was coming on, and snowstorms set in early in that mountain land. A snowstorm was threatening, but we concluded to risk the blizzard and reach the spot we had travelled three hundred miles around a loop to find. Our Mormon guides objected and with reason, for the storm broke upon us in all its fury. Such a freezing, searching, blinding blizzard as we had to face until we could find shelter in a pine thicket, so dense that we had to cut our way in and pitch our camp. The snow came down in waves, and huddling the horses together we spread canvas tent-floes over them, while we built a dozen fires of heavy logs. The wind blew seventy miles an hour and the thermometer that night dropped to forty below zero. It was an awful night, yet, save for the freezing of several horses, we escaped without greater damage.

The next day the blizzard had blown over, and we pressed forward through scenery most beautiful, snow-clad though it was; natural parks running like links of a chain along the mountain top. There were vales of wondrous beauty, with here and there a lake, and graceful cedars, aspens and pines upon either side; the white bark of the aspen looking weird and ghostly at night.

When at last we reached camp the thermometer registered 22 below zero, and we found ourselves 11,500 feet above sea level; but we had reached the summit of Kaibab Mountain, and the point opposite the Hermit's cabin; and had travelled over three hundred miles to get there. The next morning, muffled up warm, we mounted our hardy ponies that climb like goats, for a ride along the canyon's rim. Coming upon a herd of deer the cracking of rifles made merry music for a while, and then came an exciting adventure with two mountain lions, which we killed. We were on the top of Kaibab Mountain, looking down into the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, with Flagstaff the nearest settlement to the south, Karab, a mountain village over a hundred miles away to the north, and three hundred miles from the nearest railroad. We found a herd of wild horses on the mountain top, which ran like deer at our approach.

At last we reached a point where our glasses detected the smoke from the cabin of John Howe, a score of miles away. We had triumphed, and loud rang our cheers at our success. If there was a descent from the rim where we stood down into the canyon, we could not find it. This cliff had been named by Major Powell "Bright Angel Point." The canyons on each side are thousands of feet deep; and had we seen no other view we would have been content; yet it was a mere side-show to what we afterwards beheld.

The cliffs were all the colors of the rainbow, and upon one Nature had implanted the stars and stripes, which we gave the proper salute. Detaching a two-ton rock from the edge of the point, we sent it down with a rush that caused the cliff to tremble; timing it from its start it was just one minute and ten seconds before the sound of falling ceased. The effect was so startling that we sent down no more rocks, but built a monument upon the point.

Several days passed in our Buckskin mountain camp; for it was hard to leave before seeing all the grandeur of that Land of Silence.

We visited Greensland Point, and Point Sublime, also named by Major Powell. The rim of the right bank of the Grand Canyon is higher than the left, where the hermit lives; so that we looked over the vast expanse we had travelled from Flagstaff and beheld the San Francisco Mountains once more.

Our Mormon guides had warned us of trouble, pointing at the gathering storm-clouds; but we stood gazing upon Nature's most marvelous work, in awed admiration. Even the most callous could not be impressed, standing upon a mighty cliff looking sheer down 7,000 feet to the Colorado river, beholding mountains higher than Mount Washington rise from the bottom of that awful chasm, and their summits yet not reach to our feet. It was a chasm wide and deep with mountain ranges, a mighty river, valleys and hills.

The Everlasting Hills are awe inspiring to gaze upon; Pike's Peak is grand; the boundless plains are impressive as the vastness of the mighty ocean; Niagara Falls is fascinating in its grandeur; yet one and all sink into utter insignificance when compared with the Grand Canyon from Point Sublime, the summit of Kaibab Mountain.

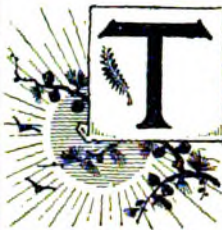
Deeply impressed we turned away from this Land of Silence, still a *terra incognita*, and started back to camp. It was a hard ride over the frozen mountain top, and both men and horses had some severe falls; our young guide, Brigham Young, being carried to camp insensible and badly cut up.

But the next morning we were ready for the trail, though considerably disfigured; for another blizzard was upon us, and our way lay into Mormonland.

Nuts Grown on the Farm.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY RENE BACHE.

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THE farmers in the near future will be called on to supply the markets of this country with nuts. Hitherto the wild crop of the forests has been depended upon for chestnuts, hickory nuts, black walnuts and pecans. But the trees from which they were obtained are being rapidly destroyed for timber and in the

clearing of land, so that the product has been steadily diminishing. The nuts of the future must be grown under cultivation like any other fruits of the soil.

Already many farmers in various parts of the United States have gone into the raising of nuts as a business. In the South numerous plantations of pecan trees have been set out. English walnuts are being grown by thousands of tons annually in California, and in other parts of the country they are cultivated with profit. On Staten Island these walnuts are produced for use in the shape of pickles and catsups, being picked green for that purpose. Orchards of chestnuts are being set out in New York, Pennsylvania, and elsewhere. Even hickory nuts are receiving attention at the hands of the intelligent agriculturist.

It is reckoned that pecan nuts will yield from \$300 to \$1,000 per acre of profit annually. No other fruit of the soil will put nearly so much money into the pocket of the grower. A plantation of them is a fortune and a big income for anybody who has the patience to wait 10 years for a new orchard to come into full bearing. A full-grown tree produces two barrels of nuts each season, which will fetch \$15 a barrel wholesale. Some pecans of very fine varieties bring \$1 a pound for seed.

Pecans grow wild in the Gulf States, most plentifully in Texas. The pickers who gather them in the forests have a way of cutting down the trees in order to get at the nuts easily. Obviously, this method is calculated to wipe out the supply before very long. Many plantations of them are now under cultivation and in bearing in Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and California. There are numerous varieties, more than fifty having been named already. The nut is native to this continent and is not found anywhere in the Old World. The demand for pecans in foreign markets is practically unlimited, and eventually they will be largely exported.

No such chestnuts as are native to the United States grow elsewhere in the world. The French "marrons" are much larger, but their flavor is not nearly so fine. The biggest of all chestnuts are produced in Japan; they are twice as large as the marrons, but they are much less palatable than the American variety. The French and Japanese nuts have been introduced into this country and grow well here. Attempts have been made—with success, it is said—to cross them with our own chestnuts, the object being to combine size with flavor. The marion is being cultivated to some extent in New York and Pennsylvania.

The wild crop of chestnuts is diminishing woefully year by year. Meanwhile orchards of seedlings are being started in many parts of the country. Certain choice kinds from North Carolina and Georgia are selected for planting. The nuts yielded by some of them are nearly as big as marrons, measuring as much as one and a half inches in diameter. Such fruit as this is well worth raising, a single tree producing from \$40 to \$50 net profit in a season. It has been suggested that the small variety of chestnut called the "chinquapin" might be crossed to advantage with the ordinary chestnut, so as to obtain an earlier crop. The chinquapin ripens in early autumn.

Plantations of hickory nuts are being set out in some sections. The most desirable tree for planting are obtained from the Wabash Valley in Indiana, where wild "shagbarks" grow remarkably big and fine, attaining a diameter of two and a half inches. A freak black walnut has recently been discovered in Ohio. One-half of it is not developed, the result being a pear-shaped nut with a single meat. The woody partition which ordinarily divides the black walnut into two halves renders it almost impossible to extract the kernel entire; but this curious accidental variety presents no such difficulty and is therefore very desirable. Means have already been taken to cultivate it.

Another new discovery is a kind of hazel nut native to the State of Washington, which, instead of growing on the usual dwarf tree, is produced by a tree 60 feet high. One should rather say, however, that the tree is 60 feet long, inasmuch as its 6-inch stem will not hold it upright, and so it runs along the ground somewhat like an awkward vine. In every pod it bears two nuts, in place of the usual one. Grafts have been taken from it for planting. Filberts, which are nearly related to hazel nuts, are now being cultivated to a small extent in the same part of the country, seedlings imported from England having been sent thither by the Department of Agriculture for trial.

The cultivation of Madeira nuts—commonly known as "English walnuts"—promises to become an important agricultural industry in this country at no very remote date. Already numerous great plantations of them are in bearing in California. They will grow well in

most parts of the United States. Before long the domestic supply will suffice for our own markets, which as yet depend to a considerable extent on importations from Spain, Portugal, and particularly the island of Madeira. They get their name of "English walnuts" from the fact that they pass through the hands of British merchants on their way to America. Almonds are being produced on a great scale in California, one plantation in that State covering two square miles. The Government has recently introduced into this country from Japan the "ginko" nut, which grows on a tree that is said to be the oldest in the world, dating back to the coal-forming epoch.

The nuts sold in the markets a few years hence will be very different from those of today. They will represent cultivated varieties and will be correspondingly better than the wild kinds which have hitherto been the best obtainable. Some of these nuts of the future the writer has already seen and eaten—pecans four times as big as ordinary ones, easily broken with a pinch between the thumb and finger; shagbarks with paper shells and of as great proportionate size, full of meat; chestnuts as large as the French, with the delicious native flavor, and so forth. These are the nuts of the orchards, and not of the forests. Farmers will be growing them before long.

\$1200 IN CASH PRIZES.

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Read on editorial page of this issue of Comfort, "How a would-be suicide became a happy, prosperous, married woman."

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MISS DRUCIE'S CHARITY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MRS. R. C. WATTS.

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The old tree's fighting and complaining many a crisp brown leaf was hurried down and scurried along the walk like a frightened bird. Crimson maple leaves fluttered about the yard, and over by the fat little chimney a holly stood resplendent in scarlet and green.

Miss Drucie sat at her window looking over a package of Sunday-school cards. She had seen the tramp, but she hoped he might pass on. As she sorted the pretty cards about, her eyes fell upon one that she could not lay aside. It was a pure white card with a hand holding out a cup, and beneath it were the words:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these,"

Tears sprang to Miss Drucie's brown eyes. Laying the cards aside she went out quickly, down the chrysanthemum-bordered walk to the little gate, over which the old man leaned.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked softly, for she was doing this for the Master, and the old man was no longer a vicious tramp, but a poor fellow creature who, from wickedness or misfortune had come to need her help. Ah, how doing things for Him changes it all!

"I am hungry, ma'am, and the other houses looked to big and shut up like."

Miss Drucie's heart swelled; then it was her very selfishness that had been her fitness for serving the Lord this time. She had just been wishing that she was able to do something for him.

"Come in and I will get you a luncheon," she said, following him to the little kitchen. While he ate with evident relish, she noticed that his clothes were very thin, and she thought of the cold days that were coming.

"Will you wait here a moment?" she said, and went out. Up in the low attic she opened a trunk, and took from it a thick, dark overcoat. Bowing her head over it she moaned: "Oh Father, this is so like you; somehow I always see you in it. How can I let it go?" Then smiling, while the tears glistened in her eyes, she whispered: "Giving to the poor is lending to the Lord. Surely I can trust God with papa's overcoat."

Then she carried it down and helped the old man with it. He thanked her in a few simple words, and went away.

Miss Drucie returned to her Sunday-school cards. Along the dusty, leaf-strewn road the poor old tramp went slowly. People passed him as he went; some of them wondering why all men haven't homes and honest work; others of them thinking how well the forlorn old figure fitted into the dreary, faded landscape. Only a few saw an unfortunate brother in the weary, pitiful tramp.

On he trudged past comfortable farm-houses, through broad meadows and groves where early leaf whispers of death and decay, on to the town that lay miles beyond the village in which Miss Drucie lived. He had gone slowly, asking a meal here and a night's lodging there, meeting kindness sometimes but oftener rudeness.

He was very weary when he reached the large town, but he walked along its busy streets with no object except that he had no where to sit down and wait for the end; and surely here where so many men and women were congregated there must be more brotherly love. Perhaps some one would be kind to him. So he sauntered along while people hurried past him.

Suddenly he heard a cry: "Look there, old man, take care!" Then something rushed against him, there was a sharp pain, and all became dark.

After a while he heard a voice that seemed very far away saying:

"Who is he? Are there no letters any where about him?" And another voice said: "Look in the coat pockets."

All the time he had felt a strong, tender hand bathing his face. Somehow he knew that skilful hand wherever it touched him, and now he felt it tremble as one of the voices said:

"Here is a letter addressed to Miss Drucie Darrow, Edgewood. Does anybody know her? The letter is old and unopened."

The hand on the poor tramp's head trembled violently as a new voice said: "I'll take the letter friends; I know her."

"You, doctor? Why sure enough, you used to live there. Here's the letter. Why what's the matter, Dr. Worth?"

For some time the old tramp missed the firm, tender hand, but presently he felt its touch again. Then he opened his eyes, and they rested on a handsome handsome face, and a pair of honest gray eyes smiled into his.

"You are better, my man?" the deep, kind voice asked.

"You know that, sir, better than I can tell you. It's not long I'll be waiting now. Not long."

The doctor's eyes grew dim.

"But it will be better for you, my poor fellow."

"Yes, sir; there's room there you know for even me, and I was only waiting."

The doctor was not ashamed of the tears that fell on the poor tramp's pale face, and many an eye glistened with unaccustomed moisture.

"Was there a letter in the coat?" the old man asked. Some one answered, "Yes."

"She gave me the coat; she warmed me and fed me; and her eyes were tender and loving. Please send the coat and the letter back to her and thank her for me."

The doctor promised, and the dying man watched while the coat and letter were put in his care. Afterward the doctor bent over him and whispered a few words; then with a smile that drove all the marks of age, poverty, sorrow and pain from his face, the old man passed "over the river." What his life had been no one knew, but he lay there before them in the strange dignity of death.

After the funeral, which was by Dr. Worth's orders like that of a valued friend, the doctor went away to Edgewood.

Miss Drucie was arranging a bowl of creamy chrysanthemums on her pretty sitting-room table when he knocked at her door. Smoothing her soft, brown hair and shaking out her neat white apron she went to open the door, and the doctor and his big bundle came in. Miss Drucie's cheeks flushed prettily as she offered him a chair, and seated herself by the old mahogany table on which stood the bowl of chrysanthemums.

"I'm surprised that you knew me, Drucie."

Miss Drucie smiled. How could he know that there hadn't been an hour since she saw him first, twenty long years ago, in which she had not thought of him? Forget him! Forget Jack Worth? But then of course he didn't know, so she only said quietly: "I knew you quite well."

"That speaks pleasantly for me, doesn't it? Then I haven't changed past recognition?"

Miss Drucie looked at him, a queer little light in her brown eyes. She was wondering if those we love ever change; if they are not always the same in our partial, love-blinded eyes, but she only said: "You are more manly, that is all."

"Do you know Drucie, that in the old days I used to think you cared for me?"

Drucie was pulling the white feathery petals from a great cluster of chrysanthemums. Had she shown too much of her heart in those past days? Ah, well, youth and experience never go hand in hand, she would do better now. But for all her inward reasoning her lip quivered though she answered bravely enough: "No, I never knew that."

"And perhaps you didn't know that I wanted you to care for me?" His gray eyes were fixed earnestly on her face. Had the man come especially to torture her?

"I must plead ignorance again," she said smilingly.

"Then I shall have to enlighten you, little woman."

He looked very determined, and she went on tearing up her flowers until her lap was thickly strewn with white and crimson and gold.

"Now to begin at the first Drucie, I loved you the very first moment my eyes rested upon your pretty face, and that was the day I came here to read medicine with old Dr. Hall. When I was going home I wrote you a letter telling you all this, and asked you to marry me. I know now, Drucie, that my letter never reached you."

He took the old letter from his pocket and laid it on her lap among the broken flowers.

"Read it, Drucie," he said; but she only bowed her head on the little table and wept.

"Why Drucie, my darling, what is it?" he asked; while his own ears fell among the chrysanthemum petals as he knelt on the rug beside her, and took her hands in his own. Somehow it wasn't long before his arms were around Miss Drucie, and he was kissing her tear-stained face.

"Tell me why you are crying, Drucie?"

"Jack, I am no longer a young woman. I—"

"If you were a young woman," he interrupted, "you wouldn't be my own Drucie. Don't you see that?"

"I wouldn't give you for the youngest woman I ever saw, Drucie; indeed I wouldn't! And you have loved me all these years? Tell me so."

"Yes, I've never left off for a single moment," Miss Drucie said, "but I do think, Jack, that a younger woman—"

"I wouldn't do at all, not at all," he interposed. "You must think well of this," she said, and he declared he had thought of nothing else for twenty years.

Then Miss Drucie remembered the letter, and asked where he had found it. The doctor untied the bundle and laid the coat on the table.

"Here, Drucie, in one of the pockets. I suppose your father forgot the letter, and I remember he died just after I went away."

"And I myself put his clothes up; I wanted no other hand to touch them. I removed the papers from his other pockets, but I didn't think of any being in his overcoat. But how did you get the coat?" she said.

Then the story was told, and when it was finished

they read the boyish love letter together.

"I can't leave you again, Drucie," the doctor said, kissing her. "Get your bonnet dear, and we'll go to my minister and be married so I can take you home with me."

Then Miss Drucie went to her room and put on her pretty black silk dress, her dainty velvet bonnet, and pinned a cluster of white chrysanthemums among the soft laces at her throat. Very sweet and pretty she looked too, when she returned to her lover.

Together they went to the parsonage and the good old preacher married them, and said something quite poetical about the sweet October sunshine and the fragrant chrysanthemums and the tender, peaceful love that had come to them after the summer of their lives had passed; for of course he didn't know the whole story as we do.

A man was hanged on the twenty-third of December in Missouri for the commitment of thirty murders. He has cost that State nearly \$10,000, and has long been a notorious desperado. Although a native of Kentucky, his crimes were committed in several States and he had served at least one term in California.

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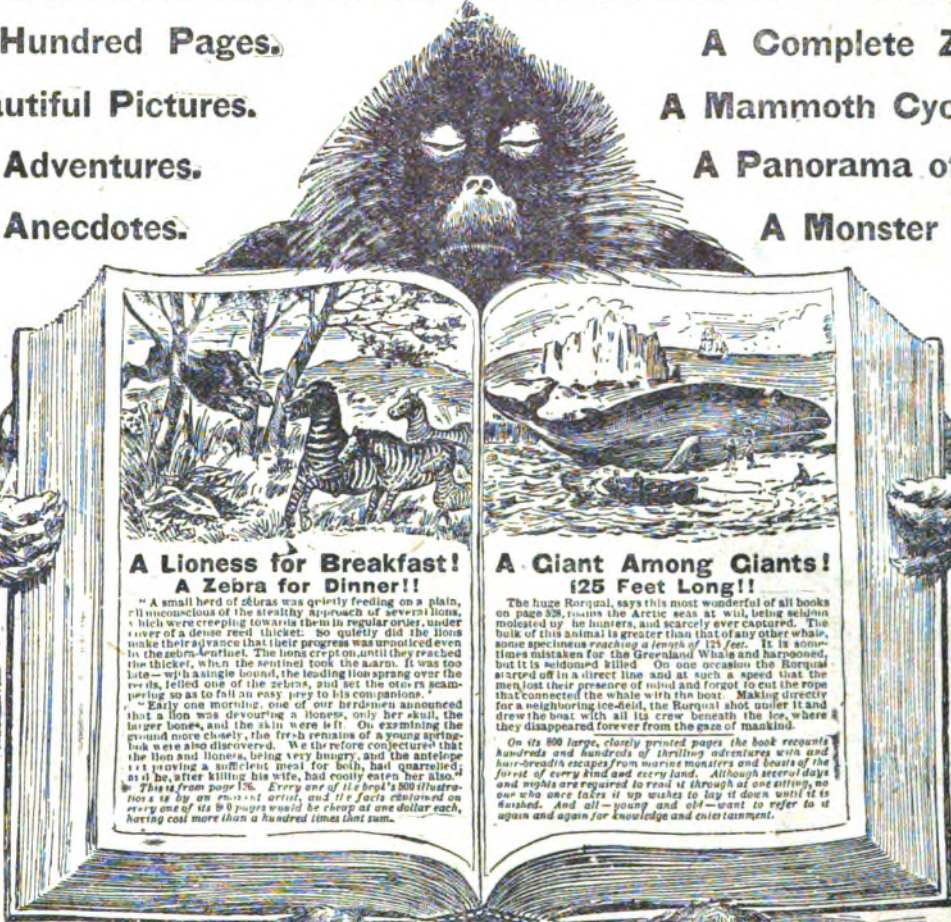
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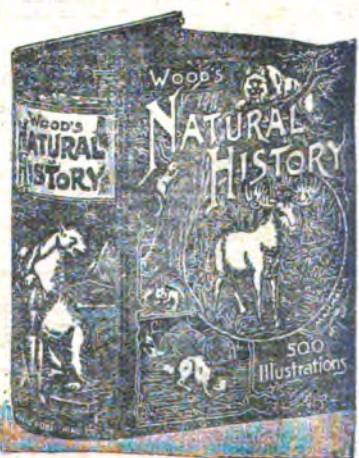
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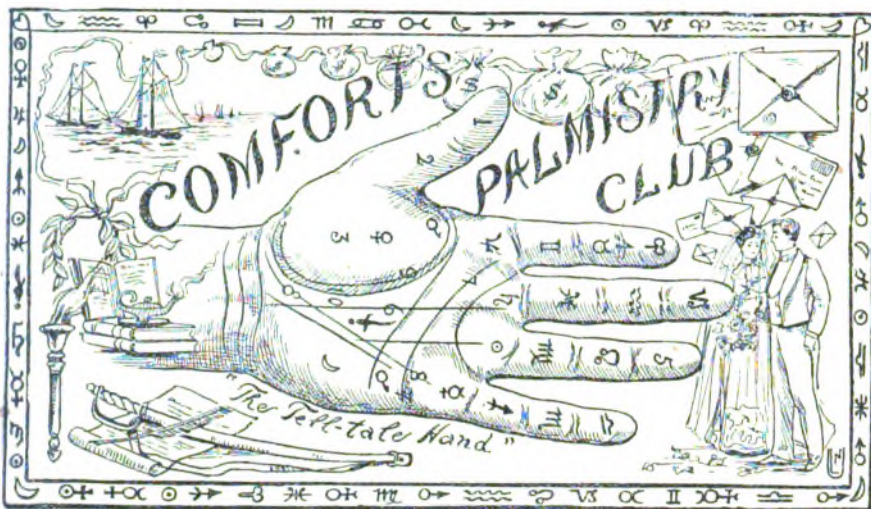
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THERE are still a great many people left in the world who want something for nothing; but that is a commodity which at present does not exist in the world. It is extinct. For instance, in spite of the plainly printed statement in the March, April and May numbers of *Comfort*, offering to send our Guide to Palmistry for two new subscribers; and in the last two numbers offering to read the hands of such as send on six new subscribers, I have received many letters from people who send no subscribers at all, but demand that I read their hands and publish the readings in *Comfort*. Some go even farther than that—and without at all complying with our conditions—demand that I reply to them by mail. In other words, they want one hour of my time—which has a distinct money value and is a part of my stock in trade—for nothing. Consequently, I hereby give notice that I shall after this, pay no attention to letters, whether or not accompanied by drawings, from people who do not comply with the conditions given at the close of this article.

Again, it will be of no use to enclose money to me personally for readings. So long as I am in the exclusive employ of *Comfort*, it will be impossible to transact any personal business of that nature, except through these columns. I am able to present you with several readings this month.

The first belongs to "Orange Blossom," and was very carefully copied according to the method described by me in the *Comfort* Guide to Palmistry. This is altogether the most satisfactory impression I have yet received; and I have had it reproduced, in order to show you how much more faithful it is than the pen or pencil drawing can be. She sends imprints of both hands, which is also a help in reading the character and life. Hers has been a varied experience with joy and sorrow mixed. She is of a philosophical and artistic type, a person of good judgment, persevering, ambitious and clever. Her right hand shows that she has not neglected the gifts with which nature has en-



"ORANGE BLOSSOM'S HAND."

dowed her, but she has developed her talents and should, and probably does occupy a good social position. She will not be a long-lived person, as the life-line is short, breaking into a tasseled ray at the age of about fifty. It is also more or less out by fine lines, indicating delicate health. It is, however, helped out by a double line which extends part of the length, and denotes the subject to be fitted for a leader in important matters. A comfortable existence with increasing riches and prosperity is indicated also. She has a good heart and affectionate disposition. In fact there is an excess of affection which will probably give her a sensitive disposition and attendant suffering in consequence. Possibly, too, there is an unnecessary jealousy of temper in the combination. A tendency to palpitation or other weakness of the heart is noticed. There is a slight lack of self-reliance, which should be guarded against, and an idealistic tendency of mind with love of poetry and a taste for the mystic and occult. Probably the owner of this hand is a rich and lucky marriage. On the whole this is a most fortunate hand; and although there are signs of trouble it is only of such nature as must come to sensitive, thoughtful natures from contact with rougher people and the ordinary ills of the world.

Mr. Chalmers Reed of Indiana sends a pencil drawing of his hand, which looks as though he had worked hard all his life, against heavy odds. He has had many worries, especially during the earlier part of life, say up to 50, where a sickness is indicated. After that life will be more tranquil and he will fill out the allotted "four score years and ten." There are signs of hereditary madness, melancholy or insomnia; with a love of poetry and mysticism. He has refined tastes but will never have the means to gratify them. A long life of unremitting labor, without much of what is called

"luck," with danger of insanity; on the whole an unfortunate hand.

"Jennie L. C." has a fairly good hand. She will have a long life, although the latter half has sickness indicated. Fortune will favor her and she will marry well. Success is indicated in whatever she undertakes. She has ability and energy with self-reliance enough to carry them to a desirable fruition.

T. F. H., an insurance agent in Pennsylvania, has a good business hand. He has tact and good judgment. His is a useful hand with a taste for the artistic and beautiful. His life-line indicates at least seventy years and for the most part good health. He will meet with success by his own efforts. He is shrewd and active and knows how to turn affairs to his own advantage. He will be rather material in his affections and is not easily swayed by emotional tendencies. He will be a wealthy, successful man, if he is not already, and a kind-hearted friend. He is fond of pleasure, with strong passions and a warm temperament. Two good opportunities for marriage have been missed; a marriage is indicated, however, with some doubt of its turning out happily near the age of 55.

Fritz Stabing has the hand of an artist or musician. His health will be excellent up to the age of seventy or eighty, with a successful career in whatever line of work he undertakes. One unhappy love affair is indicated, but beyond that he will have things pretty much his way through life. He will be able to make his way, and succeed through his own efforts.

Emma Clark's hand indicates good health, and one successful marriage. She will have a long life, but she will be subject to headaches. She should not indulge her propensities for stretching the truth, nor depend too much on her own self-reliant force as it is liable to mislead her. Unlike many, she should be guided by the advice of those fitted to speak frankly to her, especially in matters of business.

"Maggie Bass," on the contrary, relies too much on the advice of friends, and should cultivate the habit of depending on herself. She will live to be old, but will have her share of trouble. One husband and three children will fall to her lot in life, and she will always work hard to take care of them.

Thomas Ellis on the contrary has three wives indicated, with the same number of children. He has a thoroughly artistic and refined type of hand with markings of success and a religious temperament. He lacks slightly in will-power to act on his own judgment. He should cultivate the ability for cool judgment, and trust to his own ideas and impulses more.

John Harbler has a good hand with success and ability stamped upon it. He should have good health, good luck, long life and a brave, courageous disposition. He is generous, noble and liberal in his views. In love affairs he will be governed by practical common sense as well as affection. His mind is well balanced, with an aptitude for literary and scientific pursuits. In some avocation of this character he will achieve considerable success.

The hand of "Dr. Willis" is rather a peculiar one. It belongs to the mixed type. He is quick in thought, action and speech, a cautious, careful business man. He has good critical judgment, and strong will-power. Long life and good health with the exception of a severe illness between the ages of 65 and 75, is indicated. The subject is hasty in jumping to conclusions, and inclined to be self-opinionated and impulsive; but he also has energy and ability to carry out his ideas with a go-ahead spirit. Common



HAND OF DR. WILLIS.

sense and business ability are indicated by the head-line, but linked with Bohemian tastes and a love of romance and adventure. He has great ambition and power to turn it to good purpose in his life. In matters of the heart he is earnest and true. Two marriages are indicated. Pronounced success, brought about by his own efforts, is indicated, with wealth and an honorable position. He has refined tastes, and is a good judge of art and literature. Good health and a strong constitution are his natural inheritances. As before stated, he will obtain celebrity and wealth, but only after a hard struggle and through sheer force of character and will. This fact is corroborated by several signs—the forming of the Apollo and Saturn-

ian lines, the cross on the mount of Apollo and the star in the great triangle. As Dr. Willis sends only the imprint of his left hand, I cannot, of course, tell how much these signs might be modified by those in his right. But nature meant him for a successful, "self-made" man.

C. F. O.'s hand is also a peculiar one, the life-line being displaced and badly crossed; but it is much strengthened by the double line which follows it most of the way, and offsets what would otherwise be an unpropitious fate. The drawing he sends is of his left hand. For some strange reason I cannot impress upon my readers the fact that it is the right hand which more truly reveals the life; and that I do not warrant any of my readings of the left hand to be absolutely correct, as the right one often contradicts it. In C. F. O.'s hand, there is a sign of diminished physical strength at the age of 45 which should be heeded. He will probably suffer a reverse of fortune in extreme old age, and, I should say, has met with two accidents—one in extreme early life and one near the age of 30 or 35. A good heart and affectionate disposition are denoted by the heart-line with some delicacy of the vital organs. An unhappy marriage or some deep grief connected with a woman is, however, plainly shown in this, the left hand. Remember, though, that the right hand, which I do not see, may not bear out this statement. Again the left hand indicates a deceitful and imaginative nature with strong self-will. Misfortunes between the ages of thirty and forty-five years, with some strange fatality are indicated; and what success this subject meets with in life will be hardy earned.

"Mrs. H. H." has a much better hand, with some excellent lines. She has practical com-



C. F. O.'S HAND.

mon sense and a kind good heart. She has married well and ought to be happy in her home. There are absolutely no evil indications in her hand, and her prospects grow brighter as long as she lives.

Here are the conditions referred to at the be-



"MRS. H. H."

ginning of this chat. They are easily complied with, and I trust you will all heed them.

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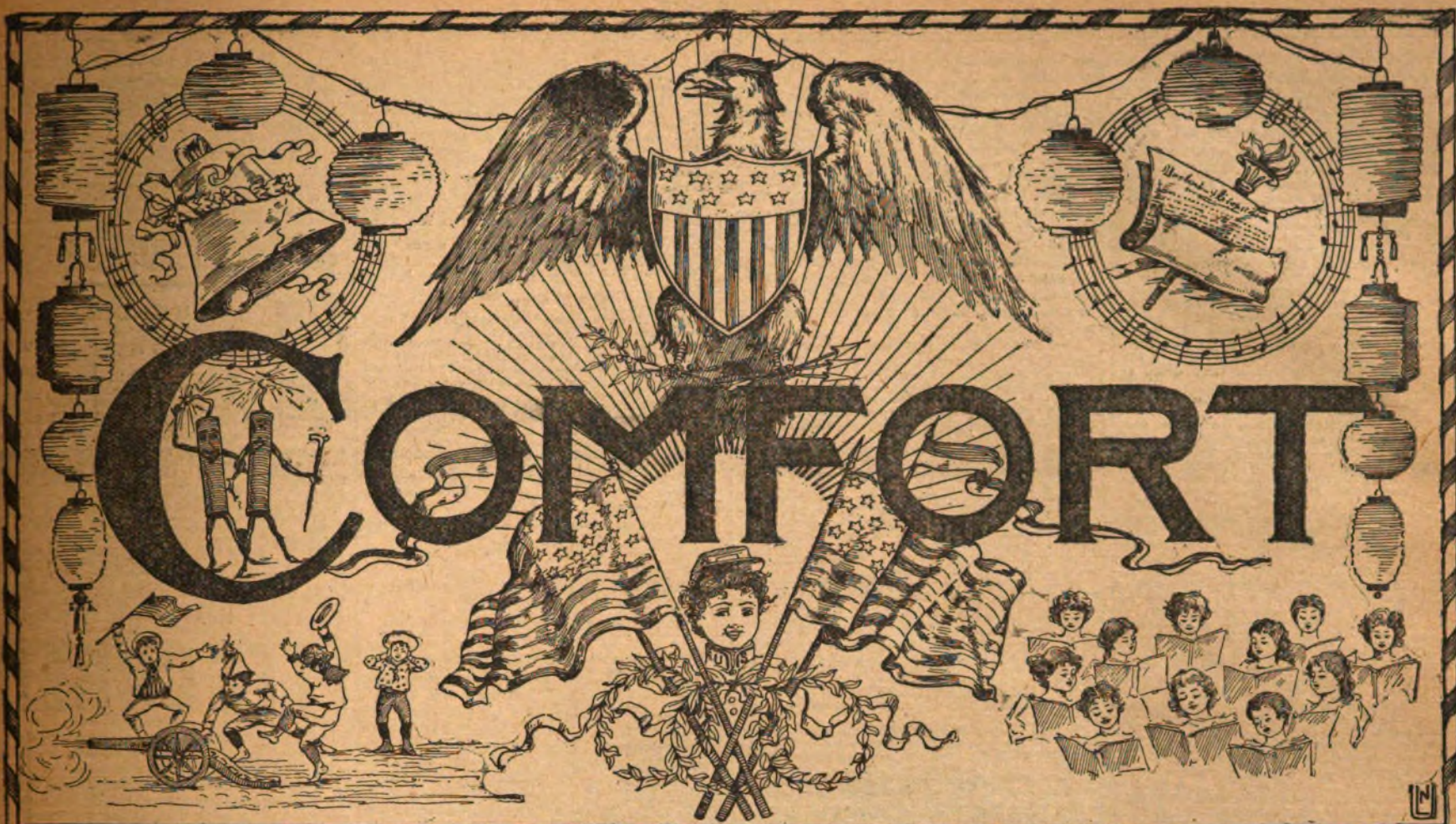
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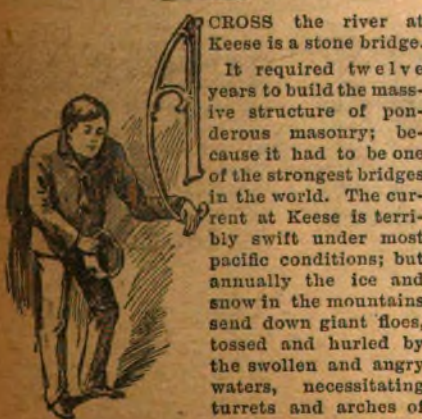
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THE LITTLE BARON.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY WILLIAM A. LEWIS.

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So they took twelve years to build the great stone bridge at Keese.

As soon as the first pier was finished, Little Pierre—the hunchback dwarf of Keese—perched himself upon the broad capping, and exposed a small stock of goodies, which were purchased by curious visitors and the ever-hungry children.

As the bridge grew, Little Pierre retained his original spot on the capping of the first pier. There he sat all day long; happy, laughing, asking questions, pitied, and therefore patronized.

There lived near Keese old Baron Foulon. He was sixty years old when they began to build the bridge, and was gouty, surly, and rich. In pleasant weather he occasionally rode down into the village from his castle on the mountain, and watched the building.

Little Pierre used to see the Baron; and one day, when the old gentleman's hat blew off, the hunchback ran after it, and restored it to the old soldier. Then the Baron bought some of Little Pierre's wares, and asked him to have the Berlin and Paris papers ready for him whenever he came to the village—tri-weekly.

Little Pierre was faithful in this command. He always had the papers all ready, and he passed them into the great lumbering carriage, with a smile and a tip of his ragged velvet cap.

Twelve years climbing up and down the stone seat were quite a hollow in the stone. It became the fad for Keese men, when they had visitors and were showing them their new bridge, to ask Little Pierre to climb down that they might show their astonished friends where the hunchback's body had worn the smooth stone away.

The bridge was finished, and a day set apart for the dedication.

When Little Pierre first took his place on the bridge he was ten years old. Now he was twenty-two; but still "Little" Pierre. He had not changed any in appearance, unless it were to become more emaciated.

The day of the dedication the throng was dense, numbers of children climbed upon the pier. In the course of the exercises a tiny girl missed her footing, and, with a shriek, fell into the boiling river.

Before the assembly could realize what had happened, Little Pierre sprang over the coping and dropped into the angry torrent. The exercises were interrupted, while all crowded against the piers and watched the cripple battling with the engulfing river.

"Grab something, missy!" cried the shrill voice of Little Pierre, as he struck out toward her wave-tossed body, sweeping down toward the gate of certain death—the dam.

At the very spot where Little Pierre was wont to sit, stood the grizzled old Baron. His hand rested in the very hollow in the stone the poor cripple's body had made in its twelve years' struggle for existence.

"Save her, boy, and I'll make you rich for life!" The strong voice of the old soldier rang out across the water. And the multitude cheered the benefaction.

But Little Pierre heard nothing.

The terrified girl tried to carry out Little Pierre's injunction. She seized a twig hanging over the bank. It stayed her for a moment. Would it hold until the battling lad could reach her?

"Hang on, missy! Don't let go! Don't be soared! I'll save you!" But the voice was weaker than when he called to her before.

The child clung frantically to the bending bush.

Little Pierre swam with renewed power. He seized the child by the hair, and instantly she swooned.

Then he made a grab for the branch, caught it, but their combined weight broke it with a sharp snap; at which the crowd on the bridge groaned with disappointment.

Men hurried down the bank and threw out various buoys to the rapidly weakening rescuer. On the bridge stood the pale-faced Baron, his lips muttering the first prayer of his life—for the salvation of the children.

"Hold on a little longer, Pierre!" shouted the men on the farther bank.

"I can't! I can't!" was the faint response.

Little Pierre was frantically dragging his charge after him toward the opposite bank. He seized something! Their drifting speed was checked! Slowly he dragged the dripping, insensible child up the bank—then fell exhausted.

The valley rang with the shouts of the people.

The following day a grand carriage, bearing the baronial arms of the ancient family of Foulon halted on the bridge, where Little Pierre sat in the worn hollow, smilingly receiving the congratulations of his townsmen.

"The Baron bade me ask you to ride to the castle. He wishes to see you."

"Me?" asked Little Pierre, looking in a puzzled way at the footman.

"Yes, my lad," was the reply.

Pierre hobbled down from the pier and entered the carriage.

An hour's drive up the mountain brought him to the castle.

He was shown into the immense library where all the mighty Foulons had planned, studied, and thought.

Before the fire stood the grizzled Baron.

"Pierre," he said, his aged eyes blurred with tears, "I was a witness of your valor on yesterday. You have a soldier's heart—you dare! I am told you are an orphan?"

"I am, Baron."

"You are an orphan no longer. I adopt you; and I have decreed that you inherit my title and entire estates, than which there are none larger, nor finer, in the realm. Henceforth you are my son!"

And he took the little ragged Pierre in his arms and kissed him.

To-day, if you cross the great stone bridge at Keese, they will point to a flagging of pure gold, which the old Baron, before he died, had poured into the hollow where Little Pierre sat for twelve years, through hardship and poverty.

"That is my monument to my brave son!" the old man used to say, as he rubbed his hands and chuckled. "My brave son! The greatest of our name! He saved a life! We have always sacrificed them!"

Every day there rolls into Keese a superb equipage, bearing the crest and livery of the Foulons; and, reclining on the heavy satin cushions is a diminutive man, with a pale face and a deformed back. Beside him a sweet-faced woman, who never sees the bridge but she shudders, and often says:

"Pierre, doesn't it seem like a dream?" She is the Baroness Foulon.

"BLACK JACK."

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ALVIN B. JOVENIL.

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JANE! Jane! just cast your eyes up the road and see what's coming."

As he spoke John Newman arose from the chair, where he had been sitting in the cool shade of the front porch, enjoying his after-dinner rest, and pointed up the highway. His voice expressed so much surprise that it brought his wife at once to his side.

"Land of goodness!" she exclaimed, after peering up the road, for a moment, in the direction indicated by Mr. Newman's hand; "if that a'n't 'Black Jack' on one of them two-wheeled things. What in the world is her dad thinking of to get her one of those outlandish machines. It a'n't decent," and Mrs. Newman's square thin jaws came together with a snap. "It does beat all how little men folks know about what is proper and what a'n't for girls; and neighbor Ward knows less than common," and she turned defiantly to her husband.

"Well, if 'Black Jack' is a fair sample of a man's bringing up, I'll yield the point, wife," Mr. Newman replied. "She's the biggest tomboy in seven counties. Rides horseback like a man; and can run—why, I'll bet two to one she can beat any boy in the township on a straight mile heat. Jingo! look at her come! Great Scott! there's Tom on Brown Bess and they are racing, sure as shooting! The idea of that gal thinking she can beat Brown Bess, and she the fastest horse in the county!"

Here farmer Newman's excitement got the better of him and he rushed, bare-headed, down to the road; for Tom was his boy and Brown Bess his own blooded mare. Mrs. Newman, hardly less agitated than her husband, whisked her apron over her head and hurried after him.

Down the road, like the wind, came the girl and boy; the strong clean limbs of the brown mare seeming scarcely to touch the ground and the whirling wheels of the "safety" flashing a full two rods ahead.

"Larrup her! Larrup her!" roared the farmer. "Don't let a gal on two wheels beat you on the fastest horse in the county! Larrup her! Larrup her, Tom!"

And Tom did "larrup her."

But still, swift and direct as the flight of an arrow, the "safety" shot ahead. "Black Jack" sat leaning well forward, her bright eyes flashing straight to the front, her long hair streaming backward from beneath her jaunty cap, her dark face aflame with excitement, and her nimble feet driving the pedals, like the piston-rods to a locomotive.

The goal was the gate in front of Mr. Newman's house, and now she was not ten rods from it and still in the lead.

"Go it! Go it, Tom!" shouted Mr. Newman. "Go it! go it! or the gal'll beat you!"

Tom yelled and whipped; but in vain. With

a whoop of triumph "Black Jack" shot by the goal, a good six feet ahead.

"The darned fool to let the gal beat him and he on Brown Bess, the fastest horse in the county! I've a notion to wallop him good," Mr. Newman muttered angrily, regarding his vanquished son with wrathful eyes.

"You ought to be ashamed to be seen riding on such a thing; and you a girl, born of as good and proper a mother as ever lived!" called Mrs. Newman, as "Black Jack" shot past; giving vent to a very small portion of her indignation at what she considered, the gross violation of the proprieties by her neighbor's daughter. "O, you ha'n't done nothing to be proud of! 'Twould make your mother turn in her grave to see you a-straddle of that outlandish machine." This she added, as the girl, who had slowed up, turned in her saddle and, waving her cap in one hand, shouted loudly, by way of celebrating her victory. Mrs. Newman had a kind heart and a sharp tongue, and very often the one belied the other.

"Black Jack" (her father had given her this nickname, because of her activity and love of outdoor sport and work, and her dark complexion) was about to stop when the words reached her ears. Instantly the flush of triumph faded from her face; and, without pausing to make reply, she glided on down the road. The harsh words had wounded her sorely. She could not remember her mother, who had died when she was but five months old; but she had been taught to love and reverence her memory; and the thought, that her actions might be such as to cause that mother pain, could she behold them, was anguish. She was now fifteen years of age and the first sweet fragrance of blossoming womanhood had begun to shed its subtle influence around her, and riding horses, climbing trees, and running races did not longer seem just the proper thing for a girl to do. But she was so full of life, so accustomed to using her lungs and limbs freely, that she found it next to impossible to keep within the bounds of the "proprieties."

With a sigh "Black Jack" quickened her speed and glided on down the road, until she came to the little country graveyard, where her mother had been laid at rest. When her heart was heavy it was her custom to go to her mother's grave, and, somehow, she always came away from the little grassy mound with a bosom lightened of its burden. She sought the well-known spot and, throwing herself upon the turf, remained for a long time with her face buried in the fragrant grass.

When "Black Jack" again mounted her "safety" and turned down the road in the direction of her home, the smile on her face did not conceal the traces of tears under her eyes.

Something like a mile from the graveyard the road made an abrupt turn around a rocky bluff. On the right was the wall of rocks, on the left a deep precipice, with but two rods of level road between. It was a dangerous place; and once, a runaway team, dragging a wagon with a drunken man in it, dashed over the precipice, and man and horses were killed.

"Black Jack" had traversed about half the distance to this place when she saw Mr. and Mrs. Newman drive up and stop at the house of a neighbor. Mr. Newman handed the lines to his wife and, jumping out of the wagon, started to go to the house. He had gone only about a half a rod when a sudden gust of wind caught up a newspaper and whirled it under the horses' feet. The big grays snorted with terror and, before Mr. Newman could reach them, bounded away, mad with fright. In a few minutes they would be at the bluff; and then, God have mercy upon the woman and child! for Mrs. Newman had a year-old baby in her arms.

The poor man ran frantically after the team, shouting, "Whoa! Whoa!" at the top of his voice; but the horses gave no heed, and at every jump the large lumber wagon bounded a foot into the air.

Mrs. Newman had dropped the lines and now sat, crouched low in the bottom of the wagon, clasping the baby to her bosom with one arm, while she clung, with the other, to the side of the wagon box. She was helpless and her wild screams only added to the fright of the running horses.

"My God! nothing can save them! They are bound to go over the bluff! O, my wife and baby!" groaned Mr. Newman.

Suddenly, something whisked by him, and, with the whirl of wheels and the flash of steel, "Black Jack" shot ahead. Her cap had fallen off and her long black hair streamed out straight behind. Her eyes were fixed upon the swaying wagon and every muscle of her supple frame was straining to its uttermost. Fortunately the road was smooth and hard and the runaway team of heavy farm horses not very speedy. The swift wheels of her "safety" were gaining. With a thrill of exultation she noted this and redoubled her efforts. Closer and closer she drew to the wagon. Now she is but a few feet from it. Slowly she forced the low front wheel of the "safety" under the projecting rear end of the wagon box. At last the handle bar touched the box. The supreme moment had come. "Black Jack" seized hold of the end board, and paused for a moment to gather her strength. Then, suddenly lifting up her feet she placed them upon the frame of the wheel, and vaulted into the wagon box. In a moment more the lines, which fortunately had not fallen out of the box, were in her hands. She bade Mrs. Newman be quiet, and the woman obeyed her like a child. She spoke soothingly to the grays and with her steady strength and skill slowly brought them under control. When they reached the bluff their speed had been reduced to a swift trot and they rounded the dangerous point in safety.

Rescued? Yes; the woman and baby, and by "Black Jack," the tomboy, and her much despised "safety."

HOW MILLY HELPED.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MRS. O. W. NOBLE.

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OW I wish I could do something to help you, Tom."

"You do, dear, by keeping the house neat and pleasant, and managing as economically as possible."

"Yes, I do try to do that, but I wish I could do something that would bring in some money. If I were only accomplished, I could give lessons in music and painting, but that is impossible, and I can't go out to work, on account of Baby."

"Never mind, we'll manage in some way," and so

saying, Tom Harrison kissed his wife, and went away to his daily work.

He was an employee of one of the large factories in a New England city; a steady, industrious young fellow, but one of the class so common in factory towns, having no special trade, and so only able to earn ordinary day wages. Times had been dull through much of the preceding year, and Tom's work, in consequence, had been much interrupted.

Soon after his marriage, two years before our story opens, he had bought a small place, which would now have been nearly paid for had he been steadily employed; but they had found it difficult, even with the closest economy, to meet the payment of the semi-annual interest, and the prospect for the next six months looked dubious. Hence the conversation just recorded.

After Tom had gone, Milly stood for some minutes looking down the road in a brown study, from which she was roused by the crying of her five months' old daughter, who evidently resented her mother's preoccupation to the neglect of her small self.

"There, there, young lady," said Milly, "you shall be dressed at once. It won't help papa any for us to neglect our work, will it?"

So saying, Milly washed and dressed the baby, and, putting her in her carriage, cleared off the table, washed and put away the dishes, and started out to do the day's marketing.

On the way home, she met a young lady who stopped, looked at her and then at the baby, exclaiming, "Is that you, Milly Carter?"

"It used to be, at any rate," laughed Milly, "and you were Nelly Carrington."

"As I am still, and liable to be for some time, I think. But do tell me, are you living here?"

"Yes," replied Milly, "I was married about two years ago to Tom Harrison; you knew him, didn't you?"

"Knew him? I should say I did. I lived next door to him when I was little, and many a grand game I had with him and my brothers. So he is your husband is he? and I suppose this belongs to you too," pointing to the baby, whose round blue eyes were staring at the stranger.

"Yes, that is our Jennie, five months old to-day. But Nelly, what brings you here? I thought you lived in New York."

"So I do; I am a stenographer in a lawyer's office there; but I came up here to spend my vacation with a cousin, and started out this morning on an exploring tour."

"I'm so glad to meet you," said Milly, "can't you come home with me to spend the day? I've so much I want to say to you."

"Yes," said Nelly, "if you will wait till I step into this store, where Cousin Will is employed, to let them know where I am."

This she did, and they were soon on their way to Milly's house. They had been schoolmates and warm friends up to the time of their graduation, and then Nelly's parents moved to New York, and the two lost sight of each other.

The morning passed very quickly, and Milly thought no more of ways and means for money-making, till after dinner, when baby was tucked away for her afternoon nap, and Milly took her week's mending, and settled down for "a good talk."

In the course of the conversation, as Nelly was relating various experiences connected with her profession, Milly sighed, and said: "I do wish I could do something to earn some money here at home. Tom does all that he can, and there is nothing that he would not give me if he were able, but he has been out of work so much, that he has been hard to get along without running in debt; and then she went on to tell Nelly the story of the purchase of their home, and her fears that they might not be able to keep it, after all.

"I'll tell you what you could do," said Nelly, as her eyes fell on the pile of neatly mended clothing on Milly's work table. "When I was coming up here last week, two gentlemen sat back of me, who were evidently traveling salesmen. They talked a while on different subjects, and finally one of them said: 'I do wish there was some place where a fellow could get his stockings and underclothes mended, while he is traveling around the country. I throw away lots of things in the course of a year that would last a long time, if a few stitches could be taken in them when they first need it, and it is so with almost all the other fellows on the road.' The other man agreed with him that it would be a good thing, and then they went to talking about other things. Now," continued Nelly, her eyes shining with the idea, "you mend beautifully, so why couldn't you do that? You could do it right here at home, without neglecting your house or your baby."

"But how could I set about it," said Milly, "I know so few people here."

"Just put an advertisement in the 'cent' a word-column of the paper, and write little notices to put up in the offices of the hotels; or, I'll tell you, don't you know of some small boy who has a printing press?"

"Why, yes," said Milly. "Johnny Greenwood, next door, has been teasing me for the last two months, to let him print some cards for me."

"Then get him to print some like this," and Nelly took up a sheet of paper, and rapidly sketched the following card:

Mrs. Thomas Harrison,

No. 28 Pearl St.

All kinds of mending done at short notice.

"Write your prices on the back, and send some of the cards to each hotel, asking the clerk to give them to the drummers as they come in."

"I'll do it," said Milly. "I won't tell Tom about it yet, for I want to surprise him if I succeed, but I think I can help him in this way. Thank you a thousand times for suggesting it."

The next day, Milly rejoined Johnny Greenwood's heart with an order for 100 cards. He was really quite skillful with his press, and the cards presented a very neat appearance when finished. After some study, Milly wrote on the back of each card, "Stockings, 10 cents per pair. Other mending at reasonable prices."

Calling at the offices of the four hotels in the town, she explained her errand, and asked permission to leave twenty-five of the cards at each office, for distribution. Her smiling face and neat appearance won the good will of proprietors and clerks, and the desired permission was readily granted.

Fortune favored the brave, in this instance, at least, for on that very evening, a traveling salesman stopping at one of the hotels, loudly bewailed the condition of the clothes which he had just received from the laundry. "If I could only have them mended, they would last me a long time," said he.

"Why, I spend many a dollar just for the want of some one to take a few stitches for me, at the right time."

"Here is something that may interest you, then," said the clerk, handing him one of Milly's cards.

"Good; I'll try her, anyway," said he, after reading the card. Going to his room, he soon made up a goodly bundle of stockings and underclothes, in various stages of dilapidation, which he brought down, and sent to Milly's address the next morning by the office boy, telling him to tell her that if possible, he would like them on the following Saturday, when he was to pass through the town again.

Some of the articles were a hard task to render presentable, but Milly persevered, and the bundle was ready at the appointed time. It proved a good advertisement for her, as this particular salesman was a "jolly good fellow," and a great favorite with all his fellow travelers. He showed the neatly mended garments to all his friends, telling them that here was a chance to save their money and lay the foundation of a fortune; and as many followed his example, Milly soon had all that she could do in the mending line.

Often, as she saw Tom's sober face she longed to tell him what she was doing, especially as the time for the next payment of the semi-annual interest drew near, but she resisted the temptation.

Tom was working so far from home that he was obliged to carry his dinner, which left her plenty of time for the work, and as all vestiges of it were safely stowed away in a big closet before his return, he suspected nothing.

One night, as they sat in their cosy sitting-room, Milly said, as Tom laid down the paper with a sigh, "What's the matter, Tom?"

"I was looking over the advertisements of holiday goods, and thinking there would be no gifts for my little woman this year; we must try to get Baby something but you and I must go without, for I do not

see how I am to pay the interest money on the first of January, let alone buying Christmas gifts."

"Never mind, dear," said Milly, "I can do very well without presents so long as we are well, and you and Baby are spared to me," and as a neighbor came in just then nothing more was said.

Christmas morning dawned clear and bright, and Baby was shouting with delight over her new doll, and the pretty ball of bright worsted that her mother's busy fingers had found time to make for her, when Milly said, "Here Tom, is my Christmas gift to you," handing him a neat pocket-book.

"Thank you, dear," said he, "I shall make people think I have money when I carry this, for they won't know whether it is full or empty."

"Open it, and see how you like the inside," said Milly, her eyes dancing with fun.

Great was Tom's surprise, to find within a crisp \$100 bill.

"Why Milly," exclaimed he, "where in the world did you get this?"

"I earned it, if you please sir," said she, and then she told him the story of her work.

"But I don't like to take this," said Tom, "why didn't you keep it to get something for yourself?"

"And who is this home for, if not for myself?" said she. "Do you suppose I want to move, especially at this time of the year?"

The money was duly paid to the landlord, and as Tom was fortunate enough to have steady work at good wages through the following year, between his earnings and Milly's, the home was their own; and a proud man was Tom, as he laid the deed in Milly's lap for her Christmas gift.

Milly still keeps on with her work, and says she shall use the fund gradually growing in the bank, for Baby's education.

DOR'THY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MARY SPAULDING HATCH.

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WHEN we came South, we came with the happy belief that at last we were to reach a country where the servant girl was not one of the problems of life; that one had but to wink at a white-aproned, red-banded "anty," when she would come and go at one's bidding, with all the good-natured will-iness pictured in the stories of "befo' de wah."

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

And it applied in our case, just as fitly as it did in that of the dreamer at "Locksley Hall."

After, however, several ineffectual attempts to swallow bitter doses of knowledge, we concluded our only plan was to philosophically allow wisdom to stay.

So when "Ant Dor'thy" presented herself with the usual interrogation, "Does yer wantter lady t' cook?" we meekly answered "Yes," and she forthwith began to "cook."

She was kind to the children (they usually are) and did not pour "spook" stories, or wonderful "conjuring" tales into their innocent noddles, and that was a consideration. Then she really was a good cook, and always cheerfully responded to any call.

She was willing to rise early in the morning, when it suited my husband's affairs; and what was a great comfort to me, when my husband was off on his trips, she neither cared for visiting nor visitors, but stayed in with me, happy in the company of her snuff-box and pipe.

Many a long evening have I spent with Dor'thy in the kitchen, after the children were asleep, listening spell-bound to her graphic description of the times "befo' de wah." And often, when nervous and unable to sleep, I left my bed to hunt for imaginary burglars, I found her asleep in her chair.

"Why don't you go to bed, Aunt Dor'thy?" I queried. "Law honey, some nights I don't nebba go to bed. Ise comf'ble dis-a-way," and she would stretch herself and relight her pipe.

I began to think I had a treasure in Dor'thy; when, about the same time, I became suspicious of her "hooking" properties.

She was just "a goin' a minute t' see how Sally an' th' young uns war" one afternoon, with her apron gathered up in her hands.

"What have you there?" I asked. "Taint nothin' but er dry biscuit fer th' baby," and I let her go.

A visit to the pantry, however, told plainly that Dor'thy was either ignorant of the multiplication table, or had some misgivings as to her method of supplying her daughter and children from our stores.

With some variations, these visits, with the apron episode thrown in, were very frequent. Cold biscuits, meat, coffee, lard, flour, etc., were constantly disappearing, for I could not become accustomed to the southern housekeeper's plan of keeping things always under lock and key.

One day I found, upon knowing the contents of that mysterious apron and found as I expected, that it was full of good, cold victuals.

I was out of patience and expressed my views forcibly; to which Dor'thy with a look of wondering contempt, exclaimed, "Good lawd! I nebba seed no lady, what war dat stingy," (she learned that word from us) "she'd nebba leat de pore chillun hab de dry brade an' meat! I nebba seed de like ob hit, nebba! An' I aint gwink wuk for no sech white folks, no I aint."

"I don't think you will, for unless this ceases immediately, you will get your walking papers!" I retorted irritably.

For a time the trouble ceased, and when Dor'thy got leave of absence for a "minute" to visit her daughter and grandchildren, she smoothed out with extra care her long white apron.

But after a while I again mistrusted that she had found a new way to purloin eatables, as our grocery bill was larger than it should have been, and eatables disappeared more rapidly than was legitimate.

I watched, and one day the key to the last mystery was unfolded to my astonished eyes, as I saw Dor'thy, in a manner that a slight-of-hand performer might have envied, slide into her capacious bosom a large sandwich.

For a moment I could scarcely believe my eyes, then I exclaimed: "For mercy sakes, Dor'thy!"

"Mum" was the innocent reply. "What did you do just now?"

She looked all about, over and under the table, where she stood, as if in search of the object of my inquiry. Indignant as I was, I could hardly refrain from laughing.

"What did you slip in your bosom just now?"

"T'lar to goodness, Miss Mary, I didn't do nothin'!"

"What have you in your dress there?"

"Miss Mary!" in innocent astonishment. "Dor'thy, I see you put in a roll and some meat."

"Law, Miss Mary, honey, you're mistookin'! I didn't do nothin' ob de kin'."

"Why Aunt Dor'thy! I saw you do it."

"Befo' de Lawd, missis, I nebba did!"

This was beyond anything I had ever dreamed of, and I went to my room to cogitate, too utterly exasperated for another word.

That night I decided that Dor'thy should receive her "walking papers" the very next day. I retired early out of sorts, and wishing it was time for my husband to come home.

It was about half past ten when I awoke, with a feeling of suffocation. Immediately the truth burst

(NUTSHELL STORIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)

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HE reader will understand that our predictions for the month, are partly deduced from the scheme of the heavens for each New Moon; these for some time past have occurred in the first part of each month. At the LUNATION, or new moon, which occurs at about 16 minutes past 7 o'clock in the morning of the 1st day of August, Jupiter and Neptune will be in the Midheaven approaching the meridian; Venus and Mercury will be in the 11th house; Saturn in the 2nd nearly opposed to Mars in the 8th; and Herschel will be in the 3rd house. The lunation falls just inside the 12th house.

In the diagram presented herewith, erected for the time of the lunation, the 5th degree of the sign Virgo will be ascending and the 1st degree of Gemini culminating. Both these signs are ruled by Mercury, who therefore becomes ruler of the scheme for the month. That planet is found badly afflicted by a quartile aspect of the malefics Mars and Saturn and by being almost stationary in the 11th house, indicating that an unusual degree of anxiety still pervades the public mind, so that there can be but little hope of any legislative enactments giving great or permanent prosperity, or content among the people over the government or administration of the affairs of the nation. The burden of taxation is made to press heavily upon the people and pecuniary affairs both national and commercial are sadly deranged. There is marked stagnation in labor and business felt by all classes; strong endeavors are made by anarchistic societies and other secret enemies of the honest people of the country to induce riot and insubordination; public meetings will be frequent where angry language is heard and violent scenes occur and the public press teems with exciting and declamatory articles; there will be much contention and debate in legislative bodies and unusual controversy over or through new legislation which works detriment to the public treasury. Mercury being elevated above and evilly configured with Saturn signifies the discovery of unusual cheating or fraud in the administration of the money affairs of the government. The guardians of public treasure need to be well on the alert against misappropriations and some bad loss. Betrayals of trust, embezzlement and pilfering of the property of others will cause excitement and press discussion. Serious accidents and disasters on land and water, and unusual losses from fire and to shipping and commercial property are probable. This suggestion is emphasized by the last lunation wherein the luminaries were afflicted in the watery sign Cancer, which particularly foreboded harm to seafaring men and especially those in the coasting trade, particularly about the 10th and 24th of July, when also there were influences which affected seriously some of the leading personages in the political world; and it is apprehended that in

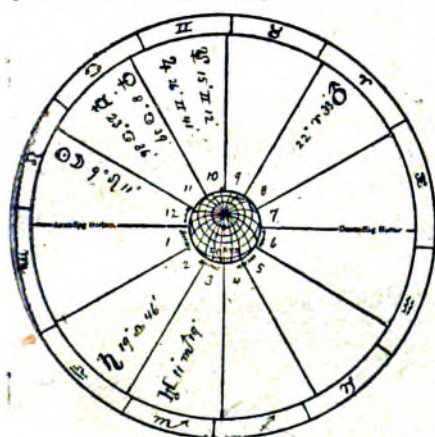


DIAGRAM FOR AUGUST.

these midsummer weeks some of our National buildings or of the chief edifices of our great metropolis, New York City, will have suffered serious damage from fire or electricity.

Mercury representing the highest dignity on the land, and afflicted as we have seen, prompts the caution to our President for avoidance of all harm while traveling, and he is advised to have care in handling firearms, or in exposing himself to the hot sun; to avoid surfeits of food or drink or any habits tending to plethora, and all excitement affecting the heart and circulation; inflammatory conditions of his system are likely.

Some bad failure is denoted in railway affairs and serious disasters are indicated from shipwrecks, falling bridges, or explosions or accidents in the steam departments of the mechanical world. Let all in charge of excursions and pleasure parties exercise unusual care for avoidance of accidents of such character. A bad drowning disaster is threatened at some of the principal watering places.

The Postal Department of the Government meets with some unusual detriment or loss, or some one of the principal officers in that department is likely to be called to his last home, or suffer disgrace.

The opposition of the malefics and the quartile of Herschel to the place of the lunation threatens some unusual trouble among the inmates of prisons or reformatory institutions, either from insubordination or from some violent inflammatory or eruptive disease, and persons in charge of such institutions should be well on the alert against surprise and plots or conspiracies. Some gross case of mismanagement in prisons or houses of cor-

rection is likely to be discovered and the authors exposed.

There is indication of the imprisonment or disgrace of some high public functionary, and the obituary of the month will probably contain the name of some quite eminent in science or literature.

Mars in Aries passing the opposition of Saturn will excite the martial ardor of Englishmen, Germans, and Austrians and also threatens some degree of trouble to our own country from public enemies over naval matters in northern and western regions, giving rise either to naval demonstrations of considerable consequence or making the necessity for serious diplomatic negotiations over disputes concerning fisheries or territorial acquisitions.

The opposition of the malefics Mars and Saturn from cardinal signs on July 26th will cause a very much disturbed condition of magnetic and electrical mediums of this system of worlds; and the combined influences in the last days of July and first days of August may produce violent commotion of atmospheres, earthquakes, and electrical disturbances of unusual character on our earth's surface. Such combinations are fruitful in producing great winds also much thunder and lightning and hail.

There is likely to be increased mortality from kidney, head, stomach, and heart diseases, and particularly from apoplectic and violent troubles.

Despite these details of adverse conditions, the condition of Jupiter in the midheaven augurs well for the general good of the country, though whatever progress is made seems to be from good harvest and in spite of major drawbacks. The internal condition of the country staggers under its load until a degree of national prosperity and power seems to result; and therefore in general our country may look forward to a good harvest and a fair share of the blessings of Divine Providence.

CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

AUGUST 1—Wednesday. A day of very poor promise, cautioning generally against risks of all kinds. REGULUS can not advise the beginning on this day, of any new and important enterprise, no matter how flattering the promise, for conditions are very unfavorable, indicating embarrassment, poor success, and ultimate loss; do not choose this day for buying goods to sell again, nor indulge in speculative ventures. It is unfortunate for a birthday anniversary, prompting great care and watchfulness of both health and circumstances for several months to come; especially is this true of persons born about the 1st of February, May, August, or November, of past years. Ladies, so born, are likely to be now in the midst of domestic and family infelicities; and if married, to be experiencing conjugal dissensions, sadness, or bereavement in the marital relations or through male relatives; influences tend to cause discord among lovers, if they do not really rupture engagements of ladies so born, who have not yet assumed the matrimonial yoke. The day improves as it advances and the afternoon is propitious for all minor engagements concerning houses or lands and minor purchases of coal, iron, petroleum, wood lumber, lead, wool and grain.

2—Thursday. Begin early and improve every moment, particularly for money ventures if thy nativity is not included among those indicated above; buy goods for trade and deal with officers of large corporations, judges, and ecclesiastics; seek money accommodations and urge every honorable pursuit.

3—Friday. Conditions encourage dealings in fancy goods, jewelry, perfumes, silks, and all articles of adornment, also household goods and furnishings; but it is not sufficiently benevolent to encourage the beginning of great ventures even of characters just indicated.

4—Saturday. During the morning let particular attention be given to the prosecution of literary or scientific labors, contracts, correspondence, and generally for the consideration of matters requiring an active mind; but as noon approaches have care not to invest money for profit and watch the purse-strings very jealously; the time is not to be depended upon, however, for the inauguration of any great enterprises, particularly for persons born on the dates indicated in the first paragraph. Such will need to be very guarded in their business acts, avoiding the rupture of present connections, and observing the strictest integrity in dealing with their fellowman.

5—Sunday. The first half of this day is the best; conditions later induce too free indulgences of appetite and pleasure. As the evening approaches very malicious and violent conditions prevail such as conduce to bad accidents, sudden deaths, and the beginning or acceleration of serious disease involving the digestive apparatus, kidneys and brain; neuralgic, rheumatic, and dropsical troubles are quickened.

6—Monday. This day is singularly evil and prompts great caution for the avoidance of strife and contention. Expect but little profit or advantage from undertakings then begun. Have no surgical operation performed; the brain and nervous energies have suffered considerable detriment during the last ten days and nervous diseases have been quickened; certain minds have been inclined to melancholy and despondency and suicides will be likely to be more frequent. These suggestions are peculiarly applicable to persons born about the 14th of January, April, or July, or the 15th of October, of past years. This day, sign no papers of consequence and give no credit; do no important correspondence nor hire or purchase lands or houses; postpone business with lawyers. Some very prominent person in the literary world is likely to pass away and intellectual matters are very adversely affected.

7—Tuesday. The forenoon is conducive to business activity and enterprise; the afternoon is not so promising. Avoid aged persons and do not ask favors.

8—Wednesday. Begin early and urge all manner of business to the utmost, giving special preference in the first half of the day. Consult thy tailor, dressmaker or milliner, and deal in fancy goods. As the day advances and for 24 hours crowd all matters of a literary nature; make contracts, engage servants, travel, do important correspondence and execute writings.

9—Thursday. Resume vigorously efforts of yesterday and push commercial ventures vigorously. Deal with clerks, accountants, teachers, mathematicians, and the scientific classes generally; engage help and be active in all literary affairs.

10—Friday. Guard the temper in the morning and be not drawn into disputes or controversies; avoid travel and be wary of entering upon new undertakings; the evening gives better promise.

11—Saturday. Choose the first two-thirds of this day for asking favors of those in office or authority; deal with cutlers, surgeons, tailors, bakers, brewers, glass makers, iron and brass workers, and generally with men in mechanical and in manufacturing interests; but hold fast the purse-strings in the afternoon except in cases of absolute necessity or for charitable purposes.

12—Sunday. A fair Sabbath day until evening, especially conducive to mental activity and valuable and aggressive as well as original utterances.

13—Monday. The forenoon is the best for most affairs of life, but as noon is passed, there begins a range of influences covering the suc-

ceeding 48 hours which are discouraging for the beginning of any very important new business, traveling, or speculation. Fires, excitement, violent accidents and unusually frequent sudden deaths are liable; criminal classes are excited to special activity and human passions will need a powerful check; kidney, stomach, and head troubles are accelerated and conditions prompt scrupulously temperate habits and care as to diet, lest the train be now laid for much physical suffering in the succeeding weeks. Persons born about the middle days of January, April, July, or October, of past years, should pay more than ordinary heed to these suggestions at this time, and be unusually guarded in business ventures for some weeks to come. The time is to be avoided for wooing or wedding and more than ordinary prudence and circumspection will need to be exercised by the gentle sex with reference to both health and deportment, especially if born near the dates indicated herein above; some very bad cases of cruelty and brutality to women, also suicides among them, come to light especially in these 48 hours, and unusual activity in divorce proceedings is promoted. Dramatists, musicians, artists, jewelers, upholsterers and furniture dealers experience losses and embarrassments, and need to exercise extraordinary caution. Theatrical managers and artists should defer very important professional engagements during these days.

14—Tuesday. A day of increased mental excitement; the mind is likely to be rash and quarrels are easily provoked; keep a civil tongue, be slow to take offense, avoid controversy, be not careless with fire; be deliberate in judgment and avoid rashness or impulsiveness in business ventures. Thieves and swindlers are active and fires likely; do not travel.

15—Wednesday. Railroad officials have little patience during the forenoon. Little or no favor need be expected from persons noted for peculiarity of dress or habits, nor from those in public office; the later hours of the day are to be used for most affairs of life, especially in matters pertaining to houses and lands.

16—Thursday. The forenoon does not promise success, but as the Sun passes the noon meridian let all affairs be urged diligently; begin important undertakings; deal in cattle and metals, with chemists, founders, physicians, tailors, cutlers, military men, and all in mechanical callings; the day is conducive in a marked degree to business activity, particularly encouraging dealings with commercial men, the woolen merchant, clergymen, and bankers, especially for speculative ventures in stocks or grain.

17—Friday. Have no transactions in real estate during the forenoon, nor dealings with thy landlord; the afternoon encourages favors from the aged.

18—Saturday. Not specially conducive to success, but is somewhat detrimental to advancement of intellectual and literary pursuits.

19—Sunday. Influences are adverse to advancement of religious interests and church matters, though the mind will be inclined toward the elegant in literature and the imagination will be active.

20—Monday. This week begins auspiciously and invites special activity in commercial affairs; make agreements and sign contracts; adjust accounts and urge the literary and scientific pursuits; employ servants, apprentice children; and transact business with lawyers, printers, publishers, and booksellers.

21—Tuesday. Push business vigorously during the first two-thirds of this day, buying goods for trade and having dealings with persons of means and of a pecuniary character. Have care in the afternoon not to be too hasty of judgment or in act and not become involved in controversies or quarrels.

22—Wednesday. Defer matters of importance in artistic and literary pursuits; do not sign writings or make engagements or contracts; this is a poor time generally and a poor day in particular to replenish thy stock of artistic, fancy, or decorative goods, or to make any engagements of a dramatic nature.

23—Thursday. Use the pen very cautiously in the morning, but as the day advances let every energy be given to the prosecution of business in all departments; arrange monetary matters; deal with persons of wealth and prominence; buy goods for trade, open new stores, seek money accommodations and ask credit, if necessary.

24—Friday. One of the best days in the month for beginnings of all kinds. REGULUS continues his suggestions to commence new undertakings and urge honorable pursuits; to purchase houses and lands, and buy materials for manufacture and merchandise for trade.

25—Saturday. This day is peculiarly fortunate for contracts concerning buildings or for hiring or purchasing houses or lands; also for dealings in agricultural products and implements, building materials, coal, wood, or metal ores; have surgical operations performed; consult thy dentist, institute legal proceedings, buy machinery, employ mechanics, deal in hardware, electrical goods and chemicals, and with cutlers, tailors, and all workers in metals or glass; making beginnings in all these classes of undertaking, unless thy nativity positively forbids.

26—Sunday. One of the best Sabbath days of the month for the good and prosperity of church matters and religious and moral improvement; the forenoon conduces happy pulpit efforts, giving unusual eloquence and zeal to the extemporaneous speaker and closer attention and more ready comprehension and conviction to the listener.

27—Monday. Be cautious this day; make no engagements or contracts with reference to houses or lands, nor deal with farmers, contractors, brick makers, plumbers, nor the laborious classes generally.

28—Tuesday. Avoid rash acts and be not moved to wrath; dangerous for surgical operations, especially upon the urinary or generative organs. Let all engaged in the use of anesthetics watch the action of the heart, for there is greater than usual danger to that organ.

29—Wednesday. Give preference to transactions of consequence with farmers, contractors, builders and plumbers.

30—Thursday. One of the best days in the month for beginnings. REGULUS urges his friends to commence all new undertakings, and to press honorable pursuits, purchase materials for manufacturing; seek money accommodations and deal with persons of wealth and standing.

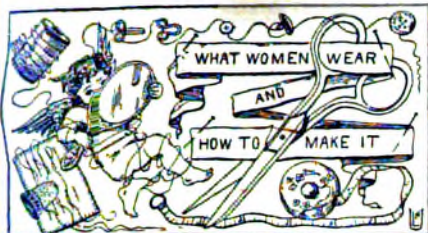
31—Friday. A day of no special promise though slightly conducive to peevishness in the forenoon; the afternoon is the better part of the day.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

European physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma, in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma, who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing.

CONSUMERS GUIDE big 400 page book free, lowest wholesale prices on all kind of goods. Send for it to Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, Ill. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

RETURN this advt. with order and we will send by Express prepaid, this **SOLID GOLD FILLED** watch. **ELGIN** style, stem wind and set. Watch which you can sell for \$25.00. If you like it pay Express agent \$5.00 and keep it, otherwise we will return it at our expense. We only ask your promise to go to Express office examine and buy it. **What a customer says:** "I have received the watch with each full name, Express receipt and P. O. address. State which watch I want. Ladies or Gents size. When you send Cash \$5.00 with order will give Gold plated Chain. No chain with C.O.D. orders. Can't afford it and pay C.O.D. charges. **What a customer says:** "I have received the watch with each full name, Express receipt and P. O. address. State which watch I want. Ladies or Gents size. When you send Cash \$5.00 with order will give Gold plated Chain. No chain with C.O.D. orders. 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THE month of July brings hot weather in its train, and with it the need of the coolest and lightest of summer clothing. Garments which are suited for out-door wear, are about the only ones which women are considering at present. The illustration which we give presents two very attractive suits. There is but one fault to be found with the tennis costume; a young woman who is to play tennis should not be hampered with a long skirt. The one in the illustration comes close to the ground, and would be seriously in the way in a lively game. The suit given, however, is a perfect one for all out-door sports and for walking purposes. If the skirt came only to the top of the young woman's shoes, it would be neater, more convenient, and altogether more appropriate for any sort of out-door work than it is now. The skirt is made perfectly plain and gored so as to fit nicely about the hips. A plain full skirt waist is worn with it, and a wrinkled sash of bright-colored silk to match the necktie. The jacket is of the stylish cut for this year, and differs materially from those of last year. This particular suit is made of white serge, the blouse being of white lawn, and the sash and necktie of cardinal silk; the jaunty cap is also of white. Such a gown should be possessed by every young woman this summer; always remembering not to have the skirt longer than the tops of the boots. Navy blue serge, or some of the pretty designs in flannel, make excellent costumes. For the girl who wants to go mountain climbing with her brothers, or who wants to take long walks every day, nothing could be neater or more becoming than such a gown made short.

"Oh, but a short dress always makes one feel so awkward about the feet," you say. Not if you take half as much pains to have your feet well dressed as you do with your shoulders. Nothing is prettier than a neatly fitting boot, and nothing betrays the character of its wearer so quickly. With a long skirt a woman is apt to get into very shabby habits about her feet. She thinks it does not matter if a button is gone, or the heel is ripped, or the shoes need blacking badly, so long as her skirts are down to hide her feet. She does not stop to think that whenever she gets in or out of a carriage or even a horse-car, she displays all these shortcomings to every one who chances to be looking; and that no man who beholds these things will give her credit for being a neat and tidy woman. She may take great pains with her neckties, she may always have her hair in crimp, she may have her veil adjusted in the most becoming fashion, but a slouchy pair of boots will overthrow all the good impressions which she thinks those things will give. Now with a short skirt she will be more particular; she will have a neat, well-fitting boot or shoe, and will always see that these are properly tied or buttoned. Her stockings will not have holes in the heels, nor fit loosely over her ankles. She will take just as much pains to have her feet well dressed as she will her hands; and then she will not be afraid to let her feet be seen, nor to walk with a natural and consequently graceful gait.

The young lady in the chair has more right to wear long skirts as she has nothing to do but to sit on the piazza and read, or make herself generally agreeable. Long skirts are pretty and graceful for the house and this one of hers is sure to hang well and be becoming. Underneath it she has a dainty white petticoat trimmed with a lace ruffle. The silk skirts which have been so much worn for a year past are not quite so popular this year, white ones of old time having come into favor again as being the most desirable of anything, especially for house wear; it is not yet considered good form, however, to wear white skirts on the street in a rainy day.

This young woman's dress is made of organdie muslin, and trimmed with lace insertion; plenty of other materials may be used, however, which are not so expensive. Challies, llama cloths, cambrics, and even the fancy ginghams are very desirably made up in this way. Sleeves to this gown are quite new, having a large flaring cuff and a deep ruffle coming to the elbow. The frilled shoulder capes and the short jacket-front are both trimmed with insertion, and the stock collar has a couple of bands of bright colored velvet which make it becoming to the complexion of the wearer. These bands are very much worn, and may be of any color suitable to the wearer and to the material employed.

As the season advances the return to the tailor-made gown for street wear has been quite marked; and indeed it is impossible to imagine a more becoming, useful, and suitable every-day gown, than the tailor-made, as worn

this season. These are made up in every shade of tan, brown, and gray, stone color and slate, and in mixed goods which have bright colored threads spun in the wool. Oxford suitings are much used, and a great many small all-wool checks, in brown or black and white, with invisible threads of bright colors are seen. These are of light weight and very desirable for traveling purposes in the summer. For hot days the most stylish tailor gowns are the silk and linen duck, which is very fashionable and dressy. For ordinary people the cotton ducks and linen ducks are much used. The skirts are cut perfectly plain, with five gores, and the coats are of medium length with the front corners rounded away. Waistcoats may be either double-breasted or single, and may be buttoned close up to the chin, or may be turned away like a man's vest. Only a coat-collar or shirt is necessary under them. These waistcoats are usually like the suits, although they are sometimes replaced by chiffon, silk or lawn fronts with lace ruffles. The cotton duck and linen are made exactly in the same fashion as the more dressy silk and linen ones. Some of the duck is checked off with thread stripes in colors or is sprinkled with polka dots. Plain unbleached linen or dark blue are most popular.

The blouse waists get more popular with every season. So great is the variety of them now that whole departments are given up to them in the city stores. No gown need be cast aside because the waist is past wearing; for some harmonizing or contrasting shade made up in some of the pretty blouse waist styles will make it as fashionable as ever; and while the owner is really being economical, she is following Fashion's most pronounced fancy. These waists are made plainly or sufficiently fancy for every hour in the day. A dark silk waist may be worn with a trim tailor gown in the morning, and a bright trimmed one will make the same skirt presentable for an evening affair. The most dressy waists for evening are those of the crepe silk, accordion-plaited net or black lace. They are cut simply, but loaded with lace trimmed ruffles. For morning wear they are of cambric, lawn or chambray; the neck is finished with a turn-down collar and perhaps a little plaited ruffle in front. Sometimes they have a ruffle of embroidery on the collar and cuffs. The choice of fabrics used for blouses is very wide, and one can hardly get beyond the decree of fashion. In cottons the colors and patterns of lawns and cambrics and ginghams, were never prettier. In laundering them it is a matter of taste whether the collar, cuffs and ruffles in front be starched or not, but they are never polished. The wash silks in light colors, are the coolest for hot weather and they launder perfectly.



OUT-DOOR COMFORTS.

Parasols this summer are ruffled and trimmed and furbelowed until they can hardly be recognized as a plain parasol any more. An old parasol may be easily remodeled by putting a full puff and a ruffle of chiffon around it, or even a ruffled ribbon of lace. Some of the more expensive ones have a great many flowers and fluttering ribbons on them, which make them look like great bouquets. A fancy parasol should never be carried with a tailor-made gown; the sun umbrella being the proper thing to go with that.

Hats show the greatest variety of material; rough and smooth braids, fine and coarse, and Neapolitan woven with ribbon are seen in every possible color. Some of the fashionable hats have nothing but a crown of fancy straw surrounded with a wide flounce of lace which is held out by wires of firm and fluted brim. Other hats consist of nothing but a brim without any crown.

Shoulder capes are as much worn as ever, and are picturesque and convenient. This summer's styles are short and very full, and the shoulder trimmings are much different from those of last year. Black silk, satin and moire, heavily trimmed or overlaid with lace, are favorite materials. Triple-plaited ruches of lace around the neck, and a bow of wide moire ribbon with long ends, fastening in front, may be seen on all the new capes.

Stock collars of folded crape are used instead of velvet as was worn during winter. Some have a large steel or rhine-stone buckle in front with loops of crape fuiled at the shoulder. Bows of moire ribbon trimmed with lace with long ends are much used as neck garnitures; and are a good way of freshening up old gowns.

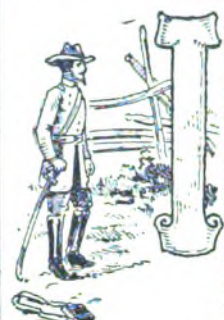
Little folks dresses are very much the same this year as last. Skirts are made full, full sleeves are puffed as widely as possible, and shoulder frills prevail on everything. Little girls all wear the convenient reefer, which may be nice enough for dressy wear, or made to bear the hard uses of every day play.

The new 13-inch gun, the biggest ever made in this country, has been tested and found a great success. It weighs 65 tons, the brass saddle upon which it rests, 10 tons, and the carriage upon which it is mounted, 25 tons, making a mass of 100 tons; it shoots a 1,100 pound projectile at the rate of 1,800 to 2,000 feet per second.

The Story of a Greenback.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

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placed no value then on Northern money. As a proof of this the boys gave away large sums of the now longed-for "greenbacks"; and I know of instances when prisoners were given rolls amounting to more than their pay for a year's gallant service in defence of the Flag.

For in those early days Union money was the same to us as "bricks without straw," holding comparatively no value.

Retreating from Holly Springs, I deemed it my duty to make a camp with the few men under my command, near the plantation home of Colonel P—a gallant officer commanding a Confederate regiment in Virginia. My ramblings about Holly Springs as a boy had taken me often to the colonel's plantation; and absence had not caused me to forget that at Vale Haven Plantation there was a lovely young girl, Miss Jessie, who had won my boyish heart. Not having seen her since I donned the gray uniform I was anxious to discover if I could not make a deeper impression than I had done in jackets.

A warm welcome was mine from Miss Jessie and all the family. My men were also hospitably received, although I, as a young Lieutenant of Cavalry, claimed the honors; especially when I had risked capture by the Federals and a reprimand from my colonel for having strayed out of the way to visit Vale Haven.

With a good supper, conversation and music the evening passed away only too quickly; and before departing that night I was asked by Miss Jessie to write something in her album. In those days I was sometimes guilty of love-sick verse; yet try as I might on that occasion, the muse would not inspire me. I could not make two lines rhyme, and in despair I made a demand upon the United States Treasury to help me out.

From a roll of "greenbacks" from my pocket I took a one thousand dollar bill, and asked for a little flour paste. I then fastened it in the album with date of the Van Dorn raid on Holly Springs, and my autograph, having inscribed beneath it the words:

"As many good wishes or your happiness through life."

At midnight we parted, Jessie and I; she not enough impressed with my hope of a brilliant career to promise to wait for me until the "crucial war" was over. Knowing me well, and being two years my senior, she was wise.

At last the war was over. The "Bonnie Blue Flag" had been furled forever.

"Scattered were its hosts and shattered, Over whom it floated high."

The beautiful home of Colonel P— was a wreck, and he returned from Appomattox to find himself ruined and poverty staring his loved ones in the face. Without money he could hire no help, buy no farming utensils, nor erect fences or purchase food. So he welcomed a letter from a prosperous brother in the West enclosing a check and bidding him come and find a new home in a strange land. It was a bitter blow to give up the old home; yet there was nothing else to do.

The work of packing was begun in sadness. One day, seated among her girlhood treasures, Miss Jessie took from its hiding place the old album forgotten for years. By a strange coincidence she opened it at the very page upon which I had pasted the "greenback" and written my name. Filled with the names of Confederate soldiers, the old album had been laid aside soon after my raid, and forgotten. Had Miss Jessie loved me, that album would never have been shelved, and this true story would have remained untold.

In the years that had followed Van Dorn's raid, the "greenback" had risen to par, and Confederate money had correspondingly sunk far below face value, though it still went for what it was worth instead of United States money. Startled by her discovery, Miss Jessie ran to her father and held the album up before his astonished gaze and waited for him to speak.

"My child, that saves us! With the check I have, I can fit out the plantation and live until the returns come in. We will not have to leave our dear old home."

So said the colonel, and the bill was at once put into warm water, my page of the album being torn out. Then followed purchases of grain, food, utensils and a couple of mules, while the old plantation hands were glad to work at small wages.

It was years after, in 1871, that I was standing in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, one afternoon, talking with a friend, when an acquaintance came up and called me by name. A tall, handsome old gentleman whom I felt that I had met before, stepped forward and said:

"Have you quite forgotten an old friend?"

I admitted that I could not recall his name, and then he said:

"Your name is often spoken in our family. Come, I have my people with me at the hotel; so come up and see if you will recognize them, or if they fail to recall your face."

I went with him, in vain striving to recall when and where I had seen him, while he kindly said:

"I thought your face was familiar, and hearing your name it all came back to me—the days of our fighting for the Lost Cause."

He knocked lightly at the door, and opening it I saw a handsome woman with gray hair, a lady of thirty, and a sunny haired little girl of four.

At a glance I knew the one I had sought to impress in the days of the old Confederacy, with my rank of Lieutenant. It was Jessie.

Not the girl Jessie I had known, but a woman now, a wife and the mother of the little maiden of four. The welcome they gave me was warm and sincere; and then I learned how my lack of poetical ideas, culminating in the pasting in the album of that greenback, had saved their home and been the foundation of the prosperity that had come to them.

"And only think, I avenged myself upon the North by marrying a United States officer, a colonel in the army," said Jessie.

I met the colonel at dinner that day, and he seemed happy in the revenge which Jessie had taken upon him as a "Rebel girl." Thus had the Blue and the Gray been content to "let the dead past bury its dead."

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KITCHEN CHATS.

An Ideal Breakfast and a Canned Goods Dinner.

BY ELIZABETH SARGENT CURTIS.

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WONDER if the majority of housekeepers realize what an important meal the breakfast is?

Hardly, I think, or they would not turn it off with so little thought or give so little care to its preparation.

It is the meal that marks the beginning of the day, and often makes or mars the day for the partakers.

The ideal breakfast should be a cheerful meal. It is the coming together of the family before the serious work of the day begins, and it should send each one off happy and content. It is so much easier to meet disagreeable things, if one has the memory of something bright and pleasant to help bear the vexations of business.

It should be attractive, appetizing and nourishing. Coming after the longest fast of the twenty-four hours it should be nutritious; and as the appetite is apt to be whimsical in the morning, particularly if one is not quite well, or has passed an unquiet night, it should be as pleasant to the eye as to the palate.

The same dishes are too often served, morning after morning, until one gets tired of their very name, yet nobody seems to think what may be the cause of the lessening appetite.

A complete change in the bill of fare will often accomplish what "tonics" and appetizers fail to do. The house-mother has the righting of this matter in her own hands. She should find out what will suit capricious appetites; not by asking, for in this condition one wants nothing and is apt to say so with unnecessary frankness, but by trying experiments, and arranging culinary surprises. Then when she finds something appetizing she must not repeat it until it is as unpleasant as the other dishes, but find something else, and leave the first to be repeated again when it is not expected.

A little forethought, dear house-mother, and you will accomplish what you wish.

There are two courses that it is well to have, and that is a grain and fruit course. You can use your own discretion and consult the taste of your family as to serving fruit first or last. Some persons cannot take fruit until they have taken something else into the stomach, while others prefer it first. This should be left a matter of individual preference.

And now I have a very important word to say about the grain course. Within a few years Americans as a nation have become possessed of the idea that no breakfast is complete without oatmeal. In fact the eating of oatmeal is like the exercise of the franchise, "without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude." No matter what isn't for breakfast, there must be oatmeal.

Now I am not going to say a word against that cereal, for no one respects its virtues more than I do; but it is possible to take it to excess, like anything else.

Of its strength-giving and muscle-producing qualities there can be no doubt. When a prize fighter is put in training, it is made one of the principal dishes in his carefully prepared list of foods. It is the chief diet of the hardy Scotch peasant, and they do long days' work on this alone. These very qualities make it undesirable for one who is much in-doors, or whose occupation is sedentary. Not that it should be banished altogether from the table of such persons, but it should be served only occasionally, and in alternation with other grains. It is too heavy for one who suffers from dyspepsia, and should be strenuously avoided by such. I have often thought that if Carlyle had taken something into his protesting stomach beside his favorite "dish of porridge," that poor Mrs. Carlyle would have had a vastly better time, and the world would have been a much pleasanter place for him.

Oatmeal certainly, well-cooked and at proper intervals, but not all the time, especially when there are so many other things to alternate with, the preparations of wheat, the white and yellow hominy, the granulated barley, and rice.

Very much of the delicacy of all grain foods depends upon their preparation. To have it at its best, it should never be cooked over a direct fire, but in a double boiler. The cooking is more gradual and thorough, and all danger of scorching is averted. When the cooking is over the direct fire, even the greatest care will not prevent the grain from scorching, and with the first suspicion of a burnt taste the dish is spoiled. But with a double-boiler you are safe; that is if you watch to see that the water does not boil away from the lower part of the kettle. If you cook your grain in water, be sure it is boiling; then before you put the grain in, see that the water is well salted and a trifle of sugar added. You will find that this will greatly improve the taste. No matter how much salt you add after the meal is cooked, it will have more effect when it is put into the water and cooked into the grain. In that case it permeates every portion, and the result is the same all through; while in the other, it is apt to be seasoned in spots.

If you have plenty of milk you will find it a great improvement to use that for cooking the cereals, instead of water. It makes them much

more delicate. Let the milk heat to the boiling point in the double-boiler; season it as you do the water, then sift in the grain through the fingers, and cook until done. The time for cooking varies according to the cereal. If you are using one of the steam-prepared wheats or oatmeal, only a short time is required; but if you have the old-fashioned Scotch oatmeal, cracked wheat, hominy or barley, two or three hours will be needed. In that case it is well to do it the day before, putting the preparations in moulds, and warming them in the morning.

In these days a double-boiler is found among the kitchen furnishings of nearly every house; but where a family lives far away from a furnishing store, it is not always convenient to get one. A very good make-shift is a tin pail, suspended in a kettle of boiling water. Take a stick that will lie across the top of the kettle and suspend the pail to this by the handle, and you have a double-boiler good enough for all you wish it to do, although it may not be quite as fanciful as some.

In the courses which follow the grain, the same variety should be observed. It is not necessary to perpetually ring the change on chops and steak, nor is there need of serving sausages and buckwheat cakes every morning for months, as some families do. All these are good in their place, but their place is not at every morning's breakfast. There are plenty of made dishes which may be prepared, and which will not only give the desired variety, but will also be in the interest of economy, as they may be prepared from remnants of yesterday's dinner. Take the various kinds of hash, for instance. There is nothing nicer, when it is prepared properly.

You may make hash from any kind of meat, but only with beef do you mix potato with it. White meats, lamb, mutton, veal and poultry, are nicest served as hash—or mince—on toast. To prepare them, use any cold roast or boiled meat; free it from gristle and fat, chop it quite fine, and put into a saucepan with a bit of butter and a little hot water. Season it to taste with salt, pepper and if you like, a bit of celery salt. Toast thin slices of bread, and cut them in halves, or in rounds with the biscuit cutter. Moisten the toast with salted hot water, then butter it, and heap the mince on the pieces of toast. Garnish the platter with triangles of toast, bits of parsley or geranium or nasturtium leaves. A dropped egg on the top of each mound of the mince makes a very attractive dish, as well as a palatable one. Remember that these directions are for either veal, mutton or lamb.

There is an art in making hash, especially one from corned beef. I honestly think that one reason people speak with so little respect of it is because the average woman takes so little care in making it. As a rule it is one of the things which are popularly supposed to make itself, and so the maker puts no thought or care into it.

In regard to proportions, there should be two-thirds potatoes to one-third meat. The potatoes should be boiled the day before, and be cold. I know that many think it easier to have the potatoes hot and mashed, but the result is not so good, as the hash is pasty. Chop meat and potatoes together, but not too fine. If you like the flavor of onion, it is a great addition. Put a large tablespoonful of butter into the saucepan, and when it is melted brown, put in a small onion chopped fine. As soon as the onion is tender, put the chopped meat and potato into the seasoned butter, add a little more butter if necessary, and a very little hot water or milk, just enough to moisten but not make it soft. Mix well together, and test it to see what seasoning is required. If the beef is quite salt it will season the hash sufficiently and no more salt will be required, but if it is rather fresh the amount of salt must be regulated by the meat. Only a little pepper is required, and a small dash of cayenne will give a zest and add to its wholesomeness. When it is heated through, set where it will brown but not burn on the bottom, turn into a hot platter and serve at once. If you do not like the onion, simply omit it and cook the hash in melted butter.

I am now going to give you a receipt for delicious baked hash which was given me by an old German restaurant keeper in an Ohio city. Take corned beef that is not quite cooked, wanting perhaps three-quarters of an hour of being done, and as many raw potatoes as will make double the quantity of meat. Chop potatoes and meat separately, also chop one onion. Mix well together and place in a buttered tin dish. Add a little salad oil, or if you do not like the oil use butter, season with salt, a dash of cayenne and a little black pepper. Put in a hot oven and bake three-quarters of an hour.



MEAT-CHOPPER.

The accompanying illustration gives a meat-chopper that is at once so practical, so convenient, and so reasonable in price that every housekeeper ought to have it.

I often wonder that eggs are seen so infrequently on the breakfast table of the average family. They are so healthful and nutritious. It is estimated that there is as much nourishment in one egg as in a pound of meat. Whether the proportion is so large or not, one thing is certain, and that is that the egg is rich in phosphorus, which makes it one of the best foods for those whose labor drains the brain and nerves.

There are many ways of cooking eggs, besides boiling and frying. They may be dropped and served on toast, scrambled, poached, baked and made into omelets. The easiest ways are scrambling and poaching. One thing must be impressed on the minds of the family when the morning bill of fare is to include eggs, and that is that punctuality is imperative, unless they want the breakfast spoiled.

To prepare scrambled eggs, break five or six into a bowl and beat for one minute. Have your frying pan heated and in it one melted tablespoonful of butter, with a saltspoonful of salt. Pour in the eggs. Begin at once to stir them from the bottom, as the egg hardens there first. Stir until there is no liquid but a delicate mixture of white and yellow, moist but not running, that will heap up on a dish. Turn into a hot dish and serve at once. If left in the hot pan it will go on hardening and is not fit to be served.

To poach eggs, put a pint of milk in a double-boiler, add a tablespoonful of butter and a saltspoonful of salt, beat six eggs, and when the milk is hot pour them in and stir until the mixture thickens. When done it should be of the consistency of scrambled eggs. For a small family the same proportions should be used.

In making omelets, it is better and surer to make several small ones than one large one. You can cook them more satisfactorily and they will be lighter and puffier. It requires skill and practice to be a successful omelet maker, but when once you have mastered the art, it is yours forever. A good-sized omelet is made with three eggs and three tablespoonfuls cream. Break the eggs into a bowl, add the cream and beat just enough to mix them. This is one of the cases when it is better not to add

salt before cooking, as it will tend to flatten the omelet, and the charm of it is the light and airy puffiness of it. If you do not have a regular omelet pan use a small French frying-pan, but do not use a large one, as it will let the omelet mixture spread too much. When the omelet is beaten, put the saucepan on the fire with a rounded tablespoonful of butter in it. As soon as it is hot pour in the omelet. When it begins to set, raise it often with the blade of a knife to let the air and butter pass under, which will keep it from burning. If the heat is right, the whole mass will puff up and cook in a minute. When it ceases to be a liquid, fold one half over the other on a hot plate. This is important. Hot plates are an absolute necessity. If put on a cold dish the omelet will fall at once and be spoiled. It also should be served instantly.

You may make any variety of omelet you choose by adding to the egg-mixture, after it is in the pan, finely chopped ham, chicken or other meat, or chopped herbs, such as parsley, chives, chervil or mint. You may make a sweet omelet by putting a tablespoonful of jelly of any kind, or strawberry or raspberry jam into the centre of the omelet just before folding.

To bake eggs, butter a baking-pan and place in it as many muffin rings as you have eggs to cook. Break an egg into each ring, set in the oven and bake until the whites are cooked. When done serve on toast, or on minced veal or lamb.

A baked omelet is nice, and it is also a very convenient one, for it does not require the strict attention that a fried omelet does. In fact after it is prepared it will almost take care of itself. It is a handsome and appetizing dish. Beat five eggs until they are light, add two cups full of milk or cream, and stir thoroughly. Pour the mixture into a well-buttered earthen scallop dish and bake as you would a custard. Serve at once and you will find it delicious.

Besides the dishes here given there is chipped beef in cream sauce garnished with hard-boiled eggs, cut in rounds; creamed fish, and several kinds of breakfast stews, the rules for which were given in a recent article in COMFORT on warmed-over dishes.

Potatoes and breakfast breads have also been treated of in these columns.

With all the variety that has been presented to the readers of COMFORT, the only possible breakfasts should be a series of pleasant and delightful repasts which will prove ideal indeed.

A CANNED FOOD DINNER.

"The trouble with you women is," said an army officer to me, "you make too much work of your housekeeping. Look at the time you take to get up a dinner; now I can get up one just as good, and of as many courses, in less than an hour. You don't look as though you believed me. Well, I will convince you."

And he did.

His secret was the use of canned food.

It is like everything else, simple when you know it. His knowledge was born of necessity. When one lives on the plains, with no way of reaching markets, one has to plan for things. Canned foods are a great convenience to such families. Many of the canned articles are also convenient for small families living in apartments. Soups especially are used by these small housekeepers, as the labor of making stock, and the consequent necessity of keeping fires is done away with.

Supposing one of COMFORT's housekeepers living some miles from a town, has unexpected company, for whom she wishes to serve a dinner, more elaborate than usual. It is fortunate for her that she has a pantry well stocked with canned food, for the party has had a long drive, the dinner hour is only an hour off, and she must be prompt. So she takes an inventory of her stock. For soups she has on hand, tomato, ox-tail, mock-turtle and mutton broth. She is going to have tomato in another course, so she decides on mock-turtle. There is canned salmon, so the fish course is provided for. She will steam the fish, and make a drawn butter sauce, with hard-boiled eggs chopped and stirred into it, and she will serve with it potato balls and little gherkins.

For the next course she will take a can of chicken, cut it in slices, make a rich cream sauce seasoned with celery, pour it over the meat, and there is her chicken a la creme, just as nice as though a French cook had prepared it. Or she will take a can of luncheon beef and make a sauce by melting a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and in this browning a tablespoonful of chopped onion, and stir in a tablespoonful of flour. When the flour is well cooked, she adds enough boiling water to make it of the proper consistency, seasons with salt and pepper, and pours over the slices of meat. A half can of mushrooms adds much to the sauce. A nice dish of mashed potatoes, and a dish of escalloped tomatoes serve for vegetables. To escallope the tomatoes, butter an earthen baking dish, pour in the tomatoes from the can, add a scant teaspoonful of sugar, a scant teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, a few small bits of butter. Cover with a thin layer of rolled cracker crumbs, put a few bits of butter on the top, and bake until the crumbs are a light brown.

She may make a pie from canned mince meat, or serve canned plum pudding, steaming it and making a nice, creamy sauce.

And there is the entire bill of fare for a nice dinner.

No one would like to live on canned food all the time, but it is very nice to have in case of an emergency. There are so many kinds of canned fruits, that one need never be without ingredients for desserts and relishes.

I would advise the COMFORT housekeepers to obtain, through their grocers, the catalogue of the various packing houses, and see for themselves what a variety they can obtain. They would be astonished and would find in the occasional use of them a great relief from labor and care.

There is one important thing to be remembered in using canned articles. They must never be left an instant in the can after it has been opened. If it is not to be used at once, or if a portion is left unused, pour it into an earthen dish. It is not the tin of the can itself that is harmful, but the action of the air on the acid of the food and the tin, which often forms a poison. This is the only caution, but it is a necessary one.

St. Vitus Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific cures. By mail, postage free. Circular, Fredonia, N.Y.



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Prices: One cake, 15 cents postpaid; one dozen cakes, \$1.00 postpaid; one gross cakes, \$9.00 by express.
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July was named in honor of Julius Cæsar, the
great Roman dictator.

If you would possess a lucky stone for July,
take the ruby, which, according to a Burmese
legend, ripens like fruit, and cures all evil
springing from unkindness of friends.

At no time in the history of the world has the
cause of woman suffrage been so prominently
before the public as now. No matter what
one's individual views on this matter may be,
there is no doubt but that the question is being
thoroughly discussed and fully aired on all
sides. Men and women of all classes and all
ages are discussing the pros and cons of equal
rights for both sexes. The principal gain dur-
ing the last year which the cause congratulates
itself upon is, that it has been taken up by
many of the richest and most exclusive society
people in New York and other great cities. It
has been said that no movement for women
will succeed, until the leaders of fashion shall
adopt it. If this is so the cause of woman
suffrage is on the gain. Whether the suffrage
is given to women or not, all this agitation is
sure to develop some strange conditions
hitherto unknown.

To the foreigner the display of patriotism on
the Fourth of July in this country, must seem
more like an overflow of animal spirits than
like the noble sentiment which springs from
the love of the country. The banging of guns,
the bursting of fire-crackers, the throwing of
torpedoes, the display of fire-works, and all
other such attempts at making the eagle scream,
might seem, to one who does not realize what
the Fourth of July means to an American, like
simple childishness. All this, however, is
really the sign of that indomitable spirit of
loyalty and independence which first produced
that declaration which made the Fourth of
July, 1776, immortal, and which has character-
ized American patriotism ever since. All this
unnecessary noise means just what it always
has done, that Americans will be found always
ready and willing to promptly uphold their
country, the biggest, the best, the freest, and
the noblest in the world.

The steepest mountain railroad in the world
has recently been completed in Southern Cali-
fornia near Pasadena. It is so very steep that
the rack could not be used as on Mt. Washing-
ton and Pike's Peak railways and certain
others in Switzerland. The California railroad
is operated by a wire cable attached to the cars,
and an ascending car is raised by the weight of
a descending one. Echo Mountain, up which
this railroad runs, is so steep that ordinary
tourists have never been able to climb it. The
railroad had to be built from the top downward,
so that material and tools might, if they acci-
dentally slipped, go to the bottom without in-
juring the works under them. The summit of
the mountain is as high as the crater of Mt.
Vesuvius, and gives extensive views all over
Southern California and away out on the
Pacific Ocean. If science keeps on there will
be no part of the earth too high or too low, too
remote or too deep, for it to bring to the ser-
vice of humanity.

Those of our readers who have followed Regu-
lar's predictions will have noticed the remark-
able way in which they have come true. Take
the month of May, for instance. The conten-
tious and baffling efforts in Congress; the up-
rising known as the "Coxey movement"; the
mining troubles; the sudden floods in Pennsylv-
ania and great storms on Lake Michigan; and
the general distress among the laboring classes
in cities were all foretold in the columns of
COMFORT. As COMFORT has now made arrange-
ments to present its readers every month with
a full calendar of predictions for the next one,
every old subscriber should renew his or her
subscription now. To the farmer, the me-
chanic, the professional or literary worker,
this feature alone will be worth many dollars
a year; while COMFORT with all its valuable
features still costs only 25 cents a year. Every
reader should show it to his friends, also; as
in business affairs, domestic matters or love,
such a calendar, giving dates and even hours
when it is best to engage in new ventures or to
make important moves, is of greater value
than can be easily estimated. Cut out this
calendar, show it to your friends and get up a

club. We shall have extra inducements to offer
later. Even if you do not believe in astrology,
it will prove an interesting study. And who is
there who cannot spare two cents a month, 25
cents for 12 months of COMFORT?

During the past few years the subject of
dress-reform has absorbed the attention of a
great many women all over the country, and
numerous and varied have been the costumes
that have been invented to meet the growing
demand. At the federation convention of
women at Philadelphia held in May, a com-
mittee of women who have been working on
this idea for two years, gave it as their de-
cision that no perfectly rational dress-reform
suit had yet been evolved to fit the needs of all
and any women. Consequently, in order to
hasten the day of something better, the dress-
reform council has offered a prize for the best
design of a student's dress suitable for college
work and exercise. The dress to answer all
that is required of it, must not interfere with
the free and natural action of the body, nor
contradict the natural womanly outlines. It
must be simple in its construction, and easily
adjusted. It must also be adapted to various
materials and to changes of temperature.
Many of the most prominent women of the
times favor the movement, among them being
Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Lyman Abbott,
Mrs. Margaret Sangster, Mme. Modjeska and
Lady Henry Somerset. The women of the
National Council who have the matter in hand
are very much in earnest and are fast convert-
ing both men and women to their ideas. Con-
sequently some permanent good will probably
be accomplished by them, and some bright
woman may yet invent a costume that will be
at once becoming, attractive, healthful and
sensible. Perhaps she will be a COMFORT
reader—who knows?

The growth and standing of weather predic-
tions, since the establishment of such con-
veniences, is nothing short of phenomenal.
When the government was first urged to make
a business of giving daily predictions of the
weather, nothing was hoped for, further than
warnings to mariners and farmers of changes
in temperature and passing gales; and a week
into the future seemed to be the utmost limit
which such predictions could possibly reach,
as they depended much upon widely scattered
observations, moisture, temperature and wind
currents. These were reported by telegraph,
and indicated on a chart a few moments after-
ward, so that it was easy to see which way a
storm was traveling and where one might be-
gin. But now the possibilities of weather pre-
diction further into the future, are being ex-
tended. The weather bureau in this country
intends to keep ahead of everything else. The
scientists, at the Smithsonian Institution in
Washington, have established an observatory
where the most delicate apparatus records the
minutest changes in the sun, which lead up to
the connection between the varying seasons of
the earth, and the spots, eruptions, and elec-
trical storms on that great luminary. Many
curious phenomena are now observed through-
out the recent advances of electrical science, which
were unsuspected ten years ago. Photography
is to be thanked for much of this. This science
is enabling our American astronomers to
demonstrate such things as the relation be-
tween the aurora and sun spots, the magnetism
of the earth, the electrical disturbances of the
sun, etc. This all sounds very scientific, but it
means that our weather predictions will before
long be able to tell us whether the next winter
will be severe, the following spring dry, the
summer hot, the harvest season wet, and con-
sequently the probable average of the crops;
and in this way the weather bureau will be of
inestimable value to the farmer in tilling the
soil, and to the merchant in distributing the
food product of the world.

The recent Nicaraguan trouble is not gener-
ally understood by the ordinary reader of the
newspapers. Near the entrance of the canal
which is to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific
at Nicaragua, there is a tribe of Indians
along the Mosquito coast of the Caribbean Sea.
This tribe has an independent government, al-
though they are really a mixed race, the In-
dians having inter-married with Jamaica
negroes. Now the United States long ago
started the Monroe doctrine, which is nothing
more nor less than the policy that European
nations need not meddle with matters on this
hemisphere with ships of war. It happens that
Honduras and Nicaragua both are independ-
ent nations, and have been waging war with
each other; not satisfied with this the Nicara-
guans began to covet the revenues of the Mos-
quito coast. Pretending they were going to
protect the Mosquito Indians against the ene-
mies of Honduras, they went to Blue Fields,
their only port, and overthrew the local gov-
ernment there. A good many residents of Blue
Fields were Americans and our government had
started the famous Kearsarge to keep the
peace there when it was wrecked on the reef off
Rondador. When it was discovered that the
Kearsarge had been wrecked, two English men-
of-war landed armed forces at Blue Fields.
Just then our fleet at Rio was released from
duty, and two of our most powerful ships, the
New York and the San Francisco, were at once
sent there to establish peace. The strife be-
tween the Nicaraguans and the Mosquitoes
still goes on; for although the English vessels
have withdrawn since our vessels put in their
appearance, the long and the short of our own
attitude on this question is, that wherever the
people have a reasonable amount of privilege
in making and executing the laws, the Ameri-

can policy is to assist the government against
intrigue and rebellion, on the broad ground
that such things will be secretly aided by
European nations who are trying to open new
lines of commerce or seize against those por-
tions of territory which they have sometime
lost. The spirit of independence which began
to flourish on the Fourth Day of July, 1776, has
become too sturdy and hardy a growth, to will-
ingly succumb to European notions.

In the Saddle Through Arizona and Utah.

VI. CONCLUSION.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY COLONEL PRENTISS IN-
GRAHAM.

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N leaving our camp on Point Sublime, we
descended from the top of Kaibab Moun-
tain, by a trail that
looked impassable;
yet we made it, and
in a blizzard, too.
Our first camp was
in the valley below
the snow line, and
we were glad to
leave mountain-tops
and blizzards be-
hind us. All the
game on Kaibab
seemed to be of our
opinion, too, as they were rapidly seeking shel-
ter in the vale. The next day we came upon
the first sign of civilization, a lone sheep
herder. These men go out alone with a large
herd of sheep, several ponies to ride, and carry
their tent, bedding and food, and a couple of
dogs as their companions. Their business is to
find good grass, water and protection for their
sheep, and they seem to have no other aim in
life.

Our noon halt was at Fredonia—the cowboys
call it Hardscrabble—the first settlement we
had come upon since leaving Flagstaff. It was
a Mormon village, of course, with a couple of
hundred souls. We had dinner at the home of
a son of the great Mormon apostle, Orson Pratt,
the author of "A Key to the Universe." The
next night we kept on after dark to reach
Kanab, where we intended making a halt of
several days; but we headed for lights which
we supposed were in the village and came un-
expectedly upon an Indian camp. It was a
surprise all around, and only the presence of
mind of the guides saved us from trouble.
Speaking the Indian tongue, we quickly ex-
plained that we were on the trail to Kanab.
Put right once more, we let the wagons go into
camp after an hour's march and our party of
sportsmen pushed on rapidly for the village,
where we were most hospitably received by the
citizens and quartered in different Mormon
houses. It was our first night in a bed for a
long while; and yet there were some who as-
serted the next day that we preferred the wild
life in camp.

Kanab is a pretty town at the mouth of the
mighty canyon and the base of the lofty cliffs.
The houses are well built of hewn logs and
adobe, whitewashed, and about them are
quantities of fruit trees. Streams of crystal
water run through all the streets, which are
well shaded, and the people seem well-to-do
and happy. A dance was given in our honor,
and we met hosts of pretty girls, all, let me
say here, well educated, for the school is a
great feature of Utah. The little cemetery
looks down on the town from a distant hill,
and has many quaint inscriptions. The river—
Kanab—has been made into a reservoir a few
miles up the canyon, and supplies the whole
place with water, the overflow losing itself in
the plains miles away.

Before each gateway stands a barrel, shel-
tered, and this is filled with fresh water at day-
light every morning for the needs of the family.
St. George is what is known as the "Temple
Town of South Utah." It is not very far from
Kanab in a district known as "Dixie"; for cot-
ton, sugar and figs are grown, the climate being
mild enough, even, to produce oranges. The
Temple of St. George is a magnificent structure,
costing over a million dollars, and thither the
young people from South Utah, New Mexico
and Arizona go to be married, traveling in
wagons hundreds of miles; for no Mormon
marriage can be solemnized outside of a temple.

Leaving our hospitable friends at Kanab, we
took the trail for upper Kanab, the home of
our chief Mormon guide and a Bishop of the
Church. It was a two days' ride through won-
derful scenery; imagine our surprise at finding
a lovely home, surrounded by cliffs of the pur-
est pink. A halt of several days was made
here, and then we pulled out for Pangrith
Lake, a lake on a mountain top. This lake is
very clear and deep, and we got plenty of fish
and ducks. Our way then lay up the great
Salt Lake Valley towards the Mecca of all Mor-
mons, Salt Lake City.

We found the Mormons a most industrious,
hospitable people, living up to the laws of the
land against a plurality of wives, now that the
Supreme Court of the United States has de-
cided against them. What they have made of
Utah, not so very long ago a wilderness,
stands as proof of their energy and persever-
ance.

On we went, camping near peaceful villages,
meeting educated, and in many cases refined
people ready to welcome strangers to their
midst; and at last in a driving snowstorm we
reached the shores of the great inland salt sea,
too often described to need any words from my
pen.

Bidding farewell to our guides, wagons and
ponies, we took the train—a real railroad train
—for Salt Lake City and found ourselves once
again in the midst of a prosperous civilization.
A curious coincidence to which the Mormons
point with pride, is the similarity between
their Promised Land and the Holy Land. If
the reader will get maps of each and compare
them, he will see the Great Salt Lake in the
place of the Dead Sea of the Holy Land, with
the River Jordan connecting it with Utah Lake
—like the Jordan connecting the Dead Sea
with the Sea of Tiberias—where stands the old
Jerusalem of the Holy Land now stands their
New Jerusalem, Salt Lake City.

We visited the Temple, Fort Douglas com-
manding the city, and other places of interest,
and as we took the train eastward not one of us
had a regret that we had taken the thousand
mile ride in the saddle through what we found
a Land of Nature's Wonders.

At a base ball game in Boston, Mass., between the
Baltimores and Bostons, a fire was started by the
careless dropping under the seats of a lighted cigar.
As a result twelve noses were burned over, causing a
loss exceeding half a million of dollars besides des-
troying the homes of two hundred families. In the
confusion many children became frightened and were
separated from their parents, not being found for
several days.

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EDITOR'S NOTE. The following rules govern the publication of matter in this department.

Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to *Comfort*, and every contribution must bear the writer's own name and post office address in full.

Original letters only, which deal with matters of general interest will be published. They must be as brief, plain and correct as the writers can make them and may vary in length from one hundred to four hundred words. Only letters of exceptional merit and interest may reach 650. Contributors must write on one side of their paper only.

Every month a number of prize monograms composed of the writer's initials, will be awarded to those sending the best contributions. These monograms, which will be most desirable ornaments for stationery, cards, etc., will be printed in connection with the respective letters, and new electrotypes of same will be mailed, post paid, to the prize winners.

\$10 CASH PRIZES \$10

In addition to the foregoing, the following cash prizes will be paid monthly:

1st. For the best original letter	\$3.00
2nd. " " second best original letter,	2.50
3rd. " " third " " "	2.00
4th. " " fourth " " "	1.50
5th. " " fifth " " "	1.00

Competitors for these monthly cash prizes must comply with all the above rules, and in addition must bring at least one new Cousin into the *COMFORT* circle; that is, they must send one new subscriber with each letter, together with 25 cents for a yearly subscription.

These cash prizes will be announced monthly in this department.

No premiums will be given for subscriptions sent in under this Prize Offer.

All communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of *COMFORT*, Augusta, Maine.

CASH PRIZE WINNERS.

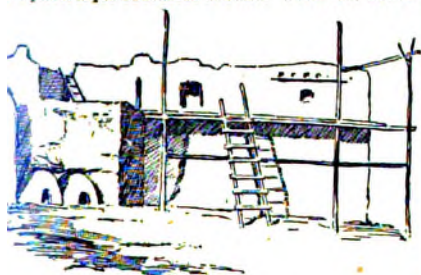
Alice M. Brown,	\$3.00
R. Earl McGrew,	2.50
Marianne March,	2.00
Katharine Barron,	1.50
Thomas Daniel,	1.00

PRIZE MONOGRAM WINNERS.

Frank W. Radcliffe,	H. C. Shellrud,
Bettie Stewart,	Mabel C. Houston,
Alice Louise Cooke,	Louisa Ackerman,
Emil Murotter,	Harold Scudder.

I AM going to introduce a new cousin first, who brings us a very interesting story of a strange set of people. She says:

"While visiting in Taos, New Mexico, last spring, I became very much interested in the old Indian town near there, the Pueblo de Taos, and would like to take the cousins to see it as I remember it, one bright day in May. Just beyond are the mountains standing out in bold relief against the clear blue sky. On either side of the river, which is spanned by rudely fashioned bridges, are two mud-colored adobe buildings, five stories high, each story or terrace set back from the walls of the one below, giving the building a queer, jumbled up appearance. In the foreground to our left, is seen the ruins of an old Catholic Church, a doleful-looking relic of the resurrection of '46. But bright touches to the picture are not lacking, for flitting here and there are seen the gaily dressed little Indians, gorgeous in their rainbow-hued holiday attire. It is a feast day, and the whole tribe are on dress-parade, and quaint and picturesque costumes abound. From the under-



ground *estufas*, comes the muffled sound of music, giving to the scene a weird, uncanny effect. This Pueblo de Taos is said to be one of the most perfect specimens of a Pueblo Indian fortress. We enter by a ladder outside, to the flat roof, (heavy, solid beams covered with dirt to the depth of a foot or more) then through a hole down into the room below, by means of another ladder, a proceeding which seemed just a little slow. This means of defense from warlike tribes being no longer necessary, some of the rooms are now modernized by having front doors cut through the thick walls. The inhabitants of this peer town, some four hundred in number, have their own system of government. They are somewhat civilized and industrious, farming, although in a primitive manner, the land around them, which they own in common. When the Spaniards came in from old Mexico, the Pueblos took them as allies against their enemies, and the King of Spain set aside this tract of land extending three miles in every direction from the church door. They have a little adobe chapel and observe a great many feast days, the most noted of which is San Geronimo's in September, which is always attended by great crowds of visitors who come from far and near to witness the races and curious ceremonies performed in connection with the festival."

ALICE M. BROWN,
Sterling, Kansas.

The following cousin needs no introduction to many of us:

"The term Barnites has no significance anywhere but here. Florida has her crackers, other States have their hayseeds, snake-hunters, etc., but no locality has the genuine Barnite except what are known as the Barnites of Alabama and Tennessee. This term is applied properly to a narrow strip of twenty miles lying on both sides of the line between the aforesaid States. They run through the counties of Lincoln, Giles, Laurence, Wayne, Tennessee; and Lauderdale and Limestone, Alabama. They are as names imply, poor, with white-red soil that will hardly grow weeds, for they seem lonesome and few and far between. The timber is principally post-oak, and occasionally a large tree. There are very few springs, wells being mainly used. The animals are small and poor, for it is almost impossible to fatten them. Hogs are living razors and are supposed

to cut their way through the black-jacks; many are wild and very ferocious. The cattle are turned out on the wild land and there the fat ones are found, for they realize that stolen fruit is sweet. The roads as a rule are good, and they need to be. In a day's travel many more oxen will be seen with wagons than horses; though the slowness of oxen is proverbial, 30 miles per day is made. I never saw anybody ride them, but they could if they wished. There are some well educated people, and as good society as anywhere, but the majority are below the average. The men are lean, yellow and tall as a maypole. The women are lovely as hours and ugly as witches. They seldom take a paper. When you meet a Barnite, he talks of the crops, weather, etc. A large percent are illiterate and would not be otherwise. The preachers are tolerably well informed and the church-members see through their scope. There are many who are infidels and could see no other way. On the other hand there are unknown Solomons and untried Peters. One of the best lawyers I know lives in this section. I now give you a specimen of their talk, not the rule, but the exception: 'I seed you'uns come by ther house, and er thought mebbe I mought ax yer to fetch my ol' dorg an' yaller purp. I fitched her home last Chewsday, but she wuzn't hyer morn er day. Say, we 'uns went huntin' las night and we was gwine erlong an' ol' Lise treed a coon. Bill clome up an' knocked 'im out an' we had er fight. They fit and fit till they wuz plumb tuckered out. Some more dorgs lined our'n an' the coon gin up th' ghost. Thar was no use fer any coon ter buck agin Lise. She is a good un, she are. Some on 'em got a poke an' put th' coon in it an' toted it home, an' then we uns had possum and taters and lasses. Then Suze an' her feller wanted ter be spliced, an' one ol' the boys was sent to fetch the square an' thay was hitched in a jiffy. Then we uns raised the roof of the ol' shanty an' the hul shebang and made such a racket you could not hear yourself.' This is a sample of most of the people's talk, but by no means of all. Some speak good English and would shine in any society. There are both bad and good people here, as everywhere."

R. EARL MCGREW, Elton, Tenn.

How many of you ever saw an Opossum?

"The Opossum is exclusively an American animal. The light, active, wily little creature must have proved an interesting study to the early settlers of America. There are about twenty varieties, most of which are found in South America. Opossums abound also in the southern part of the United States and are sometimes found north of Virginia. The largest variety is the Virginia Opossum. It is about the size of a large cat, has a very large head, and long, coarse hair of a dull white. Most Opossums are provided with a marsupial pouch in which they carry their young. This pouch is the baby opossum's nursery. The female often gives birth to sixteen little ones at a time. The young scarcely weigh more than a grain of each, when first born, and are blind, naked and shapeless. The mother at once places them in her pouch where they remain until they are about the size of a mouse. The Opossum spends its days snugly stowed away in some hollow tree, but at night sallies forth in search of food. And then, alas



for any smaller animals or reptiles that fall in its way! As it is the possessor of fifty sharp teeth, it quickly dispatches its unfortunate victims. The Opossum does not disdain to eat the juicy stalks of plants, nor fresh fruits, particularly persimmons, but best of all it loves a fat chicken. Opossum flesh is very tender and sweet and is esteemed a great delicacy by southern negroes. About Christmas time, too, they make considerable money by taking the 'possums to market and getting a good price for them. "Possum-huntin'" is a favorite amusement with them. A successful expedition is always followed by a party in some cabin, when the passer by can readily guess the menu from the following, which is sung again and again during the supper:

'Cyarve dat 'possum; cyarve dat 'possum, chillen, Cyarve dat 'possum; cyarve him to der heart.'

When captured the Opossum feigns death even when beaten or bruised or annoyed by dogs; this trick has made the term 'playing 'possum' famous. The only way of determining whether he is dead or alive is to plunge him into water. That test never fails. It must be a droll sight to see four or five baby Opossums out for an afternoon airing on the mother's back, their little tails curled about her's as they do in Dutch Guiana. In this way they steady themselves so well that the mother can pass through the densest underbrush or climb trees, without fearing that her babies will fall. The majority of Opossums prefer thickly wooded localities, yet there is a variety which inhabits cities and acts as a scavenger. It only appears at night, and spends the days in rivers and on the roofs of houses. During an entire week last winter the members of our household were awakened every night by a terrible knocking and shrieking which proceeded from the poultry yard. At the time one of the family reached the scene of action the thief was gone and only the lifeless body of a fat chicken could be found. The bars of the chicken-coop were so close together that the Opossum could not enter the pen. It could only reach a claw through the slats, seizing some unsuspecting hen who was sleeping the sleep of the just, and attempt to pull her through the bars. The result was that the fowl was killed, yet the Opossum was none the better off for it. This same thing occurred six nights; traps were set all around the grounds, but evidently we had no common Opossum to deal with. However, the seventh night Sir Opossum, emboldened by his past successes became too daring. About ten o'clock unearthly screeches issued from the hen-coop. Every member of the family rushed to the poultry-yard. The Opossum undoubtedly intended this for his red-letter night, for he had burrowed under the pen and when we arrived on the scene was seated on one of the perches. From a distance we could see his bright eyes gleam in the moonlight, as he watched with evident enjoyment the terror-stricken fowls which were shrieking and calling for help. But when the Opossum spied us, what a change occurred! He fell from the perch as if shot. Apparently he had dropped dead of heart disease. No amount of shaking could force him to show signs of life. His eyes were closed, his body perfectly rigid—not a muscle quivered. But alas! we were too well versed in his wily ways. One can fancy the feelings of the little creature, knowing as he did that he was surrounded by his greatest enemy, man. It seemed very hard to deprive the bright-eyed little animal of his life, yet a live Opossum means a chicken less every morning, and this is hardly fair to the chickens. And so the following night the soft southern breeze wafted to our ears from a not far distant cabin, the old familiar refrain:

'Cyarve dat 'possum; cyarve dat 'possum, chillen, Cyarve dat 'possum; cyarve 'im ter der heart.'

MARIAN MARCH.

It's a long jump from a 'possum to the Orkney Isles, but I reckon we can make it.

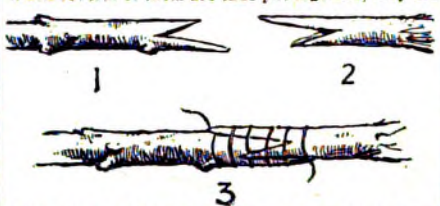
"If my cousins will look at the map of Europe, they will see off the north coast of Scotland the Orkneys, a number of small islands like fragments of earth cast in the sea. There are seventy-three of these islands, twenty-nine of which are inhabited. Pomona, or Mainland the largest of the group, is twenty-five miles long, the entire area being 207,000

acres, but only a part of this is cultivated. Kirkwall the capital, is an ancient town with one long straggling street, and some fine old buildings, the more noted of which are the Bishop's Palace, The Tower, and St. Magnus Cathedral. The latter, which was built by the Danish king Olave in 1138, is a massive cruciform pile of Norman and Gothic architecture. This church, which is in need of repair, has some fine windows, and an excellent set of bells. Curfew is rung by the Cathedral bells every evening. The Orkneys were early taken possession of by the Normans, but became tributary to the Danes and remained so till the 15th century, when they were united to the mainland of Scotland. The Orcadians, who are of Scotch and Danish descent, are an industrious and intelligent people—kind and hospitable. The inhabitants of the town are well educated, the higher class being accomplished and refined, but in the remote islets and parts of the mainland the customs of the peasantry are both primitive and amusing. Let me describe to you a small farmhouse which I visited there some years ago. The house was long, low and narrow, and built of stones and mortar, with a thatched roof, but walls and roof were so entirely overgrown with moss, grass and even wild flowers that it was a difficult matter to discern the original material. The only window was about a foot square. The interior walls, which scorned such new fangled things as paper or plaster, were grimy with age and smoke and contained many pigeon holes that were utilized as receptacles for various parcels of dried herbs, etc. A small table, two or three non-descript chairs, a box that apparently served the double purpose of cupboard and seat and a couple of box beds, formed the entire furnishing. Against a small mound of stonework in the centre of the floor burned a great fire of peat. The smoke, after wandering around as if in search of something, found its way out through a square hole right over the fireplace. This unique chimney admitted the light as well as emitted the smoke. One low door was the only entrance, and through it human beings, cows, pigs and poultry found their way to their common abode. The domestic animals occupied one side of the hearth, whilst the side on which the fire burned was sacred to the family. Two fat pigs dozed and grunted by the fire, and within three yards of the dining table two little black cows munched their oatmeal straw. The poultry roosted on bars of wood that stuck out of the wall. This was the home of a grown-up family of six persons, including an aged aunt. The latter told me that she had been born in that house, and had lived there all her long life of ninety-one years, never being farther than two miles from home. The chief food of these people consists of potatoes, oatmeal, buttermilk and fish, the pig being 'the gentleman that pays the rent.' Almost all the business of the year is transacted at the Lammas Fair, which lasts for twelve days in August."

KATHARINE BARRON, Glasford, Peoria Co., Ill.

From the next you can learn something worth knowing. Cut this out and save it, for it is written by one who knows.

"I wonder how many of the cousins who have plucked ripe, juicy apples or pears off the trees and eaten them, ever thought how the different varieties of these fruits are propagated. It is not generally known that two seeds from the same variety of any kind of fruit will not produce the same variety as that from which the seeds were taken, or if such should happen, it would be an exception to the rules of nature. The only way to produce the same variety is by grafting a scion cut from the tree to a root grown specially for the purpose. These roots have to be grown in very deep, rich soil, as some of them grow to be over two feet in length. The process of grafting is very simple. At first a slope is cut in the twig and then a split made in the slope. The twig is then cut off about five inches in length. Next the root is cut and split and joined to the twig, the grafter being careful to get one side of the bark even. When several of them are thus put together, they are



taken on a wrapping machine and wrapped with waxed thread, which is to hold them together until they grow into each other. An average hand can put up about 1,200, yet some claim to have put up as many as 2,000. Grafting can be done any time between the first of January and April, but the most of it is done about here in February." THOMAS DANIEL, Box 235, Rogers, Arkansas.

The next letter, written by a recent prize-winner, contains useful information also.

"The mason spider, a native of the tropics and found in large numbers in the West Indies, uses a wonderful intelligence in building its nest. It is also called the trap-door spider, and is found in parts of California. This nest is formed of very hard clay, colored deeply with brown oxide of iron. It is constructed in the form of a tube about one inch in diameter and six or seven long. Their first labor is to line it, which they do with a uniform tapestry or orange colored silken web of a texture rather thicker than fine paper. This lining is useful for two important purposes; it prevents the walls of the house from falling down and also, by being connected with the door, it enables the spider to know what is going on above for the entire length, when one part is touched. The nest is supplied with an ingeniously contrived door. It is composed of twelve or more layers of web, similar to that with which the inner part of the nest is lined; these are laid one over the other and managed so that the inner layers are the broadest, the others gradually diminishing in size, except near the hinge, which is about an inch long; and as all the layers are united there and prolonged into the tube, it is necessarily the strongest and firmest portion of the entire structure. The materials are all elastic so that the spider shuts as if it had a spring, and of its own accord. Should the door be entirely taken away, another will soon be put in its place. These spiders hunt their prey at night, and devour them in their nests, which are generally found scattered all over with the fragments of their repasts. A pair of spiders, with 30 or 40 young ones, often live together in one nest such as we have described."

ADOLPH BAILEY,
Durand, Wisconsin.

You have read about dredging for oysters and how claims are dug; now read how they are packed.

"I will try to give you an idea how the oyster packing industry is conducted here in Baltimore. The schooner laden with oysters has just come up the Chesapeake. The hatchets have been removed and an inspector is on hand to see if there are any oysters less than 3 inches in length. If so, the captain is arrested and brought before a justice of the peace. The crew help unload. The oysters are measured by them and the inspector takes the measurement, and then they are dumped in a covered shed, when a man wheels them in a barrow to the shucking house. The 'shuckers' stand before long benches higher than their waist. A man with a wheel barrow supplies each shucker with oysters. They all wear long gum aprons and rubber boots, and have a square hammer and knife with oval-shaped blade. They stand on a box about two feet high enclosed on three sides to keep the shells from striking their feet and to protect their boots. They pick up the oysters with the left hand, the right holding the hammer and knife. They strike the oyster with the hammer on a little stationary block with an iron wedge, which knocks the mouth part of the oyster away and then with lightning-like rapidity the oyster is cut from the shells into a gallon measure and the shells dropped through the opening in the bench in a flash. When the measure is filled they are carried to the packing room and they receive a brass check which is valued at twenty cents. These shuckers make as much as \$2.50 per day in the busy season. They have to be very careful and not to 'shoe string' or cut the oysters, or they will be discharged. They sing the whole day through. After the oysters are shucked they are washed in large tubs and filled into cans containing a certain weight. Oyster liquor is made with salt and water; tin caps to fit the openings in the cans are placed on by young

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girls who wipe the openings dry with a small sponge. They are then turned over to the capper (can-maker). When he is through sealing the tray of cans they are removed and taken to another part of the building to be labeled and packed and are then ready for shipping. The checks are redeemed on Saturday evening. Store-keepers will redeem them at a small discount. Most of the work is paid by the dozen or gallon. These people mostly die of lung trouble, as they are often wet from the oyster liquor."

FRANK W. RADCLIFFE, 1727 Harford Ave., Baltimore, Md.

The next cousin gives us a note of travel.

"In the March number of COMFORT I was very much interested in the letter describing a trip to Florida, which recalls a stage ride in California. My greatest desire had always been to visit the 'wild and woolly west,' and in the spring of 1890 I turned my face toward California; leaving Kansas City I reached Sisson on the sixth day. Sisson is a beautifully situated in the famous Strawberry Valley at the base of Mt. Shasta. I had not the faintest conception as to the dimensions of this mass of molten lava and rock. I had a splendid view of this awe-inspiring upheaval of earth and rock, as Sisson is only 12 miles from the summit. The lower half is covered with a growth of fir, pine, redwood and manzanita shrubs and the upper half with ice and snow. Taking the stage we proceeded around the base a distance of 75 miles. There were only two passengers beside myself; a little Irish woman and a newspaper editor. The driver was a large keen-eyed half-breed Indian named Jack. Being what westerners term a 'Tenderfoot,' and unaccustomed to mountainous countries, I was ready to decide without further investigation that that was the roughest road in the United States. For many miles we traveled over beds of lava, and then went up one mountain and down another, across valleys and ridges and through dark ravines, canyons and dry rocky river beds. At last we halted at a little rude cabin on the top of a mountain, to throw off mail and rest twenty minutes. I inquired of the editor, who had been over the road before, if it got any better; when he informed me that just what we had gone through with was but a preface of what was to come. Starting again, I leaned back in my seat and placed my feet firmly on the seat in front to brace myself. Half the time the horses were the only part of us on ground, for the stage was dangling in the air, occasionally touching high places or running against some huge boulder. Jack cared no more for rocks as large as wagon-beds than for pebbles. We continued our journey till the fourth day without varying from the above-named events, only occasionally a hungry looking coyote crossed the road and went skulking off through the pines, or a California lion was seen crouched upon a jutting rock, at last reaching our destination, but it was many days before I recovered from my first stage ride."

BETTY STEWART
Lawrenceburg, Lawrence Co., Tenn.

I can give only a part of the next letter which was very long. This new cousin wishes to make her bow, however, and tell how she and her friend got lost while out for a walk.

"Marian, ahead, proved a true ignis fatuus, darting here and there in search of fern or flower, climbing up hill to gather a spray of mountain pinks, or running far before to seat herself on some moss-grown boulder. I was much interested in the wee sma' folk of the woods, and would turn aside to watch in a pool Mrs. Clamfish and the little clams, sally forth in search of their supper; or would poke about in hollow trees to see a pretty snake glide off into the darkness. I was full of this wood-craft and wood folk and the air seemed to pulsate with the life of the growing things. At last I was startled by Marian. 'Why, Lou, the sun is setting!' 'Well,' said I, 'let us return.' And we started homeward, at least so we thought; but the way soon seemed unfamiliar. 'Marian, we didn't see that large rock we came down,' 'No, nor those yellow daisies.' We did not say much after that, but walked on faster. It was twilight; stars were coming out. In some pond the frogs were crying 'ker-chunk-kudderkunk,' and far away in the woods we heard the screech owl's 'who-oo.' I took Marian's hand, and we were lost. As we waited in silence, with the prospect of a night in the lonely woods, Marian cried, 'What's that, did you hear anything?' 'It is the horn they use at the hotel to call the field hands; they are looking for us. Let's call!' And we yelled with might and main. 'Too-too' went the horn, nearer, this time, and we called again; then lights gleamed through the trees, and we heard voices and toward us came our friends. How we were petted and scolded and laughed at, too, for not calling out as soon as we were lost! for all the time we were not more than two miles from the hotel."

ALICE LOUISA COOKE, Capitol Hill, Nashville, Tenn.

How many of you remember anything about the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876? Here is something about Fairmount Park, where it was held.

"There are still remaining two of the buildings of the Centennial Exhibition. Memorial Hall, where displays such as I saw in the Women's Building at the World's Fair are kept. This building will now be enlarged to hold the gorgeous gifts from foreigners after the fair. The Horticultural Hall will also be kept as all the known plants of the world are in it. These two buildings have the most beautiful architecture. Not far away is the first brick house ever built here. It was occupied by William Penn who bought the City of Philadelphia, then only a barren tract of land, from the Indians, for some blankets, beads, hatchets, etc. A fifteen minutes' walk brings us to the famous Zoological Garden, where all kinds of animals, birds and fish are kept. Near the steamboat landing is an iron, four-cornered tower, 30 feet high, that never runs to an apex. The top of this tower can be reached by an elevator, and when you arrive at the top you can view the whole city and its surroundings."

EMIL MURPHY, 334 Poplar St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Minnesota cousin sends us the following about his section of the country.

"As COMFORT has such a large circulation, I will say a few words about farming on the prairies over 1,000 miles. I don't suppose COMFORT readers are all farmers, but I am certain there are quite a number. Possibly some live in foreign countries, who would like to know what products are raised here. It is nearly the centre of North America. Farmers are very thickly settled. Wheat, oats, barley, flax, corn, potatoes, cabbage, beets, carrots, pumpkins and squash are the products that do very well on a farm here. There are no rocks in the field to trouble the farmer in plowing, seeding or any other field work. I think COMFORT ought to be in every home in the world where English is read, because it contains such interesting matter for every member of the family. I expect to take COMFORT with me wherever I go the rest of my life, and I will try to get as many subscribers as I can."

H. C. SHELLEUD, Woodstock, Pipestone Co., Minn.

"Perhaps," says another new cousin, "the cousins would like to hear of the falls of the Missouri river, which have given the city of Great Falls its name. The first is the Black Eagle Falls, about fifteen feet high. Two miles farther on is the wonderful Giant Spring, on the edge of the river. Near it are the Rainbow Falls, fifty feet high. These extend entirely across the river. When the sun shines during the summer, a beautiful rainbow shows itself through the spray, and crowns the whole length of the falls. Eight miles from this are the Great Falls, ninety-two feet high. Between the islands and Great Falls is the Horse-shoe, which curves across the river in the shape of that emblem of luck. The last, and the largest, is the Bridal Veil, which is not so large as the others, but is very beautiful, resembling the white veil of a bride."

MABEL C. HOUSTON, Great Falls, Montana.

The geranium, which is cultivated as a house-plant in the East, grows wild at the West. Here is something about it.

"Everything is handsome about the geranium, not excepting its name, which cannot be said of all flowers. The word geranium comes from a Greek one which signifies a crane. Suppose flowers themselves were new! Suppose they had just come into the world, a sweet reward for some goodness, and that we had not yet seen them quite developed and had just engaged the attention of the curious. Imagine what we should feel when we saw the first stem bearing off from the main one or putting forth a leaf. How we should watch the leaf unfolding until the large round scalloped leaf of the geranium was perfect; then the main stalk rising and producing more, then one of them giving a bud! then this bud gradually unfolding until at length all its beauty shines forth in the form of a beautiful geranium, not only one but ten and twelve in a bunch."

LOUISA ACKERMANN, Fort Washington, Wis.

And now we must close with a very good letter on The Washington Monument.

"One fine morning in October I decided to go up the monument. A good many were before me and I had to stand in line but at last the line began to enter the elevator that would hold just thirty, 'packed like sardines in a box.' The monument was built in honor of Gen. Washington and was begun before the war, the corner stone being laid July 4, 1848. About a third of the great structure was completed when the war broke out. After the great struggle was over the monument was begun anew. It was built of marble brought from Maine, by water. When the cap-stone was under construction, the souvenir hunting Washingtonians got clippings from it by the basketful. They are now being sold separately at quite a profit to their owners, who got them for the picking up. The apex of the cap-stone is crowned by an aluminum tip. The monument is an imitation of the Egyptian obelisks, which usually stood in the low flats of the Nile. Ours is built on the lowlands of the Potomac, the only difference being that our monument though larger, being five hundred and fifty feet high, is made of many stones, while the obelisks though smaller, were cut from one piece of rock and have hieroglyphics carved on their surfaces. All the way up the interior the height is marked. When once at the top you look through the eight great openings that serve as windows, giving a view all over the adjacent country and down the Potomac for miles. The steps are of iron and the individuals who ascend on foot make a great clatter. When I visited it I ran down, trying to beat the elevator. I succeeded in so doing, though my knees were pretty weak when I arrived at the bottom. The elevator goes up the centre in an immense square shaft, while the stairway winds around it, giving a good view of the many carved marbles which are imbedded in the inner wall, donated by different States, countries and societies."

HAROLD SCUDDER, 1006 N. H. Ave., Washington, D. C.

And after these interesting letters we must say good-bye again for another month.

AUNT MINERVA.

FITTING MILLIONS OF FEET.

The town of Brockton, Mass., is the great shoe centre of the world. Last year a single firm, the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., turned out over two million pair of shoes of a single style. This house has just issued an attractive little Booklet which gives useful points on all kinds of shoes for men, women and children, and which every reader of this paper may have free by sending address to the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., and mentioning COMFORT. The "points" of the Douglas shoes are these: they fit well, look well, wear well and cost little.

SPRING ON THE FARM.

Don't trim grape-vines after the sap begins to flow. Whenever it is possible, lay out your garden on a southern slope.

A small flock of sheep pays better in proportion than a large one.

Intelligence is nowadays worth as much as manual labor to a farmer.

Sow beet seed for table use as early as possible and in very rich ground.

Kill the weeds when they first come up in the spring and avoid future trouble.

See that the clover seed is clean or the crop will have more weeds than clover.

Smutty corn should never be fed to stock, as it frequently transmits disease.

It is never too early to begin spraying trees and vines, to destroy fungus and spores.

Pick up all loose stones in the fields now; it is better than to break mowing-machine knives on them by and by.

Never plant scabby seed potatoes, but select the smoothest specimens for that purpose, if you want a nice, even crop.

When hens lay double-yolked eggs, or those of unusual size, it is a sign of over-feeding. Give them more green food and meat and less grain.

Sage is grown from seed, but the plants live for years. Sage is a standard seasoning and, as it yields 250 to 400 pounds to the acre, is a money-making crop.

Intelligent farmers now feed their hogs on clover, corn, wheat, vegetables, ground grain and whey or skim milk, with plenty of clean water available at all times.

Plant peas in the orchard. They dissolve air in the soil and put nitrogen into active use. They do not drain the soil, either, but keep it moist. In the fall give the pea vines and fallen apples to the hogs, and they will produce better meat than if fed on a corn diet.

Glass has been traced back 2,000 years before Christ. The British Museum has the oldest piece in the world.

Dip an old pair of kid gloves in hot linseed oil, and you will find them waterproof and better than rubber gloves for dish-washing and such work.

There is a sect in Portland, Oregon, who believe in fasting, and who keep themselves starved to the utmost limit of human endurance. One deluded woman actually starved herself to death.

Wash dark colored chintzes and satines in warm suds, rinse thoroughly and starch with gum-arabic water colored with coffee. Iron on the wrong side and they will look like new.

When olives are served they are placed on the table before the meal begins and not removed until the dessert is brought on. The small plates are at all the places. The olives are passed with the first course, and some people continue to eat them through the meal; the olive stones are returned to the individual plates.

Danville, Indiana, claims the greatest man on earth—physically. He is 37 years old, weighs 907 pounds, is six feet tall, and eight feet four inches around the hips. Forty-one yards of cloth are required to make him a suit of clothes and three pounds of yarn to knit him a pair of socks. His great ambition is to some day tip the scale at 1000 pounds.

Two Ohio young men recently fought a duel over a girl to decide which should have her. One of them was nearly killed and the other fell senseless at the end of the struggle. To offset this piece of masculine foolishness, it is said that two young women from New Jersey fought a battle with their fists over one young man, at about the same time.

It is told as an actual fact that a couple in Hungary celebrated, a few weeks ago, the 100th anniversary of their wedding day. The marriage of the pair is officially registered as having taken place in 1793 when the parties were twelve and fifteen years old respectively. The municipal government of the town where they live has for many years paid them pension in consideration of their age and faithfulness to each other. This would seem to be putting a premium on marriage.

STILL ALIVE!

AND HAPPY TOO, ALTHOUGH
THE BEST PHYSICIANS
GAVE THEM UP.

A DISCOVERY THAT DELIGHTS DY-
ING (?) PEOPLE AND PROVES A
PUZZLER FOR DOCTORS.

Do you wish to die?
No, not yet.
Do you wish to make money?
Yes, of course.
You don't believe in Miracles?
No, certainly not.
But you believe in Facts?
Most assuredly.
Then the following will interest you.
Why?

Because the facts here given will enable you to successfully fight the battles of life and also put money in your pocket.

Bear in mind that the people whose testimony is here printed are alive to-day. They are not silent witnesses. They are not only living but strong and happy.

They are making money out of the very Discovery that saved their lives.

They do not speak of "promised cures" and "promised fortunes," but of cures and fortunes that have been made.

SCHENEVUS, N. Y., Francis Follett writes: "Please print this, as it may help others. For sixteen years I suffered untold agony from the worst form of facial neuralgia. I could not sleep for weeks. I was nearly crazy. I could not talk or eat at times. I tried nine different doctors, but could get no relief, although I was hospitalized and taken out of the hospital. I was better for only a little while, for it set in again worse than ever. Then I took a sample tablet of Oxien and got one good night. Then sent for a Giant Box, and have been better and have had more sleep than in five years. I can eat and talk with comfort, and am quite sure that Oxien has done what the best doctors have failed to do. My case is almost a miracle to my neighbors. I also used Oxien Plasters."

"9 DOCTORS
GAVE
ME UP."

Fall River, Mass., Thomas Bostock writes to the editor of the "Evening News": "Only those who can picture to themselves the awful agony of a man who daily hears that he has but a few weeks more to live, can form any idea of what I passed through. I was racked with pains, and used to fall down in the streets. My friends tell me they see a not in the news from doctor United land without relief. Eight gave me up to die. Then the agent of the Vermont Life Insurance Co. asked me to try Oxien. It brought me relief from the first. I grew stronger day by day, and after taking it regularly five weeks, I was a well man. It snatched me from the verge of the grave. I have recommended it to others, and in every case it has worked wonders."

"8 DOCTORS
GAVE
ME UP."

Orion Junction, Wyo., M. A. Allen writes: "My wife was so bad with nervous prostration last spring, and grew constantly worse under the treatment of 4 doctors, that I was advised to send her to the insane asylum, as she was wild with her side pain in head and chest. Three box-did her than all the doctors, and she had used even one box she could get around and do work. She says she will not quit using it now until she is entirely well." From every State and territory in the Union hundreds of such letters are continually being received.

"4 DOCTORS
ADVISE
INSANE ASYLUM."

Albert Lea, Minn., W. A. Roasberry writes: "No tongue can tell what I suffered. I was taken two years ago with what the doctors called Rheumatism, and I tried all the best doctors in our city to no purpose. They lanced my ankle, then erysipelas set in, so I went to St. Paul and two specialists said the life was to do to my foot, as was about to do this time I heard of Oxien, which proved a Godsend to me. Before I had taken one box the terrible aching left my ankle, and after taking less than \$50 worth my ankle is all healed. I give Oxien the credit for the wonderful cure, and can truthfully say it makes old people feel young, as I have not felt as well for twenty years as I have felt since taking Oxien."

"DOCTORS
SAID
CUT OFF FOOT."

Fayette, Miss., Dicey Cannon writes: "One lady here who has been blind for about 9 years, not being able to see at all, and having tried everything to bring back her sight without success, has, after using Oxien only one month, had her eyesight restored, and is now going out about with-ance. Another doctor said and could not believe, is now about a and the virtues of Oxien, as she was restored to health after using the Wonderful Food for the Nerves a few weeks. She was at church yesterday, and all were surprised to see her looking so well, as they never expected to see her alive. The best physician in this place had to admit that Oxien is the most wonderful thing he ever heard of."

"DOCTORS
CALLED IT
PARALYSIS."

Sandyville, West Virginia, Mrs. L. B. McGrew writes: "Every person here knows how sick I was for three years, and that all the doctors failed to do me any good to die. I took Oxien and it I am stronger than I ever was I can do more I ever could before." Scores and hundreds of such letters are constantly received and are open to public inspection.

"DOCTORS
GAVE
ME UP."

Livermore Falls, Maine, Lewis W. Perry writes, under date of November 10, 1893: "I was taken sick in my eyes and was totally blind for seventy-five days and the doctors said I must die. Once more, the Wonderful Food for the Nerves did it, nothing else. It is medicine in the above are exceptional cures, thousands and thousands in the North, East, South and West—everywhere—are on record, having been voluntarily furnished by grateful men and women for the benefit of the suffering."

"DOCTORS
SAID
I MUST DIE."

Now if there is any man or woman so foolish or so prejudiced as to doubt the marvelous powers of Oxien to give New Life, New Strength, New Health and New Vigor to weak, faded, worn-out mortals, a few doses of the Wonderful Food for the Nerves will overcome their doubts. A trial tells its own story. There is Life in every tablet—a cure in every box.

Is it a wonder then, that thousands of happy men and women are already building homes, furnishing their houses, and educating their children with money they have earned selling this grand Discovery among friends, neighbors and acquaintances?

Is it a wonder that a lady like Mrs. H. Vassar Ambler, 148 Cherry St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who only heard of Oxien last fall, already buys \$700.00 worth in a single month, which yields her a cash profit of over one thousand dollars besides valuable money and other prizes and premiums?

Talk about "dull times"! In the whole history of the world no such chance for honest, pleasant, rapid fortune building was ever before presented to men and women.

To those who will agree to test the powers of this Wonderful Discovery either personally or in their own homes or in the home of some friend, and who will cut out and mail to us the following coupon, together with 25 cents in cash, we will send, at charges paid, a regular box of Oxien (35 cent size) with an Oxien Electric Plaster (regular selling price 25 cents). As this offer is made exclusively to those who will make a personal test as here stipulated, the party taking advantage thereof must sign his or her name and address (in pencil) on the following coupon and return same to us as above, before August 15th.

SPECIAL JULY OFFER.

PERSONAL 35 CENT COUPON.

Name, _____

Address, _____

Date, _____

All communications in reply to this special offer must be addressed, **THE GIANT OXIE COMPANY, 10 to 25 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.**

BIG JOB LOT OF SILK REMNANTS FOR CRAZY PATCH-WORK.

OWING to the hard times there has been dumped on the market an extra big lot of odd pieces of silk and satin that are just what ladies want for crazy patch-work. We were fortunate in securing them. We have and will give one of our special FANCY PACKAGES to any one sending 10c. for a three months' subscription to COMFORT, the Prize Story Magazine. Three lots and an elegant piece of SILK VELVET contain 36 square inches together with five skeins of elegant embroidery silk, all different bright colors. 25c. lots for 50c., five for \$1.00.

A Cute Foot-Rest FREE.

Useful Ornaments are sought after at all seasons of the year. People do not realize the quantities of good things sold through the mails. Inventors are daily trying to get up something to sell by mail that will be pretty, useful, and cheap. A pretty foot-rest could never be obtained at a low price before (they sell for \$1.00 each at the stores), but by getting up something that is turned out by machines in pretty colored durable goods, to be filled with cotton or any cheap or cast-off substance and then sewn up, we can now give a premium that will be welcome in every room in all the homes from Maine to California. It comes in the shape of a handsome Spaniel Dog—Woe, lying down, size about half inches, and can always be placed for an ornament when not in use by grandma or yourself or company as a Foot Rest. It will create untold merriment when lying in front of the fire, it is so life-like in shape and color. Although entirely new, 57,396 have already been sold, and millions more will be in use before many months. Agents will find them great sellers, and should order at least a dozen to start with. To introduce, we will send a sample periodical to any one sending 10c. for three months' subscription to COMFORT. Two Rests and COMFORT 6 months for 50c.; one for 50c., one dozen, \$1.00; one Rest and 10c. lot Remnants, 20c.; one Rest and 25c. lot Remnants, 35c.

DAVID KILLED GOLIAH WITH A CATAPULT OR POCKET GUN.

So the idea is old but a perfect modern sling at this price has not been made before. This has great force and strength. Made of a solid piece of rubber, with cup to hold the projectile. Requires no powder, no caps; is neatly finished, durable, and can be carried in the pocket, as it weighs only three ounces. Will shoot short or bullets with accuracy and force, and with a little practice will kill birds on the wing or bring down a squirrel from the highest tree. It is the best thing out for taxidermists, as it will kill without spoiling game and make no report. A boy can have more genuine pleasure in a day with a Catapult than with anything else made. The loop, strap, pocket and pulling tip are all molded in one solid piece of the best kind of rubber. Enclose 15 cents for a three months' subscription to "Comfort" and we send one free, postpaid. Boys make money selling them. One dozen sent for \$1.00. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NICKEL CASE DOUBLE BASS BLOW FLUTE-ORGAN SILVER REEDS-78 TRIPLE POWER.

A Sweet Sounding Powerful Instrument, with few minutes practice you can play any tune you can whistle.

We are now able to offer free as a Premium a fine musical instrument that can be used for your own amusement or for playing Church Music, Dancing or at social festivities. Our illustration speaks louder than words, and we assure either old or young that the instrument itself will prove a blessing to all. We will send one postpaid for club of three ready subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each, or will sell each for 50c., 2 for \$1.00 prepaid. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



VANDYKE LACE.

By using heading and top row of maidenplies

retires for the night, and the whole bed is nicely and evenly warmed, instead of only one spot ordinarily made by a hot-water bottle.



turned on ten minutes before the occupier of the bed retires for the night, and the whole bed is nicely and evenly warmed, instead of only one spot ordinarily made by a hot-water bottle.

CATALOGUE FREE. Write for It.

one year, together with one of these Hammocks, all express and mailing charges paid upon receipt of one dollar.

Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

Address, COMFORT. Augusta, Maine.

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

NEW FANGLED WINGS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

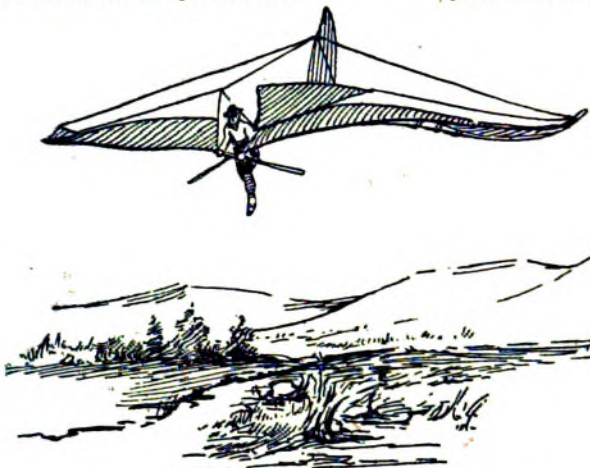
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Many COMFORT readers, doubtless, have read Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' humorous account of "Darius Green and his flying machine" and how, after months of study on his invention, he put it to trial before the village-people and came to grief. His experience has been duplicated by many inventors both ancient and modern, and many a name has been transitorily before the public as the inventor of an air-ship of some kind.

Not until the present time, however, have any of these inventions been even moderately successful. But now Herr Otto Lilienthal of Berlin, who had already gained some reputation in Europe as the "flying man," has met with an encouraging degree of success. He was born 46 years ago near the Baltic Sea, and even in early life began his peculiar study into the methods of flying. He is an accomplished mathematician and a close observer of nature; and when he became convinced that there was a field for his peculiar work, he removed to a suburb of Berlin and with his brother, began work in earnest. After many experiments with flat wings, or plane surfaces, Herr Lilienthal became convinced that it was the gentle parabolic curve of the wing which enables a bird to sustain itself without apparent effort in the air, and even to soar, without a motion of the wings, against the wind, like the albatross, or sea gull or stork; and this may be regarded as the most important outcome of Herr Lilienthal's investigations.

"Every crow that flies over our heads," he says, "furnishes a solution of the problem of flying." He set to work to discover the laws of atmospheric resistance and how to overcome them. For many years, as is usual with inventors, he was considered a fool by his German neighbors. But now that he has constructed a machine which really does fly through the air and is likely to prove both practical and useful, they—as usual—have turned around and praised him.



LILIENTHAL FLYING MACHINE.

The above cut gives a good idea of this machine in actual operation. This flying machine is designed rather for sailing than for flying, in the proper sense of the term, or, as he says, "for being carried steadily and without danger, under the least possible angle of descent, against a moderate wind, from an elevated point to the plain below." It is made almost entirely of closely woven muslin washed with collodion to render it impervious to the air, and stretched upon a ribbed frame of split willow, which has been found to be the lightest and strongest material for this purpose.

Its main elements are the arched wings, a vertical rudder, shaped like a conventional palm leaf, which acts as a vane in keeping the head always towards the wind, and a flat horizontal rudder to prevent sudden changes in the equilibrium. The operator so adjusts the apparatus to his person that when in the air he will be seated on a narrow support near the front, and with the wings folded behind him, makes a short run from some elevated point, always against the wind, and when he has attained sufficient velocity, launches himself into the air by a spring or a jump, at the same time spreading the wings, which are at once extended to their full breadth by atmospheric action, whereupon he sails majestically along like a gigantic sea-gull. In this way Herr Lilienthal has accomplished flights of nearly three hundred yards from the starting point.

He does not claim that his "wings" have made feasible all the possibilities of flight, but only that they furnish a basis for further research, and believes that he has at last found the real principle of motion, upon which to work out the problem.

He is all the time developing his invention, and confidently expects to furnish the world, in the course of a few years, a practical means of flying. And many scientific men are of the opinion that he will succeed.

ODD FACTS.

A million matches are used in Europe every twelve minutes. Grains of wheat in Egyptian mummy cases have been known to germinate after lying dormant 3,000 years.

A four-legged chicken was hatched at Junction City, Ill., the legs all well-developed and well-proportioned, two going backward and two forward. It lived only a short time.

There is a cat in a suburb of Philadelphia which can play "America" on the piano without missing a note, and can also play the bass notes in simple duets with the children of the family.

The telegraph wires in Connecticut have been giving great trouble on account of gales, etc., but difficulties with one line at certain hours could not be accounted for, as the wires were apparently in good condition. Finally a lineman discovered an immense cobweb, the product of several spiders swinging between two wires. Its face was covered with drops of dew, and the condition of the wires which it connected was the same as if the web were a sheet of muslin saturated with water. When the sun dried the dew on the cobweb the difficulty with the wires disappeared and did not return until a rain storm came, or the next dew fell.

A "WHITE ZONE" LEGEND.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ANNA BISHARD.

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ISITORS at the World's Fair could gain some idea of how the Eskimo lives; but to see these little Polar people in their native region and to spend a few days with them in their *ingloos*, is a singular and unusual experience. As far north as the white man has traveled the Eskimo is found. The abundance of seal enables him to withstand the inclemency of the rigorous climate; the flesh forms the staple food—the blubber the fuel used to keep the hut warm—and the skin the material used to make their garments. So these queer little folks live in comparative comfort, far beyond the seventieth parallel. It is not to be wondered at that the Eskimo so intimately associates the seal with all their merry-makings, and allows it to appear in all their games, as it is to this animal he is indebted for food, fuel and clothing.

While the chubby little Eskimo rolls and wallows on the reindeer skins, during the long Polar nights, the parents entertain them with folk-lore and traditions that sound oddly to those who live south of the frigid zone. Their most popular legend runs thus:

Once in the long ago there lived a puny, ugly, dwarfish creature who had no parents and no friends. The people of the village were cruel to him and used him far worse than they did the dogs—which are cuffed about and often go hungry for days together. No one seemed to know anything about his parents or from whence he had come; therefore as they were ignorant of his parentage they looked upon him as the offspring of some evil spirit. No family would allow him to sit in the room with them, and as he was denied the warm shelter of the *ingloo*, he was obliged to sleep in the cold passage with the gaunt, wolfish dogs. Sometimes in their savage fights for warm quarters they snapped at the poor orphan who crept close to their sides for warmth; for he had no reindeer skin to keep out the bitter cold. He was never invited inside to taste the savory repast, prepared of choice seal blubber, or warm walrus blood, with which the others regaled themselves—but was left out in the chilly entry to gnaw at the tough frozen walrus hide which they rudely dung to him. He had no knife to cut it with, and the ravenous dogs often fought for it; therefore it happened that he went hungry far oftener than he was satisfied.

There were only a few in the tribe that in any way tolerated him, and none showed him sympathy, except one young girl. Seeing his neglected condition, her heart softened towards him and she gave him part of her own food, and one time slyly handed him a bit of bone to be used as a knife. She told him to conceal it, for if the big men saw it they would immediately take it away, because he was looked on as the child of evil, and it was thought he ought to be obliged to gnaw with his teeth all he got to eat. He was a most pitiable creature—a wretched, miserable outcast, ill in health, stunted in growth and devoid of any amusements; he had no little toy sledges—no *kayaks*—no bow and arrow—nothing to while away the hours with. When the tribe gathered together in the largest *ingloo* to make merry with singing, drumming and feasting, the forlorn orphan would creep into the narrow, low passage-way and peep in at the gay festivities. Sometimes a big man seeing him, would catch him up and thrusting his great fingers into his nostrils would lift him into the room—this was the only kind of an invitation he ever received to come in—then after swinging him around to amuse the crowd, he would be dung down. As the big men had this way of lifting him by the nostrils, in time they grew so abnormally large, while his body remained so small, that he was enough to scare even the boldest. But as all things have their ending, so had the dark days for the poor lone orphan boy.

The man who lives in the moon and watches over the fortunes of the little Eskimos—just as he does over the fate of other little folks—who is a protector of all orphans that are maltreated, noticed how very ill they all behaved towards Zaudjagdjag (that was the name he was known by) and took compassion upon his forlorn state and came to the earth to relieve him.

As the man in the moon is an Eskimo, of course—to all the little Polar people—he has a sledge and dogs to make his trips in. So he harnessed his best dog, Yirietiang to his sledge and drove down the sky through the icy air and the snow-spangled clouds, until he arrived beside the *ingloo* in which the boy lay with the dogs. Here he halted, and in a voice that sounded frosty like, he cried out, "Zaudjagdjag, come out!" The boy heard the loud call and was greatly frightened, knowing it was the man from the moon.

So he answered, "No, I will not come out; you go away!" But the man kept on calling repeatedly for him to come out, so at last he crept slowly among the dogs and went out to see what the man wanted. He was trembling in every nerve; for the man who lives in the moon has a rough, harsh, cold voice that sounds like the cold glacial gale blowing between the icebergs, and the poor boy was uncertain what he wanted.

Once outside the man seized him and took him in his sledge, which was crusted and spangled over with silver moonbeams, and frost stars, dazzling in their brilliancy. Then they sped away far over the white landscape where there was no sound to break the stillness save the creaking of the icebergs.

At last they reached a spot where ages before great glaciers had melted in the summer sun and left large ridgy boulders that were strewn upon the ice; there the sledge stopped. The man now set the boy down and taking out his sharp lashed dog-whip, he whipped him severely, then he asked: "Do you feel any stronger?" "Yes, I feel stronger," the poor boy said in trembling tones.

"Then let me see you lift that boulder," cried out the man.

The boy tugged at it with all his might and main, but it did not move a hair's breadth. So the man walked up and treated him to another lashing, this time a most unmerciful beating. The boy whirled round and round over the snow, and the long thin lash snapped wickedly through the air. The poor boy thought he was going to be killed sure this time, and he did not mind much because his lot had always been so hard. But while the chastisement was in progress, he suddenly felt a queer transformation taking place in himself. His dwarfed body began to grow, and what surprised him most of all was the awful, unnatural growth his feet were making. They became a pair of monstrosities, so big and unwieldy that his weak legs could scarcely lift them. They reminded him of a pair of sledges fastened to his legs. The man looking on said, "Boy you are growing fast. Do you feel stronger now?"

He answered, "Yes, I feel stronger."

Then again he was ordered to lift the big stone, and as he was yet unable to do so, he was flogged more soundly than ever. After the last whipping he

grew amazingly, and in a short space of time was almost a giant in stature, and his strength was very great. He was now able to pick up the great boulders and toss them about as if they were mere pebbles. The man seeing his great strength was pleased, and said:

"You will do for now. To-morrow I shall send three great white bears, then you will have a fair trial of your strength, and I can then see if you are as strong as I want you to be."

The boy made no reply, and the man whistled to his great shaggy dog and lashing his keen-edged whip in the frosty air the sledge sped away, far up the moonlit sky. Through the white fleecy clouds it went and was soon a mere speck in the sky—going at a dizzy speed far towards the great, round-faced moon that was then smiling down upon the snow-capped glaciers, and lovely reach of white landscape dotted over with domes of snow, the *ingloos*, wherein the little men of the white zone slept, snugly ensconced in their deer-skin bags.

Zaudjagdjag had suddenly become a very giant, and he returned to the *ingloo* where he had lain at the entrance; but he was so changed that the dogs did not know him, and snapped at him wickedly. He crept in among them and lay down, to await the coming of the three bears. Some hours afterward when the men came out they stumbled and fell over the huge body of Zaudjagdjag who had not yet gone out. They were greatly surprised, and not recognizing the boy they were accustomed to abuse in the big man who lay there, they thought it must be the evil spirit come to destroy their village.

The Eskimo is very superstitious and it is no wonder he has a fear of evil spirits, for the land he inhabits is a veritable phantom land, an awful, ghostly, weird place, where there is no tree to wave its branches in the air, no song of birds, nothing but the moan of the wind, and the crunch, crunch of the icebergs as they crash together.

When the men looked out they saw the three bears not far away, and as they were ferocious, hungry animals they were frightened and rushed back into the *ingloo*. Then Zaudjagdjag put on his warmest garment and taking his snow-knife went out to meet the bears. The men gazing out of the small hole in the roof said, "Look, who is that great giant? He slept in the passage last night. It looks like Zaudjagdjag, only so large."

"No, it is nothing like him, he was only a puny thing not good for dog-food. It must be the Zualier-telang. See, he now speaks to the good north wind; we will have fair weather for fishing and hunting. But look, he is fighting the three big bears!"

While they watched he clutched the foremost bear by the hind legs and knocked his brains out on an iceberg. The next one he served the same way, but as the third came growling towards him he seized it as if it had been a mere kitten and carried it up to the village.

The people were so frightened that they fled before him as if he had been a pestilence; he pursued them and slew some of the wicked ones who had tormented him in his helpless days. Others he grasped and pressed out their breath with his great sinewy hands, and tore off their heads saying: "That is what you get for abusing me—you ill-treated me, now I repay you. You lifted me up by my nostrils when I was weak and puny—now you can feel how that goes, you wretches!"

Then he would thrust his big fingers into their nostrils and swing them back and forth, shouting at the top of his thunderous voice:

"That is the way you played with me, now you have a taste of the same usage! Do you like such play?"

"Now may all the evil spirits of the underworld beset you, and may Sedna, their mistress, chase you to death, her dogs gnaw your cruel bones and her sledge grind you far, far down in the deep snow. May the seals flee from you and your *unang* be lost. When you come to build your *ingloos* may your snow-knife be lost, the blubber sputter and not burn in your lamps, and the *quiquit* pursue the dogs until they die of convulsions and cramps. May all the spirits of evil strive together to bring sickness and death, bad weather and failure in hunting, and the dogs run away with all your sledges!"

As he pronounced this awful curse upon the wicked ones, those that could run away and never returned. A few who had shown him some little kindness, in his dark days, he suffered to remain—and the girl who had given him the piece of bone for a knife, she now became an important person, highly honored by Zaudjagdjag—who distinguished her by choosing her as his consort. He became a great hunter and traveled far and near with his tribe, that prospered and increased with wonderful rapidity.

In all the Polar regions this new tribe was famous for its great kindness to orphan children, and its dogs were said to be the fleetest and best trained of any in the white zone. Its leader was noted for bravery and performed many daring exploits, and it was a saying that the seal and walrus were always plenty wherever they camped, and the snow just hard enough to be excellent for constructing *ingloos*. He was far-famed for the great entertainments he gave on the anniversary of his triumph over his enemies. At these rejoicings he sat in the centre of the room surrounded by his friends and admirers, who vied with each other in singing songs in his praise, accompanied by the beat of drums.

Zaudjagdjag always held the rejoicings at the full of the moon, when he fancied he could see his friend, with his favorite dog, gazing down upon him, and smiling a satisfied smile. He never forgot the man in the moon, who had by severe chastisement raised him from the lowest menial of the tribe to the position of ruler.

Inside the huts the noisy "*kikori*"—which in Eskimo means a great rejoicing with drums and songs of triumph—was at its height, and all the little Polar people rejoiced with their chieftain over his victories. Outside the far-reaching fields of ice lay white and ghost-like and the drifting snow-covering over the ice soured its plaintive song, and spinning far across the icy sea seemed like witches hair glimmering in the moonlight.

Such are the stories the little Eskimos are taught to believe.

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country that the Fourth of July is different from any other day?

Well, I hope most of you who are old enough know that, after the people of England and Holland and France came over and settled this country, we were for over one hundred and fifty years only a colonies belonging to England, and that our forefathers paid taxes to help support the English government; this was kept up for many years, as I told you, and the taxes kept growing heavier and heavier, until finally the colonists—for that was what they were called in those days—the colonists rebelled. I do not suppose they had any idea when they first rebelled against paying such heavy taxes, that they were starting a big independent country like the United States of America. But the English government would not listen to their complaints, and told them to stop fussing and to pay their taxes or they would be punished for it. This only made the colonists the more angry and they rebelled some more; and so they quarreled for some years with England. But this could not go on forever. Our country was all the time growing; more people were coming over; the children of the first generation, and the second, and the third, had multiplied and there were getting to be a good many children on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, more than England had any idea of; and finally they met in Philadelphia, that is, the principal men of the colonies did, and consulted together as to what they should do about England; and at last they concluded that they were big enough and strong enough, to "go it alone," and so they drew up that immortal document known as the Declaration of Independence.

If there are any of my nieces and nephews who have not read the Declaration of Independence, let them do so before the next Fourth of July. Besides being an interesting and well-written article of itself, it is something which every American citizen ought to feel proud of, because with it, and by it, was born this great and glorious country of ours.

Now it was only a few weeks since that your Uncle Charlie was in Philadelphia and took considerable pains to go and visit Independence Hall. This is the building in which the first Congress of the United States was held and in which the Declaration of Independence was written and signed on the fourth day of July, 1776. The Hall is now just exactly as it was in that year and so far as possible the chairs of each member of the first Congress are kept there and are labeled with the names of the owners who sat in them. In the middle of the Hall at one end, stands the desk on which the Declaration was signed, and the chair in which John Hancock presided over the assembly; and back of that desk hangs one of the original copies of the Declaration itself; the very original one is now kept in the Congressional Library at Washington in a glass case, and nobody is allowed to touch it; because it is getting old and creased and worn, and it is altogether too precious to be lost.

I tell you boys and girls, it made me feel pretty patriotic to stand in that Hall and to realize what an important event took place there just 118 years ago. If any of you think you are not very patriotic, just try the experiment of going to Philadelphia and standing in that Hall; and if that does not affect you just go out in the corridor and up a flight of stairs and stand beside the Liberty Bell.

Do you know what the Liberty Bell is, and why it is called so?

Well, when our forefathers had fully decided to make this an independent country and to take all the risks of war and bloodshed upon themselves in order to make it so, they decided to proclaim the fact; and this was done by ringing this identical old bell. There it hangs to-day. It is old and cracked, and is not allowed to be rung now; and it is because of this fact that no one can look at it without a feeling of reverence. On the side around the top these words were cast in it: "Proclaim Liberty Throughout the Land." And this was what the old bell did. Last year it was taken from its place, carefully packed, and carried off out to the World's Fair in Chicago, and exhibited there, in order to give thousands of young people a chance to see it who would perhaps never get to Philadelphia. But it is safely back in its accustomed place now and will probably stay there always.

The Independence Hall is now in the most crowded part of Philadelphia and it is kept just as it was in the days of the Revolutionary War. It is a long low building of brick with white trimmings, with a sort of cupola in the middle; a wide hall runs through the center and takes you from Chestnut Street through to Independence Square, which is a sort of park laid out with flower-beds, trees, shrubbery, and a fountain. Opposite the Council Chamber, where the Declaration was signed, is another large room used as a museum for relics; and the wings of the building are used for city offices.

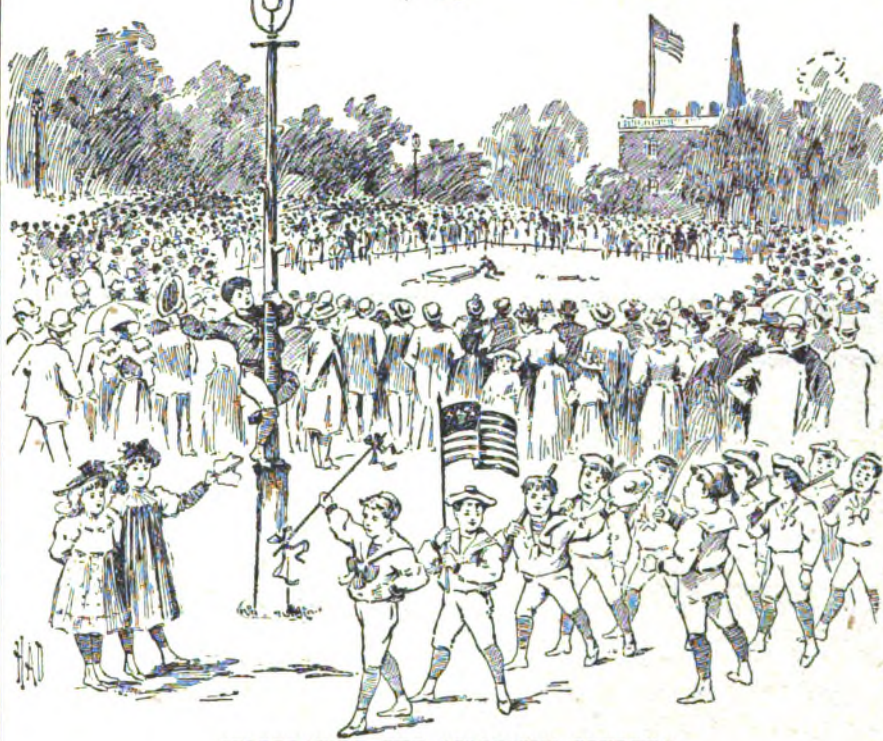
But how do you suppose England liked the Declaration of Independence?

They did not like it at all; they immediately said, "Those colonists are impudent upstarts and must be put down." And so they sent an army over here thinking they could quell the rebellion in a few weeks at the most; they had already had soldiers over here to make us mind; and they found they had more than their hands full, for the Revolutionary War kept up over seven years. The old heroes who signed the Declaration of Independence, were only a specimen of every other man in America; they were all willing to fight for the independence they had declared on paper, and finally, in the end, as you all know, they won, and peace was declared in 1781, and the United States began to be such with only thirteen States. Who of you

can tell the names of those? And just how many States and how many territories there are now? Well, this is quite a dose of history for a holiday, isn't it? But it is necessary for you to know why you are having so much fun and what it is all about.

Ever since 1781, I suppose, the boys have celebrated the Fourth of July. Most of your grandfathers went to see the militia or fired off crackers, or waved a flag or did something else that was meant to be patriotic on the Fourth of July; so did your fathers, and your uncles, and your brothers; and so now are you doing the same, and so will your boys and girls after you. And in fact, as time goes on, people celebrate the day more and more, and there is hardly a small town in the country but what has had or will have its Fourth of July celebration. I suppose the boys who read this won't be contented unless they can have some powder to blow something up with on the Fourth. I only hope they won't blow their own heads off, or their sisters, or their cousins, or their aunts.

I heard of a boy once who promised his mother faithfully that he would not go near the cannon that was fired off on the common, that he would not handle any powder, that he would let all the giant torpedoes alone, and that he would be very careful only to fire off crackers, and only use a very few of them if she would let him go out on the street with the other boys. She was a fond and foolish mother and she allowed him to go. She did not see him until night, and then she did not recognize him at first. His face was so black that he did not seem to be any relation to any of her family. His eyebrows and even his eyewinkers were all scorched off; his pretty curls that his mother had combed so becomingly in the morning were tangled and in some places burnt off; a great black mark went down from his cheek to his chin, and there was another one over his right eye; his right hand was done up in what was left of his handkerchief; and he was trying hard not to cry from the pain which came from the blister that he got while fooling with old Captain Brown's old flintlock. His clothes, so fresh and clean in the morning, hung in grimy tatters, and altogether he was the most



CELEBRATING THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH."

disreputable looking boy that had ever entered that house. If he had not looked quite so dejected and miserable he would have got a spanking; but when she took a good survey of the boy and realized who he was, and what he had gone through, his mother had not the heart to punish him, and so she fed him and washed him and put him to bed, and did up his blistered fingers, and fixed him up generally just as all fond and foolish mothers do. And, after all, don't you think that was the best thing she could have done with him?

Now, how many of you, do you suppose, will repeat the experience of this boy? Alas, I am afraid a great many of you will. Try and not get burnt up, nor blown up; because I shall want to meet you around our circle next month, and I shall hate to be told that you have fallen a victim to the Fourth of July.

And girls, I suppose you, that is the most of you, don't really sympathize with this nonsense about Fourth of July? I have seen very few girls in my life that cared very much to make a great noise with fire-crackers or beating a drum, or tooting on a tin trumpet, or doing those other things that drive older people crazy on this day; and I don't know but you are about right. The older I get (only you must not tell this to the boys) the more I sympathize with you girls, and would rather get off in some quiet corner where I cannot hear the cannon and the other horrible noises and let the rest of the world do the celebrating.

However, you are young and have brothers. Go in with them and have as jolly good Fourth as you possibly can; put your dolls safely away for one day and play you were a boy. That is the only way you will get the full amount of fun. And now I am going to close by giving you a real puzzle. How many of you can guess this?

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 1st is in corn, but not in grain;
My 2nd is in shower, but not in rain;
My 3rd is in marry, but not in wed;
My 4th is in feathers, but not in bed;
My 5th is in pound, but not in weight;
My 6th is in pair, but not in mate;
My 7th is in treasure, but not in gold.
My whole is for all, both young and old.

UNCLE CHARLIE.

Three mounted men rode up to an Oregon bank recently, and while one held the horses, the other two went in, attacked the cashier, shot the president twice and demanded the money. The president handed over a tray containing nearly \$1,000, which the robbers took and rode off without waiting for the vaults to be opened.

A SANITARY CHALICE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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NE of the newest inventions of the times is an individual communion cup, which will doubtless, soon supplant the common cup which has so long been used in administering the sacrament of the Lord's supper. It has already been adopted at a Presbyterian church in Rochester, N. Y. (the city where the invention was made) and will soon be accepted in other churches.

There has long been a feeling in individual minds that the communion cup, used in common and passed from mouth to mouth, was an unclean habit; now the medical fraternity have declared it to be unhealthy, and it is a scientific fact that disease can be, and actually is, communicated by this means. To quote the words of an eminent physician: "Bacteria of three insidious diseases find lodgment in the mouth, viz.: tuberculosis, syphilis and diphtheria. When the contagious scales drop from the mouth into the cup, the bacteria go with them and if it is the misfortune of a communicant to drink from the cup after that, the germs may get into his system. A communicant on drinking the wine brings his lips in contact with the edge of the chalice; a portion of the saliva on the lower lip adheres to the outside of the cup; a portion of the wine that comes in contact with the mouth and teeth is swallowed and the remainder flows back again into the cup, carrying with it whatever may have been washed from the mouth and teeth of the communicant. This process is repeated by perhaps a hundred persons drinking from the same chalice. Of course the first to take the wine runs less risk than those who drink later. These not only drink the wine, but also the mingled saliva of all who have taken the cup before them. The saliva adhering to the outside of the cup must come in direct contact with those whose lips touch the cup. When the mucous membrane of the lips and mouth is abraded in any way, the danger of infection is increased, because of the more direct communication with the circulating blood. It must be borne in mind that the microbes have associated with them substances of their own production called

WEAPONS OF FISHES.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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VERY curious are the weapons with which some fishes are provided. There is one species, called the Trachinus, which has a poison gland connected with the gill-cover on each side. This gland communicates with a small and sharp spine, the venom being transmitted through the latter. Thus the creature can paralyze, or perhaps kill, another fish by simply rubbing cheeks with it.

The Mud-laff is a tropical fish. It lives among seaweeds on the bottom in shallow water. Anybody who picks it up or steps upon it is likely to receive a very painful wound, for the spines of its back-fin are armed with poison. They have true poison glands connected with them, which respond to any irritation by discharging venom.

There are three distinct kinds of fishes which employ electricity for defensive purposes. One of these is the well-known Torpedo—a species of skate. It is provided with an actual battery with a multitude of cells arranged like Leyden jars. The animal is able to deliver the electrical energy stored in these cells at a stroke, inflicting a very severe shock upon any one who may be so incautious as to handle it.

Much more powerful is the apparatus possessed by the electric eel. The creature has a remarkably long tail, the under part of which contains the battery. This, like that of the Torpedo, is a true storage battery, containing energy enough to run a sewing machine for a while. A shock from it will knock a man down. A catfish of the rivers of tropical Africa is furnished with a similar electrical equipment, the cells being arranged around its body like a mantle.

The spines with which fishes in general are provided are designed for defensive or offensive purposes. Among the most remarkable of them are owned by the ordinary catfish of the brooks. These weapons, with the efficiency of which every small boy is acquainted, are arranged with a sort of "toggle joint," so that they can be extended and fixed instantly in position to repel attack. Wounds made by them are very painful because they are covered with minute barbs.

The electrical apparatus of the African catfish above described, as well as of the eel and skate, has afforded a most interesting subject of study to scientific men. It has thus been ascertained that Nature knew how to construct a storage battery ages before the utilization of electricity in any form had been thought of by man. Dr. Franklin was a mere beginner in the science which these humble creatures had applied for thousands of years. To this day no body knows how the fishes referred to store up their supplies of electric energy. It is an unsolved mystery.

One of the most curious of the spines belonging to fishes is attached beneath the tail of the stingray. In a full-grown specimen it attains a length of 5 or 6 inches. The weapon—for as such it is employed—is hard as ivory, exceedingly sharp, and with many barbs. Thus, when driven into flesh, it cannot be withdrawn except by cutting it out. Men have died from wounds thus inflicted, the slime of the animal having a tendency to prevent healing.

A very extraordinary weapon is the sword of the swordfish. This is a prolongation of the front bone of the skull of the animal. There is more than one species, by far the most ferocious being a comparatively small one known sometimes as the needle fish. It is this fierce fellow, only about 8 feet long, whose sword is sometimes driven through the side of a wooden vessel. He is the hero of most of the stories that are told about swordfishes.

The Narwhal bears a lance, 8 feet long, upon its nose. Though commonly referred to as a fish, of course it is actually a mammal. The lance is made of ivory, being in fact a tooth which has attained this extraordinary development in order to serve as a weapon. It is the left upper canine tooth of the animal, the right one being undeveloped.

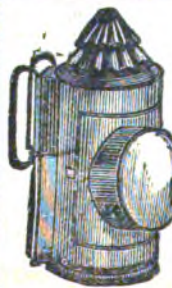
Among fishes the most remarkable dental equipment is possessed by sharks. The great white man-eating shark of the tropics, for example, has seven rows of teeth. The fossil teeth left behind by huge species of sharks long extinct have been largely utilized for battle axes and other purposes by savages, who are quick to take advantage of tools offered them by nature without labor. In similar fashion they employ the many-barbed "stings" of stingrays for spear-tips, the instrument having the great advantage that it breaks off short in the wound and cannot be withdrawn from the flesh.

The scales of fishes ordinarily are covered with a thin, silvery coating, which derives its brilliant metallic lustre from the presence of little crystals composed of lime and a substance known as "guanine." This coating is easily rubbed off, and in one sort of European carp, called the "bleak," the crystals are so numerous that a pigment is derived from them, known in the arts as "argentine." This is used to impart lustre to the glass globules sold under the name of "Roman pearls."

When the silvery coating is absent, the scales of a fish are lustreless and transparent, as in the case of the smelt, the abdominal cavity of which, however, has a brilliant silvery lining composed of the same substance.



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PROVERBS.

Little boats must keep to shore,
Large ships may venture more.

If bees swarm in May
They're worth a pound a day;
If they swarm in July
They are not worth a fly.

If you see a pin and let it lie
You'll need a pin before you die.

It is a good horse that never stumbles,
And a good wife that never grumbles.

It is hard to get on, harder to get honor, hardest to get honest.
It is no good hen that cackles in your house and lays in another's.

If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow,
Sneeze on Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow.

NEW FANGLED WINGS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

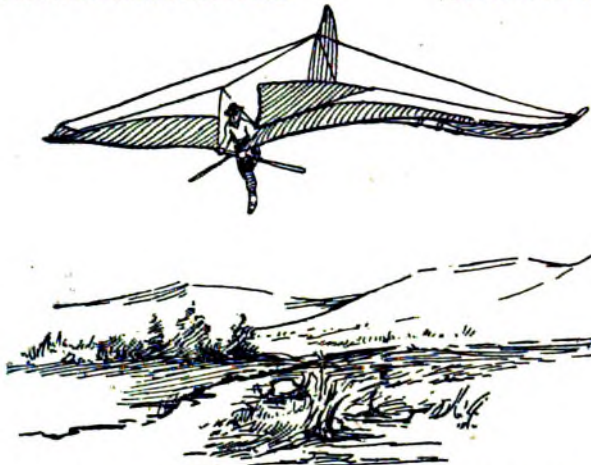
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Many COMFORT readers, doubtless, have read Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' humorous account of "Darius Green and his flying machine" and how, after months of study on his invention, he put it to trial before the village-people and came to grief. His experience has been duplicated by many inventors both ancient and modern, and many a name has been transitorily before the public as the inventor of an air-ship of some kind.

Not until the present time, however, have any of these inventions been even moderately successful. But now Herr Otto Lilienthal of Berlin, who had already gained some reputation in Europe as the "flying man," has met with an encouraging degree of success. He was born 46 years ago near the Baltic Sea, and even in early life began his peculiar study into the methods of flying. He is an accomplished mathematician and a close observer of nature; and when he became convinced that there was a field for his peculiar work, he removed to a suburb of Berlin and with his brother, began work in earnest. After many experiments with flat wings, or plane surfaces, Herr Lilienthal became convinced that it was the gentle parabolic curve of the wing which enables a bird to sustain itself without apparent effort in the air, and even to soar, without a motion of the wings, against the wind, like the albatross, or sea gull or stork; and this may be regarded as the most important outcome of Herr Lilienthal's investigations.

"Every crow that flies over our heads," he says, "furnishes a solution of the problem of flying." He set to work to discover the laws of atmospheric resistance and how to overcome them. For many years, as is usual with inventors, he was considered a fool by his German neighbors. But now that he has constructed a machine which really does fly through the air and is likely to prove both practical and useful, they—as usual—have turned around and praised him.



LILIENTHAL FLYING MACHINE.

The above cut gives a good idea of this machine in actual operation. This flying machine is designed rather for sailing than for flying, in the proper sense of the term, or, as he says, "for being carried steadily and without danger, under the least possible angle of descent, against a moderate wind, from an elevated point to the plain below." It is made almost entirely of closely woven muslin washed with collodion to render it impervious to the air, and stretched upon a ribbed frame of split willow, which has been found to be the lightest and strongest material for this purpose.

Its main elements are the arched wings, a vertical rudder, shaped like a conventional palm leaf, which acts as a vane in keeping the head always towards the wind, and a flat horizontal rudder to prevent sudden changes in the equilibrium. The operator so adjusts the apparatus to his person that when in the air he will be seated on a narrow support near the front and, with the wings folded behind him, makes a short run from some elevated point, always against the wind, and when he has attained sufficient velocity, launches himself into the air by a spring or a jump, at the same time spreading the wings, which are at once extended to their full breadth by atmospheric action, whereupon he sails majestically along like a gigantic sea-gull. In this way Herr Lilienthal has accomplished flights of nearly three hundred yards from the starting point.

He does not claim that his "wings" have made feasible all the possibilities of flight, but only that they furnish a basis for further research, and believes that he has at last found the real principle of motion, upon which to work out the problem.

He is all the time developing his invention, and confidently expects to furnish the world, in the course of a few years, a practical means of flying. And many scientific men are of the opinion that he will succeed.

ODD FACTS.

A million matches are used in Europe every twelve minutes.

Grains of wheat in Egyptian mummy cases have been known to germinate after lying dormant 3,000 years.

A four-legged chicken was hatched at Junction City, Ill., the legs all well-developed and well-proportioned, two going backward and two forward. It lived only a short time.

There is a cat in a suburb of Philadelphia which can play "America" on the piano without missing a note, and can also play the bass notes in simple duets with the children of the family.

The telegraph wires in Connecticut have been giving great trouble on account of gales, etc., but difficulties with one line at certain hours could not be accounted for, as the wires were apparently in good condition. Finally a lineman discovered an immense cobweb, the product of several spiders swinging between two wires. Its face was covered with drops of dew, and the condition of the wires which it connected was the same as if the web were a sheet of muslin saturated with water. When the sun dried the dew on the cobweb the difficulty with the wires disappeared and did not return until a rain storm came, or the next dew fell.

A "WHITE ZONE" LEGEND.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ANNA BISHARD.

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In all their games, as it is to this animal he is indebted for food, fuel and clothing.

While the chubby little Eskimo rolls and wallows on the reindeer skins, during the long Polar nights, the parents entertain them with folk-lore and traditions that sound oddly to those who live south of the frigid zone. Their most popular legend runs thus:

Once in the long ago there lived a puny, ugly, dwarfish creature who had no parents and no friends. The people of the village were cruel to him and used him far worse than they did the dogs—which are cuffed about and often go hungry for days together. No one seemed to know anything about his parents or from whence he had come; therefore as they were ignorant of his parentage they looked upon him as the offspring of some evil spirit. No family would allow him to sit in the room with them, and as he was denied the warm shelter of the *ingloo*, he was obliged to sleep in the cold passage with the gaunt, wolfish dogs. Sometimes in their savage fights for warm quarters they snapped at the poor orphan who crept close to their sides for warmth; for he had no reindeer skin to keep out the bitter cold. He was never invited inside to taste the savory repast, prepared of choice seal blubber, or warm walrus blood, with which the others regaled themselves—but was left out in the chilly entry to gnaw at the tough frozen walrus hide which they rudely flung to him. He had no knife to cut it with, and the ravenous dogs often fought for it; therefore it happened that he went hungry far oftener than he was satisfied.

There were only a few in the tribe that in any way tolerated him, and none showed him sympathy, except one young girl. Seeing his neglected condition, her heart softened towards him and she gave him part of her own food, and one time slyly handed him a bit of bone to be used as a knife.

She told him to conceal it, for if the big men saw it they would immediately take it away, because he was looked on as the child of evil, and it was thought he ought to be obliged to gnaw with his teeth all he got to eat. He was a most pitiable creature—a wretched, miserable outcast, ill in health, stunted in growth and hideous to look at. The children were not allowed to play with him, for fear of the evil powers swooping down upon them; and even if their parents had allowed it, it is doubtful if they would have invited him to join them, he was so repulsive in form and countenance. His childhood was wholly devoid of any amusement; he had no little toy sledges—no *kayaks*—no bow and arrow—nothing to while away the hours with. When the tribe gathered together in the largest *ingloo* to make merry with singing, drumming and feasting, the forlorn orphan would creep into the narrow, low passage-way and peep in at the gay festivities. Sometimes a big man seeing him, would catch him up, and thrusting his great fingers into his nostrils would lift him into the room—this was the only kind of an invitation he ever received to come in—then after swinging him around to amuse the crowd, he would be flung down. As the big men had this way of lifting him by the nostrils, in time they grew so abnormally large, while his body remained so small, that he was enough to scare even the boldest. But as all things have their ending, so had the dark days for the poor lone orphan boy.

The man who lives in the moon and watches over the fortunes of the little Eskimos—just as he does over the fate of other little folks—who is a protector of all orphans that are maltreated, noticed how very ill they all behaved towards Zaudjagjug (that was the name he was known by) and took compassion upon his forlorn state and came to the earth to relieve him.

As the man in the moon is an Eskimo, of course—to all the little Polar people—he has a sledge and dogs to make his trips with. So he harnessed his best dog, Yirietang, to his sledge and drove down the sky through the icy air and the snow-pangled clouds, until he arrived beside the *ingloo* in which the boy lay with the dogs. Here he halted, and in a voice that sounded frosty like, he cried out, "Zaudjagjug, come out!" The boy heard the loud call and was greatly frightened, knowing it was the man from the moon.

So he answered, "No, I will not come out; you go away!"

But the man kept on calling repeatedly for him to come out, so at last he crept slowly among the dogs and went out to see what the man wanted. He was trembling in every nerve; for the man who lives in the moon has a rough, harsh, cold voice that sounds like the cold glacial gale blowing between the icebergs, and the poor boy was uncertain what he wanted.

Once outside the man seized him and took him in his sledge, which was crusted and spangled over with silver moonbeams, and frost stars, dazzling in their brilliancy. Then they sped away far over the white landscape where there was no sound to break the stillness save the creaking of the icebergs.

At last they reached a spot where ages before great glaciers had melted in the summer sun and left large ridgy boulders that were strewn upon the ice; there the sledge stopped. The man now set the boy down and taking out his sharp lashed dog-whip, he whipped him severely, then he asked:

"Do you feel any stronger?"

"Yes, I feel stronger," the poor boy said in trembling tones.

"Then let me see you lift that boulder," cried out the man.

The boy tugged at it with all his might and main, but it did not move a hair's breadth. So the man walked up and treated him to another lashing, this time a most unmerciful beating. The boy whirled round and round over the snow, and the long thin lash snapped wickedly through the air. The poor boy thought he was going to be killed sure this time, and he did not mind much because his lot had always been so hard. But while the chastisement was in progress, he suddenly felt a queer transformation taking place in himself. His dwarfed body began to grow, and what surprised him most of all was the awful, unnatural growth his feet were making. They became a pair of monstrosities, so big and unwieldy that his weak legs could scarcely lift them. They reminded him of a pair of sledges fastened to his legs. The man looking on said, "Boy you are growing fast. Do you feel stronger now?"

He answered, "Yes, I feel stronger."

Then again he was ordered to lift the big stone, and as he was yet unable to do so, he was flogged more soundly than ever. After the last whipping he

grew amazingly, and in a short space of time was almost a giant in stature, and his strength was very great. He was now able to pick up the great boulders and toss them about as if they were mere pebbles. The man seeing his great strength was pleased, and said:

"You will do for now. To-morrow I shall send three great white bears, then you will have a fair trial of your strength, and I can then see if you are as strong as I want you to be."

The boy made no reply, and the man whistled to his great shaggy dog and lashing his keen-edged whip in the frosty air the sledge sped away, far up the moonlit sky. Through the white fleecy clouds it went and was soon a mere speck in the sky—going at a dizzy speed far towards the great, round-faced moon that was then smiling down upon the snow-capped glaciers, and lovely reach of white landscape dotted over with domes of snow, the *ingloos*, wherein the little men of the white zone slept, snugly ensconced in their deer-skin bags.

Zaudjagjug had suddenly become a very giant, and he returned to the *ingloo* where he had lain at the entrance; but he was so changed that the dogs did not know him, and snapped at him wickedly. He crept in among them and lay down, to await the coming of the three bears. Some hours afterward when the men came out of the *ingloos* and fell over the huge body of Zaudjagjug who had not yet gone out. They were greatly surprised, and not recognizing the boy they were accustomed to abuse in the big man who lay there, they thought it must be the evil spirit come to destroy their village.

The Eskimo is very superstitious and it is no wonder he has a fear of evil spirits, for the land he inhabits is a veritable phantom land, an awful, ghostly, weird place, where there is no tree to wave its branches in the air, no song of birds, nothing but the moan of the wind, and the crunch, crunch of the icebergs as they crash together.

When the men looked out they saw the three bears not far away, and as they were ferocious, hungry animals they were frightened and rushed back into the *ingloo*. Then Zaudjagjug put on his warmest garment and taking his snow-knife went out to meet the bears. The men gazing out of the small hole in the roof said, "Look, who is that great giant? He slept in the passage last night. It looks like Zaudjagjug, only so large."

"No, it is nothing like him, he was only a puny thing not good for dog-food," must be the Zaudjagjug said. See, he now speaks to the good north wind; we will have fair weather for fishing and hunting. But look, he is fighting the three big bears!"

While they watched he clutched the foremost bear by the hind legs and knocked his brains out on an iceberg. The next one he served the same way, but as the third came growling towards him he seized it as if it had been a mere kitten and carried it up to the village.

The people were so frightened that they fled before him as if he had been a pestilence; he pursued them and slew some of the wicked ones who had tormented him in his helpless days. Others he grasped and pressed out their breath with his great sinewy hands, and tore off their heads saying: "That is what you get for abusing me—you ill-treated me, now I repay you. You lifted me up by my nostrils when I was weak and puny—now you can feel how that goes, you wretches!"

Then he would thrust his big fingers into their nostrils and swing them back and forth, shouting at the top of his thunderous voice:

"That is the way you played with me, now you have a taste of the wonderland! Do you like such play?"

"Now may all the evil spirits of the underworld beset you, and may Sedna, their mistress, chase you to death, her dogs gnaw your cruel bones and her sledge grind you far, far down in the deep snow. May the seals flee from you and your *unang* be lost. When you come to build your *ingloos* may your snow-knife be lost, the blubber sputter and not burn in your lamps, and the *quiquit* pursue the dogs until they die of convulsions and cramps. May all the spirits of evil strive together to bring sickness and death, bad weather and failure in hunting, and the dogs run away with all your sledges!"

As he pronounced this awful curse upon the wicked ones, those that could run away and never returned. A few who had shown him some little kindness, in his dark days, he suffered to remain—and the girl who had given him the piece of bone for a knife, she now became an important person, highly honored by Zaudjagjug—who distinguished her by choosing her as his consort. He became a great hunter and traveled far and near with his tribe, that prospered and increased with wonderful rapidity.

In all the Polar regions this new tribe was famous for its great kindness to orphan children, and its dogs were said to be the fleetest and best trained of any in the white zone. Its leader was noted for bravery and performed many daring exploits, and it was a saying that the seal and walrus were always plenty wherever they camped, and the snow just hard enough to be excellent for constructing *ingloos*. He was far-famed for the great entertainments he gave on the anniversary of his triumph over his enemies. At these rejoicings he sat in the centre of the room surrounded by his friends and admirers, who vied with each other in singing songs in his praise, accompanied by the beat of drums.

Zaudjagjug always held the rejoicings at the full of the moon, when he fancied he could see his friend, with his favorite dog, gazing down upon him, and smiling a satisfied smile. He never forgot the man in the moon, who had by severe chastisement raised him from the lowest mental of the tribe to the position of ruler.

Inside the huts the noisy "liloviv"—which in Eskimo means a great rejoicing with drums and songs of triumph—was at its height, and all the little Polar people rejoiced with their chief in his victories. Outside the far-reaching fields of ice lay white and ghost-like and the drifting snow-covering over the ice sounded its plaintive song, and spinning far across the icy sea seemed like witches hair glimmering in the moonlight.

Such are the stories the little Eskimos are taught to believe.

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A Lucky Discovery.

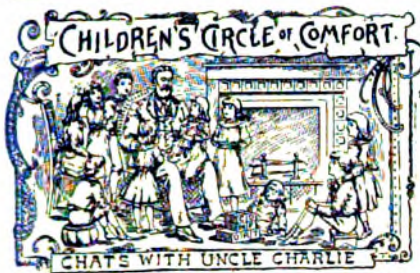
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country that the Fourth of July is different from any other day?

Well, I hope most of you who are old enough know that, after the people of England and Holland and France came over and settled this country, we were for over one hundred and fifty years only a colonies belonging to England, and that our forefathers paid taxes to help support the English government; this was kept up for many years, as I told you, and the taxes kept growing heavier and heavier, until finally the colonists—for that was what they were called in those days—the colonists rebelled. I do not suppose they had any idea when they first rebelled against paying such heavy taxes, that they were starting a big independent country like the United States of America. But the English government would not listen to their complaints, and told them to stop fussing and to pay their taxes or they would be punished for it. This only made the colonists the more angry and they rebelled some more; and so they quarreled for some years with England. But this could not go on forever. Our country was all the time growing; more people were coming over; the children of the first generation, and the second, and the third, had multiplied and there were getting to be a good many children on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, more than England had any idea of; and finally they met in Philadelphia, that is, the principal men of the colonies did, and consulted together as to what they should do about England; and at last they concluded that they were big enough and strong enough, to "go it alone," and so they drew up that immortal document known as the Declaration of Independence.

If there are any of my nieces and nephews who have not read the Declaration of Independence, let them do so before the next Fourth of July. Besides being an interesting and well-written article of itself, it is something which every American citizen ought to feel proud of, because with it, and by it, was born this great and glorious country of ours.

Now it was only a few weeks since that your Uncle Charlie was in Philadelphia and took considerable pains to go and visit Independence Hall. This is the building in which the first Congress of the United States was held and in which the Declaration of Independence was written and signed on the fourth day of July, 1776. The Hall is now just exactly as it was in that year and so far as possible the chairs of each member of the first Congress are kept there and are labeled with the names of the owners who sat in them. In the middle of the Hall at one end, stands the desk on which the Declaration was signed, and the chair in which John Hancock presided over the assembly; and back of that desk hangs one of the original copies of the Declaration itself; the very original one is now kept in the Congressional Library at Washington in a glass case, and nobody is allowed to touch it; because it is getting old and creased and worn, and it is altogether too precious to be lost.

I tell you boys and girls, it made me feel pretty patriotic to stand in that Hall and to realize what an important event took place there just 118 years ago. If any of you think you are not very patriotic, just try the experiment of going to Philadelphia and standing in that Hall; and if that does not affect you just go out in the corridor and up a flight of stairs and stand beside the Liberty Bell.

Do you know what the Liberty Bell is, and why it is called so?

Well, when our forefathers had fully decided to make this an independent country and to take all the risks of war and bloodshed upon themselves in order to make it so, they decided to proclaim the fact; and this was done by ringing this identical old bell. There it hangs today. It is old and cracked, and is not allowed to be rung now; and it is because of this fact that no one can look at it without a feeling of reverence. On the side around the top these words were cast in it: "Proclaim Liberty Throughout the Land." And this was what the old bell did. Last year it was taken from its place, carefully packed, and carried off out to the World's Fair in Chicago, and exhibited there, in order to give thousands of young people a chance to see it who would perhaps never get to Philadelphia. But it is safely back in its accustomed place now and will probably stay there always.

The Independence Hall is now in the most crowded part of Philadelphia and it is kept just as it was in the days of the Revolutionary War. It is a long low building of brick with white trimmings, with a sort of cupola in the middle; a wide hall runs through the center and takes you from Chestnut Street through to Independence Square, which is a sort of park laid out with flower-beds, trees, shrubbery, and a fountain. Opposite the Council Chamber, where the Declaration was signed, is another large room used as a museum for relics; and the wings of the building are used for city offices.

But how do you suppose England liked the Declaration of Independence?

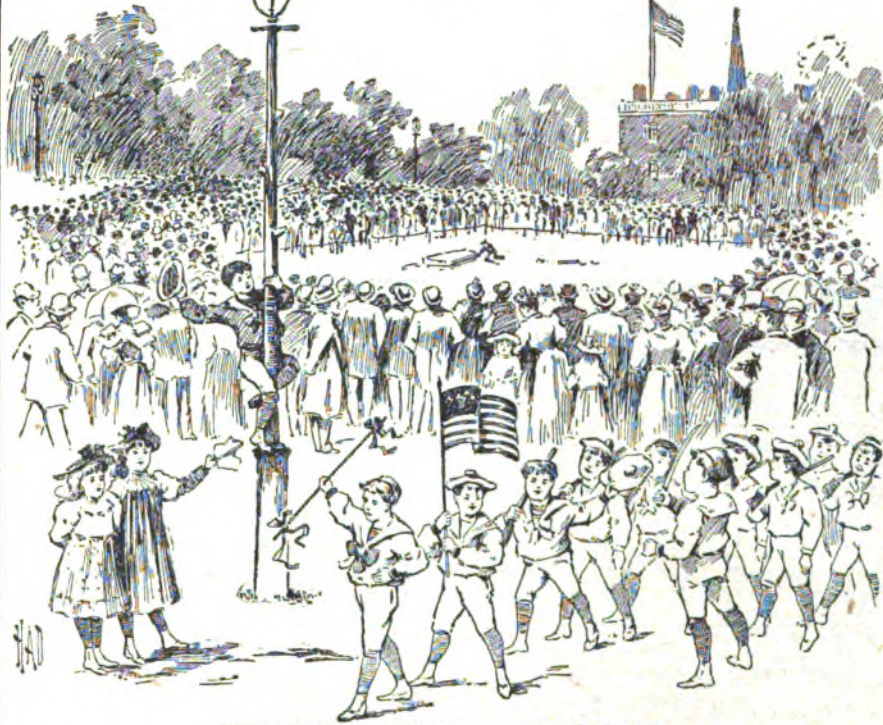
They did not like it at all; they immediately said, "Those colonists are impudent upstarts and must be put down." And so they sent an army over here thinking they could quell the rebellion in a few weeks at the most; they had already had soldiers over here to make us mind; and they found they had more than their hands full, for the Revolutionary War kept up over seven years. The old heroes who signed the Declaration of Independence, were only a specimen of every other man in America; they were all willing to fight for the independence they had declared on paper, and finally, in the end, as you all know, they won, and peace was declared in 1781, and the United States began to be such with only thirteen States. Who of you

can tell the names of those? And just how many States and how many territories there are now?

Well, this is quite a dose of history for a holiday, isn't it? But it is necessary for you to know why you are having so much fun and what it is all about.

Ever since 1781, I suppose, the boys have celebrated the Fourth of July. Most of your grandfathers went to see the militia or fired off crackers, or waved a flag or did something else that was meant to be patriotic on the Fourth of July; so did your fathers, and your uncles, and your brothers; and so now are you doing the same, and so will your boys and girls after you. And in fact as time goes on, people celebrate the day more and more, and there is hardly a small town in the country but what has had or will have its Fourth of July celebration. I suppose the boys who read this won't be contented unless they can have some powder to blow something up with on the Fourth. I only hope they won't blow their own heads off, or their sisters, or their cousins, or their aunts.

I heard of a boy once who promised his mother faithfully that he would not go near the cannon that was fired off on the common, that he would not handle any powder, that he would let all the giant torpedoes alone, and that he would be very careful only to fire off crackers, and only use a very few of them if she would let him go out on the street with the other boys. She was a fond and foolish mother and she allowed him to go. She did not see him until night, and then she did not recognize him at first. His face was so black that he did not seem to be any relation to any of her family. His eyebrows and even his eye-winkers were all scorched off; his pretty curls that his mother had combed so becomingly in the morning were tangled and in some places burnt off; a great black mark went down from his cheek to his chin, and there was another one over his right eye; his right hand was done up in what was left of his handkerchief; and he was trying hard not to cry from the pain which came from the blister that he got while fooling with old Captain Brown's old flint-lock. His clothes, so fresh and clean in the morning, hung in grimy tatters, and altogether he was the most



CELEBRATING THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH."

disreputable looking boy that had ever entered that house. If he had not looked quite so dejected and miserable he would have got a spanking; but when she took a good survey of the boy and realized who he was, and what he had gone through, his mother had not the heart to punish him; and so she fed him and washed him and put him to bed, and did up his blistered fingers, and fixed him up generally just as all fond and foolish mothers do. And, after all, don't you think that was the best thing she could have done with him?

Now, how many of you do you suppose, will repeat the experience of this boy? Alas, I am afraid a great many of you will. Try and not get burnt up, nor blown up; because I shall want to meet you around our circle next month, and I shall hate to be told that you have fallen a victim to the Fourth of July.

And girls, I suppose you, that is the most of you, don't really sympathize with this nonsense about Fourth of July? I have seen very few girls in my life that cared very much to make a great noise with fire-crackers or beating a drum, or tooting on a tin trumpet, or doing those other things that drive older people crazy on this day; and I don't know but you are about right. The older I get (only you must not tell this to the boys) the more I sympathize with you girls, and would rather get off in some quiet corner where I cannot hear the cannon and the other horrible noises and let the rest of the world do the celebrating.

However, you are young and have brothers. Go in with them and have as jolly good Fourth as you possibly can; put your dolls safely away for one day and play you were a boy. That is the only way you will get the full amount of fun. And now I am going to close by giving you a real puzzle. How many of you can guess this?

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 1st is in corn, but not in grain.
My 2nd is in shower, but not in rain;
My 3rd is in marry, but not in wed;
My 4th is in feathers, but not in bed;
My 5th is in pound, but not in weight,
My 6th is in pair, but not in mate;
My 7th is in treasure, but not in gold.
My whole is for all, both young and old.

UNCLE CHARLIE.

Three mounted men rode up to an Oregon bank recently, and while one held the horses, the other two went in, attacked the cashier, shot the president twice and demanded the money. The president handed over a tray containing nearly \$1,000, which the robbers took and rode off without waiting for the vaults to be opened.

A SANITARY CHALICE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

Copyright, 1893, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



NE of the newest inventions of the times is an individual communion cup, which will, doubtless, soon supplant the common cup which has so long been used in administering the sacrament of the Lord's supper. It has already been adopted at a Presbyterian church in Rochester, N. Y. (the city where the invention was made) and will soon be accepted in other churches.

There has long been a feeling in individual minds that the communion cup, used in common and passed from mouth to mouth, was an unclean habit; now the medical fraternity have declared it to be unhealthy, and it is a scientific fact that disease can be, and actually is, communicated by this means. To quote the words of an eminent physician: "Bacteria of three insidious diseases find lodgment in the mouth, viz.: tuberculosis, syphilis and diphtheria. When the contagious scales drop from the mouth into the cup, the bacteria go with them and if it is the misfortune of a communicant to drink from the cup after that, the germs may get into his system. A communicant on drinking the wine brings his lips in contact with the edge of the chalice; a portion of the saliva on the lower lip adheres to the outside of the cup; a portion of the wine that comes in contact with the mouth and teeth is swallowed and the remainder flows back again into the cup, carrying with it whatever may have been washed from the mouth and teeth of the communicant. This process is repeated by perhaps a hundred persons drinking from the same chalice. Of course the first to take the wine runs less risk than those who drink later. These not only drink the wine, but also the mingled saliva of all who have taken the cup before them. The saliva adhering to the outside of the cup must come in direct contact with those whose lips touch the cup. When the mucous membrane of the lips and mouth is abraded in any way, the danger of infection is increased, because of the more direct communication with the circulating blood. It must be borne in mind that the microbes have associated with them substances of their own production called

WEAPONS OF FISHES.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

Copyright, 1894, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



ERY curious are the weapons with which some fishes are provided. There is one species, called the Trachinus, which has a poison gland connected with the gill-cover on each side. This gland communicates with a small and sharp spine, the venom being transmitted through the latter. Thus the creature can paralyze, or perhaps kill, another fish by simply rubbing cheeks with it.

The Mud-laff is a tropical fish. It lives among seaweeds on the bottom in shallow water. Anybody who picks it up or steps upon it is likely to receive a very painful wound, for the spines of its back-fin are armed with poison. They have true poison glands connected with them, which respond to any irritation by discharging venom.

There are three distinct kinds of fishes which employ electricity for defensive purposes. One of these is the well-known Torpedo—it is provided with an actual battery with a multitude of cells arranged like Leyden jars. The animal is able to deliver the electrical energy stored in these cells at a stroke, inflicting a very severe shock upon any one who may be so incautious as to handle it.

Much more powerful is the apparatus possessed by the electric eel. The creature has a remarkably long tail, the under part of which contains the battery. This, like that of the Torpedo, is a true storage battery, containing energy enough to run a sewing machine for a while. A shock from it will knock a man down. A catfish of the rivers of tropical Africa is furnished with a similar electrical equipment, the cells being arranged around its body like a mantle.

The spines with which fishes in general are provided are designed for defensive or offensive purposes. Among the most remarkable of them are owned by the ordinary catfish of the brooks. These weapons, with the efficiency of which every small boy is acquainted, are arranged with a sort of "toggle joint," so that they can be extended and fixed instantly in position to repel attack. Wounds made by them are very painful because they are covered with minute barbs.

The electrical apparatus of the African catfish above described, as well as of the eel and skate, has afforded a most interesting subject of study to scientific men. It has thus been ascertained that Nature knew how to construct a storage battery ages before the utilization of electricity in any form had been thought of by man. Dr. Franklin was the first beginner in the science which these humble creatures had applied for thousands of years. To this day nobody knows how the fishes referred to store up their supplies of electric energy. It is an unsolved mystery.

One of the most curious of the spines belonging to fishes is attached beneath the tail of the stingray. In a full-grown specimen it attains a length of 5 or 6 inches. The weapon—for as such it is employed—is hard as ivory, exceedingly sharp, and with many barbs. Thus, when driven into flesh, it cannot be withdrawn except by cutting it out. Men have died from wounds thus inflicted, the slime of the animal having a tendency to prevent healing.

A very extraordinary weapon is the sword of the swordfish. This is a prolongation of the front bone of the skull of the animal. There is more than one species, by far the most ferocious being a comparatively small one known sometimes as the Needle fish. It is this fierce fellow, only about 9 feet long, whose sword is sometimes driven through the side of a wooden vessel. He is the hero of most of the stories that are told about swordfishes.

The Narwhal bears a lance, 8 feet long, upon its nose. Though commonly referred to as a fish, of course it is actually a mammal. The lance is made of ivory, being in fact a tooth which has attained this extraordinary development in order to serve as a weapon. It is the left upper canine tooth of the animal, the right one being undeveloped.

Among fishes the most remarkable dental equipment is possessed by sharks. The great white man-eating shark of the tropics, for example, has seven rows of teeth. The fossil teeth left behind by huge species of sharks long extinct have been largely utilized for battle axes and other purposes by savages, who are quick to take advantage of tools offered them by nature without labor. In similar fashion they employ the many-barbed "stings" of stingrays for spear-tips, the instrument having the great advantage that it breaks off short in the wound and cannot be withdrawn from the flesh.

The scales of fishes ordinarily are covered with a thin, silvery coating, which derives its brilliant metallic lustre from the presence of little crystals composed of lime and a substance known as "guanine." This coating is easily rubbed off, and in one sort of European carp, called the "bleak," the crystals are so numerous that a pigment is derived from them, known in the arts as "argentine." This is used to impart lustre to the glass globules sold under the name of "Roman pearls."

When the silvery coating is absent, the scales of a fish are lustreless and transparent, as in the case of the smelt, the abdominal cavity of which, however, has a brilliant silvery lining composed of the same substance.



\$2.98
HILL'S EXPRESS
14K Gold Plated Watch Sent C. O. D. on Approval
Beautifully engraved and warranted the best timepiece in the world for the money, and equal in appearance to solid gold watch. Examine at express office, if satisfactory pay agent \$2.98. Cut this advertisement out and return with order. Address W. HILL & CO., Wholesale Jewelers, 207 State St., Chicago, Ill.



New Bull's-Eye Dark Lantern.

Used by Night Watchmen, Hunters and Fishers, as it throws a powerful light far into the darkness. Can be carried in the hand or adjusted to belt for skating or hunting. The top revolves so that three colors can be shown: white, red, and green. Just the thing for Farmers. Sent by mail, post-paid, 35 cents. Send for Free Catalogue of Novelties and Fancy Goods at low prices. MORSE & CO., Augusta, Me.

PROVERBS.

Little boats must keep to shore,
Large ships may venture more.

If bees swarm in May
They're worth a pound a day;
If they swarm in July
They are not worth a fly.

If you see a pin and let it lie
You'll need a pin before you die.
It is a good horse that never stumbles,
And a good wife that never grumbles.

It is hard to get on, harder to get honor, hardest to get honest.
It is no good hen that cackles in your house and lays in another's.

If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow,
Sneeze on Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow.

SPECIAL PREMIUM ANNOUNCEMENT. IMMENSE SACRIFICE SALE.

The Most Wonderful Bargains in Summer and Fall Wear Ever Offered.

Special Offerings of Rare, Costly Wearing Apparel at Hard Times Prices.

RELIABLE GOODS AT LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

Manufacturers and dealers in all the large cities supposed that there was to be an unusual sale of goods this season and prepared very large stocks for the Summer and Fall of 1894. Continued depression in business circles and many failures have combined to bring large stocks of valuable goods into the wholesale market at almost bankrupt prices. The manufacturers must have money and the only way they can obtain it is to sell at once without regard to price. The shrewd buyer has things his own way and can buy spick span new goods at cash prices which astound the ordinary trader. COMFORT has watched the market and has taken advantage of the depression to buy heavy stocks of STAPLE AND SERVICEABLE GOODS which we shall sell at a slaughter prices for the benefit of our readers. This is not like going into stores and buying goods with four and five profits on top of the manufacturers' price.

COMFORT'S VAST BENEFIT SYSTEM.

For the benefit of millions of readers who want to buy some article of apparel, but who cannot afford to pay a fancy price this summer, COMFORT has made enormous purchases where sales have been forced and is able to offer the public a varied line of SPECIAL BARGAINS which cannot be equalled. All of these goods will be sold as rapidly as possible to COMFORT readers, without regard to profit. Every person will be used alike, but "FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED." The orders will be filled just in the order received without favor, and when this present stock is exhausted WE CANNOT PROMISE TO DUPLICATE A SINGLE BARGAIN WHICH WE NOW OFFER. This is POSITIVE and your orders should be sent at once, and for as many as you wish. It is impossible to promise that we can buy any more at the price we obtained these for. The only way to make sure of obtaining these SPECIAL OFFERINGS is to order at once while we have them. After these are sold you may not obtain another such chance for years. You can form no idea of these valuable bargains without reading the following advertisements.

NEAT, FASHIONABLE AND CORRECT.

2000 CHAMBRAY AND SERPENTINE WAISTS. 49c.

THE GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED FOR LADIES.



The coolest, neatest and best garment to be worn at all times in the summer, and which can be used in combination with any kind of a skirt, is the colored chambray or serpentine waist. This waist is the most fashionable form of basque for summer wear, and is becoming to young and old. They have an inexpressibly neat and genteel appearance and give a distinguished air to the wearer and enhance her beauty. No wonder that they are so popular on both sides of the Atlantic, and that no lady's wardrobe is complete without a number of these beautiful waists.

Through the failure of a large manufacturing house we were able to secure a lot of 2,000 of these waists, which we shall sell to the lucky ones who send in their orders first. They are fine in texture, made of the closest wove chambray cloth and come in all the fashionable colors and effects. They are thoroughly made in every particular and cost from \$1.00 to \$1.50 in any of the large stores in the country. We are able to offer them to the readers of COMFORT at the special bargain price of 49c. each, and 8c. postage and mailing expenses, 57c. in all. The price which we ask does not pay the cost of manufacture. As there is a very small number you should order at once. Give bust measure and state what color you prefer.

PREMIUM OFFER.

We will send one of these chambray or serpentine waists to any reader of COMFORT who will get us up a club of three yearly subscribers at 25c. each, absolutely free and without expense.

BOYS' COMFORT VACATION SUITS.

JUST THE THING FOR THE BOYS.

RELIABLE, STRONG, NEAT.

COMFORT never forgets the boys and we always look after their interests. We have a limited number of Boys' Comfort Vacation Suits. These are made of heavy, firm "Blue Medal" cloth and sewed with strong thread. They are cut in the popular Boys' sailor effect style. Fancy embroidered, trimmed with best braid and strongly made for vacation wear. Just the thing for your boy to wear all summer. They look well, wear first rate and do not shrink or fade. Made for vacation and playtime wear, though they look good enough to go to church in. Same suits sell in the stores for \$2.50. Our price only \$1.33 a suit, and 17 cents for shipping and packing expenses. Order by ages 4 to 10 years.

SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER.

Get up a club of 7 new subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each and send with 17 cents for shipping expenses and we will send one of these suits to you absolutely free of cost.

Cool and Delightful!

JUST THE THING FOR HOUSE, LAWN AND GARDEN WEAR.

COOL, COMFORTABLE AND "PRETTY AS A PICTURE."

Rich India Cloth Tea Gowns For Summer.

We have 5,000 beautiful India cloth gowns made for a New York dealer who failed before this summer's consignment reached his salesrooms. We shall sacrifice this entire lot at just the cost of handling, to the lady readers of COMFORT who send for them at once. Fast colors, Strong make, Firm cloth and Improved Mother Hubbard style. Suitable for any age or for any position. Our Price just covers cost (not more than 2 to any one address) 98 cents and 17 cents for express and packing, \$1.15 in all. Give bust measure in ordering and state what color you prefer.

Our Offer to You. If you will send us a club of 5 subscribers at 25 cents each and 17 cents extra for express and packing, we will make a Free Present of one of these wrappers.

HOW TO GET ANY OF THESE PREMIUMS.

You can obtain any of these beautiful and valuable premiums without actually taking any money out of your own pockets by getting up a Club of subscribers to COMFORT. The yearly subscription to this wonderful paper is only 25 cents, and there is more reading matter in it than in any monthly paper in the world. It is a home paper and has bright, original, attractive matter, which is all copyrighted, prepared to interest every member of the family. All that you will have to do to obtain subscribers, is to point out the interesting features of the paper and its extremely low cost. When you tell your friends that it is to be enlarged and beautified within a year and that it will help you win a great premium if they will subscribe through you, you can easily obtain the desired number of subscribers to make up the required sized club. Even if you cannot get all the subscribers you want, you can pay enough to make up what you need to complete and give away what subscriptions you pay for to friends. Try this at once and don't be discouraged if you fail to receive all the subscribers you want the first hour. Persevere and you will find it easy work to get enough new subscribers at 25 cents each.

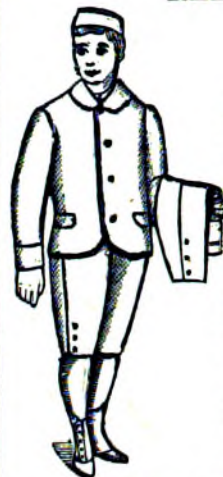
Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

"THE OLD RED SCHOOL HOUSE" SUIT FOR BOYS.

RELIABLE AND WEARS LIKE IRON.

Just the Thing for Boys at School or Play.

\$7.50 SUIT FOR \$2.79.



When you buy a suit of clothes for your boy you want something that is strong and serviceable, and which will not shrink or fade. Many boys' suits look well for a day or two, but they fade, wrinkle and shrink until they are several sizes too small. Many of them do not last long enough to do this but go to pieces after a day or two of wear. The kind of suit that a boy wants is of good material, strong wear and neat appearance.

COMFORT'S "OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE" SUIT

is just the thing for boys. It is made of heavy cheviot cloth, single breasted and two re-enforced pairs of pants, and polo cap. It is the best suit ever gotten up for school and play wear and would be sold at city stores for from \$5.50 to \$7.50 a suit. It comes in reliable shades of brown, blue and black and is strongly made in every particular. It is handsome and holds its shape without shrinking; worth three times its price for your boy; strong, durable and attractive. Tell your neighbors where you got this suit so that they can send for one like it. It comes in ages from 4 to 14.

WE SELL THIS SUIT for \$2.79 and 30c. to pay shipping charges, \$3.09 in all.

PREMIUM OFFER TO SECURE THIS SUIT FOR YOUR BOY.

Get up a club of 16 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each and send the names and money to us and we will give you one of these "Old Red Schoolhouse" suits, absolutely free for your trouble.

COMFORT COMMONSENSE SUIT.

HIGH GRADE, THOROUGH MADE, FASHIONABLE ETON SERGE DRESS.

A Suit that will Delight the Heart of Every Woman.

OUR SPECIAL PRICE \$3.67.



We offer as a special leader, the best, all-wool serge dress ever presented to the public for a reasonable price. The material in these suits is brand new cloth just out of the mill, and made up to be sold during the present season. They are cut by American tailors in American shops, out of the very finest home woven material. The cloth is the product of the most noted woolen mills in New England and was purchased at a great bargain of the manufacturers during the panic of the summer of 1893. It was a catch price and the material could not now be purchased for double its price. After the suits were made up the manufacturer was forced to throw them on the market for whatever they would bring, as he was obliged to have ready money. COMFORT purchased the entire lot and is able to offer to its readers a limited number of these ultra fashionable and serviceable suits at a special price.

DESCRIPTION.

This suit comes in the latest style with empire belt, full wide skirt, full sleeves, and black or blue in color. It is positively worth \$6.50 in any of the largest stores in the great cities. Fast colored, strong in material, and perfect in fit. In ordering state bust measure. The skirt can be adjusted to the wearer. We offer this wonderful suit at the low price of \$3.67 each, with 33c. to pay shipping expenses, \$4.00 in all. This is the greatest slaughter of prices ever seen in America.

SPECIAL OFFER TO YOU.

If you will get up a club of 18 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each and send their addresses and money we will make you a present of one of these beautiful Eton suits. You cannot cloth yourself fashionably at less expense or trouble than to get up a club of subscribers for us.

\$2.29 In a Club of Ten Thousand \$2.29

THAT'S THE WAY TO BUY YOUR SUMMER TOILET.

STYLISH GOODS! FASHIONABLE DESIGN! RICH EFFECTS!

DO you want one of these stylish Summer Duck costumes of jaunty pattern, made in the very latest Parisian styles for this season, of the very best material and at a price for which you could not buy the cloth alone in your own local stores? You all want the most taking and stylish gowns you can buy, and you will get them, too, if you can purchase them at a reasonable price. You don't want to wear a poor country-made, out-of-date, way-back dress when for less money you can have a tasty, well-cut and well-made costume in the style of the summer of 1894. Owing to depression in trade we have contracted with a noted manufacturer to deliver us June 1st Ten Thousand Comfort Summer Toilettes. These we shall send to COMFORT readers as presents, or at a cost lower than they can be bought by any store keeper in the country. Let us tell you how you can get this extraordinary bargain, and obtain the benefits of this popular

COMFORT SUMMER DRESS CLUB.

By buying one of these toilettes at once you become a member of this Club and with its extraordinary facilities you are enabled to get the dress at exactly the cost of manufacture. You pay for a single dress precisely what you would if you should have fifty thousand manufactured for you in a lot. No profits or extras, you get the straight manufacturer's price. We take the risk of ordering this immense number in order that you may become a member of this Club and

GET YOUR DRESS AT MAKER'S COST.

Remember that we shall not order another lot and this limited number goes to the first comers who join this Club. Which of our six million readers will be among the fortunate ten thousand to get this privilege? Act at once.

When you buy the cloth or a dress at your store you have to pay Four Profits. The manufacturer, the wholesaler, the jobber and the store keeper all get a profit which you have to pay, besides the cost and trouble of making. If you join this Club you pay only the first contract price.

DESCRIPTION.

This lot of costumes are sold for less than dealers can even handle them; the cost of manufacture without profit. The cloth is excellent and very fine in finish and color. Their cut is the latest Parisian style and by real French artists. The make is first-class; none but skilled workmen and the best of materials having been employed in their construction. The price for the whole suit is less than the plain material costs in stores.

There never was such a Woman's Bargain offered to the public before and now is the time to take advantage of it. The Comfort Summer Toilette is handsome in every way. "Fits like velvet and wears like iron" and gives style, grace and air to the wearer. You know how delicious the feeling is that you look smart and well-dressed, and that the sensation you have when you put on one of these elegant summer costumes. You know you have on the latest style, city-made clothes that your whole appearance is pleasing, "fetching" and up-to-date; and that no one around is dressed better than you are. That's the Comfort Toilette. Blazer or Eton effect.

HOW TO MEASURE FOR THIS SUIT.

Put the measure around the body, over the dress, close under the arms, drawing it closely, not too tight. The skirt you can adjust yourself.

Our Offer. We will send you one of these fashionable costumes, in the correct style and color, with every part perfectly made, for \$2.29, and 37 cents extra to pay packing and shipping charges (\$2.66 in all).

GRAND COMFORT CLUB OFFER.

If you will get up a club of 12 subscribers for COMFORT at 25 cents a year each and 37 cents, extra, to pay packing and shipping charges, we will send you one of these Comfort Summer Toilettes absolutely free of any expense.

Remember that there will be a rush for all these summer novelties and we shall send them "first come, first served." Don't put off sending until they are all gone, but order to-day, while you are sure to get them. For any of these premiums address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Life at the Bottom of the Sea.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY RENE BACHE.

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mainly winter and summer only slightly above freezing, even in the tropics.

The pressure at the bottom of the sea, due to the enormous weight of water overhead, is enormous. It is more than 2 tons to the square inch, and would crush your body into a shapeless mass in an instant. The silence of these depths is absolute and unbroken by sound of any sort. With 3 miles of ink-black ocean above, there is not even the murmur of a wavelet. If the scene could be illuminated, an infernal desert would be revealed.

On this desert nothing grows—not a blade or sprout of any sort of vegetation, because there is no sunlight to support such life. The ground presents the same irregularities as mark dry land. There are hills, valleys and plains. Everywhere is a grayish ooze—a mixture of mud and minute shells of little animals called "foraminifera," which live near the surface of the sea and, dying, sink to the bottom. In fact, these small creatures pave with their limy houses the ocean floor, upon which a continual rain of them is forever falling.

Of these little shells the chalk-beds of the world, which were originally formed at the sea bottom, are chiefly composed. Different species of them have various beautiful shapes, resembling under the microscope ornamental plates with perforated designs, young mushrooms, pineapples, soap-dishes, breakfast-rolls, pretzels, firemen's hats, and all sorts of fantastic freaks of the glass-maker's art. But the foraminifera have another important purpose in living, or rather in dying—which is to feed with their dead bodies the animals at the bottom of the sea.

The top layer of the "ooze" is a sort of gruel formed of the decomposing carcasses of foraminifera and other surface animals that have died. It is a highly-nutritious slime spread over the entire sea-floor, so that the creatures dwelling there need only roll around in order to find all the food they need. In some parts of the ocean bottom the paving is mostly composed of the flinty shells of almost microscopic plants called "diatoms." These plants, when alive, occur in such numbers on the surface in Arctic and Antarctic regions as to cover wide stretches of water with a thick, dark slime called by sailors "whale-food," because it is fed on by innumerable shrimps and other small animals which whales devour.

The floor of the ocean is thickly populated, because the supply of food is plentiful. Many different kinds of creatures live there. Among them are hundreds of varieties of spiny sea-urchins, some of which are phosphorescent and emit light. There are also numerous species of shell-fish, and some of them have the same light-making power, which must be so small comfort in such a region of darkness. Sea lilies there are too, which are animals, though they look like grayish flowers on stems. The only colors in the depths are displayed by shrimps of bright scarlet and orange hues, some of them of huge size.

But the most interesting creatures that live at the bottom of the ocean are the fishes. They belong to species which exist only in the depths, and on that account but few of them are known to science as yet. But a sufficient number of specimens have been brought to the surface by deep-sea trawls to give a notion of their characteristics in a general way. All of them are black, with slender bodies and savage teeth shaped like lancets. The abyssal sharks resemble great eels in form. Of real eels there are plenty also. In fact, the water 3 miles down beneath the ocean surface is as warm with life. The bodies of these fishes are pulpy with soft skeletons, to enable them to withstand the enormous pressure. This force, which would otherwise crush them, renders them compact enough; but, when relieved from it and fetched to the upper air, they are apt to burst.

These many creatures of the depths are ferocious and predatory beyond all other fishes. Many of them are all jaws and stomach. There is the "black swallower," for example, which devours fishes ten or twelve times as big as itself. Its body is hardly more than a sack capable of enormous distension, and, having made a capture, it literally climbs over its victim first with one jaw and then with the other. Another monster, having small power to move about, lies buried in the ooze at the bottom, its head alone protruding, ready to engulf any prey that wanders into its cavernous jaws. Some of these fishes are blind, while others have enormous goggling eyes, so as to catch every possible ray of light.

But has it not been said there is no light at the bottom of the ocean? True—that is to say, there is no sunlight. But the fishes provide light for themselves. Some of them bear torches on their backs, and gleaming plates on their heads. In others the fins are luminous, or, as in the case of some deep-sea sharks, the whole body is phosphorescent. Yet others shine with rows of spots on their sides, which serve as "bull's-eyes," and one known species has these lanterns so connected with a system of nerves that it can turn them on at will like search-lights or darken them for the purpose of concealment.

Though undulating to some extent, the floor of the ocean is fairly level to the whole, its usual depth being from 2-1/2 to 3 miles. In places it is much deeper, and there are some enormous holes. One of these is just north of Porto Rico, in the West Indian group. To reach the bottom of it requires a line more than 5 miles long. In the Caribbean Sea is a marine valley of greater size and more than 6 miles in depth. But the most remarkable of all sea-holes is a chasm close to the eastward of Japan, through which rushes the mighty Black Current—the Gulf Stream of the Pacific. No bottom has been found there at 61-2 miles. Who can guess what monsters, palpy vast and formless, inhabit these ocean caverns lighted only by processions of torch-bearing fishes? What haunts these for the sea-serpent, and for gigantic creatures supposed by science to be long extinct?

In the midst of the Atlantic, not far from the Azores, is a great eddy where the waters are not much disturbed by currents. Here is the famous Sargasso Sea—a vast drowned meadow of floating weeds which grow and propagate on the surface of the water, upheld by green air-bulbs and harboring an immense variety of animal life, including queer fishes that build nests, transparent shrimps, various shell-fish, etc. When they die, these creatures fall to the bottom of the ocean, and thus an enormous deposit of animal and vegetable remains must be gradually forming on the sea-floor beneath. Should that part of the bottom be upheaved at some future time by volcanic action, it would furnish mines of manure sufficient to fertilize all the farms of the world.

Two centuries ago, sugar was a luxury. To-day it is a necessity. In 1700 Great Britain's consumption was only 10,000 tons, in 1800 it had risen to 150,000 tons and in 1885 it was nearly 1,000,000 tons.

The largest standing army is that of Russia, 800,000 men; the next in size, that of Germany, 599,000; the third, France, 558,000; the fourth, Austria, 232,000; after which comes Italy, with 255,000; England, with 220,000; Turkey with 160,000; Spain with 145,000.

FOREIGN FACTS.

A Russian Count has offered a prize of \$5,000 for the discovery of a remedy to prevent or cure horned beasts of the cattle plague. The award of the prize is in the hands of the Curator of the Imperial Institute of Experimental Medicine of St. Petersburg, and the competition is open to the whole world. Why does not some enterprising American step in and capture the prize?

According to recent statistics there are 229 monasteries with 4,775 monks in Belgium, besides 1,546 convents and 25,323 sisters and nuns. This gives an increase of 16 monasteries and 200 convents within the past ten years in that small country alone. There are to-day 30,000 men and women belonging to the various orders, and, taking the population of Belgium in 1890 at 6,000,000, we find one "religious"—monk or sister—to every 200 persons.

About half the population of France are farmers; one-tenth are traders; one twenty-fifth are professional men; and three-fiftieths live on private incomes. The mines, quarries and manufactures employ 1,300,000 persons, while 6,093,000 are engaged in petty industries. Among traders there are 700,000 bankers, commission agents and wholesale merchants, 1,895,000 shopkeepers and 1,164,000 keepers of hotels, cafes and public houses. Railways and other transportation agencies by sea or land employ 800,000 persons. There are 805,000 State servants in the various departments and parishes of France. With regard to the professions there are 112,000 preachers of various denominations, and 115,000 members of different religious orders; 156,000 members of the legal profession, 130,000 medical men, 110,000 teachers in schools other than those of the State, 121,000 artists and artists of every description, while 23,000 are recognized as savants, men of letters, journalists, etc., 1,849,000 live on incomes from investments, while 272,000 people live on pensions, either from the government or from private sources. All of which is shown by recent statistics.

A curious report has just been made to the English Parliament on "Surnames in Ireland." It shows, among other things, that "Murphy" is the commonest surname in Ireland, there being no fewer than

62,600 persons (or 13.3 per 1,000 of the population) so called; and the next in order of numerical strength are "Kelly" (55,900); "Sullivan" (45,000); "Walsh" (41,700); "Smith" (33,700); "O'Brien" (33,400); and "Byrne" (33,300). One chapter on derivations gives many interesting facts, as for instance the following examples: McPadden is derived from MacPadden, son of little Patrick; O'Toole from O'Tuathail, the descendant of Tuathail; Kilbride from Giolla Brighid, the servant of St. Bridget; Gilchrist from Giolla Chriosd, the servant of Christ; McIntyre from Mac-an-t-Saair, the son of the workman; the MacCabs were a war-like clan originally from county Monaghan; the MacCarthys were ancient kings and princes of county Cork; and elsewhere the MacDermotts were ancient princes; the O'Doughertys were a powerful sect in county Donegal, and so on with many others. In many cases the descendants of the ancient families still live on the original lands of their fathers, although few of them are lords in these days.

HAPPENINGS.

King Alfonso of Spain has just entered upon his ninth year.

Captain S. C. Higgins of Gorham, Me., recently celebrated the 100th anniversary of his birth.

Photographs taken at night by means of electrical search lights thrown on the object to be photographed, have been wonderfully successful.

An egg of the great auk was sold at auction in London for \$1,550. There are only 68 of these eggs known to be in existence, and only two in the United States.

A terrific storm took place recently on Lake Michigan, during which several vessels went down and seventeen people were lost. Great damage was done to shipping along the shore of the lake.

The third Tabernacle over which Dr. Talmage has presided at Brooklyn, N. Y., has been destroyed by fire, as were the other two. These fires all occurred on Sunday, and the last two on the thirteenth day of the month.

The largest diamond in the world was found at the Jagersfontein mine last July. It has been named "Excelsior" and turns the scale at 971 karats. The owners decline to part with it for less than five million dollars. The Emperor of Germany is eager to purchase it for a new crown he is having made.

THE NEW PETITE LAMP CHIMNEY STOVE.

THIS is a very useful device (made of brass) for adjusting on the top of an ordinary lamp chimney for cooking purposes. It is readily adjustable to any chimney. It will readily support any ordinary metal plate, or pan, or dipper, in which to do the boiling or cooking. For many purposes this Lamp Chimney Stove is far superior and a thousand times more convenient than an expensive oil or vapor stove. For the Dining Room in Summer, shops and offices, it is unsurpassed. For the Sick Room it is indispensable.

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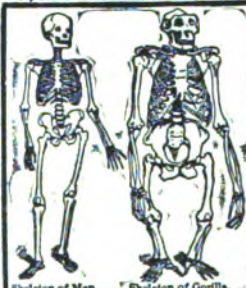
It is impossible to give in this announcement more than a slight idea of the magnitude of this great history, with its hundred pictures and accurate descriptions. It is a treasure-house of valuable information regarding the habits, instincts, peculiarities, and diseases of the Animal Kingdom. The work is a veritable treasure-house of valuable information, interesting, told, and replete with hundreds of accurate and artistic illustrations.

This mammoth Cyclopædia of the Animal World consists of over eight hundred pages and is substantially bound in stiff paper covers. A Slip Case, 8 1/2 inches long, and nearly 2 inches thick. It is in clear print on good paper, with five hundred excellent illustrations by special artists.

The picture of the attractive gentleman riding the above book is copied from this wonderful work, and is, according to Prof. Darwin, the likeness of one of your ancestors.

Are you descended from a monkey? Whether or not you believe in the theory of evolution, you can doubtless select people from among your acquaintances who would seem to you to be descended either from a monkey or that more humble domestic animal popularly known as the marmoset. The question of heredity, however, you should read about the entire monkey race in this book, which is the best authority in the world on this subject. There are several hundred varieties of monkeys, all as different from each other as the Equinox is different from the South Sea Islander, or the citizen of New York from the wild Hottentot. As Horace Greeley used to say, "This is mighty interesting reading." There are stories both comical and pathetic of the remarkable intelligence of the monkey tribe. There are descriptions of bald-headed monkeys, long-haired monkeys, long-tailed monkeys, and no-tailed monkeys. As big as a man and monkeys no bigger than a kitten. And there are hundreds and hundreds of interesting and instructive facts of other animals besides monkeys. So, whether or not your remote great-grandfather was a monkey, you should not neglect this opportunity to decide for yourself.

Why pay out your money to take the whole family to the circus when you can have a menagerie of the whole world's animals at home? Most large cities have their Zoological Gardens where wild beasts may be seen, or their exhibitions of trained animals or winter circuses. In the summer the country is travelled over by menageries which cost a family several dollars to see. With this marvellous book every one can study the habits and look at the life-like pictures of all the animals in the world, at any time and at no expense. While as a guide to these



visiting the Zoological Gardens or Circus it is invaluable. The countless anecdotes which it contains will make merry many a long winter evening, and the pages of thrilling adventures which those daring people who traverse mountain and moor, jungle and desert, to learn the habits of the animal kingdom undergo, will furnish true, heart-felt enjoyment to every member of the family—young and old.

As the book contains full descriptions of all domestic animals, also, with treatment and cures for their diseases, no farmer should be without it, and as the list embraces everything, from the goat to the giraffe, the bat to the bear, the mouse to the mastodon, the coyote to the cougar, no boy, no hunter, no student, in fact, nobody should neglect this grandest of all offers.

So thrilling and exciting are many of these adventures as to equal the wildest of the tropics, or the most blood-curdling ghost story, and yet they are all true. As the book contains full descriptions of personal experiences of noted travelers. Not only are they of sufficient importance to amuse and instruct the young, but they will absorb the attention and pass away many a dull hour for the old and world-weary. Provide every teacher in the land should provide herself or himself with the means of allaying that eager thirst for information which characterizes all young and restless minds. As a supplementary reader for schools, nothing could excel Wood's Natural History; because, in the first place, it is so interesting, and in the second place, it is so instructive as to be well-nigh indispensable. And this is why every teacher and every scholar in the land should avail themselves of this unparalleled offer.

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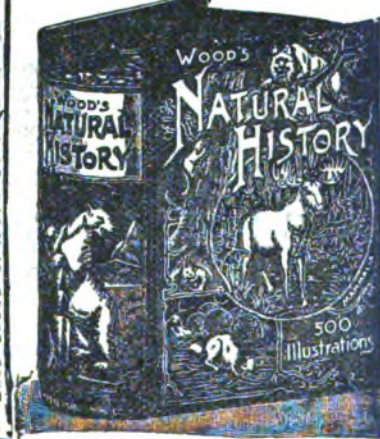
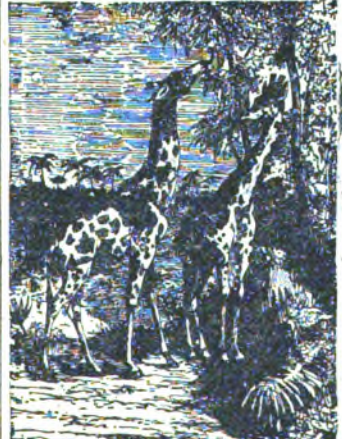
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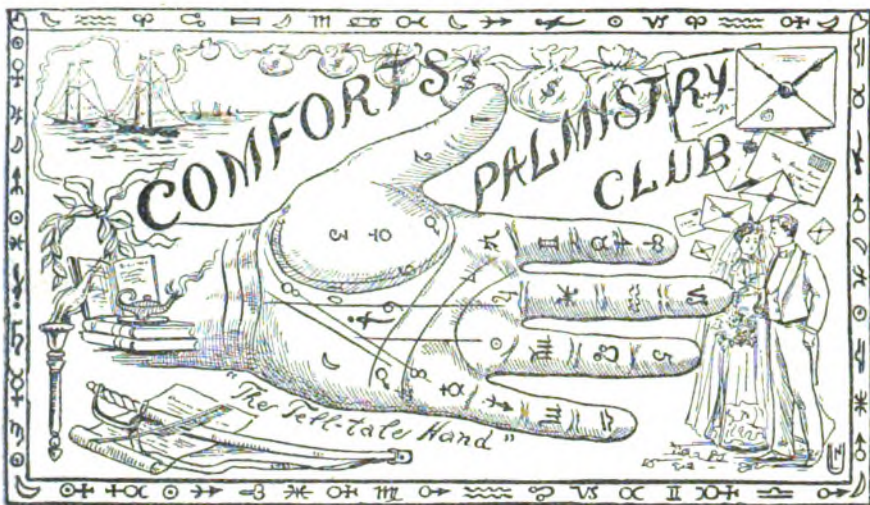
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All those who have solicited subscribers for other papers say it is surprising how much easier it is to get people to subscribe for Comfort. Although it costs but 25 cents a year, they all say it is really worth one dollar, and that is the reason it has obtained the largest circulation of any paper in the world. There is no other publication like it anywhere. Don't fail to send your subscription this month, and start the New Year right.

COMFORT, Box 985, Augusta, Maine.



As soon as this special edition is exhausted, our extraordinary prize offer will be withdrawn. Therefore, act at once. Copyright, 1894, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



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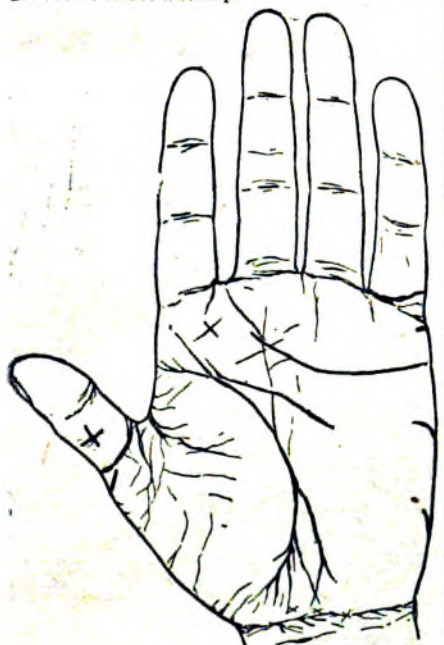
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It is astonishing how many letters come to this department every month, in praise of the Palmistry Club. Among Comfort's million and a quarter circulation the larger proportion, I should judge, are interested in the science of palmistry. Our rules for becoming a member of this club are very plainly given and most of those who write understand them.

In all walks of life, however, there are careless people who go through the world without reading the plainly-marked directions which meet them at every turn. And so there are some letter-writers who address me with personal questions and demand a personal letter—which takes my time and my postage—for answers to inquiries that are plainly stated in these columns.

For instance here is one: "Wishing to have my hand read, and not have it published in your paper, I wish to ask you, if you will; and what your price would be, if you will? Will you write me how to take a correct impression of palms and what would be your price to read them, and mail the reading to me? Answer at your earliest convenience."

Now, ever since this club was formed, the conditions have been kept plainly in view, and I have carefully elaborated on them. It is particularly stated that the "Comfort Guide to Palmistry"—the best and plainest work of the kind ever issued—contains full directions how to take impressions of the hand; how to obtain that Guide; and how to go to work to have your hands read. I have also stated, over and over again, that I do not give private readings at any price. And yet this letter-writer evidently expects me to sit down and answer her letter privately, at my own expense, for she does not even enclose a stamp.



HAND OF "F. St."

Now it seems to me if the members of this club would half read this department, they could not make such blunders. And right here I will say again, that it is of no use to waste time and postage-stamps in writing letters, the answers to which may be found here; for they will not be answered. Read these conditions carefully and if there is any point on which you do not feel sure, read them over again. See the conditions on which you can have Comfort's Guide to Palmistry and then go to work to get one. And when you have got it, read it carefully over and over. Don't throw it one side and then ask me to answer personal questions which are plainly given in that wonderful and comprehensive little volume.

Again, in spite of the offer plainly made here, to read the hand of any subscriber in return for six new subscribers, I am constantly receiving drawings and impressions of hands, without the compliment of a single subscriber enclosed. In New York, where it is all the fashion to have one's hand read by "Cheiro"—the author of Comfort's Guide to Palmistry—it costs five dollars a reading. We offer to do it for six subscribers—which means only a dollar and a half in money—and that you can easily raise by getting up a club; and yet people are constantly sending in prints of their palms and wanting them read for nothing! Truly, there are still people left in the world who want something—and a good deal of it—for nothing.

And yet some are worse beggars than that. Doubtless they are ashamed of the desire to see into the future, and yet they are going to do it "on the sly"; and such send drawings of their hands without giving any name or address. They must think "Digitus" has nothing to do, to suppose he would give any time to people who are unwilling to sign their names to a communication.

It is a well-established fact that an anonymous letter-writer is only another kind of a sneak. "Digitus" refuses to have anything to do with such, or to answer letters privately on purely personal matters. COMFORT is run for six million readers, and caters to the wants of the masses; it has no time and no desire to

show partiality to a dozen people, more or less, by giving them time or matter interesting only to themselves.

One subscriber wants to know "What are the benefits of belonging to this Palmistry Club?" I wish I could forward to him the hundreds—yes, thousands of letters I receive from gratified members who realize for themselves these benefits. In the first place, these monthly talks contain much information which the student of Palmistry can turn to good advantage. Then there is the free copy of our Guide to Palmistry which is, beyond doubt, the best book for beginners in Palmistry ever written. The rules for reading every part of the hand and lines of the palm are plainly and concisely stated, without confusion or repetition. The book was



"M. E. E. R."

written by the foremost Palmist in the world, expressly for COMFORT; and you can obtain this book free.

"But how?"

Just by sending in two new subscribers to COMFORT, together with 50 cents to pay for the same one year. Many students are so delighted with this opportunity to learn Palmistry at slight expense, that they send on fifty cents at once with a couple of names of friends or acquaintances, rather than to take time to solicit subscriptions; and even in that case, they are getting the book cheap. But it must always be an easy matter, however, to get subscribers to COMFORT. It is such a marvellously good paper and only twenty-five cents a year—that almost anybody is willing to try it for a year; and once a subscriber means always a subscriber, for the publishers of COMFORT mean always to give their readers many times the cost of a year's subscription.

Here is what one recipient of the Comfort Guide writes:

"I am charmed, delighted; what words can I use to thank you for your kindness in sending out such a book? When I commenced the study of Palmistry some years ago my health was poor, and it cost me so much that I could not afford to keep up the study, books on the subject brought such great prices. So your papers are a great help to me, and your 'Guide' perfectly grand. Other books darkened my view; I can see the light from yours."

And this from one who has been looking into the subject for years. Does not that speak well for us?

One subscriber has sent in some questions to



HAND OF C. V. L.

be answered, which will be of benefit to all. And therefore I am going to print them with the replies in order that students in this club

may use the knowledge gained in reading palms hereafter.

What is the indication when the fate-line is entirely absent? An uneventful life, without great force of character.

What does a distinct hollow on the head-line under the mount of Apollo, with no Apollo line, signify? Ill-luck and loss of money or reputation.

What is the signification when the head-line ends under Apollo and the fate-line ends at the heart-line? Short life.

What when the fate-line has no lines or branches? An uneventful life, usually, though that depends largely on characteristics of other lines.

What when there are no lines except life, head and heart lines with one marriage-line; with no stars or triangles or other marks? These questions are answered by saying that the absence of certain lines and marks, means the absence of those qualities indicated by such lines or marks. If a hand lacks some of the marks given in the Comfort Guide, then, it lacks the characteristics of such lines. The intelligence of the student should be able to solve that problem.

The first hand I shall read this month belongs to "F. St." of Texas. I find it a good type as far as shape goes, denoting an artistic tendency. The life-line is heavily marked with but few hindrances to good health until the age of about sixty; after that time sickness and trouble are indicated. A laborious life with little to show for it is indicated. Especially in early life has the career been a hard one. The fate-line, running up towards Jupiter gives success during the latter part of the life although the cross at the end shows some obstacle in the way even then. Success is also indicated by the Apollo line, although failure is indicated at the age of 30 to 50, and a hard struggle, which, however, will bring the owner of this hand to the desired haven. In matters of the heart the subject is sincere and earnest but practical, and it is more than probable that his happiness will be seriously interfered with by a woman of dark complexion, who may or may not be his wife. A happy marriage is indicated, however, by the crosses which appear on both Jupiter and Venus. A nervous excitable disposition is indicated, with a quick, active mind. A long journey towards the latter part of life is shown. There has been a great deal of torment and worry in this man's life, but matters are certain to improve with him as time goes on.

The hand of M. E. E. R. indicates a person of calm temperament and good disposition, rather too easily influenced by others. In some respects it is an unfortunate hand, an accident of some kind to the head being indicated which may perhaps, prove fatal. The subject will be married and have two children. She will have an affectionate and kindly disposition. The early part of life is fortunate, but the subject is not long-lived. A journey of some importance is shown on the mount of the Moon.

C. V. L. has a peculiar hand from the appearance of the circle at several points. It is not, however, a fortunate hand. The life-line is short and tasselled at the end. The latter part of her life will be accompanied by poor health and she will not live to be old. She should take life very easily while it lasts, if she would prolong it. There will be unmerited reverses towards the close of life, also some weakness of the heart is indicated, and the temper is capricious. There is danger of blindness. On the whole, this is a most unfortunate hand, giving small prospect of long life or happiness. "E. A. M. Jr." and "May-Bee" will see readings next month.

And now I am going to repeat the conditions of membership in this club. Please read them over very carefully.

Send us six new subscribers to Comfort with \$1.50 to pay for them one year, and a drawing of both your hands, and we will print description of same under your initials or assumed name in Comfort.

Those of you who cannot do this are recommended to take steps to procure our new Guide to Palmistry. Every one should read our

OFFER.

To every paid-up yearly subscriber to Comfort, who will mail us within 30 days the names and addresses of two new yearly subscribers (together with 50 cents to pay for same), we will send Comfort's Guide to Palmistry postpaid and free of charge.

All letters must be addressed Comfort's Palmistry Club, Augusta, Maine, and the names and addresses of two subscribers must in every case be given in a plain, readable hand, and accompanied by the money to pay for subscriptions.

Besides many other points of interest, the book contains directions for taking full and complete impressions of your palms, which can be sent by mail for reading by experts.

It must be distinctly understood that the above book is not for sale, it cannot be bought anywhere, it is specially gotten up for and copyrighted by Comfort, and it is the latest, newest thing out. It must not be confounded with any other work on palmistry. Consequently it will pay everyone to become a member of this Palmistry Club at once.

A TIP ON FINGER TIPS.

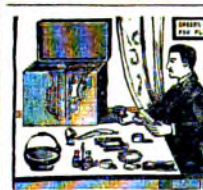
In buying gloves ladies should remember that the only kind in the world sold with an actual guarantee is the Kayser Patent Finger Tipped Silk Glove. Every pair is accompanied by a Guarantee Ticket which entitles the wearer to a new pair free, in any case where the tips wear out before the glove. It pays to write to the manufacturer, Julius Kayser, New York, in case your dealer hasn't them.

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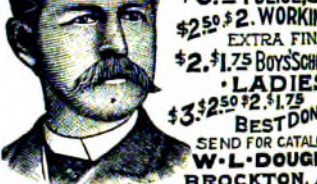
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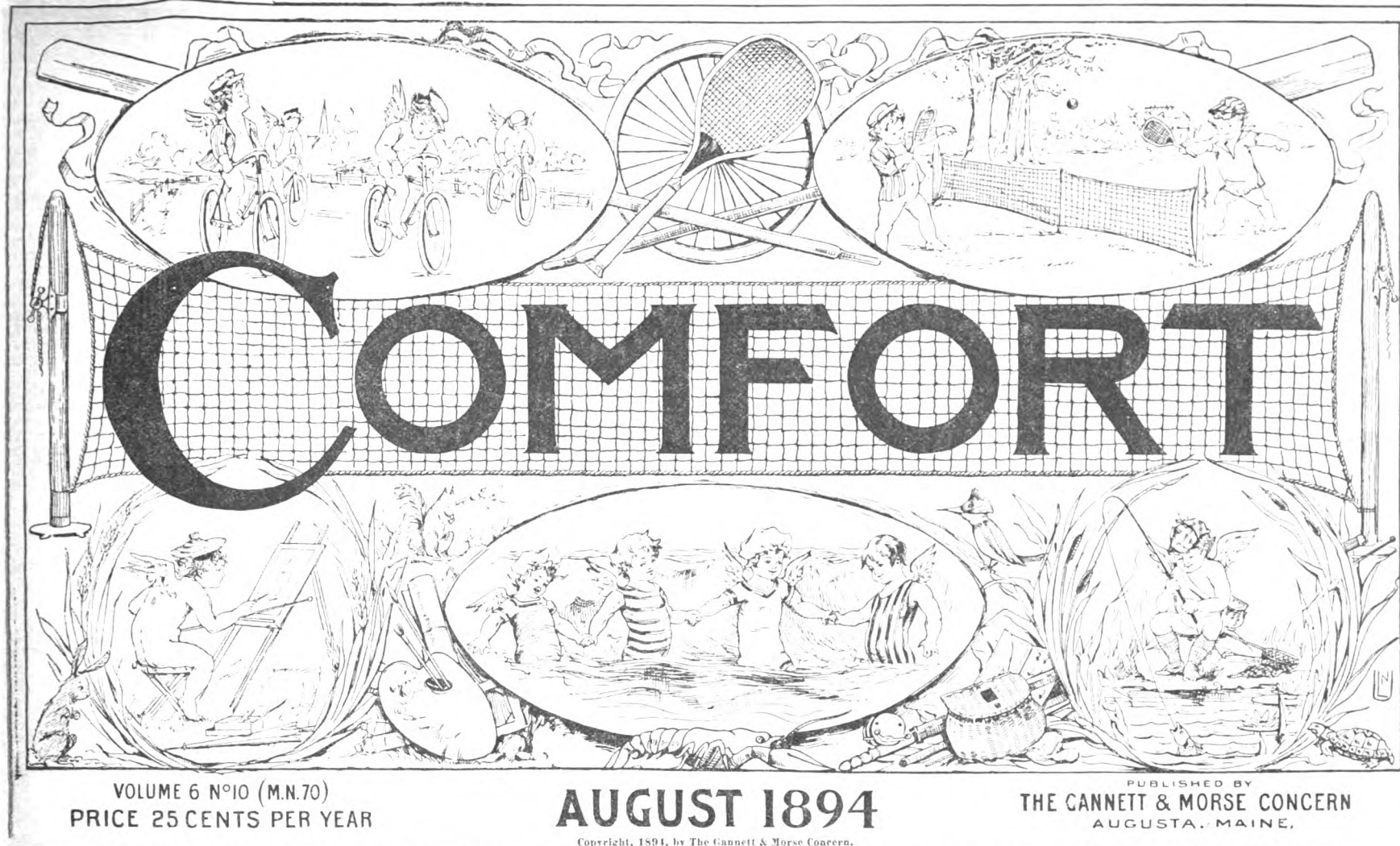
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2. All contributions must have the number of words they contain plainly noted thereon in addition to the writer's full name and address with nom de plume if desired; must be written on one side of the paper only, addressed to EDITOR NUTSHELL STORY CLUB care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

3. All stories must be strictly original with the contributors, and must not have appeared in print before. Competitors may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace, or city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 2,000 or less than 1,000 words.

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PRIZE WINNERS FOR AUGUST.

Frances Mallette Hawley, Bridgeport, Conn., First Prize.

L. S. Fowler, Stepney, Conn., Second Prize.

Charles Edward Barns, Flushing, L. I., Third Prize.

Mrs. Emma A. Lent, 1033 Howard St., Peekskill, N. Y., Fourth Prize.

Mrs. S. M. Maverick, Northport, N. Y., Fifth Prize.

THE LADY IN VELVET.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY FRANCES M. HAWLEY.

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VERY ONE has a "Fad" 'tis said, "Fad" defined, meaning craze on some one particular subject. Mine was velvet. I adored it!

I wore it in every possible way of dressing, and upon

all occasions, but was not possessed of the means wherewith I could dress myself completely in it, as I would have liked to.

Jack Hamlin, my handsome young cousin—who by the way was only a third cousin, or I should never have consented to become his wife in the autumn—knowing my pen-

chant for this luxurious fabric had mischievously declared, "It must be your wedding gown, Ethel."

"Too expensive, Jack," I answered laughingly.

"One can be allowed any extravagance at such a time," persisted Jack, and added, with a look of pride in his fine eyes as he turned me toward the mirror close by us: "There is a form that is well worthy of velvet and shall have it, too, if I can have anything to say about it."

"Nonsense, Jack dear," I said, blushing turning from the glass and his fond gaze, "that is something I may think of, but in our poor circumstances it would be the height of folly for me, poor Ethel Deering, typewriter for McCadmus and Arthur, Attorneys at Law, etc., to be arrayed in white velvet! We determined on white, however, no matter what the material might be, you remember Jack?"

"Could I forget?" whispered my foolish lover, and added, with great earnestness and sincerity, "Some day you shall wear the white velvet, or any other color you choose. I am not always going to be a poor reporter on the 'American Rusher'! Just wait until my book comes out, the great American novel that people are waiting for the wise editor to publish."

"All things come to him who has patience to work and wait," I repeated with an encouraging smile. But at the same time I made the mental calculation, privately, that the much more simple cotton, or wool fabrics, in lieu of velvets, would have to do for many a year to come.

But what was so secondary a thing as dress to Jack and me? We had each other's honest and sincere love, and, with that as the propelling power in our lives, we could well do without the commodities that belong to the wealthy alone, and are often the only thing in their lives that bring them distraction and cover the aching, empty hearts beating beneath the silken gowns.

My time, however, was coming, the day when I should be arrayed in all my glory in the lovely fabric I loved. But under what terrible circumstances I was to wear it, I had never imagined, even in my wildest thoughts or dreams upon the subject.

It is with the hope of throwing some light on one of the strangest affairs that ever an ordinary, plain-going individual like myself was mixed up with, and of which I am still in ignorance of the denouement, that I give this strange story to the public. It may bring to me the last chapter in my novel experience, and save me from the insinuations of those who still believe I dreamed it all, while I know I did not.

It came about in this way—and when I have told you the true facts in the case, judge if I could have possibly dreamed it.

I had a week's vacation in the late autumn, and had accepted an invitation to spend it with my mother's sister, Aunt Maria, who lived in the city of T.—in the

best of style, she having married Mr. Charles Holton, a wealthy banker, who was generous to a fault—and consequently it was a great pleasure for me to spend a week with my aunt and cousins Blanche and Olive Holton, and enjoy their lovely home and the luxurious living for even so brief a time. I loved all these things, but being a sensible girl I did not let it make me miserable—longing for what could not be mine.

Jack came to see me off at our little station, and put me aboard the train, with numberless injunctions to be careful of myself, intermingled with sundry other little speeches that were of no importance to anyone but my appreciative self.

"I wish I were going with you," he said, gloomily, among other things that all the world might hear. "I am so troubled with a fear that something will happen to you."

I laughed him out of his fears, although I would have liked to have had him go with me, as it was my first trip by this line. I had explicit directions where to change cars, and at the end of the route my aunt or cousins would meet me, so I had no fears.

Full of the excitement of youth and the delights of traveling, I enjoyed myself thoroughly, watching the scenery fly by and the passengers as they entered at the various stations along the way.

At one I noticed a lady enter who at once attracted my attention by the beautiful suit of velvet she wore, of the loveliest shade of violet-blue, with mantle of the same trimmed with Russian sable, and the daintiest little hat trimmed with white pompon feathers.

"Is this seat engaged?" inquired the sweetest voice, I thought, that I had ever heard, and the face that smiled down at me was equally beautiful.

I hastened to assure her that she was very welcome to the seat with me, and made room for her cordially. How perfectly charming she was. I was fascinated by her in every way.

When I told her I was going to T.—, she said, "I am so glad! Now I shall have company all the way. It is not pleasant to travel alone," she continued, "and one cannot always find a genial companion. I am fortunate this time." And again she gave me that delicious smile.

I shyly put my hand upon the rich folds of her dress, not thinking she would observe me.

"Do you like it?" she asked, with such gentleness that I recovered at once.

"I love it!" I exclaimed rapturously.

She opened her eyes, which were of the same hue as her dress, in some surprise, and replied a trifle wearily, "Do you like it so much? I detest it."

I looked my surprise but made no answer.

Perhaps she was wearied with it because she had so much of everything of the kind that it palled upon her, while I longed because of the deprivation of the same. Such indeed is life.

The cars stopped at a station further on. She arose hurriedly, saying, "This is where we change; come quickly, or we shall be carried by."

Supposing that she knew better than I about it, I followed her as she had commanded, although it did not seem to me to be at all like the place I was told to change at.

"How long shall we have to wait for the next train?" I asked of the station master, feeling ill at ease on account of my sudden exit from the train.

"Two hours, miss," he answered promptly.

"Why, I was told that I should only have to wait ten minutes," I said in alarm.

"You should have gone on to the next station. The regular change is made there," he answered coolly.

"I—I—thought this was the station you just referred to," faltered the lady in velvet.

"Oh, what shall I do!" I cried out in alarm. "What will they think when I do not get there on time, as I wrote I would?"

"I am so sorry," panted the lady in genuine distress, and turning to me with tears in her lovely eyes, added, "I will do the best I can to retrieve my mistake. We will go to the hotel and have our dinner, and you can telegraph your friends that you were detained, and tell them you will be there on the next train."

"Sorry, miss, but the high wind last night blew down our wires, and our line is not in use yet. But as soon as it is, you can send word at once."

"Please don't be angry with me," she begged, so humbly and sweetly that I tried to brighten up, although I was very much put out.

There was nothing to do but to go to the hotel and have some dinner and make the best of it. She had not meant to put me out so. It was all a mistake, of course.

After a very nice meal, which she insisted upon paying for, she said, "I am going to take a room, and get a little of the dust off from my dress. Will you come with me?"

I had nothing else to do, so agreed to accompany her after the landlord had assigned her the room.

Hastily she threw off her rich velvet dress, and stood, looking so girlish and pretty, in her delicate lace trimmed under-clothing.

"Try it on," she said merrily, pointing to the elegant garment that lay in a heap on the floor. I blushed red as a rose.

The temptation was strong. We were about the same build and size.

Why not? I thought.

I would like, for once, to see how I would look and feel all dressed in my favorite velvet. I could not resist.

Off went my demure gray cashmere in a hurry.

"I will try on yours," she went on in high glee.

Soon we were laughing and giggling like two little school girls over our rapid transformation.

"Presto, change!" she cried, holding out her beautiful arms. "See what a nun your gray dress makes me look. And you, why, you look every inch a queen! Lovely! It's a pity that you can't wear it all the time," she cried, clapping her small hands. She paused thoughtfully for a second or two, and then said eagerly:

"I am going to go down and ask the landlord for my bill, just to see if he will notice the change. He won't know me, I'll warrant. Give me your hat and veil, and make the whole thing complete," she went on gayly. "I will be gone but a moment. Oh, what fun!" gleefully clapping her hands. Before I could remonstrate, she was gone.

I waited for her to come, with the story of her success or failure. What kept her so long?

I stood in my beautiful robes of velvet, looking indeed like some other very grand person who had stepped into poor Ethel Deering's shoes.

If Jack could see me now! I thought proudly.

Hark! I hear the tramp of men's feet instead of the light fairy-like ones of my lovely new found friend. The door flew open violently.

"Here she is!" called out a deep voice with evident satisfaction, and three officers of the law entered.

"What does this mean?" I asked with astonishment.

"Be quiet, miss, and you will not be harmed," answered one of them, soothingly.

"But where is the lady whose dress I have on and who has mine?" I stammered helplessly.

"She's all right," laughingly, "it's only you we want."

"What do you want of me?" I asked, beginning to be dreadfully frightened.

I heard him whisper to the landlord who had just come in: "She is crazy as a March hare. She escaped from the L— insane retreat early this morning, and we only got on her track through a telegram sent by your station master."

"He said the lines had blown down," I cried out, horrified at the man's falsehood to me.

"Ah, that was a neat little ruse, my dear. He had received our telegram, (as had all the stations along the line) to hold a lady with a velvet violet-colored dress, who was—" he touched his head significantly.

"But, my dear sir, I am not crazy," I cried in horror.

"Oh, no! that is what they all say," laughingly.

Great heaven! what a terrible situation I was in.

"Surely, sir," I said appealing to the keeper of the hotel, "you must know that I was not dressed in this velvet dress, when I came in here."

"Poor thing," he murmured, turning away from my pleading with a deep sigh; and turning to the officers, said, "There was another lady with her. But she paid the bill, and said the other lady was ill and that friends would soon be here to care for her."

"Poor girl!" commiseratingly said another man, aside. "She imagines that this other one changed dresses with her."

"Yes," returned the landlord. "The lady in gray said that the one in velvet was not quite herself. I thought she meant not feeling well. Strange she left her like this."

"Come, Miss Allstyre, put on your hat and wrap, and take a nice ride with us; that's a good girl," coaxingly said the one I took to be the leader, and whom I afterwards discovered was a detective.

And here was I, Ethel Deering, a poor innocent little typewriter girl, being taken for a maniac, and about to be shut up in a retreat for the insane, all through my obdurate love for velvet.

Ugh! I should hate it all the days of my life after this!

"Oh, sir, please telegraph to my friends and they will tell you I am as sane as you are," I cried, clasping my hands, while I trembled from head to foot.

"She may be," began the sympathizing host.

"They always talk like that," replied the man coolly. "They're never crazy, you know. Oh, no," laughing with pitying sarcasm.

"Won't you help me?" I groaned, turning to the landlord, encouraged by his pitying gaze.

"I am powerless," he answered turning away as if unable to bear the sight of my pleading face.

I believe I went temporarily insane in my fright and terror. For I began to tear off the hateful dress like a true maniac.

"Take it off! The hateful thing. I won't wear it!" I screamed. Off flew the hooks and eyes, buttons and pins in every direction.

I did not seem to remember that there were men in the room.

My head whirled around like a top, and then I fainted.

When I came to, I was lying on a bed in the same room, and a lady was bending over me.

"Where am I?" I asked faintly.

"You are all right, my dear," she answered soothingly.

"Those dreadful men!" I gasped.

"They're gone and you are safe," she replied, adding to my inquiring look, "The other lady sent back your dress, with an explanation that proved you to be the wrong person."

"Where is the velvet dress?" I asked with a shudder.

"They took it with them," she replied.

I arose with alacrity and began to put on my poor despised cashmere, that was by far dearer to me than all the velvets in christendom.

"Why not rest awhile?" coaxed my hostess. "You need it after your dreadful experience. I am sure. Do you feel all right, now?"

"I feel better," I returned, "and now that I am safe, I feel as if I could not rest until I

let my folks know what has become of me. They will be so alarmed. I hardly think they will ever trust me to leave home alone again in all my lifetime. And I don't know as I shall care to."

I telegraphed to my aunt Maria that I had been detained, and would let her know on what other date I should come to T—.

I took the next train home. My nerves were too shaken to go visiting just then. I must go home and see mother and Jack.

Imagine their surprise to see me come walking in that evening, just as it was growing dark.

Jack, dear fellow, had run over to comfort mother in my absence, and found her nearly beside herself with terror from the contents of a telegram that had preceded mine to T—, saying:

"Ethel not on half-past one train. What is the matter?" and signed with my aunt's name.

Jack was about to board the next train to search for me, when, luckily, I came.

I told my story in an excited way, and burst into a fit of weeping that threw me into a raging fever. I was ill all through my vacation.

One day I heard the doctor tell my mother and Jack, "I don't think it ever happened, at all. She had worked too hard, and was on the eve of a fever when she left home. She fell asleep and dreamed it, and it seemed so realistic to her, that she imagines it to be so. It is too absurd on the face of it, to be true," he added, while laughing good naturedly. "Nothing but the vagaries of fever, that's all. She has always been a little off on velvet, you say?" turning to mother.

"Ever since she was a babe," returned my parent, anxiously.

"That accounts for it. Plain as the nose on your face," retorted our medical advisor, with decision.

"Do you think I dreamed it, Jack?" I asked soberly, one day when convalescent. He tried to evade me by saying:

"There, dear, we won't talk about it. I only know this, you won't go off on any more trips alone."

"If it was all imagination, why be so afraid of my traveling alone?" I asked, maliciously.

"One can't tell what really might happen, you know," he answered gravely. "I shall have you safe in a few weeks," he added, with a tender smile. "And then you shall not only wear velvet dresses in your delirious dreams, but shall wear one at least in reality; let us be rich or poor."

"Jack, I shall never wear the dreadful stuff again," I said solemnly. "I hate it since—that time!"

Now did I really dream it? I know I did not!

What a strange thing to happen outside of a two volume novel!

Oh! did I, or did I not dream it? Every day I worried myself with this question, and suffered from the thought that Jack and my mother only humored me in pretending to believe in my adventure. But at last an explanation arrived and forever set me right in the eyes of those who loved me.

Our wedding day—Jack's and mine—dawned one bright and beautiful December day.

We were going to Washington, and perhaps further south, on our bridal tour.

Our presents were very nice and many of them valuable. Just before we were ready to leave the house, after having been solemnly made man and wife, there came another large package.

I was curious to know its contents, and waited for it to be opened. I was so glad that I did! It contained a whole piece of the most exquisite dark blue velvet colored velvet I ever saw—save one. On it was laid an envelope. I hastily, and with trembling hands, opened it.

I took out a check for one thousand dollars! and a note, which ran thus:

"To the Lady in Gray:—The Lady in Velvet sends a greeting upon her wedding day, and not only wishes her much joy, but extends to her the most grateful thanks for her part enacted in the little drama of the day in which they exchanged dresses, for thereby the Lady in Gray saved the Lady in Velvet from a horrible fate. It was to force the Lady in Velvet to marry a man of her friends' choosing, that they had incarcerated her—a sane person—in an insane retreat. She escaped and by the help of the Lady in Gray, met her own chosen lover, and outwitted them all by securing a husband's care and protection."

"May I hope that the enclosed small gifts will, in a measure, palliate the deception used by the Lady in Velvet, and win pardon for the sorrow and trouble caused the Lady in Gray?"

"And above all, she may be sure that she has the everlasting gratitude of my husband, and his wife. Signed, The Lady in Velvet."

SAVED BY THE BABY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY L. S. FOWLER.

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O N a lovely hillside, among the rocks and white birches, stood a good many years ago a little nest of a cottage that seemed really a part of its surroundings, for, being guiltless of paint, it formed no contrast to the moss-grown bowlders and the gray November sky. Trailing vines with their late fruit of scarlet berries ornamented the porch of the little cabin, from which could be seen a valley where a turf-grown road, like a green and white ribbon, shone uncertainly in the distance.

It was just this time in the year, three years before, that Jack Weldon had brought his young bride to this humble home, and, having been reared in these lonely wilds, she was almost as strong and courageous as Jack himself. Jack was a famous hunter and trapper and was away from home for days, leaving Grenell to the protection of a huge uncertain tempered canine suggestively named Nero, who was chained at the rear of the cabin. Intrepid Grenell took care of the house, milked the cow, gathered the winter store of nuts, kept her small home spotlessly neat, and even wove carpeting; a carpet loom having been a wedding present from her mother, who had, with the custom of those times, sold many a bright-hued roll at the town, exchanging the proceeds for groceries and dry goods. Grenell loved her loom, and spent many an hour in the little room in the loft which had been fitted up for its occupancy.

With the opening of Spring came the journey to town to dispose of the furs and skins. This was taken on horseback, and it was in the gray of early morning, one April that Grenell will never forget, that Jack disappeared down the winding path toward the highway, waving adieu to the pretty wife who watched him from the door. Even at this early hour there was a spectator. A dark-browed, sinister looking man, clad as a hunter, followed by a starved hound, crossed the clearing and disappeared in the woods beyond. Grenell watched him out of sight with a feeling of misgiving to which she was an utter stranger.

"Pshaw!" she said, giving herself a shake as she entered the house; "what am I afraid of, with such a dog as Nero, and a loaded revolver?"

As the day wore away with no incident, the evil-looking hunter passed out of her mind. A few days later he was brought back to her remembrance in a startling manner.

It was a warm day far in advance of the season. Little Benny, a sturdy baby of two years, played around the door, which was open. Grenell, seeing him contented, stole away to her loom and sang softly as she wove in the bright-hued rags. Suddenly the song ceased in the middle of a bar—a sound of stealthy footsteps, and simultaneously the door of the little room closed and the stout wooden staple shot into its hasp. This simple device had been adopted because it was easy of construction; and when at work Grenell always kept the door ajar, so that any means of opening from the inside had been considered unnecessary. Simultaneously with the locking of the door, Grenell threw herself like a tigress against it; then, realizing the futility of such efforts, she became suddenly calm. Varied sounds met her ears—evidently the intruders (how many were there, she wondered!) were looking for something, for they were moving the furniture about, opening and shutting drawers. The dishes jingled and crashed as desperate hands moved them, and mingled with this were the baby's gleeful shouts, showing that, as yet, he had met no stranger.

Grenell looked wildly around her narrow cage. One little window—only a few inches square—lighted it, and from it she could see Benny moving about in the sunshine, picking up things—treasures no doubt to his childish mind—and putting them carefully into his apron which he held by the corners. Nero suddenly became uneasy and tugged frantically at his chain, seeing which Benny let go all his treasures and started up the hill towards the kennel. The mother's heart sank within her at the sight of this new danger. Would he dare go near the growling dog? Yes, he kept on resolutely. She screamed to him from the window, but he only laughed, threw her a kiss, and went on faster than before. He held out his hands coaxingly. Nero growled ominously but paused and licked the little hands and face. Then Benny noticed something bright on the dog's collar and thought he would like it. He pulled and tugged with all his strength, and Nero, evidently thinking he was to be released, bent his head good-naturedly. To the agonized mother these minutes seemed as hours as she stood at those four small lights of glass, vainly wishing its dimensions capable of admitting her plump form. Suddenly a gleeful shout from Benny, and he sat down to investigate the bright collar, while Nero shot like a dark streak to the house. The next instant growls and curses, intermingled with a terrible struggle, seemed to shake the little cabin's foundations.

"Oh, if Jack would only come!" moaned the wretched prisoner. "What if he shouldn't come to-night?" and her next breath was a gasp. After what seemed hours to her over-strained nerves, there was a sudden silence. What had happened? Had Nero been killed, or had he routed the enemy, whom she felt sure was the pseudo hunter, and, yes, he must have come after the money Jack got for the furs. She strained her ears to catch a sound from below that should relieve her suspense, and they were greeted by the plaintive little cry: "Mamma, mamma, where is 'oo'?"

"Mamma come by and bye," she called with affected cheerfulness, and Benny laughed and became silent. Then another call, "Benny 'ants his supper." "Ey and bye, when papa comes," she called back.

Gradually the shades fell around the little cabin. Benny was alone with the nameless horrors below—no mamma, no fire, no supper—while baby's protector was a prisoner to whom the day's events were mysteries unsolved. "Poor little Benny, he's gone to sleep without his supper, I guess," she said, with a sob in her throat.

It was quite dark when a cheery whistle announced the return of the hunter, and Grenell's overtaxed nerves gave way. "Jack! Jack!" she cried faintly, and became unconscious.

"Why, what are you all in the dark for?" was Jack's first salutation; then his foot caught on a soft substance, and Nero's

answering bark astonished him beyond measure. Great was his horror when he succeeded in getting a light. His little Benny lay sleeping with his head pillowed on Nero's breast, while in the further corner lay the limp figure of a man. Blood drops spattered on the shining white floor and scraps of the man's clothing scattered here and there showed the desperate struggle that had occurred before Nero caught him by the throat and killed him. Everything was in the direst confusion—there was no fire, no wife! Where was Grenell? He called loudly—no answer rewarded him. He searched the little room—alas, that was easily done, and, because he must look somewhere, he sprang to the loft. The door was closed—of course she was not there, but—he held the light above his head as he peered inside. His heart gave a quick bound of terror, and he raised the woman's head tenderly.

"Ah," he breathed, "she has only fainted—better so, till I clear the house of its horrors."

When Grenell opened her eyes she was lying on her bed, Benny was sleeping beside her, Nero lay stretched on the best rug the house afforded, and Jack was getting supper.

The Fall of a Crow Caesar.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CHAS. E. BARNES.

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ES," said the Major, brushing a speck from his immaculate uniform with the tips of his fingers, "you may talk about a military reverence for the uniform or clerical respect for the cloth; but we are not to be compared

with the crow. His regard for the glossy dignity of his raven coat is amazing; and for autocratic deportment, when on duty, he can give us points."

We were seated under the deodars of the Major's own compound north of Candy, Ceylon, talking over the bare table after tiffin lighting our cigars and waiting for the coolie to bring the coffee.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "a crow is the only

(NUTSHELL STORIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)



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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

"Ah, is he not clever, the rascal? He knows that his appearance in that dress means his downfall. Boy, throw him out, I say!" And soon the most humiliated and dejected looking creature in all the world stood on the sill before his very army, and the refuge closed behind him. There was a hush. The gossips ceased their chatter, and the wise ones no longer glanced out of the corners of their eyes; his thousand allies simply stared at their de-throned Caesar with almost human amazement, and then with very human scorn. The General renewed his laughter without restraint, the whole affair was so full of human comedy. Disgraced! It was like a coat of tar and feathers on a royal prince; he could never lift up

Joe grunted an assent, and walked out a few paces and looked intently about.

his amazed joy and gratitude at finding them safe—all this would make another story.

was, "Very well, Mattie, do as you like, only I don't think I can stand it more than a week."

Aunt Sophronia likes to have people show her a great deal of attention, so, after I had coaxed long enough, she condescended to accompany me home.

One thing is certain, Aunt Sophronia won't visit us this year.

PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.



CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE H. WYNNE.

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SANITARY aspects of bread-making are entirely the product of the present generation. In our grandmother's day nobody thought of such a thing. If bread was light and reasonably sweet, and above all if there was enough to go around, nothing further was considered necessary.

In these modern days, however, when science rises paramount to everything else, the sanitary aspects of bread-making have been considered worth the while of the most distinguished chemists and the busiest of scientific professors.

So important is the influence of bread upon health and happiness, that in leading institutions of learning the art of bread making has been added to the regular course of study. In Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., for instance, a gold medal in the form of a miniature loaf of bread, is annually given to the girl who excels in this branch of domestic science.

Dr. Edson, the commissioner of health for New York City, has recently published an exhaustive article in which he shows that the action of yeast upon dough is merely a germ growth—just the same as a case of small-pox in the action of a small-pox germ in the human body. Warmth, moisture and organic growth are necessary for both; and he claims that the gluten contained in flour affords a beautiful stamping ground for the germs of disease at the same time that it gives the yeast germ a chance to flourish like a green bay tree. And he says there is not the slightest doubt that the germs of many diseases have been carried about by bread.

Especially is this true with baker's bread. As every housewife knows, yeast-raised bread must be kneaded a long time. Now suppose a baker's apprentice is suffering from any disease—skin disease more especially. Germs of his complaint are sure to find lodgment in the dough, and be sold to consumers with the bread. And the ordinary doctor will never suspect where his next patient got his new disease.

Or, as disease-germs lurk in the air and the dust, the dough may collect them even by standing exposed to rise, and then being kneaded as is done in many houses.

Science, again, has proved that there are more than one hundred different yeast plants or fungi, that some of them are very poisonous and that they are often formed in underdone bread—which explains why it is that half-baked bread is so injurious to many people.

It has been demonstrated by the Government chemists, as well as by practical experience in baking, that pure carbonic acid gas (which is the leavening power produced in the loaf when yeast is used) is produced in the dough, and light, spongy, sweet and wholesome bread is made more readily by the use of a good powder than with yeast or with any other leavening agent. The action of the baking powder is mechanical entirely, and causes no chemical change in the flour. The water used in mixing the loaf causes the cream of tartar and soda of the baking powder to unite, their dissolution at once begins, the product being pure carbonic acid gas. Thus the leavening gas is obtained by the decomposition or destruction of the leavening agent itself, instead of from the putrefaction of valuable parts of the flour.

Yeast, as is well-known, does not of itself raise the bread any more than the match which is applied to the fuel gives the heat by which the loaf is baked. As the heat from the fire is the product of the destruction of the fuel, so the carbonic gas which raises the loaf of bread made with yeast is the product of the destruction of the flour from which the loaf is made. The yeast simply incites the elements of the flour to an action that is destructive and unnatural. The purest baking powder, being diffused throughout the mass, so that a suitable portion of it will act upon every particle of the flour, as the water reaches it, produces the little volumes of air which, being entangled and held from escape by the paste, form the tiny cells which distend the dough, and this takes place so nearly at the same time in every part of the mass that the whole is raised and made as light as a sponge. And according to the United States Government chemists baking powder bread is by far the most healthful.

Experience as well as chemical analysis has proved to me that the best baking powder is the "Royal." It contains nothing but the purest cream of tartar and soda, which, being com-

bined in exactly the right proportions produces carbonic acid gas, without any of those uncertain and unwholesome things known as "yeast-germs." And it is also the only baking powder that will successfully raise large bread.

Do not confine yourselves entirely to wheat flour when making bread. Try graham and corn and rye and shorts; and don't bake them all the same day, but vary the programme by having one kind one meal and another the next—since variety is the spice of life.

The proprietors of the baking powder referred to have issued a very complete and reliable cook-book known as the "Royal Baker"—from which I select the following well-tested recipes which you will all do well to try. [As baking powders differ greatly in strength and purity it is highly important to remember that the quantities specified in these recipes hold good only in case the Royal is used.]

Take for instance this graham bread for breakfast: One and one-half pints graham flour, one-half pint flour, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one and one-fourth pints milk, or equal parts milk and water. Sift together graham flour, wheat flour, sugar, salt and powder; add the milk or milk and water; mix rapidly into soft dough, which pour from bowl into greased tin. Bake in rather hot oven 40 minutes. Protect loaf with paper first 15 minutes.

Then try for dinner this Boston Brown Bread. Flour one-half pint, one pint corn meal, one-half pint rye flour, 2 potatoes, one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful brown sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half pint water. Sift flour, corn meal, rye flour, sugar, salt and powder together thoroughly; peel, wash and boil well 2 mealy potatoes, rub them through sieve, diluting with water. When this is quite cold, use it to mix flour, etc., into batter like cake; pour into well greased mold having a cover. Place it in saucepan half full of boiling water, where the loaf will simmer one hour, without water getting into it. Remove it then, take off cover, finish by baking in fairly hot oven 30 minutes.

And finish up with this for supper: One quart flour, one teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful sugar, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder, half medium-sized cold boiled potato, and water. Sift together thoroughly salt, flour, sugar, and baking powder; rub in

lukewarm stir in one cup yeast and keep in a warm place till light. Care must be taken that it does not get hot enough to scald the mixture after the cup of yeast is added. When sufficiently risen, keep in a jug in a cool cellar.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.

One pint sweet milk, scald, let it get nearly cool; add one-half cup yeast, two tablespoonfuls sugar, a bit of salt, (unless the yeast is salt enough) two tablespoonfuls lard—or butter—mix together a stiff batter with milk. Let it rise over night. Knead in the morning, put back in dish and let it rise till about 3 P. M. Knead and roll out about an inch thick. Warm a little butter and spread over it, cut with a large cutter and fold together. Lay an inch apart in the tin, let rise till light (about 5 P. M.), then bake in a quick oven. These rolls can be made in any other form preferred.

RUSKS.

One cup yeast, one pint milk, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs. Make a sponge over night, mold and rise a second time till very light; mold again and cut like rolls. Do not mold in too much flour as the eggs tend to make them dry.

MILK YEAST BREAD.

One coffee cup full of equal parts milk and water, and a small teaspoon salt; make a thin batter with flour (not as thick as griddle cakes); set in a vessel of warm water and keep warm, stirring frequently till small bubbles appear; then do not disturb. When the yeast is light, warm one quart milk, add the yeast, mold and put in tins.

WHITE BREAD.

One cup milk, one and one-fourths cups water, one teaspoonful salt, piece of butter size of a walnut, one yeast cake, about three pints flour. Knead thoroughly and let rise three hours; then knead again a little, divide the dough into two loaves and put in pans to rise one hour longer. Bake in a moderate oven one hour.

GRAHAM BREAD.

One cup milk, one and one-fourth or one and one-half cups water, one teaspoonful salt, piece butter size of a walnut, one yeast cake. One or two tablespoonfuls molasses, about one quart granulated wheat flour and one pint white flour. Knead and let rise in the same way as white bread, baking ten or fifteen minutes longer.

Do you know that an excellent way and an inexpensive one as well, of putting up rhubarb for winter use, is as follows? Peel and cut up the rhubarb, just as though preparing it for sauce. Then fill ordinary glass jars nearly full with pieces of rhubarb and pour in cold water enough to come to the top of the jar. Seal up tight and set away down cellar, and you will find next winter that you have rhubarb as nice and fresh for sauce or for pies, as though it had just come from the garden. No sugar is needed, and the rhubarb next winter will taste ten times as good as it does this summer.

To make a rhubarb custard, a correspondent sends us the following rule: Drain, but not press, the juice from boiled rhubarb; add to one cupful of juice a cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter. Put them on to boil and then add a thickening made of two well beaten eggs and one tablespoonful of corn starch mixed in a little water, and flavored with a teaspoonful of lemon extract. This can be eaten as custard, or used as the inside of pies. A good rule for an open pie is to use two tablespoonfuls of corn starch in the thickening and the yolks of four eggs, and then use the whites for a frosting, thoroughly beaten with one tablespoonful of sugar and browned in the oven.

Reference was made in our Kitchen Chats recently, to Cream of Celery Soup. Not all housekeepers know that the root of celery is equally good with the tops for soup, and costs much less. The roots are washed and scraped and then boiled until tender, mashed through a colander, put with a quart of milk, seasoned and thickened.

In baking bread have the oven heated to about four hundred degrees, reducing it gradually as the large loaves are baking. A two-pound loaf will bake in sixty minutes, a one-pound loaf in thirty minutes; rolls from fifteen to twenty minutes.

The time necessary for cooking green corn and spinach is ten minutes; new potatoes, peas, asparagus, rice, summer squash and celery, twenty-five minutes; young beets, parsnips, turnips, onions, carrots, cabbage, sweet potatoes, white winter squash, salsify and cauliflower, forty-five minutes; shell beans, string beans, winter carrots, red onions, old turnips and parsnips, one to two hours.

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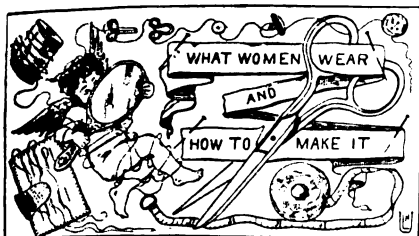
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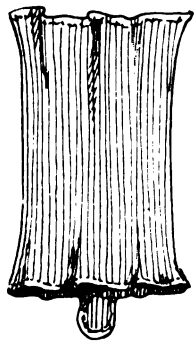
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move, has gone by. Nowadays it is the aim of every wise mother, to dress her baby as comfortably and lightly and loosely as possible, consistent with warmth. A great many mothers have made mistakes in the past by dressing the baby altogether too warm; and as a result, the tiny bit of humanity has protested by crying and has got called "a cross baby" in consequence. By all means dress the baby in warm flannel and do not let him get chilled; but do not keep him so bundled up in several thicknesses of woolen as to make him suffer with the heat, especially in warm weather. The healthiest babies are those which are kept comfortably cool.

Let us begin with the new-born baby. The old-fashioned band, which was the first thing, and is now, to put on to the new-born bit of humanity, is not made of cloth or linen as it used to be; in fact, doctors nowadays have prescribed a straight piece of fine flannel, three-quarters of a yard long and left unhemmed at the edges, as they say that even the fold which is made by the hem presses against the tender flesh of the baby and hurts him. This strip of flannel should be loosely overcast with fine silk, and the ends turned over once and cross-stitched down. This band should be put on very smoothly but not too tightly, and should only be worn until the child is from seven weeks to three months old, as seems necessary. Some mothers use over this the knit band, but usually the knit band is not put on until this straight one is laid aside. The knit band, of which we give a picture, may be made at home if one does not care to, or cannot purchase them. They are made of fine Saxony and knit in a straight piece, on the largest sized steel needles. Cast on forty stitches on three needles, and knit round and round until the band is seven inches long, seaming two and two; then bind off, all except a dozen stitches in front and behind, and knit those back and forth two inches longer, to form a strip to fasten the napkins to.

The old-fashioned linen shirt, trimmed with lace and hand-made, which we used to think was so dainty, is now entirely gone by, and knit ones of silk or wool are used to take their place. In fact, linen is no longer used about babies' clothes, as it is too cold and slippery; fine lonsdale or cambric being preferred instead. The little shirts can be bought for anywhere from twenty-five cents to a dollar apiece, or they may be made at home. To knit them, use Saxony yarn, or if preferred the finest quality of knitting silk; only two needles will be required for the body, and those should be the coarsest steel ones. Cast on one hundred stitches, on one needle, and knit back and forth garter-fashion for two inches; then change the needles to medium-sized ones; knit back and forth for three inches longer, and then change again to the large needles, knitting a distance of two inches more, when the body of the shirt will be half done. Then knit twenty stitches, bind off sixty stitches, and knit the remaining twenty stitches; turn and knit twenty stitches, then cast on twenty stitches, then knit the remaining twenty stitches. Now go on as before; knit two inches on the coarse needles, then change to the medium-sized, knit three inches, then change back to the coarse needles and make two inches longer. Now bind the whole off and double together and crochet the sides together from the bottom up, leaving the upper two-inch length for the arm-holes; then take the four coarse needles and pick up the stitches around the arm-holes, being careful to miss none. Knit round and round like a stocking four inches, then change to small needles and knit an inch and a half more and bind off. When both



THE KNIT BAND.

sleeves are finished, crochet a little edge around the sleeves and neck and run a little ribbon or silk tape around the neck, to tie it with.

There has been a reaction in the last few years against the pinning blanket. Doctors have decided and wise mothers agree that the baby's legs should be left free to kick and squirm all he chooses. Remember your baby is nothing but a young animal, for all that he seems to be nothing short of an angel, and he must learn to use his limbs in just the way that other young animals do. His legs should be kept covered, of course, with flannel, but they should be left loose so that he may kick to his heart's content. He will be a better baby, and a happier one, and you will find that it is not half the work to take care of him, that it used to be to take care of those bundled-up and strapped-up babies of long ago. The pinning blanket was formerly used to pin up tightly around the child's legs, to keep him from coming in contact with his petticoats. But it was discarded on the score of health. The petticoats, however, are apt to get so soiled, and it is so much work to change and wash them, that lately people are using the pinning blanket again; only they are leaving it very loose indeed around the child's limbs. It is made of a single width of flannel, about three-quarters of a yard long, with the edges cross-stitched or feather-stitched down with silk; the upper part is fastened to a band. The old-fashioned way was to make this a straight band of cloth;



THE GABRIELLE SKIRT.

Whatever you do, never be guilty of putting stockings and shoes on little bits of babies. With long skirts of flannel, and especially with pinning blankets, they are never needed, and are only uncomfortable and disagreeable for the child. Do not undertake to put anything on his feet until his clothes are shortened so that he needs something as a protection. Then use soft woolen stockings and chamois skin shoes, or else the little knit socks. It is neither good taste nor good style to put kid shoes with regular soles onto a baby before it can walk. The chamois skin shoes are extremely pretty, come in several styles, keep the child's feet warm, and do not in any way cramp the child's foot or feel hard and uncomfortable to it. A kid shoe with a sole does not become necessary, and is not considered good form, until the child begins to walk, when of course he will have to have soles. No child, however, should be allowed to wear heels to his shoes, until he is at least seven or eight years old, as the spring-heels give the foot a much better chance to grow in its natural shape, and are in every respect more comfortable and sensible.



COME TO STAY.

the new-fashioned way is to have this band fitted over the shoulders with an armhole cut out. This is not as convenient, however, because in case it gets wet or soiled, it cannot be removed without taking off the child's outer clothing. The straight bands are usually preferred; but they should always be pinned very loosely, as should all his bands.

With regard to the petticoat, most mothers nowadays use but one, and that a flannel one; a new style, which is being very generally used, is the Gabrielle skirt revived. It is made of a straight piece of flannel, cut down to fit the shoulders, with arms-eyes, and gored at the bottom; some are left plain in front, and some are laid over in plaits, like the one in the illustration. The edges of the neck and arms-eyes are finished with a little scallop and row of embroidery or feather-stitching. The bottom can be finished in the same way. This brings all the weight from the shoulder, and many mothers are liking them very much. Others are objecting to them on the same account that they do the fitted bands to the pinning blanket; because they cannot change them without removing the dress, in case of any accident to them; and accidents are liable to happen in the best of families, where there are babies.

The little dresses are made much as they have been for some years past. Some have a little ruffle over the shoulder, in imitation of the larger children's, but the effect is apt to be fussy and is not advisable.

How many clothes shall I need at first for baby? is a question which often puzzles young mothers.

It is necessary to have at least three of a kind for the poorest mother, and it is better to have half a dozen shirts, bands, and pinning blankets, with two dozen diapers; because no mother can wash for the baby every day, and by all means a baby should be kept clean and sweet. An ill-smelling baby is by no means a well-spring of joy. Of petticoats there should be at least three, and six slips. It would seem that no mother could very well get along with fewer.

A little wrapper to put over the baby's night gown when it first wakes in the morning and to keep on him until after breakfast, or until he takes his bath and is dressed, is a necessity. They should be made like a long sack opening in front with sleeves of course. They can be made of flannel, and are extremely pretty of fine white cashmere trimmed with hand-embroidery. A very serviceable wrapper for cold

weather is made of eider-down flannel in pink or blue, with a crocheted edge around the neck and sleeves of silk to match, and tied with ribbon. I once saw a very pretty one made of cotton wadding, lined with a very thin layer of cotton, and tied with white cotton, exactly as you would tie a puff; it was edged with a feather-stitching of white cotton or linen floss, and for a cheap wrapper was both warm and pretty.

It is always best to use the flannel night gown, as the child will often throw off the bedclothes, and the flannel will afford him a protection which he cannot throw off, and will keep him from taking cold.

It is wise to put the child into short clothes as early as possible; in fact do not make its earliest clothes too long, as those very long robes which were thought to be so beautiful long ago have gone by; they only add to the weight of the child and are of no earthly use. Its clothes may be shortened by the time the child is six or seven months old, usually, with benefit to itself and mother.

use soft woolen stockings and chamois skin shoes, or else the little knit socks. It is neither good taste nor good style to put kid shoes with regular soles onto a baby before it can walk. The chamois skin shoes are extremely pretty, come in several styles, keep the child's feet warm, and do not in any way cramp the child's foot or feel hard and uncomfortable to it. A kid shoe with a sole does not become necessary, and is not considered good form, until the child begins to walk, when of course he will have to have soles. No child, however, should be allowed to wear heels to his shoes, until he is at least seven or eight years old, as the spring-heels give the foot a much better chance to grow in its natural shape, and are in every respect more comfortable and sensible.

A word about baths. Of course the baby should have its bath every morning, in tepid water, and in a warm place; pure white Castile soap should always be used. Do not be misled by any glaring advertisement of any other kind of soap than white Castile for the baby; that is the purest, softest and best for its little tender skin. As the child gets older, do not think that its daily bath becomes any the less necessary. It will learn to depend on its bath every day, and it should be taught to think that a bath for the entire body is just as necessary as it is to wash its hands and face in the morning; a child that is brought up so, will turn out to be neat and clean, both in body and soul.

Because a child happens to be three years old instead of one, when he will get into ten times as much mischief and dirt, should he be left a week at a time without a bath? It will be some trouble to follow up the daily bath for a while, but it will pay in the long run to do it until the child gets big enough to do it for himself, and he will bless you for it as long as he lives.

Now another word, about rocking the baby. The old-fashioned rocking cradle of our youth, has been relegated to the attic in more senses than one. Mothers nowadays do not rock their babies. Physicians long ago decided that rocking the baby, whether in a cradle or in its mother's or grandmother's lap in a rough, uneven chair, jars the child's brain and has, in many cases, produced rickets and been the cause of other brain troubles. It is not necessary to rock the child at all, if you do not educate him to think he must be; he will be just as well off lying in his crib, and he should always be handled very carefully. The fashion of trotting him on the knee, or of jouncing him up and down in the arms, is bad for him also, and modern mothers will not allow it; neither will she allow him to get the idea, as babies often do very young, that if he cries at night somebody is going to get up and light the pretty light for him to look at. Many a night's rest has been missed by both father and mother, simply because the baby has been indulged in this notion. If he is not allowed a light in the room at night, he will not know anything about it and will not cry for it. It is very remarkable how much can be taught a very young child, if only the right way is taken at the beginning.

In place of a rocker of any kind, some mothers use a hammock, which can be swung in the corner of the room, which is warmest and the most out of the way. A netting hammock, like the Comfort hammock, for instance, is the best for the purpose, as a nice little warm bed can be made in it, with blankets and pillows, and after the baby is in it can be tied together so that he will not fall out.

Now I hope I have given you some new ideas and some information that will be valuable; and when the baby comes, "may he live long and prosper."

A pair of gloves passes through nearly two hundred hands, from the time the skin is dressed until the gloves reach the purchaser.

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Queer Ways of Keeping Time.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY RENE BACHE.

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HAT o'clock is it? People who have no clocks or watches find that not such an easy question to answer. The primitive devices adopted for telling time in various parts of the world are very interesting.

Islanders of the south Pacific skewer together on the mid-rib of a palm leaf a number of the oily nuts of the candle-nut tree. They light the uppermost one of the kernels, which are of nearly uniform size and burn with a clear bluish flame, lasting for about 10 minutes each. Thus a candle of six nuts will measure by its burning a length of time equal to one of our hours.

The hill people of Assam reckon time and distance by the number of quids of betel-nut chewed on a journey. It will be remembered how, according to Washington Irving, Governor Van Twiller dismissed the Dutch colonial assembly invariably at the last puff of his third pipe of tobacco. A Montagnais Indian of Canada will set up a tall stick in the snow, when traveling ahead of friends who are to follow. He marks with his foot the line of shadow cast, and by the change in the angle of the shadow the on-coming party ascertains on arriving at the spot just how far ahead of them the leader is.

In the reign of King Alfred, time was commonly measured by the wasting of candles, which were shielded by screens of horn. They were marked off in sections of an hour. Such candles may still be purchased in England. They are to this day employed in some Roman Catholic Churches. Counting by length of candle is a familiar old practice. Candles were known to the ancient Romans, and presumably to the Egyptians and Babylonians, and they may have been utilized in similar fashion by them.

Time is kept with tolerable accuracy in Chinese shops and temples by burning incense sticks of sawdust carefully mixed with a small proportion of glue and evenly rolled into cylinders 2 feet long. These sticks are divided into lengths for the hours, and when lighted they are consumed very slowly without flame. One of them lasts half a day.

Hour-glasses were a decided improvement on candles for timekeeping, but they are now so far obsolete as to be found only in some churches, where they are used to regulate the length of prayers. Most of them are remarkably inaccurate. Four such prayer-glasses were carefully tested recently by the writer. One, supposed to mark an even hour, required 67 minutes to run out. Another, for three-quarters of an hour, registered only 42 minutes. The third, for half an hour, lasted 28 1-3 minutes. No. 4, for a quarter-hour, was nearly 2 minutes over time.

Chinese physicians have for a time-check a joss-stick broken so as to have several angles. Fire is set to one end, and the patient is told to take the first dose when the burning reaches the first angle, another when it gets to the second angle and so on. Chinese messengers, having but short periods to sleep, wake themselves by placing a lighted bit of joss-stick between their toes. This acts as an alarm at the proper moment.

The most primitive water-clock is commonly found on board of a Malay proa, usually piratical. It is a coconut-shell that floats in the bottom of the boat, with a small perforation through which the water slowly makes its way. The shell fills and sinks at the end of one hour. Water clocks are supposed to have been invented in Babylon, where they were certainly used, some of them being very elaborate. They were introduced thence to Jerusalem, by King Ahaz. The water-clocks and sundials of those days were astrological mysteries kept secret by the priests, who were professors of science as well as of religion.

The notion of dividing the days and nights into twelfths was brought from Egypt to Rome. The nights and days varying in length with the seasons, no mechanical timekeeper could be devised to register them. This difficulty actually postponed the final evolution of the modern clock for many centuries. It was Hipparchus who first suggested that 24 even hours should be considered to make a day, but ages were destined to elapse before Ansonia was to produce its complete 99-cent result.

To ascertain the time at night, the Apache Indian employs a gourd on which the stars of the heavens are marked. As the constellations rise in the sky, he refers to his primitive orrery and finds out the hour. By turning the gourd around he can tell the order in which the constellations may be expected to appear. In closing, it should be remarked that the first timekeeper was the stomach, which notified its owner when the hour for a meal arrived.

A man who has made a scientific study of the peculiarities of hens, says they can distinguish between white and colored people, and seem to consider the latter their especial enemies. He insists that he has never found two roosters who crowed alike, having noticed the crows of over one hundred roosters. They crow a few minutes after being frightened, and after eating, and are most lively at dawn.



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SOMETHING that will please the younger members of the household is most welcome to a busy mother, and here is a novelty easily made, fairly durable, and which with most children will not become a "cast-off" for a long time. This is a tumbling doll, and to make one, procure a round pasteboard box, three and one-half inches long and two inches in diameter. These may be readily obtained at a drug store. Remove the top and bottom. From white kid cut a strip nine inches long and two inches wide, fasten this tightly around the upper part of the box and on it draw, with a pen, eyes, ears, nose and mouth. Cut a round of felt four and three-fourths inches in diameter, of any color in which you wish to dress your doll. Gather the outside edge of this felt, and fasten it to the lower edge of the box so that the felt will really form a little bag below the box. Cut another circle from the felt four inches in diameter. Pink the edge of this finely and gather just above the pinking. Drop a very large glass marble into the open part of the box and let it roll down into the bag below it. Cover the open part of the box with the round of felt to make a cap. In putting on the cap be careful to neatly cover the top of the white kid used to represent the face. From bronze kid cut a strip five inches long and two and one-half inches wide. Cut off the lower corners a little, and also cut out of the center of the lower part a V-shaped piece. Use this for a vest. Fasten the vest securely in the back, and let it cover the bottom of the white kid and the top of the yellow felt. For the legs cut two pieces from the felt, each one and one-half inches long and two and one-fourth inches wide at the top, tapering to one and one-fourth inches in width at the bottom; double this piece together lengthwise through the center and slant the bottom a little so that when folded the fold will be one-fourth of an inch shorter than the outside edge. Overhand the three sides together with silk of the same shade. From the bronze kid cut a boot-shaped piece one and one-half inches in length. Cut this double and overhand the seams together; then fasten them to the bottom of the legs. Next sew the legs to the bottom of the bag, being careful to turn the toes out. Cut the coat from felt; it should be cut six and one-fourth inches wide and four and three-fourth inches long. Round the upper edge, and cut a piece about one and one-half to two inches from each of the lower corners. Cut out a very narrow piece from the center of the part remaining from the bottom to the edge from which the piece was cut out. This will form the tails of the coat. Cut the sleeve one and three-fourth inches in length and two and one-eighth inches wide at the top, sloping to one and three-eighths inches at the bottom. Double this together and overhand the edges of the top and side. From white kid cut a hand three-fourths of an inch in length, and cut out the fingers and thumb. Sew these hands inside the sleeves and fasten the sleeves to the coat at the place in which they would naturally belong. Work French knots down the front of the coat to resemble buttons, and also on the back of the coat where buttons are usually placed. Fasten the coat around the body of the doll so as to cover the upper edge of the bronze kid, and roll the top over to form a collar. Make a pompon of black silk to fasten on the top of the cap and the doll is complete. Place a board so it will have a good slant and put "Mr. McGinnis" at the top with the left hand and with the right give his cap a pull forward and you will find what a "tumbling doll" means. He will cause no end of merriment among the children, and is sure to interest older people as well. Many people like to obtain a souvenir from every new place they visit; these are generally treasured carefully for a while, then packed away because "I hate to throw them away you know." A very nice way to preserve them as long as one usually regards them as treasures, is to make them useful, instead of putting them in a cabinet. A handsome stone from the beach may be painted and used as a paper weight, or if one is not an amateur artist the name of the place may be written across the center with gold paint, or dashes of gold put around the edges. A large, round or flat beach stone may be made a very useful souvenir by heating it to carry in the hands when riding on a cold day; one would be sure to enjoy the stone almost as much as the memory of the outing.

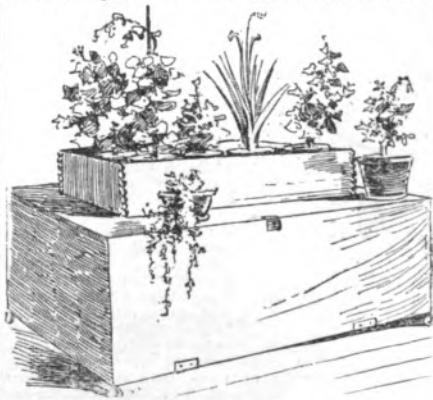
A large clam shell may be painted with a tiny marine view and used for a pin tray. A tuft of dried sea weed, if freed from all animal matter, will make a bit of effective

drapery for a mirror. Milkweed sachets, birch-bark match safes, broom holders, painted lichens, etc., will come under this same class of pleasing souvenirs which may be cast away without regret when their day of usefulness is over. A description of one more useful article, and I am done. This is a fanciful arrangement for holding up the dress under a wrap or gossamer, or if one attend a lawn party in the country and the grass is very damp. Use No. 12 satin ribbon, any color desired. Make a belt of it, fastened with a handsome bow; attach pieces of ribbon of the same kind, each eighteen inches long, to the front, back and each side. To the bottom of each of these strips fasten one of the new safety pins by which to hold up the dress. By taking it up carefully at these four points it may be lifted evenly from the ground and held in place without creasing.

INEZ REDDING, Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. Isador Clark, whose suggestions have helped the Bees before, wants to describe a home-made flower stand, which might be copied in many a home before the winter months.

"I want to tell the Bees of some things which a woman can make and are useful. Get a box as long as your window is wide, and just as high as the window stool, and about two feet wide; put casters on the bottom of the box so it can be moved easily, and have the side towards the room fashioned into a door with hinges, the door to be the size of the box, and finished with a fastening of some kind; if nothing better can be found a piece of strap nailed on to the lid at one end, with a small hole in the other end of leather to slip over the nail, driven into the box for that purpose, will furnish a cheap and convenient fastening. Get four rods made at the blacksmith's, each 12 inches high, with threads in one end two inches deep and two burrs to each. At the other end of rods two inches deep with two burrs, bore four holes in top of box one-fourth of the distance from front and back of box and five inches from end of box; place a burr on the deepest thread of the rods and put in the box and push up through the hole and fasten in place with the other burr, and place the other three rods in the same way. Get a half inch board and on the under side put a piece of lath across so it will strengthen the end of the shelf. The shelf should project just an inch at each end beyond the rods. Bore a hole in each corner of shelf right through the lath, which should be on the under side. Now place the first four burrs on the four rods down as far as the thread, then slip the shelf on the rods and then fasten the shelf on with the remaining four burrs; this shelf will be 12 inches wide with a six inch shelf at its base on two sides and five inches at each end. You could fill the rods with spools if you wished, before placing on the top shelf, and then paint it white all over, and if you are clever with the brush finish as you like. Finished in gilt it would be lovely. Into this box set your flowers, when you are afraid they will freeze, and move into the center of the room, and with a blanket or something of the kind thrown over them



HOME-MADE FLOWER STAND.

you can sleep and feel that your flower pets are safe from the cold, and, I assure you, you will have something you are proud of. The top shelf will hold two rows of flower pots of good size, or three smaller ones, with a row all around the lower part; of course the largest ones, the farthest from the sun, so as not to place the small ones in the shade. I must tell you how I am going to make a cabinet, and it will be pretty. A box five feet high, 28 inches wide and six inches deep, is to be lined with garnet plush, then light airy shelves fastened at the back invisibly and at the front with rods and spools; the shelves and rods of spools to be painted white with white enamel finish penciled with gold. At the top put a brass rod on which may be hung a curtain of china silk, or not, according to taste, but it is useful to keep out dust. The rods will hold the shelves, but will only be on the front side, the front only being open; or a better way would be to have glass doors and shut them up tight. In this receptacle your curiosities are safe and may be admired by your friends. The outside should be finished in cherry or walnut color or black, according to taste."

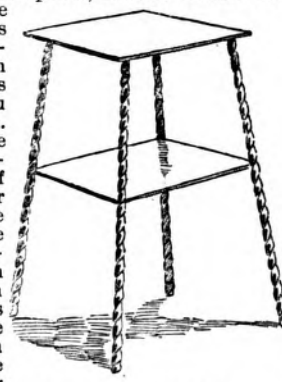
Here is an excellent suggestion:

"During the vacation days the paper-covered book is in its glory, and we have them in every state of freshness or dilapidation. Some of the volumes are worthy of a better fate than that which too often befalls them. And those who have suffered from the carelessness of the friendly borrower will know how to appreciate the book covers that are in vogue. They are made so as to be used for any ordinary sized book, after a loose fashion, as the idea is to protect and not to adorn. Select a piece of silk; cut it sixteen inches long and eight inches broad. Find a lining of any suitable material and color and smaller than the outside, so that the silk may be turned over for a depth of two inches at

each end. The part turned over must be over-seamed on the upper and lower edges, and across them and down those that are turned in sew a gilt or silken cord. This is to be slipped over the paper volume, allowing the covers, back and front, to pass under the hems. Sew a ribbon to the middle of each edge and fasten the cover on the book by tying it in a bow. A cover made in a similar fashion of clear, gray linen, tied with bright ribbon, is almost as beautiful and more serviceable. One made of pure white linen tied with pale blue ribbons is pretty and useful."

Speaking of home-made furniture, O. M. Knapp tells how he made a small table or stand that proved very useful.

"It is made of spools, 25 or 27 on one rod or leg. Take four iron rods each one-fourth inch in diameter, as long as you wish them. Take for the top a well-seasoned piece of hard wood, for the center board a piece of pine one-half inch thick. Run the rods through the spools, then through the center board; glue to the board the spools up to the top, when you are ready for the top board. Bore one-fourth inch holes halfway through the top board, nail with small brads or tiny nails, and glue together. Paint with white paint and gild edges."



HOME-MADE TABLE.

Many of you have heard of making hassocks of tin cans, and as I have had several inquiries how to make them, I give this, which I do not pretend is original with me. It is useful, however, and is available for everyone. Save up your cans until you have seven of the same size. Remove the tops and paste several thick-nesses of newspaper smoothly around each can. Then place one in the center of a large sheet of plain paper and put around it as many as you can, all sides touching adjacent cans and one in the center. With a pencil trace very carefully the exact outline made on the paper by the group, then remove the cans and cut out the outline. This serves for a pattern, and is used, enlarged a quarter or a half inch all around, to cut out two shapes of coarse, strong stuff like ticking, denim or burlap. These two pieces, together with a strip the height of the cans, form a rough cover for the footstool. Stitch the strip all around one of the pieces, then draw it over the cans as they are set in place; it will fit in snugly around each. Now turn all upside down and sew the other piece strongly on. The solid ends of the cans are of course to come upward for the top of the stool. Pad this upper side with cotton. Then cut and put on, in the same way as you did the coarser cover, one made of the material desired for the footstool—rep, cretonne, tapestry or with odd pieces of Brussels carpeting—any fabric you consider suitable, finished with upholsterer's cord to match around top and bottom. The stool is firm, durable and satisfactory in every respect.

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POINTS ON PEARLS.

ODD FACTS ABOUT THEM FURNISHED BY AN EXPERT.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

Copyright, 1894, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



THE famous expert in gems, Mr. George F. Kunz, has been gathering some facts about pearls for the United States Fish Commission.

It would appear that the most remarkable collections of pearls ever got together were owned by Indians in the Miami and Scioto valleys in prehistoric times. During an epoch previous to the landing of Columbus, gems of this sort were obtained from the streams of that region in extraordinary numbers and frequently of great size. In fact, their production was on a scale far beyond that of modern days. They were derived from fresh-water mussels of the kind known as "amios." Within quite recent years these mussels have been regularly fished for, many thousands of dollars worth of pearls being secured, but the yield has been quickly exhausted.

The Indians of the region mentioned were comparatively far advanced in civilization long before the first white men reached America. They used ornaments of copper and understood the weaving of cloth. Their primitive jewelers drilled holes in bears' teeth, in which pearls were set. Pearls were also commonly employed for adorning various garments, to which they were sewn. For this purpose holes were bored through the pearls with a heated copper wire.

Persons of distinction among these aborigines owned great quantities of pearls. It is very probable that the possession of such gems was a prerogative of rank in the tribe. When these important individuals died, their pearls were buried with them. Thus in the great burial mounds only some of the skeletons are found to have been interred with pearls. In one mound enough pearls to overflow a gallon measure were obtained from two skeletons. They ranged from the size of a small millet-seed to a diameter of more than two-thirds of an inch.

Not a few of these pearls might suitably have decorated a royal crown. But, alas! they were all totally spoiled. Some had suffered from the action of fire, while others had become decayed through contact with water filtering through the soil. By the latter cause many of them had been cemented together in masses. Such is always the condition of pearls recovered after a long burial. Unlike precious stones, they are subject to decay and must be kept very carefully in order to be preserved. The pearls of ancient times have all vanished from the world.

Very few of the pearls obtained from Indian mounds retain any trace of their original lustre. By careful peeling an occasional one has been made to yield a smaller gem with a fair "orient," as the peculiar pearly sheen is called. From one group of mounds in the Little Miami valley half a bushel of pearls were secured—nearly every one blackened by heat, some cracked, and all worthless except as curiosities. Another group yielded nearly 500,000 pearls. Fifteen good-sized beads were filled with them. Great numbers of bears' teeth were found to be fished for with such lack of discretion as soon to destroy the supply. This was the case in the Bay of California, which at one time possessed some of the richest and most productive banks of pearl oysters in the world. Similar conditions threatening the destruction of the pearl fishery in the bay of Ago, Japan, the department of agriculture of that country undertook not long ago to increase the crop by artifice. The bay in question is 3 miles long and 2 miles broad, and, penetrating inland for some distance, its waters are always calm.

Pearl oysters have been abundant along the shores of the bay at a depth of 5 to 35 feet, the bottom being sandy with a scant growth of seaweeds. In fact, the gem-bearing mollusks were so easily got at that their extermination was only a question of a short time. Fortunately, no better place for the purpose of artificial propagation could well be imagined. Accordingly, the government authorities tried the experiment of propagating the bivalves by the same means as are adopted for breeding true edible oysters, collecting the "spat" on tiles, ropes, etc.

In this way the value of the fishery has been increased tenfold within a few years. The Japanese government believes that the same method might be profitably employed with the pearl oyster elsewhere. It may be that some day the banks of the Gulf of California, which have furnished some of the most beautiful pearls now in existence, will be made to resume their former productiveness. In Paris, by the way, artificial pearls are now made by a new process. Beads are cut from real mother-of-pearl shells, and these are coated with silver, which gives them almost the same specific gravity as real pearls, while the silver lends a lustre somewhat like that of a gray pearl.

The shells of many extinct species of mollusks—such as the coiled ammonites, which were related to the modern nautilus—had linings of pearl. Many of them have been so well preserved in the rocks that, after the lapse of millions of years, they retain a beautiful lustre. Baculites and ammonites dug from the Cretaceous deposits of Dakota and elsewhere are gorgeous in their coloring, more rich and glowing than any other pearls materially known. Sometimes they look like masses of opal.

A beautiful marble obtained from Carinthia is known as "fire marble." It is made into snuff boxes and other elegant little articles. It is very rare and costly. The material is a kind of limestone filled with fossilized shells, the colors of which are so splendid that the substance is easily mistaken for fire opal.

Among the most valuable pearls are the rose-tinted ones produced by a species of conch found in the neighborhood of the West Indies. A single oyster may yield at the same time both white and purple pearls. Concretions of peacock-hued material are sometimes found in the abalone, which fetch high prices as pearls. Clams of the common sort sometimes afford pearls of good size, but they look so much like ordinary pearl buttons as to be worthless. Occasionally pearls are found in very curious shapes, so as to represent, with the addition of a little gold or enamel, heads of animals and other objects for mounting in scarf-pins and such ornaments. One was sold at a large price not long ago which strikingly resembled the head of Michael Angelo. The finest pearls of the world come from the Persian Gulf, where the oyster beds produce \$2,000,000 per annum. In the Sulu Sea women do the diving for pearls.

Black pearls fetch higher prices than white ones in Europe. A black pearl found in the Gulf of California in 1881 sold in Paris for \$10,000. Means have been found to make pearls of any color black in a bath of nitrate of silver, or to turn them to rose-color, lilac, gray, or what not. However, experts know how to detect such deceptions. Fashion affects the pearl market. Black pearls have been the rage for some time past. The largest pearl known is 2 inches in length and weighs 3 ounces.

A pearl is formed about a grain of sand or other foreign body that finds lodgment in the oyster. It is made of the same secretion that composes the pearly lining of the shell of the mollusk. Now and then a little fish will get caught in a pearl oyster and be itself transformed into a pearl. The most extraordinary pearl in the world is known as the "Southern Cross." It consists of a group of nine pearls naturally grown together in so regular a manner as to form an almost perfect Latin cross measuring an inch and a half in length. The superstitious discoverer of this surprising freak, off the coast of west Australia, buried it because he was afraid.

The most beautiful pearl in existence is in a museum at Moscow. It is perfectly spherical, and so brilliant and pure as to appear almost transparent. Weight, 90 grains. The imperial crown of Austria contained a pearl of 300 carats. There is a pearl in the Spanish regalia weighing 400 carats. It was obtained from the Gulf of California. Green pearls come from the Marianne archipelago. Two big ruby-red pearls were found at the Ceylon fishery 10 years ago and are owned by the rajah of the Sulu Islands.

Some of the finest pearls in the world are owned by Queen Marguerite of Italy, the biggest of them being the size of a robin's egg. Her husband gives her pearls on every anniversary of their marriage. A necklace of gray pearls belonging to the Empress of Russia is appraised at \$500,000. The most valuable collection of black pearls in existence is the property of the Empress of Austria. The most beautiful pearl in existence adorns the sword-belt of the Shah of Persia; its price was \$500,000. Pope Leo's tiara is adorned with a pink pearl worth \$150,000. Marie Mugnier, the French actress, owns a cascade of pearls worth \$400,000. What are known as "Roman pearls" are made by lining globules of glass with an iridescent substance derived from fish-scales.

SOME VIRGINIA GAMES.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY FANNY A. EDWARDS.

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PART of the Northern Neck of Virginia known as Fairfield's, is by visitors said to be "a place to have a good time," especially among the young people. Bounded on one side by the Chesapeake Bay, this county offers many natural advantages for summer sports, such as picnics on the bay-shore, sailing, fishing parties, etc. In winter dull times are prevented by an occasional novel party, oyster roasts, social gatherings (where new games are introduced), etc. Below is a description of some of the amusements of the young people of Fairfield's.

A Straw Ride: The wagon-drivers (young men of the neighborhood) are provided with large wagons adorned with flags—the largest bearing the name of the driver's post-office. Flags are also on the horses and drivers. Straw in the bottoms of the wagons furnish seats. Every driver in his fine turn-out calls for the girls whose names are on his list. The boys are not called for, and if they are not calling on the girls, are apt to be left. The wagons are soon filled with merry girls and boys, and the drive to the bay-shore is delightful. Supper, provided by the girls, is served on the beach; also confectionery, provided by the boys. Moonlight strolls on the shore are enjoyed, but more enjoyable is the moonlight straw ride home.

Charades: The company is divided into two parts; one to make the charade, the other to guess it. The party for acting the charade leaves the room. Soon after they re-enter and act the word, and if the other party guess it, they can go out and make a charade, and the successful party take their place in guessing. For instance, if the word Washington is taken, it is announced as a proper noun of three syllables; two acts. The first act may be carried out by a division of the party in the act of washing—rubbing their handkerchiefs on boards or there may be two or three of the party dressed as washwomen, with basins of water and clothes to wash. The second act may be carried out by a division of the party in the act of lifting something very heavy, while one of the party may remark that "it weighs 2,000 pounds." If the word infancy is taken, the first acts represents an inn; the second, something fancy. Odd-fellows, Lord Baltimore, Comfort and Shakespeare are good words. A good deal of originality is brought out in this game.

A Masquerade Party: The young folks meet at an appointed place to put on their disguises. Every girl is given a slip of paper with her number on it, and a collection of corresponding numbers is carried to the boys' room. Each boy draws a number, and gets the girl corresponding to his number, whom he takes to the place appointed for the party. Sometimes a sailor boy goes out with a sister of charity, Columbus with Red Riding Hood, Martha and George Washington, and so on. The fun for each couple comes in trying to find out each other. Some of the boys go into big mud holes and try to almost upset the buggy to get the girl excited, and to hear her squeal. Sometimes they get badly fooled, and say the wrong things to the right girl, and vice versa; and it is so hard sometimes to keep from saying anything. The face masks are taken off at the house where the party is held; and there is much fun in correcting mistakes, and teasing the ones who were fooled. The young folks are then entertained in any way selected by the hostess. A confectionery supper may be served if liked.

A Bonnet and Necktie Party: Every lady takes material for a bonnet, and every gentleman material for a necktie; these materials, with needles, cotton, etc., are placed on separate tables in one room, (or otherwise, as the hostess may choose.) Every gentleman chooses a lady, (or they may be coupled by numbering, as in the masquerade party) and proceeds to the bonnet and necktie room, where the gentleman selects his lady's bonnet and trimmings, and she selects material for his necktie. They then return to the parlor, where the bonnets are trimmed and the neckties made. The ladies appear about as awkward in cutting and making four-in-hand ties, as the gentlemen in threading needles and trimming the bonnets. The peculiar tastes about such things displayed by the gentlemen, and ladies as well, is amusing. For one lady of blonde complexion was trimmed a buff Neapolitan bonnet with buff ribbon; in front was a large yellow rose. The loops of ribbon were pinned down with mourning pins. Sometimes the bonnets and neckties are worn out to supper. Prizes are awarded for the best trimmed bonnet and the best made necktie. Booby prizes are also given.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Queen Victoria has fifty-five dogs. London has a population of 4,754,312. A certain kind of tree in Venezuela yields milk. Women commercial travelers are common in Europe.

The English language has two hundred and fifty thousand words.

On an average, only 18,500 widows remarry, as against 27,000 widowers.

An old sickle blade found near Thebes is four thousand years old, proving that wrought iron was of early origin.

A German has invented a shell filled with a chemical combination called a fog creator. When it explodes it enshrouds in darkness the enemy at whom it is thrown.

It is said that bananas yield more to the acre than any other fruit. The produce of an acre of bananas is one hundred and thirty-three times as great as that of an acre of wheat.

Bucananguina is the name of a new species of fibrous material recently found in the United States of Columbia, South America. It is transparent and incombustible and has many of the remarkable qualities of asbestos.

The longest reach of railway without a curve is said to be on the Argentine Pacific Railway, from Buenos Ayres, to the Andes. For two hundred and eleven miles it is without a curve and has no embankment or cut of more than two or three feet.

The phrase "dead as a door nail" originated from the fact that in early days the old-fashioned knocker struck against a large nail which served as the plate. As this plate or nail was struck many more times than any other, it was assumed to be deader than other nails.

A California man has invented a way of attaching a mast to a common bicycle, so that the rider can sail across water without dismounting. The sail is attached to a ten foot mast and an eight foot boom, and weighs six pounds and nine ounces, costing only about ten dollars.

A tramp called at a house in Indiana a while ago and demanded something to eat. It was refused, and he made an insulting remark to the woman who answered him. She seized a piece of picket and chased him four blocks. There she seized him by the hair and thrashed him until he was insensible.

It is now the custom to use the words man and woman instead of lady and gentleman, as was formerly the fashion. Since every washwoman insists upon being called a lady, the most sensible women prefer to be called woman, and refer to the opposite sex as men. Never, under any circumstances, is it admissible to refer to men as "gents."

Not one person in a thousand knows why well bred people cover the mouth with the hand when yawning. Four or five hundred years ago there was a common superstition in Europe that the devil always stood ready to enter a man's body and take possession of it, and that he much preferred to go down the mouth. According to this superstition, the devil waited a reasonable length of time, and if the man did not open his mouth the devil made him yawn; and then, when his mouth was open, jumped down his throat. The people believed, however, that if they made the sign of the cross over the mouth, the devil would be scared away. Country people in Italy and Spain, still cross themselves in that way, but most other people have forgotten the cross sign, but keep out the devil simply by placing the hand before the lips.

Answers to Correspondents.

"JANIE" OF VERMONT asks for information as to the length a girl of fifteen should wear her dresses. Unless she is exceptionally tall for her age, she should have them come to the tops of her boots and dress in inconspicuous colors.

PRIZEWINNER, BROOKLYN, N. Y. You win the wager. The prices paid under Comfort's Nutshell Story Club offer are higher than those paid by any other publication for short stories of 1,000 words.

TAXIDERMIST, HELENA, MONT. The best book for your purpose is Wood's Natural History. By reading "A Paradise Open to All" in this issue you will see how you can get a copy of this wonderful work free.

R. L. C. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. By reference to pages 294 and 295 of the American Newspaper Directory of 1894, you will find that COMFORT has the largest guaranteed circulation of any paper in America. You therefore win your bet.

M. L. H. OF TEXAS wants to know the best way to keep carpets in summer. The best plan, if one must use carpets in summer, is to keep them thoroughly swept and dusted, which will keep away insects, as far as possible. But a better way is not to use thick carpets at all. Bare floors of hard wood or even painted ones with rugs are more fashionable as well as more sensible, and the beautiful Japanese matting which cost little and come not only in regular carpet widths but are now woven to fit all sizes of rooms, or as druggets and rugs, are fast superseding carpets.

"A SUBSCRIBER" wants to know how to wash silk waists. Make a good suds with pure white soap with a teaspoonful of borax added to a gallon of suds. Rub gently and draw the waist through the hands carefully, but not wring. A second suds may be necessary and several rinsing waters should be used with a little borax in each. Iron before perfectly dry.

"MIRIAM" OF EAST TENNESSEE has a great deal of trouble in making yeast bread and wants to know how to overcome it. Try leaving yeast alone for a while and use the best baking powder instead, which is referred to in our Kitchen Chats. Every reader is recommended to send to the Royal Baking Powder Company (whose address will be found in another part of this paper) for a copy of their "Royal Baker and Pastry Cook," which gives a thousand first class recipes, by saying you saw it in COMFORT, you will get the book free.

THE MINISTER FOUND A GOOD KNIFE AFTER SEARCHING FOR YEARS.

Oskaloosa, Iowa, July, 6, 1894.

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GENTLEMEN:—I have been looking for years for a good knife, and have been unable to find one. Your knife, 034, was received in due time, and gives perfect satisfaction. It is the best knife I have ever seen. Enclosed \$1.50 for which please forward the Chauncey M. Depew knife with case. Respectfully,

EDWIN C. HOLMAN, Pastor Cong'l Church.

Answer Maher & Grosh advertisement in this issue and you will find just what you want also.—ED.

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6 Stone Set Scarf Pins - - - 1.00	6 Plain Rings, - - - 1.00	6 Ass'd. Scarf Pins, - - - 2.00
6 Sword Pins, - - - 1.50	6 Stone Set Rings, - - - 3.00	3 Pieces of Jewelry, - - - 2.50
6 Cuff Buttons, - - - 3.00	6 Hat Rings, - - - 2.00	1 Watch, - - - - - 8.00
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August was named in honor of Augustus
Cæsar, the Roman Emperor. Originally
August had but thirty days, and February
had the extra one, with thirty for leap year.

The sardonyx is said to be the lucky
stone for those born in August who wish
for conjugal felicity. The onyx, however,
was formerly thought to contain an im-
prisoned devil which wakes at sunset and
brings bad dreams to its possessor.

In these days when athletics are in the
highest favor, and seem to be out-ranking
scientific studies in some colleges, the re-
cent decision of President Eliot of Har-
vard College is of widespread interest. He
would allow college boys a great deal of
scope in the matter of athletics, both in
ball playing and in rowing, but he does not
believe that the younger boys should be
permitted to engage in inter-collegiate
games, or in any matches on any but their
own grounds. He is properly alive to the
value of athletics in a school curriculum,
as a valuable aid to the process of turning
out from the University symmetrically de-
veloped graduates, but he would restrict
foot ball games to such a degree as to
lessen the number and the violence of the
collisions between the players. A good
many foot ball specialists agree in this, and
have long been aware that the game must
in some way be stripped of its features of
roughness and danger. By taking the lead
in this, and other reforms in college sports,
the Harvard President is doubtless blazing
the way for other universities towards
such improvements as will bring athletics
into true relations with the college course.

A truly unfortunate day was the 24th of
last June, the day when President Carnot
of France was assassinated. Regulus, in
his predictions for June, said: "It is feared
that there will be some shocking drowning
disaster to a pleasure party." On that very
day a tug-boat went out off Sandy Hook,
at the entrance to New York Harbor, and
was overtaken by an accident, which has
not yet been satisfactorily accounted for,
whereby over forty people were drowned.
On the same day a steamer was returning
from an excursion up the Hudson river, N.
Y., when an accident happened to the
machinery, killing two men outright and
injuring hundreds more in the panic that
followed. In another place a yacht upset
in placid water and drowned a family party
of five, while several single cases of drown-
ing occurred on the same day. Regulus
also predicted intense heat during the lat-
ter part of June; and never has there been
so hot a June during the memory of the
present generation of men. Again, he
foretold for the latter part of the month
"anarchistic tendencies" and such "recruit-
ing of the membership of secret organiza-
tions" as would render it necessary for
authorities to be on the alert. This was
carried out by the widespread railroad
strike on several roads centering into
Chicago, in which over 700,000 men were
concerned. It is quite worth while to fol-
low out Regulus' predictions in these col-
umns.

The income tax which has taken so much
time in the United States Senate the past
few months, has aroused more general in-
terest throughout the country, than any
subject for legislation has for a long time.
The theory of all taxation is that to be just
it must be equal. A man with a dollar a
year income has an interest in the support
of the government, as well as he with an
income of \$10,000. At the same time he
should not be taxed as much, as there are
more men with small incomes than with

large. If the country must have an income
tax at all it should be a just one and fairly
collected; for an uneven distribution of
the burdens of taxation is manifestly un-
just. It is wholly unjust to say that a man
with \$3,000 a year shall be taxed for it
while the man who has an income of \$2,900
a year goes free. If there is to be an in-
come tax, everyone who is benefited by it
should contribute his or her just propor-
tion. In Saxony, one of the provinces of
Central Europe, the income tax is the fair-
est in the world, and under it everybody
who has any income at all contributes
something to the government. The tax
begins on annual incomes of \$71.40 with
one-fifth of 1 per cent, and runs up to 3 per
cent; so that a person with that income
pays annually about 14 cents; but on all in-
comes above \$1,713.60 a tax of 3 per cent is
paid, and everything that comes yearly on
the credit side of a man's account is taxed.
If a man owns a house and lives in it he is
taxed on the rent he would pay if he rented
it, and the same is true of the products of a
man's labor which he uses in his family,
whether he be farmer or manufacturer, but
he can deduct interest on debts, insurance
and repairs. The fairness of the Saxony
system makes it tolerable to the inhabi-
tants.

An event of quite as much importance in
political Europe, as the assassination of
Presidents Lincoln and Garfield here, was
the murder of President Carnot of France
on June 25, while he was on his way to at-
tend the theatre. The United States has a
peculiar sympathy with France because that
country has a republican government like
our own; and consequently the news of
President Carnot's assassination sent a
thrill of horror over every American citi-
zen. He was visiting in Lyons, where the
event was made a festive occasion. After a
day of honors which ended in a banquet,
President Carnot started in a carriage for
the theatre where a performance was to be
given in his honor. On the way there,
while the carriage was surrounded by a
cheering multitude, a man was seen to rush
toward and jump on the steps of the car-
riage. The gleam of a knife was seen for
an instant and President Carnot fell back
in his seat, deathly pale. The Mayor of
Lyons, who was sitting beside him, im-
mediately struck the fellow in the face and
knocked him down. He was captured at
once and it was with difficulty that the
crowds were prevented from killing him.
M. Carnot was taken at once from the car-
riage and placed in a bed in the Mayor's
official residence, where he died within
three hours. President Carnot's adminis-
tration had been marked by honesty of
purpose, conservatism and the respect and
confidence even, of his personal enemies.
In his death France has lost a sincere,
straight-forward official, who was a credit
to his country and who governed it with
prudence and patriotic devotion. A most
singular feature of the matter to COMFORT
readers is the fact that "Regulus" in his
predictions for June in this paper, foretold
the assassination of some public official by
an anarchist.

The case of Mr. Erastus Wiman, who a
few months ago was a millionaire and a
highly respected citizen of New York, is
singular and pitiful, but it is also, unfortu-
nately, an illustration of the outcome of
modern times. The spirit of getting rich,
which is not content to make money by the
old-fashioned slow and conservative meth-
ods, which is so common in America to-day,
is the destruction of many a man who starts
out in the world honestly, and who stands
before the world as a model of all the vir-
tues. He was one of the few men of great
wealth who was supposed to take an active
interest in public movements, and who
was one of the leading men of his day. He
had been accustomed to handling large
sums of money for other people, and as it
too often the case, was detected in embez-
zling other peoples' funds. It would not
seem that there was any necessity for this,
but as with other Napoleons of finance of
to-day, the passion for acquisition became
superior to conscience and judgment, and
in a moment of emergency wrought his
downfall. Possessed of ample means of
his own, standing before the community
as a high minded, progressive and public-
spirited man, with everything in his favor,
it is hard to understand how he could,
even in a moment of weakness and aber-
ration of the moral vision, have stooped to
such fatal folly. He has been sentenced to
imprisonment and hard labor for five years
and a half, and the millionaire of a few
months ago is to-day a "jail bird." His is
but a single instance in these modern
times, and illustrates a lesson for every

man of to-day. Let those in possession of
moderate incomes be content, and avoid
this spirit of eagerness to make ten dollars
out of one dollar, honestly or dishonestly,
but any way to make it, as they would a
plague. "Slow but sure" is the best motto
after all.

OCEAN GARDENING.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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THIS is an industry
offering great op-
portunities which
have been over-
looked up to date.
There are many
vegetables growing
in the sea which are
both palatable and
nutritious. Among
them there is not
one poisonous
species, so far as is
known. One great
advantage possessed by them is that they re-
quire no cultivation, but may be gathered in
almost unlimited quantities by any harvester
who knows enough to appreciate them. What
is needed is an education of the popular taste
in respect to the merits of such delicacies for
the table.

It is true that a few species of seaweeds are
used as food to some extent in various parts of
the world. Probably the best known of them
is the so-called "Irish moss," which grows far
down on rocks that are only uncovered by low
spring tides. It is obtained mostly from the
west coast of Ireland, and, after being bleached
by exposure to sun and rain, is exported to
the United States and elsewhere. "Dulse" is
sold on the streets of Edinburgh and Glasgow
and green and pink "laver" is occasionally em-
ployed as an ingredient for soups. Another
familiar marine vegetable is "Japanese isin-
glass," which contains so great a percentage of
gelatine as to possess eight times the gelatin-
izing power of ordinary gelatine. Housewives
might utilize it to advantage but for the fact
that it will not melt in the mouth.

The taste for vegetables of the sea must be
acquired, but those who eat them become very
fond of them. They ought to become a valu-
able source of food supply some day. Laver
and dulse are common on the northwest coast
of this country and are eaten by the Haida In-
dians of Queen Charlotte Islands and other
tribes, who prepare them by drying and press-
ing them into compact blocks. When wanted
for food, slices are cut and boiled. In British
Columbia and Alaska deer browse eagerly on
sea-mosses during the long run-out of the
spring tides. Seaweeds are much eaten in
China and Japan, where thousands of tons are
gathered annually, packed in bales and shipped
to all parts of those countries. The plants are
mixed in soups and with rice, fish and vege-
tables.

One advantage of this kind of diet in that
part of the world is that it gives a salt taste to
whatever it is mingled with. This is an impor-
tant economy for the poorer classes, who are
obliged to pay very dear for salt, particularly
if they live far away from the ocean. Also
these weeds have an aromatic flavor of the sea,
which is agreeable to the eastern palate. The
Chinese manufacture gelatine from seaweeds,
which is used by bakers for making biscuits,
by paper-makers and by manufacturers of
stuffs, for stiffening. By the Malays a kind of
seaweed is collected which, boiled down, pro-
duces a glue called "agar-agar." This materi-
al is utilized by physicians almost exclusively
for experiments in breeding bacteria.

Seaweeds form in the Atlantic Ocean great
banks, often extending for miles. They propa-
gate as they float, being supported at the sur-
face of the water by bulbs filled with air. In
these floating meadows of marine vegetables
exist enormous stores of material in readiness
for use by man, but no practicable method has
thus far been devised for bringing the stuff
profitably to market or for spreading it upon
the soil. Seaweeds, applied as manure, pos-
sess remarkable properties. As a fertilizer
they are unsurpassed, and they act with won-
derful rapidity, producing at once most plente-
ous crops from soil that has been unproductive.
On the French shore of the British Channel
2,250,000 tons of seaweeds are gathered annually
with drags and rakes for manure.

A very remarkable kind of seaweed is the
"giant kelp," which lines the shores along the
northwest coast of the United States. The
stem of the plant attains a length of 300 feet,
bearing at its top an air-bulb, from which a
tuft of streamer-like leaves 30 or 40 feet long
extends. The greater part of the stem is no
thicker than a common window-cord, very
strong and flexible. The natives in that
region have used it for centuries for fish-lines.
Is prepared by soaking, stretching and dry-
ing, being finally knotted together in lines
sometimes 1,000 feet in length for deep-sea fish-
ing. The upper part of the stem is much en-
larged and hollow. This portion was employed
by the Indians formerly to hold dogfish-oil.

If the long fronds of the giant kelp be ob-
served after exposure to rain, little sacs of
fluid are found to be formed on their surface.
When these are cut, a glairy colorless liquid
escapes. This is a very remarkable substance.
It has fourteen times the gumminess of starch
and is thirty-seven times as gummy as gum-

arabic. When evaporated on slate, it assumes
the form of thin sheets resembling gelatine
and very flexible. These sheets can be written
or printed upon. It is said that such sheets
are used in parts of Japan for windows, being
very translucent. This curious stuff is useful
for various commercial purposes, such as dye-
ing. It is excellent for thickening soups and
puddings, and is especially adapted to take the
place of gum-arabic in the manufacture of
jubes. After it has been separated from the
kelp, the residue furnishes an excellent materi-
al for paper.

Patents have been granted at various times
for making paper out of seaweeds, and exclu-
sive rights were obtained a few years ago by an
inventor for utilizing these vegetables, dis-
solved and pressed, in the manufacture of imi-
tation horn for cutlery, picture-frames, etc.
From Irish moss is obtained the well-known
cosmetic for the hair called "bandoline." A
similar plant is collected in large quantities
below high-water mark on Cape Cod, and is
sold for making puddings and "sea-moss
farina." It is also used by calico printers and
by brewers for clarifying. Carbonate of soda
used to be manufactured from seaweeds, of
which the Hebrides alone furnished 20,000 tons
annually. It was employed in soap-making
and glass-works up to 1845, when the seaweeds
were superseded by a chemical process.

Seaweeds are used in commerce for the man-
ufacture of bromine and iodine. The world's
supply of iodine is all got from burned kelp.
The immense value of this substance in medi-
cine and in photography renders it by far the
most important of all seaweed products. The
average yield of iodine from a ton of kelp is
about 5 pounds. The proportion of iodine in
sea-water is so small that it requires 30,000,000
pounds of the fluid to furnish one pound of the
material to the plants.

In Scotland and elsewhere seaweeds are used
in winter for feeding horses and cattle. Up-
holsterers employ them for stuffing furniture,
as a substitute for horsehair; also for mat-
tresses and beds, because their aromatic odor
keeps away insects. Packers utilize them for
wrapping fragile objects, and chemists obtain
from them no end of chlorides, sulphates, sili-
cates, and other such valuable products. In
conclusion the writer should acknowledge his
obligation to Mr. James G. Swan for a portion
of his material.

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twice a month until June 1. When the vines are putting out their branches "succoring"—that is, taking off surplus branches below those that are to carry the berries—is performed. Sometimes they are succored twice in a season, in order to put all the growth in the bearing limbs. In May, when the vines have attained a growth of two or three feet, some ranchers "summer prune"—cut off four inches of the longest branches, thereby putting more strength into the grapes. In May and June the bloom sets on the fruit. After the cultivation is completed the "smoocher" is run through the vineyard to cut the weeds and smooth the ground, thus ending the work until the first week in September, when the trays, 2x3 feet, are put in between the vines to be filled with grapes. A hand barrow on which are two piles of trays, is used; one tray is for first grades and the other for second grades. Twelve days after picking the grapes are turned by a simple process—a tray is laid on top of a tray of grapes and then two men take each an end of the tray and turn them over. In ten days more the grapes are dry enough to sort by putting those nearly cured by themselves and leaving the others to be dried more. When thoroughly cured they are put into "sweat boxes," to go through a moistening process. The finest are then packed as California Layers No. 1. The others are usually put through a machine which stems, cleans and grades them into boxes, and are known as 4, 3, 2 and 1 Crown, the finest commencing with the greater number. An acre of vines will produce about 1,000 to 1,200 pounds of raisins."

CHARLES EDWARD MAXWELL,
Poway, San Diego Co., California.
A Southern cousin asks our attention next.

"Augusta, Ga., was named after one of the daughters of George the Fourth, and has always conducted herself as becoming her queenly title and to-day sits enthroned, Queen of the Savannah Valley. When our great grandfathers were boys, Augusta was an Indian trading village, the site of many a brave's tepee, and hunter's and trapper's lodges. The first settlers and founders of Augusta showed wisdom in selecting the present site to build their log cabins, for the land was fertile and peculiarly adapted to the best natural advantages. The visit of George Washington to Augusta was a signal honor which all Augustans guard, and the memory of which is held sacred and transmitted from father to son. The house in which he had headquarters is here now. Through the portals of its great hall door entered the noblest type of American manhood, the great and chivalrous 'Father of his Country.' Augusta is pleasantly situated on the southern bank of the Savannah river. Savannah is an Indian name, (accented by them on the first syllable)."

PATRICK JOSEPH McLAUGHLIN,
445 Hale St., Augusta, Ga.

A long letter about Nuremberg, Germany, says: "There is kept there a famous instrument of torture, which serves to show the horrible barbarities practiced as punishments in olden days. It is that terrible invention of Satan the 'Jung-Frau' (young wife) consisting of a metal case formed of plates rivetted together, and constituting a complete suit, shaped like a woman's long gown, and with a mask and cover for the head and face. The interior of this mailed garment was furnished with spikes which entered the flesh of the victim in every part of the body, penetrating to the bones and causing a lingering death under the most frightful tortures. The 'Fiddle' is another contrivance kept there. It was used for punishing delinquents of various kinds such as scolding wives, a cheating tradesman or a drunkard. The mode of punishment was to lock the offenders up in one of these fiddles and duck them in the river—the water running through perforations into the instrument—until good behavior was promised. Sometimes when there were two offenders, they were put together in a larger fiddle. Naturally, one would suppose that incentives to good behavior must have been such that Nuremberg was a model town, and I believe that there are no more sober, well-behaved people at this date in Germany than the Nurembergers."

LILLIAN GREY, Port Allen, La.

Here comes a writer of a reminiscent turn of mind. Perhaps we shall all like to read what he says: "I sometimes wonder what have become of all those boys and girls that used to play on the green sward in front of our quaint old schoolhouse? Doubtless many of them repose beneath the willows in the village cemetery, while others sleep beneath the pines where a soldier's hand hath placed them. Did you ever dream of your boyhood days, or allow your thoughts to wander back into the realms of the past? It was my privilege to do so last night, and many of the incidents of my childhood and boyhood were repeated on the canvas of memory. Silver threads have taken the place of flaxen locks and eyes dim with the work of many years gaze wearily now on the pages of the past. We have passed far up life's hill and stand to-day at a point on our journey where milestones cast their shadows towards the east, and while with one hand we are strenuously clutching at the fleeting memories of the past, with the other we are reaching out for fancied pleasures in the future. But let us turn over this 'Dream picture' and see what is painted on the other side. Ah! there on one corner of the canvas we see the old farmers of the valley wending their way through fields of golden grain, and there barefooted boys kick up the dust in the road as he follows the cows to the clover fields. In another corner the dark outlines of a primitive church appear among the oaks, and up along the pathway come throngs of orderly people to listen to the holy words of 'Father' Blank. Still again, in another corner, we view a blossoming orchard among whose billows of pink and white the bee is revelling in the sweets of nature's pure nectar cup. Beneath these overhanging blossoms a maiden fair, sits pensive, sad and silent. Furtively she gazes about among the fragrant trees, and seems impatient in her solitude—but waits not long—you know the rest. Now in the centre of this beautiful 'Dream picture' there stands a lovely maiden—just crowned with orange blossoms, and at her side the noble friend of my boyhood days. Well! how silly and yet how dear are these dream pictures of the past. The busy man of the world may curl his proud lips and call it 'bosh' and thus display the littleness of his soul. I am a busy man, yet at evening's twilight hour or in the still night-time memories of my boyhood days will steal upon me like the falling dew."

JAMES McCauley, Ione, Amador Co., Cal.

"The Chinese have been noted as farmers," says another, "for more than four thousand years. The Festival of Spring Plowing is a great event. At this time his majesty 'The Son of Heaven' after fasting and praying in the temple of heaven, makes sacrifices to the god of agriculture. He comes from the Hall of Intense Thought, out into the fields and puts his royal long finger-nailed hands upon the rude plow painted for the occasion with yellow. Princes of the royal blood assist him, while the water-buffalo draws the rude machine through nine furrows, and courtiers are sent forth to let the farmers know spring has begun. Every official in China is called upon to be a farmer. The water-buffalo, an un-

gainly species of the cow genus, is the chief animal of China. At the opening of spring, a life-sized paper buffalo is carried on a table, in a grand procession with bands of music. A day or two later and millions of people are hard at work. The plow consists of a beam handle and a share with wooden stem, which was fastened to a sort of rest at the back. In some cases they are tipped with iron. They make furrows more than six inches deep and cost two dollars. The work clothes of the farmers consist of a hat and waist cloth which comes as far down as the knees. In the most poverty stricken districts women draw the plow." **ALICE M. KEMP,** Buckland, Mass.

"Two miles north of my home is situated the village of White Post. Its name is from a white post in the middle of the town, where the roads cross, but there is more importance attached to this post than merely to furnish a name for the village. It was placed there by Lord Fairfax as a guide to his home, Greenway Court, one mile distant. The original stump remains, but is kept boxed up and painted. Here at Greenway Court George Washington made his home when he was a surveyor—and on a part of the old Greenway tract is a well said to have been dug by Braddock's men. 'Saratoga,' the home of Gen. Morgan of Revolutionary fame, is in this country; and here too are the homes of the well-known author, John Estlin Cooke, 'The Briars,' and the renowned musician, Leo P. Wheat. Clarke County has many handsome old residences of colonial architecture, and Virginia with its green pastures and busy waters cannot boast of a prettier and more fertile county."

CLARA BOWEN, Stone Bridge, Clarke Co., Va.

Here is an extract from a San Francisco letter: "The State Mining Bureau in this city contains some interesting relics. Among them are an umbrella owned by Benjamin Franklin, a grape shot and musket ball found near Washington's first battle ground at Fort Mifflin, the scapula, jawbone and tusks of a mammoth; a piece of the old Charter Oak at Hartford, Conn.; a copy of Sidropel's Almanac, for 1785; a United States Patent written on parchment, signed by James Monroe, President, and dated August 5, 1818. A parchment is the skin of a sheep or goat. There are also a great variety of Curacies, some of the oldest being as follows: Maryland, value \$8 and dated 1767. Colonial Currency of New Jersey, dated March 25, 1776. There are the 'The Daily Advertiser' printed in New Jersey, Jan. 21, 1791; Claypoole's American Daily Advertiser, printed Nov. 23, 1793; and 'The Democratic Press' printed Sept. 2, 1813, were published in Philadelphia, and the 'Uster County Gazette,' printed at Kingston, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1800, telling about the death of Washington."

MAY ADAMS, 1127 I-2, Stevenson St., San Francisco, Cal.

"Mercersburg, Pa., is an old town and was the birthplace of James Buchanan, the fifteenth President of the United States. He was born in 1791 and died in 1868. The house in which he was born stood some distance up the mountain and was a small log one. It has been moved into the town and stands on one of the back streets. It is still occupied, although more than one hundred years old. Buchanan's mother, when he was a small boy, used to put a bell around his neck so that when he was at play on the mountain she could tell where he was."

ALLIE M. SMITH, Box 111, Mercersburg, Franklin Co., Pa.

Among others whom I have no room for are: Cassie McDonald, Blackville, N. C.; John J. Berry, Apalachicola, Fla.; A. G. Walter, Enfield, Ill.; Maggie Sanders, Natchez, Miss.; Arthur P. Roberts, Salem, Mass.; I. H. Halsey, Durant, Miss.; Alvin E. Boyd, Vawneville, Pa.; Wm. D. Hibler, Oakdale, Neb.; Ida Trafton, Herman, Neb.; Mary L. Miller, San Angelo, Tex.; Love Duke, Rockville, Ala.; Zulah P. Williams, Omer, Oklahoma; L. D. Wyckoff, Piney's Corners, Pa.; Ella A. Smith, Palestine, Tex.; Henry A. Wise, Nandua, Va.; Nelly Holder, Grass Valley, Ore.; P. S. Heck, Riverville, W. Va.; Lula M. Carrick, Seat Pleasant, Md.; R. Winston, Quincy, Ill.; Rachel A. Stuhaker, Progress, W. Va.; C. M. W., Ronceverte, W. Va.; Nancy Lehman, Big Lake, P. O. Ont.; Miss Mary E. Bethell, Pinellas, Fla.; Lucy Wilbur, Prattville, N. Y.; Viola M. Goff, Wheeling, W. Va.; Ira Reely, Baltimore, Md.; Max Perles, Milwaukee, Wis.; H. B. Locoy, Goods, S. D.; H. Charles Trask, Little Falls, N. Y.; Carl F. Horn, St. Joseph, Mo.; E. J. Smith, Rockwood, Tenn.; Thos. W. Phillips, Buenna, Wash.; Irene W. Caine, Roseland, Fla.; John R. Benson, Mt. Morris, Mich.; L. Retlaw Bell, Walnut Grove, Ala.

But don't be discouraged; write again, all of you.
AUNT MINERVA.

A Plea for the Cockroach.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY L. O. HOWARD, (Editor of Insect Life.)

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DID you ever make the personal acquaintance of a cockroach? Not one of those big, black, ugly fellows found in damp cellars and kitchens, but one of the lively little brown German cockroaches, or "Croton bugs," as they are called in New York and thereabouts.

I do not deny that even this active little roach may become a great nuisance when he is allowed to take undisputed possession of a house, but when kept within bounds there is a great deal in his character that is admirable. He is intelligent and docile, he has a hopeful disposition, he is persevering to the last degree and he is cleanly in his habits. It is true that he is a trifle vain and spends too much time over his toilet, and that he has too little regard for other people's rights over his own property; but, though his good points do not perhaps outweigh his bad ones, he is not the unmitigated rascal he is generally considered to be. People have in fact been unjust to the poor little chap; they have never stopped to think that he might have redeeming qualities; they have condemned him unheard.

But people are often unjust and far too often form hasty opinions. What a pity that all are not like Mr. Gilbert's policeman who realized that even the "enterprising burglar" has his innocent and harmless moments when he "loves to lie a-basking in the sun!"

In the first place our little cockroach is intelligent, and, further, he has a great turn for original investigation. It may be that it would be a stretch of the imagination to say that he is indulging in a taste for literature when he makes his supper on the paste in a cloth book-binding, or that when he eats the face from a photograph he does it in order to see what kind of glue is used in mounting it, or that when he makes his breakfast on shoe-blacking, his dinner on potato peel and his luncheon on wall-paper, he is simply trying physiological experiments on himself

in the interests of science. Nevertheless he knows what is good for him and he takes care of himself beautifully. And he has a hard fight for life. He is like Ishmael—every man's hand is against him. Upon his intense activity and upon his skill in avoiding danger depend his very existence; and the fact that he continues to exist in houses where he isn't wanted and where he is fought in every way possible marks him as what naturalists would call a "high and persistent type."

In the second place he is docile. The croton bug can be tamed and trained. Put a few into a glass-covered box and try it yourself. You will find that they will soon grow accustomed to your presence and that before long they will even come and lap a drop of water from your finger. So civilized do they become when treated kindly that they will even adopt some of the bad habits of civilized people. A scientific friend once showed me his own pet cockroach. The old gentleman would write with a cigar in his mouth until he had to look into his microscope, when he would lay his cigar down at a particular spot on the drawer of his table. Immediately a little croton bug would run out and begin to nibble at the moist end of the cigar and would seem sorry to stop when the old gentleman would begin to write again about what he had seen in his microscope and took up his cigar once more. This was a customary thing and this poor cockroach had really contracted the unwholesome tobacco habit. There was this to be said in his favor however, he would run at the sight of a cigarette! I saw this with my own eyes, so it is true.

This scientific individual however told me a story the same day which I cannot vouch for. He said that he knew a beautiful young lady who, every day, when she fixed her hair before her glass, used to notice a little cockroach on her dressing table, standing erect and watching her every movement in an admiring way. He always came when she was there and she finally made up her mind that he had fallen in love with her. His silent admiration lasted for some months and finally she was cruel enough to go and get married, and the next day the poor little roach was found dead on the table. In despair he had committed suicide by eating pearl powder!

The croton bug is cleanly. It is true that we often find him in dirty places about the house; but that is not his fault. It is ours. We should not have such places in our houses. Left to his own clean instincts he is as particular about his person as a cat. We all know how a cat licks her paws and washes her face, and how she smooths her fur down and how she objects to have it rumpled up. The little cockroach is just like her. He will not have even a particle of dust on his back if he can help it. He draws his legs and antennae through his mouth and washes them clean whenever he stops in a safe place; and he passes his moistened hind legs over his wings and back until they fairly shine. No! No one has a right to find any fault with him in this direction.

It is said that in China the natives train cockroaches to fight with one another. If this be true, it is simply another instance in which the naturally good instincts of the insect have been perverted by man, for the cockroach is not naturally a fighter. I have seen them chase one another with their antennae and have always considered them as the most peaceful and friendly among themselves. They will eat up their dead relatives, but that, after all, is the quickest way to get rid of them. They never bite each other when alive however, and I very much doubt whether (in cockroach language) a cross word is ever passed between two of them.

And then the cockroach mothers are good to their children. With infinite trouble they carry their heavy egg-cases around with them to guard them from all harm, and they always manage to finally place them in some spot where there will be plenty of food for the young. These exhibitions of the strength of motherly love however are so common throughout the whole animal kingdom that this point need not be especially urged in favor of the croton bug.

But there is just one more point that might be made and that is that this little German roach has a lot of first cousins in the shape of the little tree cockroaches of the south, which live up in the tree tops and fly like birds and feed upon lichens and dead bark. They are as harmless as butterflies—less so in fact, for they are as offensive as spring lambs; and we all know how pleasant it is when we suspect that people do not estimate us at our full value, to be able to talk about what extremely superior people our first cousins are.

It has always been a puzzle to know how, when or why these industrious little fellows leave an old house for a new one, and this I have just discovered.

On a very dark rainy day in September a man came to me and said that a whole army of cockroaches was crossing the street some blocks away. I put on my hat and hurried to the spot and there saw a most wonderful sight. From the back of a restaurant on D street Washington, D. C., these little croton bugs were coming out by thousands. They crossed the sidewalk and gutter and the muddy road directly towards the building opposite. Pools of water obstructed their way, but neither these nor rubbish piles nor mud could stop them. They scrambled along in a bee line to the south and in an army ten feet wide, falling over one another in their haste, and invaded the opposite building.

This was a machine shop and the men left their work and with brooms attempted to repel the army by sweeping them out as they entered the door. But the roaches were too active and too numerous and although the men swept until their arms were tired, hundreds darted through the line and thousands more continued to come, so that the brooms were finally laid aside and another defense was tried. At the suggestion of the foreman of the shop, a line of hot ashes was then laid along the brick sidewalk in front of the door. On reaching this barrier a few of the foremost singled their feelers and legs in an effort to pass over it, but the main army soon divided to either side and scurried away into cracks in the nearest buildings and down into area ways, seeking darkness as soon as possible. The stream continued for nearly two hours.

Now what did this mean? I went to the restaurant and found that they were not cleaning house and that they were not making any effort to rid the place of roaches. I then examined the insects themselves and found that nearly all of them were females carrying egg-cases, and thus the mystery was explained. The wonderful mother's instinct had forewarned them that there would not be food enough in the old home to support so many young as were about to be born, so they sallied forth in this swarm of bees in search for new and more commodious quarters. I said, you will remember, that it was a very dark and rainy day, and this, with the fact that no one has ever written about such a thing before, makes me think that these marches must usually take place at night.

In closing, let me urge you not to take what I have written too much to heart. Do not sympathize with the croton bugs so much as to allow them to run at will about your house, for they have not the quality of gratitude and will become great nuisances if you give them the slightest encouragement. Keep plenty of insect powder on hand and when you use it quiet your conscience with the reflection that an insect powder death is an easy one to die.

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No matter what you may think.

No matter what your friends may tell you.

No matter what doctors may say to you.

The actual experiences of these living witnesses tell you that you too can be cured.

The debilitating and disheartening influences of the intense heat of July and August are happily overcome by the Nerve Strengthening, Brain Nourishing and Blood Vitalizing effects of our Wonderful Food for the Nerves, which is daily bringing new life, new vigor and new joy to helpless, hopeless, weak and faded women and men. Thousands of grateful mortals have pronounced it a Godsend, and "A greater discovery than electricity." Here are a few specimen letters.

FOUND! AUGUST, 1894.

HENDRICK, ALABAMA.—This is to certify that J. W. Addington was insane from March 31 until June 30, and that, after taking Oxien one week his mind was restored. He took nothing else, and it proved a God's blessing to him. I have also given it for kidney diseases, consumption, La Grippe and coughs, and found it equally good.

MARY L. ADDINGTON.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.—I have been treating with Oxien and Oxien Plasters, a man 47 years old, whose nervous system was terribly racked from the result of long continued use of alcohol. He had kidney trouble, and suffered much pain and was so nervous that he could not rest at night. In a few days he felt like a new person. He had been a chronic sufferer from alcoholism for thirty years of his life, and yet Oxien did this good work.

LIZZIE E. HAZLETON.

MUSCATINE, IOWA.—A twelve-year old girl here, who for the last four years had been gradually losing her nerve power, whose speech was gone, whose mind was impaired and strength reduced, was made strong by Oxien, the Wonderful Food for the Nerves. Before she began to use Oxien, the striking of a clock would set her almost wild. Now it does not disturb her. This change was brought about in two weeks.

M. Y. HOWE, Cedar St.

GEORGETOWN, CALIFORNIA.—I have taken Oxien with the most astonishing results. It relieved me of lameness in my shoulder and arm which I had for six months. I now feel as strong as a giant. My sleep is splendid, and it is really laughable to see an old man of fifty-five dancing. I haven't felt as well since I was fifteen. Its health and strength giving powers are marvelous.

F. W. MILLER.

NORTH PHARSALIA, NEW YORK.—I have been sick a year from the effects of La Grippe. I was a physical wreck and had so much pain between my shoulders and in my side that I could scarcely do anything. Two physicians doctored me but could find nothing to relieve me. I then used Oxien and am stronger than I have been in a year. All my neighbors are surprised at my looking so much better. It is truly a Wonderful Discovery.

MRS. ALMA STEVENS.

WINESAP, KENTUCKY.—My nineteen-year old son has been troubled with catarrh of the head and throat all his life, and about two weeks ago he took the grip and measles. I gave him Oxien and he is in better health than he ever was in his life. It is the best thing I ever saw or tried.

B. J. JAGGERS.

VINTON, IOWA.—The Oxien Plasters are the only thing that gave my spine strength enough to enable me to stand alone. Doctors I tried by the dozen, but all said "No, you will never go without crutches." Owing to a fall of 155 feet down a well, I had not been able to stand alone for three years and a half. After using Oxien Plasters I can walk a long way without a cane, and to-day I carried a pail of water without cane or crutch.

FRED CHRISTNER.

PAOLI, INDIAN TERRITORY.—I have got more good from using Oxien than five doctors could do me. I had a stomach trouble for four years, and tried five doctors, but none did me any good, and I was advised to try Oxien and it cured me.

JOHN D. COBBLE.

SPRINGDALE, ARKANSAS.—With a one dollar box of Oxien I have cured a child that had been given up by all the doctors. The child had what the doctors called nervous spasms or nervous fits. She had from two to five a day, and they would last from fifteen to twenty minutes, sometimes longer. Since using Oxien she has not even had a symptom of a fit. Make what use of this statement you think best to help people understand that Oxien is the best life-giving medicine in use.

L. D. GILBERT.

**FREE
AUGUST & SEPTEMBER
COUPON.**

Cut this out and mail to The Giant Oxie Co., 21 Willow St., Augusta, Me., and we will send a sample box of this Wonderful Food for the Nerves, absolutely free together with Lucky Investment and Dollars Booklets, giving agent's profits and hard time hints. This is The Chance of a Lifetime.

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Please mention COMFORT when you write.



CHATS WITH UNCLE CHARLIE

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THE MOSASAURUS.

years old, there were some ponds near him about twelve rods apart; the grass grew about two or three inches high, and when the dew was very heavy, or sometimes, perhaps, when it rained they were seen in the grass.

The curious part was that they always went out from the same pond, but never out of others back again to that one. Sometimes the boys, when a heavy dew was expected, would say, "Let us go feeling this morning." They would go out and follow the trail in the wet grass, and generally would get one or two eels. Sometimes the trail would go a few yards and then return to the pond, as if they had got discouraged and turned back.

Now I am going to tell you about some of the animals that lived in America long before men lived here. Some of you will remember in our talk last summer about the Peabody Museum, connected with Harvard College, that I told you of seeing some of the monstrous great skeletons of fishes and animals that lived in pre-historic times.

Do you know what pre-historic means? It means anything that happened or lived before there was any history; that is, before people lived on earth, and anything was at all as it is now.

Scientific men have studied into the subject of the animals that lived here in those times, and they have found sometimes enormous bones which have been found imbedded in rock or clay, which have lain there for unknown ages. And these men, who have studied the science of comparative anatomy—which you will learn all about when you are bigger—are able from these to reconstruct the forms of these long-forgotten animals.

What do you suppose we call the men who do this? Paleontologists.

It is a big word, isn't it?

You know if we find the skeleton of an animal with horns like a deer or an ox, we may be sure it never had claws; but if we find the jaw of an animal like a cat, we know that it had claws and not hoofs. And following out such reasoning as this, these men have made a pretty sure description of the pre-historic creatures which lived in this world before men did. The most ungainly of these was called the Mosasaurus. It was a tremendous great sea-serpent. He was by no means the largest of his kind, but he measured eighty feet in length.



THE STEGOSAURUS.

They live on the land a part of the time, and also in the sea, and their bones have been found from the Gulf of Mexico up as far as Lake Superior. He probably lived on creatures nearly as large as himself. He had four rows of conical teeth, which no doubt were pretty serviceable in catching and holding his prey; and he had an elastic neck like a snake. As he was built very much like a snake with a flattened tail, he could travel in the water with his four flattened paddles very fast, and could also wade in the shallows and stand on his tail; so you must turn the paper around to look at him. Then they had in those times an enormous reptile that left behind him three-toed tracks. He was called a "Dinosaur." Some of these were thirty feet long, and some were even sixty feet. They were a sort of lizard which lived upon vegetation and trees.

One of the most dreadful looking things that lived in those times, was a creature called the "Stegosaurus," that was thirty feet long and

lived both in the water and out of it. It fed on the tops of trees. It could move its four legs freely in every direction as a man moves his arms. And it used to sit up on its two hind limbs and monstrous tail and with its fore-legs brought down the tops of the tallest trees to get its dinner. You see by this picture what a beautiful creature he was, with all those scalloped arrangements up and down his back that furnished a ruffle which any lady might be proud to wear. The spines on his tail, however, were not very pretty for any creature that got into a fight with him. The strangest thing about this animal, and one which makes it different from any creature which has lived before or since, is the fact that he had two sets of brains, one in his skull like other folks, and the other somewhere down in his haunches, which he probably used to direct the operations of that queer-looking tail and hind legs. Probably if the rest of us were thirty or forty feet long we might be able to use two sets of brains; and, in fact, I have seen people, as it is, who I thought would not be injured by another set.

What should you think of an enormous great dragon flying around up in the air, twenty-five feet long? That is the kind of a bird they had in the days long before Adam and Eve lived in

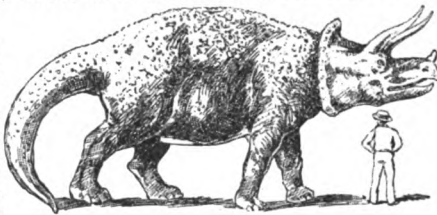


A GROUP OF PTERODACTYLS.

the garden of Eden, and Cain killed Abel. They were called Pterodactyls, and horrible creatures they were too. I think we should any of us be frightened to see such a thing flying down into our front yards, for instance. But there is one comfort to be had; there are no such creatures living now, as the Pterodactyls died out centuries ago. Nobody has yet been able to make up his mind whether they were birds, beasts, or reptiles, only that they probably flew in the air, and nobody knows what they ate.

Then there was another thing called a Triceratops, which was a three-horned creature that looked something like a rhinoceros; only it was very much larger, being twenty-five feet long, and with a queer tail like a reptile. Its mouth had a great beak, and a huge collar or ridge of bone came up from his skull which looked something like horns.

Then there was the Tinoceras, which seems to have been a kind of cross between the ele-



THE TRICERATOPS.

phant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus. He had six horns and two great tusks, which nobody knows what he did with. Some professors think he used to rove about like the horned and hoofed creatures of nowadays, eating the vegetation on the banks and around the ancient lakes.

How would you like to come across, in your walks through the fields and woods, a Megatherium? He was only eighteen feet high, and weighed six tons, and used to stand up on his hind legs and eat the leaves from the tops of the trees or among the branches. He was a kind of a sloth. You have read of the modern sloth in your books of Natural History which some of you have got through the kindness of the publishers of *Comfort*; but instead of climbing the trees to eat the foliage as the modern sloth does, this great creature stood up like a monstrous kangaroo and pulled the tree-top down where he could eat to his heart's content.

Then if you were not contented with meeting a Megatherium, you might meet a Glyptodon, which looked like a turtle but it was nine feet long. It is from these animals that the armadillos, of which you can read in your *Wood's Natural History*, have descended.

You all remember that some months ago we formed a Natural History Club to which we were all going to belong? Since then, however, a good many children have become readers of the *Comfort*, and we cordially invite all of them to join this club too, as there is a great deal to be learned about the lower animals which is both useful and interesting. You know the offer which the publishers of *Comfort* have made you in regard to *Wood's Natural History*? None of you should be without this book. It contains nearly eight hundred pages of interesting matter, with hundreds of illustrations of the animals of the world and a full account of their appearance and habits. There is no more interesting study in the world



MEGATHERIUM EATING DINNERS.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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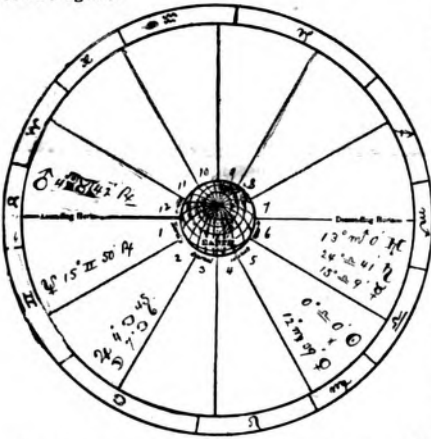
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the-earth and its inhabitants. We begin with the Sun's entry into the sign Libra for our deductions for the Autumn Quarter.

The Sun reaches the first minute of Libra at about 19 minutes past 8 P.M., the 22nd of September, Washington Mean Time. The Sun thus crossing the Equator from North to South marks the Autumnal Equinox. Experience teaches that some unusual disturbances to the earth's atmosphere is effected at the time of these annual equinoctial passages. By reason of the other phenomena occurring at about that time, look for some unusual atmospheric or electrical effects—probably high winds amounting to tornadoes or cyclones in places; also thunder, lightning and rains, especially the middle of the month.

The accompanying figure erected for the meridian of Washington, to the time indicated, presents the positions of the heavenly bodies and the firmament at that moment. Mars has just risen and stands retrograde in the 12th house opposite to the malefic Saturn and Herschel in the 6th house with Mercury. Neptune is near the cusp of the 2nd house in which the Moon and Jupiter are found nearly conjoined, while the Sun and Venus are in the 5th house of the figure.



The last degrees of Taurus are on the Ascending horizon and the early degrees of Aquarius are overhead on the south meridian. Taurus rising gives Venus dominion of the scheme. She is in Virgo in good aspect with Herschel, Jupiter, Mars and Moon. Being the significator of the people and so well conditioned, the Moon co-significator of the people also being so nearly conjoined with the great benefic Jupiter, would give most excellent promise of benefit and advantage to the masses of the people and harmony for all; but the square between the luminaries detracts from the measure of benevolence. Indications point to pleasant and healthy air, as a whole; fruitfulness of the earth, and good and wholesome fruit. They promise better harmony between the poorer and richer classes of earnest citizens. There will be increase of revenue replenishing the treasury to the detriment of the very wealthy interests of the country, which in some manner provokes bitter animosities and enmities towards the Chief Executive of the Country and the dominant administration. There will be some extraordinary shrinkages of money values in private interests and some disastrous failures in the commercial and monetary world during the fall and winter months, probably beginning in the latter days of September. The positions of the malefics indicate many secret plots and conspiracies among disorderly classes and from the socialist and anarchist; and point to the active use of prisons and places of confinement; also cautions the authorities against uprisings of criminals confined in such places.

The indications of the figure are not as promising as might be for children and younger members of the community, cautioning against diseases among them of a malarial and epidemic character, such as measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, low fevers, and abdominal troubles. And in general there will be increased prevalence of disease involving the urinary and generative organs, heart, and head or brain. Let all parents be watchful of early symptoms of malarial diseases among their children, especially if they were born near the 25th of January or April, or the 28th of July or October, of past years.

A Partial Eclipse of the Moon. The Moon will pass into the shadow of the Earth and be partially eclipsed in the 23rd degree of the sign Pisces at about 13 minutes past 11 o'clock at night on the 14th of September, 1894. It will be visible at Washington and vicinity. The effects of eclipses fall upon those portions of the earth where they are most perfectly visible; or which are ruled by the sign in which the eclipse occurs; and those effects influence the multitude or the country as a whole than particular persons of private condition. This eclipse falls in the sign Pisces. An ancient writer says: "An eclipse in the watery triplicity, in which Pisces is classed, presignifies rumors of war, and corruptions and overflow-

ing of the sea banks," also "harm to creatures living in the waters, and corruptions of rivers." The figure shows Jupiter just on the ascending horizon and inasmuch as he rules the sign in which the eclipse falls we apprehend that this country will not be injuriously affected but will be rather benefited in commerce. There may be and probably will be some serious failure of some large book-making concern and the time is evil for the literary world in matters of finance, also for schools and educational institutions. There may be some serious controversy or dispute over fisheries or seals, inasmuch as this eclipse falls in Pisces and the evil planets; are located in the northwest part of the figure, but diplomatic negotiations will be likely to result in permanent good to the country.

A Total Eclipse of the Sun occurs just after midnight in the morning of the 29th. It is not visible in this country. The Eclipse falls in the first decanate of the sign Libra, which according to the teachings on the subject, "corrupts the air and causes pestilence," and presignifies also injury to and scarcity of corn or grain. The principal effects, however, of this eclipse are to be looked for in Central Africa where there is likely to be warring and strife and some epidemic disease.

CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER 1—Saturday. The morning is decidedly unpropitious for transaction of a speculative character and bids thee hold on to the purse-strings. The noon and afternoon hours are the best for general ventures.

2—Sunday. The forenoon is unusually benevolent, particularly inviting communion with the poet, musician, and artist, and giving special appreciation of the beautiful in religion, nature, and art; the latter part of the day increases depression and induces melancholy, and does not encourage association with the very aged.

3—Monday. Begin early and improve every moment of the forenoon, particularly for transactions pertaining to money matters or trade; but as the noon hour approaches and passes have care not to decide matters hastily nor become involved in controversy of any kind; be patient under excitement and not over-sensitive to mental hurts; the latter part of the day gives improved conditions again.

4—Tuesday. Let this day be improved for literary pursuits and engagements, choice being given to the forenoon for urging the most important matters, such as depend upon mental labor; prosecute mathematical and scientific studies, and let contracts affecting legal and educational matters be made; merchants and tradesmen are particularly favored; in the afternoon and evening refrain from pressing suit with the fair sex and discourage dealings in fancy goods or articles of dress or adornment; little real enjoyment need be expected from musical or dramatic entertainments or social gatherings.

5—Wednesday. An indifferent day, giving little promise of profit or advantage; push routine work and duties.

6—Thursday. Make no application to persons high in authority, for advantage or favor, particularly in the afternoon or evening.

7—Friday. Avoid litigation and all matters connected with deeds and writings in the morning, when also defer important correspondence and contract making. For dramatists, musicians, and artists this is an especially fortunate day during the middle hours, as it is for social entertainments and pleasure seeking; let all engaged in the polite arts improve every moment; purchase for use, not trade, all articles of dress, adornment, or decoration, also musical merchandise, dramatic appurtenances, artists' materials, etc.; unusual pleasure will be experienced from music, the drama, and all honorable amusements.

8—Saturday. Merchants should transact business cautiously during the early forenoon, and purchases for trade are best deferred for a season; the noon and afternoon are best for transacting business with chemists, surgeons, bakers, iron and brass workers and carpenters.

9—Sunday. Pastor's discourse is likely to contain many peculiar sentiments and radical ideas; the aged are pleasantly disposed; and the oddities and curiosities of life engage the thoughts.

10—Monday. Be stirring early and employ every waking moment, preference being given to literary matters and the prosecution of mathematical and scientific studies; the mind is unusually active and ideas clothe themselves more readily than usual; urge correspondence; make contracts, especially those affecting legal and educational matters; hire help and push all matters of trade and business; but have care as the evening approaches, when no hasty conclusions in business should be formed; litigation and contention are likely to interfere seriously with the happy outcome of affairs of magnitude or importance now begun; be not rash; scrutinize carefully all business enterprises; seek not promotion in public positions nor offend thine employer; crimes are likely to be increased as the night advances and explosions and fires are rendered more likely than usual.

11—Tuesday. An evil day in which matters of much importance are best deferred; see that the tongue or pen do no violence to good judgment; moral deformities are excited and the record of crimes is likely to be made fuller than usual; be very careful if near to machinery or electrical apparatus and in the use of firearms or fires.

12—Wednesday. A favorable day for agricultural matters and for having dealings with landlords, in houses or lands, mining properties, lumber, coal, or wool. The day, however, does not encourage the inauguration of new business pertaining to the mechanical pursuits or trades; surgical operations and chemical experiments are less likely to give satisfactory results.

13—Thursday. Choose the middle hours for surgical operations and for dealing with military men, druggists, glass manufacturers, and all engaged in ingenious and mechanical trades, but keep out from underground places; use the forenoon for replenishing thy stock of cutlery, hardware, machinery, and tools and implements to be used for manufacturing purposes; the hours are unusually favorable for the most important moves of the time and encourages purchases for trade and all honorable undertakings.

14—Friday. The early forenoon is best for general affairs, for as the day advances there begin some very mischievous conditions under which no new ventures should be begun; especially if they relate to literary matters or are of a commercial or speculative character.

15—Saturday. Evil continues. Be cautious as the day advances for deceit and treachery are abroad; sign no deeds or notes nor enter into any contract of importance; postpone all correspondence of much moment; bankers and merchants should scrutinize applications for credit and signatures to money writings; literary and educational interests suffer unusual detriment, and increased mortality and business embarrassments are likely among the literati; especially apparent in the lives of those in such callings, born on or about the 25th of March or December of past years.

16—Sunday. This day conduces to happy efforts of the clergy, giving unusual volubility, eloquence and zeal to the pulpit discourse.

17—Monday. The first half of this day is evil, and little prosperity is likely to attend new undertakings; particularly avoid the land-lord and beware of making any contract with the laboring classes; the afternoon gives improved conditions, inviting vigorous activity in the principal affairs of life, especially to finances, commerce or trade.

18—Tuesday. Push business vigorously during the forenoon; avoid hasty decision and all excitement or contention in thy dealings; buy goods for trade, and have dealings with persons of means and prominence, and negotiations pertaining to artistic, musical, dramatic, and fancy wares and merchandise; also wearing apparel and articles of adornment, household furniture and decorations; let all engaged in the polite and elegant occupations specially improve this time; the decorative artist and landscape painter should lose no moment of this forenoon particularly if their work is executed with water colors; the afternoon and evening are especially unpromising for seeking preferment or any advantage or profit from public officials or persons high in authority in great corporations.

19—Wednesday. This day has but little to recommend it; be sure that all purchases are really needed, and loan no money nor speculate.

20—Thursday. The first two-thirds of this day are the best and all general business should be urged at this time; the late afternoon and evening hours are peculiarly unpromising for the prosecution of business relating to fancy and ornamental goods and also the pursuit of the fine arts; musical, dramatic, or social entertainments do not give much permanent satisfaction.

21—Friday. Begin this day with its first hours, for the mental powers are active and the judgment likely to be more sound than usual; literary pursuits will be successfully prosecuted, business ventures now made prove fortunate, and humanity in general will be more benevolently inclined in the morning and evening which are really the better parts of the day; have dealings with landlords, real estate men, plumbers, builders, agriculturalists, and with all who are engaged in laborious vocations.

22—Saturday. Applications to public officers or those in authority will find but little favor during the forenoon; but as the noon is passed, let all energies be given to the prosecution of business; buy goods for trade and urge the mechanical pursuits; deal in machinery, especially such as pertains to the manufacture of woolen goods; have surgical operations performed in the late forenoon; let judges weigh testimony and decide important cases, and lawyers take initiatory steps and urge proceedings in litigation of magnitude. This time is more fortunate than usual for persons born about the 23rd of February, 26th of June, 17th of August, or 26th of December, of past years, promising financial betterment, increased business advantages, and improved health.

23—Sunday. Not promising for a Sabbath day, inviting rest and quiet rather than physical exertion or mental efforts; depressing influences prevail in the latter part of the day, giving tendencies to hopelessness and despair in some lives, notably those born about the 14th of January, April, July, or October, of past years; for the majority of them have been under adverse influences for many weeks and have probably had many disorders of an unusual character; let all such take courage for they will have positive relief from the mischievous conditions very soon.

24—Monday. The middle hours of this day are the best, particularly for dealings with persons of prominence in the political world or those who occupy stations in public life or in charge of great public works or corporations; the evening presents excitable conditions involving patience for avoidance of controversies or disagreements; crimes and fires are increased in the next few hours, and explosions are to be specially guarded against.

25—Tuesday. Evil continues until noon, but thereafter very benevolent influences prevail covering the next 48 hours, which invite vigorous prosecution of all honorable transactions. REGULUS advises his friends to begin at noon the earnest pushing of their several callings, and especially those in the strictly intellectual pursuits in life. Indeed, the passing influences are among the best that are encountered in many days and should be improved for the inauguration of all principal ventures. Exception should be made at this time to merely speculative ventures unless the nativity is peculiarly fortunate. Preference should be given to this afternoon for commercial ventures; merchants, tradesmen, public writers, lawyers, judges, mathematicians, travelers, printers, and all engaged in the ingenious pursuits or employed with the pen are particularly favored unless born about the dates indicated in the suggestions for the 23rd instant, or about the 1st of March, 9th of April, 3rd of September, or 12th of October, of past years.

26—Wednesday. Begin with the dawn, for the day is of excellent promise; bright and prosperous are the conditions for the merchant and traveler, also for the beginning of great and honorable undertakings and for entering upon new ventures in the mechanical pursuits; deal in machinery—especially such as pertains to the manufacture of woolen goods—electrical apparatus, hardware and cutlery; make contracts and engagements with farmers, miners, plumbers, and contractors and builders; deal in metals and cattle; handle chemicals, and have dental work performed. The day is a superior one and REGULUS commends it as one of the best for nearly all the undertakings in life, and urges his friends to make beginnings in all important enterprises. If this be the anniversary of any birthday it gives a much improved season for success and welfare in life.

27—Thursday. Continue the efforts of yesterday with the utmost vigor, giving preference to business pertaining to the elegant and decorative in life; let all engaged in the polite arts improve every moment, urging and realizing from their several pursuits; purchase articles of dress, adornment, or decoration, also musical merchandise, dramatic appurtenances, artists' materials, etc.

28—Friday. Unusual circumspection is advised in all undertakings of this day; beware of speculation, as bad losses are threatened; some bad failures occur in business circles about this time, and fraud and defalcations of magnitude come to light. The day is peculiarly evil in a pecuniary sense, and it is really dangerous in point of health to persons born about January, 1802; April, 1822; July, 1844; August, 1866; or December, 1885; and such persons should exercise great care in all the affairs of their passing life.

29—Saturday. The injunction against speculation urged for yesterday is continued for to-day, otherwise the day is not specially conducive to success in any particular direction; but is detrimental to advancement of intellectual and literary pursuits.

30—Sunday. A Sabbath likely to be noted for unusual nervous excitement and feverish activity; strange peculiarities, irritability and restlessness will be common; the mind will incline towards the curious in science, art and mechanism; and ingenious, new, and unusual ideas are born and peculiar notions and whims provoke discord and controversy. The day is generally unfavorable for persons born about

the 16th of January or April, or the 19th of July or October, of past years, for they are likely to be just now having some unusual mental anxieties, troubles through correspondence, writings or business controversies, and in some cases from malicious or slanderous report. REGULUS advises all to let special prudence rule their acts and moderation and deliberate judgment control the tongue; combustion is quickened and some bad fires and losses are probable in these days; increased mortality from apoplexy, paralysis, and heart disease, also from hemorrhage and violence is more than likely.

CHILDREN'S CIRCLE OF COMFORT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)
any and all of you to become as well learned in this branch as though you had belonged to the higher classes of some academy for a long time. For if you read this book through carefully, and learn all that it contains there about the animals of the world, you will know all there is to know. Professor Wood was the greatest Natural Historian of his day, and has written it up in an interesting way which you will find easy to read and to remember. In fact, we have a great many letters from those who have got the book and read it, about its value and interest to all. Those of you who have not yet made an effort to get the book, will I hope, do so at once, and follow up all we have learned about natural history.

All you have to do, you know, is to get three subscribers to COMFORT, (your own will count one) and you will get a copy of the Wood's Natural History without a cent of expense to you. Or, if you can only get two, you can enclose ten cents when you send their names and addresses with their subscription money. Try and get one, all of you. **UNCLE CHARLIE.**

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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Fall the queer names of post-offices in this great country, it would be hard to tell which is the oddest. And their origin is often as queer as the names themselves. Here is a list, for instance, which is as unique as it is curious, arranged under a

heading of their several States:

ARKANSAS. Coin, Esau, Gin, Grab, Ink, Jumbo, Negro Hill.

CALIFORNIA. Ben-Hur, Bogus, Paradise, Yankee Jim, You Bet, Yuba City.

IDAHO. Bonus, Bumpus, Chestnut, Fidelity, Fruit, Grubb, Jubilee, Saw-tooth, Triumph.

KANSAS. Crow, Fall, Happy, Harmony, Purity, Sugar.

ALABAMA. Axle, Ball Play, Dead Level, Get-up, Urbanity, Abel, Saint's Store.

COLORADO. Scissors, Troublesome, Sugar, Leaf, Wigwam.

DELAWARE. Blackbird, Mermaid, Re Lion, Rising Sun.

FLORIDA. Alligator, Glory, Mary Esther.

ILLINOIS. Advance, Allright, Moonshine, Spankey, Tom.

KENTUCKY. Barefoot, Bee Lick, Easy Gap, Gimlet, Eve, Haystack, Tidal Wave, Rabbit Hash.

LOUISIANA. Cutoff, Dime, McGinty, Relief, Prohibition, Slaughter.

MARYLAND. Bishop's Head, Blue Ball, Chance, Pivot, Thrift.

MASSACHUSETTS. Teaticket.

MICHIGAN. Mikado, Roots, Waltz, Devil's Lake.

MINNESOTA. Vermillion, Red-wing.

MISSISSIPPI. Energy, Freetrade, Peelers, Yellow Rabbit, Saint's Rest.

MONTANA. Truly, Wisdom.

NEBRASKA. Looking Glass, Rescue, Stop.

NEVADA. Fair Play.

NEW JERSEY. Barley, Sheaf.

NEW YORK. Catfish, Long Year, Reserve, Result, Shinhopple.

OHIO. Black Jack, Crab Apple, Jolly, Jump, Pulse, Africa.

OKLAHOMA. Hominy.

OREGON. Progress.

PENNSYLVANIA. Big Shanty, Good Intent, Husband, Muff, Panic.

SO. CAROLINA. Snipes, Thrifty.

INDIANA. "B," Desolation, Kickapoo, Solitude.

IOWA. Jericho, Muddy, Zero.

MISSOURI. Pulltight, Dutchtown, Dudenville, Jimtown, Drynob, Ebenezer, Lone Elm, Lone Jack, Lone Dell, Lone Oak, Lone Spring, Lone Star, Lone Tree, Prohibition, Rolling Home, Paradise, Tribulation, Nishnabotna, Cockrum, Niverna, Nixa, Lupua, Arnica, Job, Phlegeton, Black Jack, Blooming Rose.

TENNESSEE. "A. B. C.," Yum Yum, "Y. Z.," Let, Al, Andy, Ben, Bob, Boy, Bud, Cute, Ego, Gabe, Gath, Ho, Ken, Loo, Nancy, Notime, Number One, Seg, Sill, Tang, Tut, Whig, Zach, Peanut.

IRIZONA. Big Bug, Bumble Bee, Tip Top.

MAINE. Number One, Razorville, Sabbathday Lake.

GEORGIA. Absalom, Adam, Cat Creek, Clinch, Crane-eater, Enigma, Red Belt.

NO. CAROLINA. Tariff, Bachelor, Maiden, Black Jack, Calico, Catfish, Fig, Gunpowder, Haystack, Hanging Dog, Hives, Negro Head.

TEXAS. Baby Head, Cat Spring, Cowboy, Ditto, Yuno.

VIRGINIA. St. Tammany's, Negro Arm, Negro Foot.

Sometime ago the residents of a new town in Missouri sent in their application for a post-office; the name they suggested was not satisfactory to the department for some reason.

"Select another name," wrote the Postmaster-General.

"Something not so common, something peculiar."

"All right," the applicants replied, "call it Peculiar." And the mail bag has gone to Peculiar, Cass Co., Mo., ever since.

Doubtless there are plenty more names throughout the country just as odd as the above.

HERE AND THERE.

It is estimated that England now owns about 1,400,000 square miles of territory in Africa.

On July 4th, the citizens of Hawaii formerly proclaimed the establishment of a republic.

A monument is to be erected in Chicago to the late Henry C. Work who wrote "Marching Through Georgia."

The house in which Martin Luther died at Eisleben, Germany, bore no mark to indicate this fact until a few weeks ago. The famous house, however, has now been repaired and restored in a worthy fashion. It contains many relics of the great reformer.

George M. Pullman the millionaire car builder, began his career as a laborer along the Erie Canal; and the millionaire wagon manufacturer "went west" with less than a dollar in his pocket. The U. S. Senator Gorman of Maryland rose from the humble position of a page in Congress.

ANCIENT OYSTERS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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OYSTER-EATING epicure has come into the world too late. He should have lived several millions of years ago, when, instead of the five or six kinds of those bivalves now existing, there were scores of species. Where at present there are "half a dozen raw," there were then as many myriads. In fact, it was the Age of Oysters.

In those days what is now the State of Texas was under water, and a large part of its area was one great oyster-bed—probably the biggest oyster-bed that ever existed. A good deal may be told about it with certainty because the remains of it are still to be seen. In truth, the shells form a continuous sheet 20 feet thick and extending almost half way across the State. They have been transformed into a sort of limy rock, in which they are loosely cemented together.

The vast accumulations of oyster shells found on hill-tops in that part of the country were for a long time regarded as of mysterious and inexplicable origin. Various crude and even superstitious surmises were formed as to the agency which had gathered and put them in such places. But geology explains that there came an epoch when the great Texas bed of mollusks was uplifted out of the sea and became dry land. Then, of course, the oysters died. Streams cut away valleys, leaving hills with the shells on their summits.

Perhaps a more vivid notion of the vastness of this deposit of oyster shells will be given by the statement that, approximately speaking, it equals in bulk and thickness the coal seams of Pennsylvania. The bivalves which lie on the surface of the ground are gathered and burned for lime by people in Texas. They are also used for making roads. Some of them bear a strange resemblance to the upper part of the human cranium. Hence they are called by the natives "skulls."

Those of another species are of enormous size, the shells being as much as 5 inches thick and weighing 8 or 10 pounds a pair. But the animal that lived in this big house was small in proportion to the size of its dwelling—hardly larger, indeed, than the ordinary oyster of the restaurants to-day. On the other hand, there was a kind with a coiled shell which was the smallest of all known oysters, being only about an inch in length. One characteristic of these ancient bivalves seems to have been that they ran to shell and had little meat.

One very extraordinary species that lived in the Texas bed has been called the "cockscomb oyster," because of the peculiar shape of its shell. The latter is of beautiful form, with a toothed edge. This particular animal would appear to have been the hermit of its family, inasmuch as it is only occasionally that the remains of a single specimen are found. Seemingly it did not dwell in colonies, as all other kinds of oysters do and always have done. The seeker after curiosities thinks himself in luck when he comes across one of these toothed shells.

Some of these ancient oysters were much like those sold in the market to-day, but the great majority of them belonged to species which have been extinct for ages. One kind had a remarkable development like a beak above the hinge. It has been named the "gryphaea," from its fancied resemblance to a griffin. Another sort was shaped like a boat with upturned prow; of it there were numerous varieties. Yet another is formed in the likeness of a ram's horn. Specimens of this last are "weathered out" by millions from clay banks.

The griffins and cockscombs lived in much deeper water than the others, as is known from the fact that their shells are found in limestones and clays. Such deposits were not laid down in the shallows. All of the species were associated with forms of molluscan life which are unknown to-day except by remains preserved from a remote antiquity. Among these vanished creatures were huge "ammonites" with coiled shells, related to the modern nautilus. Of the same family was the "orthoceras," which had a house shaped like a straight horn, sometimes as much as 9 feet in length.

There were clams in those days also. One species was very peculiarly constructed, the two valves of its shell differing greatly in size. The right valve was a foot long, while the left one was only about as big as a silver dollar. Of course, the animal was very small. No housewife would have considered it an economical shellfish to buy. There were plenty of sea urchins then, as well as many kinds of single-shelled mollusks. Great banks of the latter yet remain in the region described. No lack of life was there in that remote epoch, when man was an animal as yet unthought of on the earth.

The oysters of that period had not him to fear as an enemy. But they were obliged to struggle for existence against numerous other foes. Many of their shells perforated with holes prove that they were preyed on by boring worms and five-fingered starfishes. Oddly enough, only one solitary fossil starfish has thus far been discovered in the Texas bed. But these five-fingered parasites have soft bodies, so that they would only be preserved under unusual and accidental conditions. Among the most destructive enemies of oysters then as now were fishes of the ray tribe, which had teeth arranged in stone-crusher fashion. Large numbers of these teeth are found among the shells.

Teeth are commonly preserved long after all other parts of the animals to which they belonged have decayed and disappeared. That is because the enamel that forms their outer coat is the hardest known substance of organic origin. Among the most extraordinary of the relics of a distant past are the sharks' teeth which are plowed up by farmers literally by thousands from the soil of Virginia and Maryland. Some of these are of astonishing bigness. Only the other day the writer saw and handled one which weighed 2 pounds. It was 6 inches long and 5 inches broad at the base. The color of its polished surface was a rich olive green. It was, in fact, a very beautiful object.

Now, there are sharks to-day which attain a length of 40 feet. The biggest tooth belonging

to any one of them would not be longer than a man's little finger, and its weight would hardly exceed 3 or 4 ounces. One may then imagine what enormous creatures these ocean tyrants of long ago must have been. To suppose that they attained a length of 90 feet would be placing the estimate at a minimum. But the only remains which they have left behind to tell the story of their size and prowess are the teeth described. The enormous numbers in which the latter are found convey a notion of the multitudes of such ravenous fishes which must have existed in those days.

These great sharks were contemporary with the oysters described. At that period there was very little dry land in the world, the greater part of this continent not having as yet emerged from the ocean. What are now the Rocky Mountains were then merely scattered islands. Animal life was chiefly represented by fishes, which may be said to have run creation. There were carnivorous whales—possibly it was a survivor of their kind that swallowed Jonah—and finny monsters clad in armor plates, of indescribable ferocity and of many species now happily extinct. Enormous reptiles swam in the seas. Some of them resembled in all respects the modern notion of the Sea Serpent, attaining a length of 80 feet. Another species was built like a kangaroo, standing 30 feet high upon its hind legs, which were of service to the animal in wading as it did far out into deep water in search of sea weeds. Its 2,000 grinding teeth were arranged in magazines, and its jaws were shaped like a pair of salad spoons, for picking up the food on which it lived. There were fish-lizards, with heads like alligators' and swimming paddles resembling those of the turtle. They lived habitually in deep water, diving to great depths in pursuit of prey. In order that they might see in the watery abysses, they had eyes a foot in diameter. So numerous were they that their petrified droppings are found in great quantities at this day. A notion may be got of their size from the fact that in a mold made for a cast of one at the British Museum twenty-six gentlemen sat down to dinner.

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What the Farmer Can Get Out of Uncle Sam.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY RENE BACHE.

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THE farmer, wherever he may be, can get a good many things out of Uncle Sam, if he goes about it in the right way.

To begin with, if he wants seeds of any sort to try, he has only to write to the Department of Agriculture, asking for them. They will be sent promptly, free of charge, in a bundle marked "Official Business." A request for "some vegetable and flower seeds," will usually obtain ten packages of the former and five of the latter. The vegetable bundle will very likely contain a quart of corn, a half pint of beans, a half pint of peas, and small envelopes of cabbage, pumpkin, tomato, pepper, radish, cucumber, and beet seeds. People often abuse the Government's generosity by applying for seeds a dozen times in a year.

Uncle Sam in 1894 will pay more than \$130,000 for seeds and the expenses of distributing them. The object aimed at is that the vegetables and flowers grown in this country shall be as good and pretty of their kinds as possible. The cabbage and cauliflower seeds thus disseminated are produced Connecticut and New York State, especially on Long Island. Peas for seed come from Michigan and Wisconsin. Those got from elsewhere are apt to have worms in them; but the flies of which these worms are the young do not live in the region mentioned. Carrot and lettuce seeds are got from California, cucumber seeds from Nebraska and Missouri, and seeds of corn, melons and onions from everywhere. Beet seeds are imported, and likewise nearly all the flower seeds.

The plants grown from these seeds are sure to be the best varieties known of their kinds. Thus the farmer has an opportunity to start the most highly improved vegetable stocks on his land. If he wants to make experiments with new sorts of crops, which he thinks may grow well, he has only to write to Washington for the material required to begin with. All the seeds are carefully tested before they are sent out, to make sure that they have life and that no weed-seeds are among them. This is done by sprouting samples of each batch in water. Of course, discretion is practiced in the distribution. Tobacco seeds are not sent to the Dakotas, nor are spring wheat seeds furnished to winter wheat States.

Two-thirds of the Government's seeds are distributed through Congressmen, to whom it is as well for the farmer to apply. Each member gets about 5,000 packages. As a rule, they furnish the addresses of the person to whom they want the seeds sent, with free postage franks for pasting on the envelopes, and the Department of Agriculture mails them. A story is told of a green Representative who requested that the seeds composing his quota should be sent to his boarding-house in Washington. On reaching home at night, he found an irate landlady almost at fist cuffs with a driver of a wagon who insisted on carrying up to the Congressman's room about twenty huge sacks filled with packages of seeds. They were sent back.

Useful plants, to the number of half a dozen or so, can be obtained by any farmer from the Government. He has only to write to the Department of Agriculture asking for them, and he will receive them within a few days without a penny's expense to himself. They are distributed for the purpose of enabling people to experiment with them, and, if they grow well, they will afford the finest possible stock to propagate from. Several huge greenhouses at Washington are given up to the business of raising them from slips. During the last year more than 60,000 were sent all over the country in response to requests. Among them were 34,400 strawberries, 15,000 native and foreign grapes, 2,734 olives, 2,696 camphor, 3,000 figs, 2,690 tea, and 3,600 miscellaneous, including oranges, currants, raspberries, coffee, vanilla, black pepper, pineapple, and various semi-tropical plants.

On request, the Department of Agriculture will send seedlings of forest trees and of the cultivated chestnuts and pecans which bear chestnuts as big as horsechestnuts and pecan nuts four times as big as wild ones, with shells so thin that they may be cracked like peanuts between thumb and finger. Applications should be framed sensibly, however; for some of those received ask for plants native to all zones of the earth, embracing the most northern and most tropical species—to be tried perhaps in localities where few of them could possibly live. But all reasonable demands are promptly complied with. Of late many people in the South have been asking for olives and figs, which grow well in the Gulf States.

Uncle Sam gives \$750,000 a year for the support of experiment stations in the various States and Territories, for the benefit of farmers. These establishments conduct such practical experiments in agriculture as are beyond the means and capacity of the average tiller of the soil to perform for himself. Each such

station tries to find out what crops and beasts can be raised most profitably in its own particular section. Among other things, they determine the comparative value of fertilizers—in other words, what food plants thrive on best. By trial they ascertain what is the best diet for potatoes, tomatoes, onions, etc. Thus the intelligent farmer is no longer compelled to buy his manures or other enriching stuff blindly.

The modern farmer has reduced his methods to a scientific basis. He recognizes his fields as so much capital in bank, as it were, and knows just what interest he can obtain on the investment. Having cut 5 tons of hay, he wishes to find out how much plant-food he has drawn. Turning to his "Table for Calculating the Exhaustion and Enrichment of the Soil"—obtained by request from the Department of Agriculture—he finds that 5 tons of hay contain 155 pounds of nitrogen, 182 pounds of potash, 41 pounds of phosphoric acid, 8 pounds of lime, etc. Wishing to calculate how much plant-food he will give back to his field with a stated amount of manure, he turns to another table and finds the composition of the different fertilizers at his command.

From other tables he finds out how much food, and of what kinds, will be required to produce a given weight in hogs, sheep, or cattle. All such things are determined with scientific accuracy at the experiment stations by practical trials, thus saving the farmer trouble and money. Government experts have devoted much attention in the arid and sub-arid regions of the United States to ascertain what grasses would grow in such soils. With this end in view, they have sent out skilled men all over the dry belt, to hunt for suitable grasses, with shears to clip off the seed-tops and bags to contain them. The seeds thus obtained have been planted and carefully watched, to see how they did. Those which proved promising have been cultivated for use by farmers.

The Department of Agriculture has been often condemned as paternalistic. That is what the farmers want. They would like to be taken care of in some way, as well as the manufacturers, whose industries are so painstakingly nursed by Congress. To further illustrate what science is doing for the tiller of the soil—it was recently proposed to turn a big lake in California into an irrigation reservoir. Government experts examined the water and found that it lacked the elements required to produce fertility. So the lake was drained, and its bed was turned into first-rate farming land. The area concerned in this scheme of irrigation was as great as that of Connecticut and Rhode Island combined.

Each of the experiment stations is attached to an agricultural college, and for the support of each such college Uncle Sam gives \$20,000 per annum. The colleges are for the education of better farmers. They take the farmers' sons and teach them the latest and most scientific agricultural methods. If the boys got the instruction at ordinary educational institutions, they would probably go off into business and the professions. But graduates of the agricultural colleges usually go back to the farms, rendered more practical by the teaching absorbed. In some States the money appropriated for this purpose by the Government has been gobbled by colleges which have created agricultural features on paper for the sake of securing the cash. But the farmers have power enough to put a stop to that sort of abuse with their votes.

Whatever information he desires in relation to agricultural matters the farmer can obtain by writing to the Department, which will respond with private instruction and its own publications bearing on the subject. All the most advanced knowledge is thus on tap at Washington for his benefit. He can ascertain how to destroy noxious insects, to combat fungous diseases of plants, to fight against destructive birds—in short, everything he can possibly want to learn as to his business he can get points about from Uncle Sam.

\$5. PER 1000 PAID

for distributing circulars from house to house. Good men wanted to work for us. WE PAY CASH. Have nothing to sell. Enclose stamp and give reference. U. S. MUTUAL ADVERTISING ASSOCIATION, Chicago, Ill.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

It is estimated that two hundred million more bushels of oats were raised this year than last.

A good milk cow can be profitably kept for milking purposes, until she is eight years old.

Whenever a farmer gets a new labor-saving implement for himself, let him buy one for his wife for the kitchen work.

Save your sunflower seed for the hens. It is not only a good egg-producer, but makes their plumage thick and glossy.

Milk and eggs are sources of revenue at all seasons, and bring in returns every day, where they are properly managed.

Corn is usually regarded as the best food for fattening hogs, but the sweet potato is ahead of it. Corn, however, is the cheaper.

One-third of your crop depends upon the soil, one-third upon the seed, and the other third upon the care and cultivation you give it.

Do not over-feed animals; feed them three times a day, if they are to be fatted for market, but give them only what they will eat up clean.

The Massachusetts Horticultural Society has proved by long experience, that apples grown in grassland will keep longer than others.

Make all stock pens and stables warm now, by stopping the cracks where wind can enter. This is cheaper than giving your stock grain for fuel.

St. Vitus Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific cures. By mail, postage free. Circular, Fredonia, N.Y.

A horse perspires through the pores of its body, like a man; cattle do so only to a limited degree, but hogs only perspire on the inside of their legs.

Use a little of your time and energy this fall in draining low wet grounds; they will probably prove to be rich lands and the extra crop will soon repay you for the outlay.

Do not waste money or time on trees for the home grounds that are of fancy, foreign growth. By all means plant trees about the house, but give preference to native forest growths.

When you put cabbages away for the winter, pack them closely in rows, cover the heads with straw and put boards over the straw. In this way you will have good cabbages until warm weather.

A farmer who has made great profit on pigs, begins by feeding them daily a cupful of dry oats and peas, besides their milk; then he changes to shorts, then to wheat flour and winds up with corn meal.

By a proper and judicious selection of bees, a very marked improvement in breeding and in honey will be noted among the hives. There is as much difference in bees as between full-blooded and scrub stock.

MAGICIAN'S OUTFIT.

free, consisting of Pack of Trick Cards, Pocket Camera, Two Magic Keys, Latest Wire Puzzle, Devil's Bottle and Book of Magic. Total value, 60 cts., will be sent free with large Catalogue if you enclose ten cents to cover postage. Write to INGERSOLL & BRO., 67 Cortlandt St., New York.



FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$40 gold watch pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address: **THE NATIONAL W.F.C. & IMPORTING CO.,** 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

\$450 Per 1000 CASE for distributing circulars. Send stamp. U.S. Distributing Bureau, Chicago.

\$40 buys "KNIGHT" Pneumatic Bicycle. 28-inch Ball Diamond. Shipped for approval for \$5.00. ILLS. CATALOGUE FREE. **KNIGHT CYCLE CO.,** St. Louis, Mo. 317 N 14th

15 SQUARES VELVET and FLUSH to set off and perfect your costly parlour and hall. Birds, flowers, grass, etc. Placed on Blipster (irony) hanger (reusable) sale. Assorted and painted by us in all colors. For 50 cts. **ART STORE,** Box 298 Augusta, Me.

SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFERS. GRAND CLOSING BARGAINS.

Costly Wearing Apparel Closing Out at Less Than Half Price.

Every reader of COMFORT is aware that there is a depressed market and that the manufacturers and dealers in all lines anticipated that business would be good and prices lower when the tariff should be changed. There was no change in the earlier months of the year nor through the summer and consequently large stocks of goods were held at bankrupt prices. The pressure became so great that stock after stock of these expensive goods were thrown upon the market, and cash buyers were able to get goods at less than the manufacturers' cost.

COMFORT'S VAST BENEFIT SYSTEM.

Knowing of this depression and desiring to help our millions of readers, COMFORT has bought early and late in the market and turned the goods over to its readers at the most marvellous bargain prices ever seen. Our readers have bought single articles at just the price you would have to pay if you bought them by the car load at the manufacturer. There has never been such a slaughter in prices since before in the world. It is now midsummer and we find ourselves with quite a large stock of goods on hand, which we shall dispose of to the first comers without profit to ourselves. Just read what they are and order at once as we intend to close out this assortment immediately and prepare for a great boom of COMFORT's circulation, which will not give us time to pay any more attention to this Great Benefit System at present. Order at once as you will never get such a chance again.

49 CENTS EACH. Leader in the Downward Crash.

Chambray and Serpentine Waists Going for Almost Nothing.

LADIES; DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A LOW PRICE FOR SUCH GREAT VALUE?

These Chambray and Serpentine waists are neat, fashionable and correct. They can be worn at all times in the Summer, Fall, and in the Winter, and are used in combination with any kind of a skirt all the year around. It is the most fashionable form of basque ever invented and is becoming to young and old or to any kind of a form. The most popular garment which was ever conceived for women's wear. Come in beautiful colors and the most pleasing designs and effects, and every one at the top of fashion. A manufacturer failed and COMFORT bought 2,000 of these. They went so fast that we were obliged to have over 10,000 made to fill our orders. At the price we paid it was a loss to us but we would not disappoint those who failed to get the first lot. There are now just 1,525 of these waists left. We shall sell them at the same price as before to close out the entire lot.

ONLY 49c.

Including a six months' subscription to COMFORT.

These are fine in texture and made of the very best chambray cloth. They sell from \$1.00 to \$1.50 at the largest stores. We shall close them out at a loss to ourselves. Our special bargain price is 49c including a six months' subscription to COMFORT, each and 5c in mailing expenses, 50c in all. Order at once as these are the last we shall have. They will be stylish for the next three years or more. Give bust measure and state what color you prefer.

PREMIUM OFFER.

Send us a club of 3 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 75c each and we will send you one of these waists free for your trouble. Act at once to get one while we still have them.

GOING WITH A RUSH.

"Just as Pretty as a Picture."

RICH AND FASHIONABLE TEA GOWNS BEING SACRIFICED.

In June we had 5,000 beautiful India tea gowns bought in one lot at a bankrupt sale. They have gone like hot cakes and there is but a small part of this invoice left. We want to get rid of the small quantity that we have on hand. If you want a beautiful tea gown for general wear the coming Fall and Winter, one of which you will be proud all the time and which looks pretty and stylish enough to wear to a party, and which is just as comfortable a dress as you ever saw, now is your chance to get it. They cannot be manufactured at the price for which we will sell you what are left. Fast colors; strong make; firm cloth; stylish effects and the latest fashion. Suitable for any age and the greatest bargain that will be offered to you in a century. We will close our entire lot for 95c each, and 17c for shipping charges, \$1.15 in all, including a one year's subscription to COMFORT. Give bust measure in ordering and state what color you prefer. This is positively the last opportunity you will have to get this wonderful bargain.

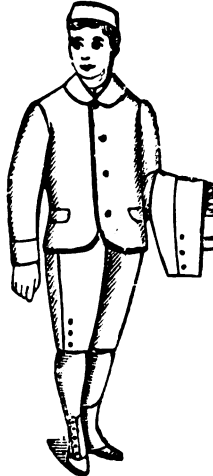
OUR OFFER TO YOU.

If you will send us a club of 5 subscribers at 25c each, we will make you a free present of one of these wrappers.

IRON CLAD CLOTHES FOR BOYS.

Our "Old Red School House" Suit.

Wears Like Iron for School or Play. Worth \$7.50, for \$2.79.



It is just the time when you are thinking of buying a suit of clothes for your boy to wear through the Fall and Winter. If you go into your own store you will have to pay from \$6.00 to \$12.00 for a suit of clothes. We have a suit which sells for \$7.50 in the city and was made for this high priced trade. These clothes will not wrinkle or shrink. They are just the kind of a suit that your boy wants. They are made of good material, look well, and have long, strong wear in them. Now is your chance to get a first class suit at low price.

COMFORT'S "OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE" SUIT

is just the thing for boys. It is made of heavy cheviot cloth, single breasted and two re-enforced pairs of pants, and polo cap. It is the best suit ever gotten up for school and play wear and would be sold at city stores for from \$5.00 to \$7.50 a suit. It comes in reliable shades of brown, blue and black and is strongly made in every particular. It is handsome and holds its shape without shrinking; worth three times its price for your boy; strong, durable and attractive. Tell your neighbors where you got this suit so that they can send for one like it. It comes in ages from 4 to 14. Sure to be satisfactory. Give age and color.

WE SELL THIS SUIT for \$2.79 and 30c. to pay shipping charges, \$3.09 in all, including a one year's subscription to COMFORT.

PREMIUM OFFER TO SECURE THIS SUIT FOR YOUR BOY. Get up a club of 15 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each and send the name and money to us and we will give you one of these "Old Red Schoolhouse" suits absolutely free for your trouble.

ETON SERGE DRESS, \$3.67.

\$10.00 SUIT SOLD AT THIS PRICE.

YOUR LAST CHANCE.

We have disposed of thousands of these Eton serge suits in the last month to happy ladies in every part of the country. With this great sale there has not been the slightest disappointment, while we have received hundreds of letters expressing the greatest satisfaction and surprise that we were able to send such a valuable dress for so little money. We have made another smash in prices and shall let the balance of these high grade, thorough made, stylish cut and beautiful made suits go at

OUR SPECIAL BARGAIN PRICE OF \$3.67.

This cloth is the product of the most noted woolen mills in New England and was purchased at a great bargain of the manufacturer during the panic last year. It was made into suits by the best skilled workmen. We cannot to-day buy the material alone for the price of the suits all made up. It is a tremendous bargain and will delight the heart of every lady who is fortunate enough to secure one of these fashionable costumes.

DESCRIPTION.

This suit comes in the latest style with empire belt, full wide skirt, full sleeves, and black or blue in color. It has never sold for less than from \$6.50 to \$8.50 in the city. Fast color, strong in material, fashionable in cut and material, and perfect in fit. In ordering state bust measure and color. The skirt can be adjusted by wearer. We offer this wonderful suit at the low price of \$3.67 each, including one year's subscription to COMFORT, and 33c. to pay shipping expenses, \$4.00 in all. You should send orders at once. Remember this is the closing up of this lot. The greatest value for the money you have ever seen. Fashionable and sensible and sure to give perfect satisfaction. The handomest dress in fashionable attire ever sold at a popular price anywhere. Comes in blue and black.

LAST GREAT OFFER. Get up a club of 18 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each and we will make you a free present of one of these beautiful suits.

Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



FARMING THE LOBSTER.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY RENE BACHE.

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The art of propagating lobsters artificially has only been understood for a short time. Nevertheless, it is a very simple matter. The eggs, obtained by fishermen from the adult females, are placed in an ordinary shallow jar of glass. In this receptacle they are kept healthy by a constantly circulating stream of sea-water. The eggs are olive green in color, and, as the time of hatching approaches, the shells become so translucent that the embryo lobsters may be seen coiled up inside of them. They are about one-third of an inch long when they come out. Powdered clams and crab-meat are fed to them, but the most suitable food is obtained by towing nets of fine gauze along the surface of the ocean. The surface water is filled with life, including many species of little pike-like animals, etc. These afford an excellent diet for lobsters that have newly come into the world.

The young lobsters are put into the sea when they are only a few days old. It would be ever so much better if they could be confined in tanks until they reach the age of seven or eight weeks, then letting them go. But this plan is not practicable because they eat each other up. So they have to be thrown into the ocean to take care of themselves as a period when they are the prey of almost every creature that swims. It is doubtful if one in a thousand survives. That is why the lobster-hatching business has not yet earned recognition as a demonstrated success.

The young lobster is not in the least like the adult of its species. It occupies the first few weeks of its life in swimming about at the surface of the sea, affording an appetizing morsel to any fish that may come along. It sheds its skin three times, changing its appearance and structure somewhat on each occasion, until at the end of seven weeks it has attained a form somewhat resembling the full-grown animal. Again it drops its shell and thereupon leaves the surface for good and becomes a full-fledged lobster, spending its existence from that time forth in walking about on the bottom.

A female lobster produces from 12,000 to 20,000 eggs in a batch. They are attached to her swimmerets. The little lobsters hatched under natural conditions hold on to the mother for some days after they have emerged from the shells. Finally, they forsake her and rise to the surface, where they lead such a gay and dangerous life for a while. Other crustaceans and mollusks also, as well as flies, prey upon them. Later on, protected by their armor of proof, they have few enemies to fear. They eat flounders and other bottom fishes, and with their powerful claws they readily crush the shells of mussels and clams, devouring the flesh. The big claw of the lobster is for crushing, and the small one for cutting.

Fifty years ago lobsters were sometimes caught that weighed 40 pounds and measured as much as 5 feet in length. But they were nowhere compared with certain extinct species of lobsters which grew to be 8 feet long, and could stretch with their claws 12 feet. This ability, possessed by lobsters, as well as crabs, to drop their claws is one of the oldest traits about them. The claw cannot be broken off by force without causing the animal to bleed to death. It is by an effort of will that the lobster relinquishes its claws at a moment's notice without suffering any injury. The break always occurs at one point, near the upper end of the second joint, where the arm is smallest and is encircled by a groove. It is said that loud noises, such as thunder-claps and reports of cannon, cause lobsters to "shoot" their claws.

Many people honestly believe that the hatching by artifice of lobsters and fishes is an impious interference with Providence. Attempts have been made to introduce these valuable crustaceans to the waters of the Pacific coast, but not with success. Adult lobsters were shipped across the continent and put into the water in good condition, but nothing has been seen since of them or their presumptive offspring. On that shore some big crawfish are found, but never a lobster. Rocky bottom is the proper sort of place to start a lobster farm. In order that the animals may find suitable shelter from enemies.

The most abundant crabs on the Pacific coast are the purple shore-crabs. They swarm in muddy sloughs of salt or brackish waters, where hundreds of threatening claws welcome the intruder who ventures near when the tide is out. These crabs are only eaten by the Chinese, who spit them upon wires and roast them over a fire. The most ornamental of all crabs is the red rock crab, of vermilion hue, with spines of deep blue color. It is not eaten, but is sold in San Francisco as a curiosity, a single specimen sometimes fetching as much as \$5. The red rock crab is found on the Farallone Islands and attains a weight of 7 pounds.

There is a crab in Japan that has a spread with its claws of 12 feet, but its body is small. The so-called painted crab of the West Indies is a land animal. The species used to exist in countless numbers, migrating annually to the sea in a compact army. It has become almost extinct. Another queer crab is the "dorippe" of the Adriatic, which has two legs on its back. If turned upside-down it can run very well that way. One kind of crab is always covered cutely with growing moss, save only its eyes, antennae and the tips of its claws. Another, native to California, has a neatly-made snuffbox under its body for holding eggs, which closes with a snap-fastening just like a real snuffbox.

More strange than any of these, however, is the gigantic coconut crab, found on islands of the Indian Ocean. It attains a weight of 20 pounds and lives on coconuts. Climbing the tree, it plucks the fruit, tears off the outer husk with its claws, knocks in the shell at one of the eyes, drinks the milk, and scoops out the meat. For this last purpose it is provided with a long and narrow pair of pincers for a claw. It accumulates great quantities of coconut fibre, which it uses for a bed. The flesh is very good, and under the tail is a mass of fat which yields a quart of limpid oil.

Among the queerest of all crustaceans are the "lady-crabs," which are abundant on the sandy shore of the Atlantic from Cape Cod to Florida. They are white, with specks of red and purple on the back. Dead fish are often seen covered with them. If any one approaches, they disappear instantly, burying themselves in the sand. All being quiet again, an immense number of eyes and antennae are protruded, and presently the army of crabs reappears. These crabs furnish an important article of food in the market of New Orleans.

Everywhere along the beaches are found the little crustaceans known as sand-fleas and sand-bugs. They are nocturnal scavengers of the shore. They come out at night and eat up whatever they can find, keeping the strand sweet and clean. With a lantern and a white sheet spread upon the beach, one may gather unlimited numbers of them for food, and for that purpose they serve excellently. Oyster crabs are found wherever oysters occur. They live in the shells of living oysters—that is to say, the females do so. The males lead an entirely different sort of life, swimming about at the surface. Oyster openers obtain them in such numbers that they are pickled for market.

The "horseshoe" crabs are particularly interesting because they are the only survivors and near relatives of the most ancient known type of crustaceans. In Delaware their capture constitutes a regular industry. They are used for manure and for chicken-feed, to stimulate egg-laying. Two millions of them are captured every year in Delaware Bay. For fertilizing purposes they are dried in a furnace, ground in a steam mill and mixed with sodium sulphate, the product being known as "cancerine."

There is a kind of hermit crab in the West Indies that lives on land far from water. It is very large, as may be judged from the fact that the shell it lives in often weighs as much as a pound. At the breeding season it journeys to the sea and gets another

shell if it wants one. As is well known, these crustaceans inhabit the empty shells of mollusks, and as they grow bigger they must obtain larger houses. It is a great sight to behold three or four hermit crabs in a bowl with only one shell to contend for. They will use all sorts of stratagems to gain possession of the house, which is so necessary for the protection of the soft hind parts of these animals. In writing on this subject one should not fail to mention the familiar fiddler crabs, which are found in such armies on mud-flats. The burrow of one of these creatures is a vertical hole a foot deep, which then takes a horizontal turn, ending in a chamber where the occupant stays when not looking for food. Fiddlers feed on water weeds. Their most marked characteristic is combativeness.

In Europe crawfish are propagated in ponds, being fed on fresh meat to fatten them. They are also taken at night by attracting them with flaming pine-knots. This crustacean has a long horn between its eyes, with which it impales its prey, be it fish or frog. The worst enemies of crawfish are eels. It is said that great numbers of them are killed sometimes by thunder, though why nobody can tell.

WHY POPCORN POPS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY RENE BACHE.

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HY does popcorn pop?

Ask the first twenty learned men you can find, and not one of them will be able to tell you. The secret lies in the structure of the grain, which is very wonderful indeed.

In the centre of each grain of popcorn is the "germ" of the future plant. It holds the vital element of the seed.

What is it like?

Well, it is about the size of a large pin-head. Its outer coat is a membrane of woody matter, inside of which is an oily substance containing nitrogen and phosphorus. Embedded in this oily substance is

the "nucleus."

The "nucleus" is the true germ—the essential life-principle of the seed. It is chiefly composed of albumen, and is just big enough to be seen with the naked eye. Small as it is, it contains a mystery which no man has ever solved, or is ever likely to solve—the mighty secret of reproduction. However, there are more things of interest to be noticed in the outer structure of the popcorn grain.

Gathered around the germ are granules of starch, arranged in layers and so regularly placed as to resemble a crystalline structure. In fact, like crystals, though they are not such, these granules possess the peculiar property of "polarizing" light. Seen under the microscope, they have very beautiful germs. Between each two layers of them is a woody membrane, and covering the whole is the hard external envelope of the corn grain, composed of woody matter with a large proportion of mineral substances, such as lime, silica, potash, and magnesia.

Think what an amazing quantity of nutritious food is thus packed in a little space for the use of the embryo plant, which first absorbs the nitrogen and phosphorus contained in the so-called "germ" envelope, afterwards consuming the starch, and so getting strong and ready to sprout.

A popcorn grain has precisely the same structure as a grain of ordinary corn. It is simply a variety of the same species of plant. Why, then, will not the common corn pop? It will do so, as you can find out for yourself by trying; but it does not pop nearly so well, though now and then a grain will do excellently. The reason is that the starch granules in popcorn are packed more tightly, and the woody membranes between their layers are thinner and more easily ruptured. Heat causes the water that is in the starch to expand, the external envelope is burst open, and the grain turns inside out, becoming fifteen times its original size, or more, and showing the pretty white starch outside.

That is the reason why popcorn pops.

The best popcorn is the light yellow kind, with small pointed grains. Many farms in the West have their patch of popcorn for home consumption, but nearly all of the popcorn raised for market is produced in New England. A story is told of a Massachusetts farmer who had a barn half filled with popcorn newly harvested and "shucked." The building caught fire, the popcorn popped, and an enormous wave of it rolled down hill, covering up the farm-house so that only the chimneys were to be seen, and the family had to be dug out by the neighbors with snow shovels. At present the business of manufacturing buttered popcorn is conducted on a vast scale in Chicago and elsewhere, millions of packages of it being distributed for sale all over the United States.

HAPPY HAPPENINGS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY ELIZABETH VARIAN.

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HOW many useful inventions have been the result of mere chance it is not easy to conjecture. Certain it is that a number of great discoveries have hung upon a single thread, almost yet not quite perfected, when one little chance, an event, or itself most trivial has given to us the invention which might otherwise have been delayed for centuries. Many inventions are the slow growth of ages while others have sprung instantly from the inventor's brain, the result of some happy accident.

Among the accidental improvers of the steam engine was a fun-loving boy by the name of Humphrey Potter whose duty it was to open the valves for the admission of steam. This youthful genius soon discovered that by uniting the valve by a string to another part of the machinery, the work would be better done and he would have more time for birdnesting. This arrangement, rude as it was, continued for some time until Henry Brighton constructed an engine in which the valves were worked by a rod connected with the beam. Of poor Humphrey Potter, whose genius for fun was combined with so much observation, we hear nothing further. No doubt, he became disgusted with inventing as it brought him neither fame or pelf and robbed him of his occupation.

One day an honest man named Joshua Heilman sat in his cottage in Alsace, with his head upon his hand, thinking over his troubles, the greatest of which was poverty. His daughters were many, while his dollars were few and hard to get. Upon this particular day he sat moodily watching his lovely daughters, as they dressed their long golden tresses, their only wealth. As they combed their yellow locks he noticed that they drew the curling hair through their fingers. An idea flashed upon the lucky man. Why could not this process be imitated in dressing long

staple (the long thread of cotton, wool and flax), which had hitherto baffled all machinery? He acted upon the happy thought and soon constructed a machine with double action. By one the long fibres were combed out smoothly, by the other the comb was reversed and drew back the short threads. The machine was an entire success, and made the fortunes of both father and daughters.

Once there lived in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman by the name of Lawrence Coster, who kept the keys of the cathedral of that city. One day more than four hundred and fifty years ago he went out to take an after-dinner constitutional, when he chanced to notice lying near a very smooth piece of beech bark. Though the old gentleman was Dutch he possessed all a Yankee's fancy for whittling and upon this memorable walk he cut into the wood several letters. He cut them so well that he was rather proud of them. He took the piece home, stamped the letters upon paper, and gave them to his son for a copy. Afterward he thought a good deal of this little circumstance. He cut more letters out of wood and covering them with ink stamped them upon paper and finally after much work and thinking stamped whole pages of letters; and so printing was invented. But poor old Lawrence Coster had little pleasure from his discovery. One of his apprentices (some people think it was John Gutenberg) ran off with most of his wooden type and the entire pages of a book he was about to print and so got the glory of being the first printer.

Tinted paper was the result of the accidental dropping of a bluing bag into one of the vats where paper was being made. The manufacturer supposing the stationary ruined stove it in the warehouse for five years, and then sent it to London to be sold for whatever it would bring. Greatly to his surprise it sold exceedingly well. More of the same kind was ordered and tinted paper became the fashion.

The invention of envelopes is within the memory of middle-aged persons and was the result of a Brighton stationer's endeavors to make his store look attractive. He took a fancy for ornamenting his store windows with high piles of paper graduated from the largest to the smallest size in use. To bring his pyramid to a point he cut cardboard into very minute squares. Ladies took these cards to be small-sized notepaper and voted it "perfectly lovely." So great was the demand that the stationer found it desirable to cut paper the size so much admired, but there was one difficulty. The little notes were so small that when folded there was no space for the address, so after some thought the idea of an envelope pierced the stationer's brain. He had them cut by a metal plate and soon, so great was the demand that he commissioned a dozen houses to manufacture them for him. From such small beginnings came this important branch of the stationery business. And yet who says there is no such thing as luck?

DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

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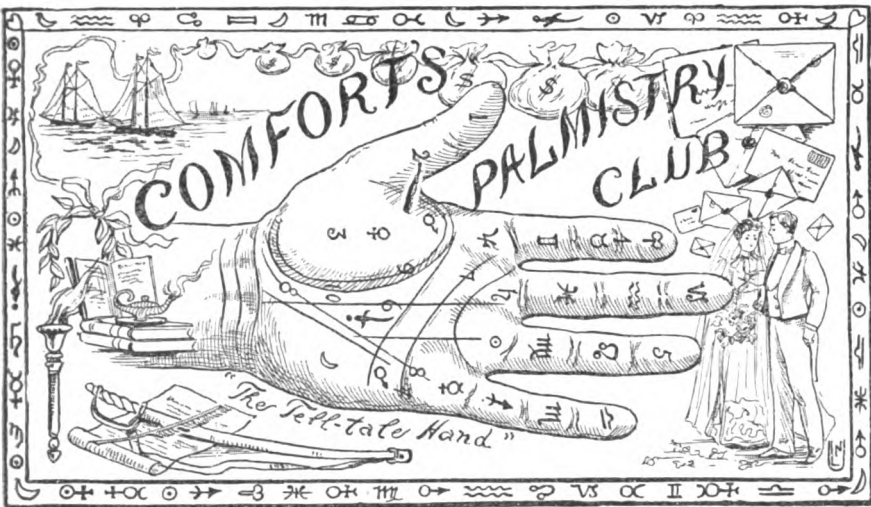
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Prices: One cake, 15 cents postpaid; one dozen cakes, \$1.00 postpaid; one gross cakes, \$9.00 by express. Address, MORSE & CO., Augusta, Maine.



CONDUCTED BY DIGITUS.

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It is encouraging to all students of this fascinating science of palmistry to notice how people of intelligence and culture are considering it seriously. Palmistry was so long hidden under a mass of superstition and mysticism that people used to regard it as the black art. One of the most noted writers of to-day recently went to see Cheiro, the author of *Comfort's Guide to Palmistry*, and the most noted palmist of modern times, and when she came away acknowledged that she had always connected palmistry with the "black art" until she went to him in London, but after he had fully told her the details of her childhood, described her relation to her parents, the separate influences both had had in her life, and what characteristics she had inherited, she was convinced that palmistry was a science, and that if mothers would take their children to a competent palmist they would get valuable aid in controlling and guiding their lives.

There are many things about palmistry, the ordinary observer may know which will help him to judge of the character of those with whom he comes in contact. I often notice, in a horse-car, the shape of a man's or a woman's hand; and sometimes they hold them, palms open, in such a way that I can easily read their life-history without their even suspecting it. For instance, a mother sat next me the other day, with a baby of eleven months. I am willing to wager a large sum that the child will not live to grow up, as the life-line was very short, disappearing entirely in the second decade, and the heart-line stopped abruptly under Saturn.

There are many small signs which should be noticed. People with fingers thick and heavy as well as short, are more or less cruel and selfish. A thin, hard, dry palm indicates timidity and want of energy. A thick, clumsy palm tells of brute force and obstinacy. A hollow palm is a very unfortunate sign; people possessing it, though working hard to obtain success, receive but the wages of disappointment. The development of the joints of the fingers and thumb is important. With the first joint largely developed we get ability to reason out difficulties. With the second joint developed we get a leaning toward science. Large hands show power of completion. Small hands denote ideas too large for the person's power of execution.

All these things may be read by an expert without any knowledge on the part of others. Again, long fingers show a love of detail apparent in everything, in the decoration of a room or in the treatment of a servant. Long-fingered people are strict and proper in manner, quick to notice small attentions and have a leaning toward affectation. Short-fingered people are quick and impulsive, they act by intuition, they can't be bothered with little things and are inclined to jump to conclusions too rapidly. They care not much for the conventionalities of society.

Then, there are many points worth knowing about the nails. Large nails, bluish in color, tell of weak action of the heart and bad circulation. Thin nails, if small, denote energy and delicate health. Fluted nails, particularly if wide and curved toward the top, are indicators of consumption. Short-nailed people are hard to beat in debates; long-nailed people are more yielding, but are more enthusiastic at their work.

A correspondent wants to know "What is the right signification of a life-line divided in two parts like the accompanying sketch?" As said sketch is not divided at all in any place, it is impossible to know what she means. If it is divided laterally, that is what we call a break in the life-line and means—unless protected by a square or other powerfully good signification, death at the age indicated. If she means another line running parallel with it for all or a part of its length, that is a good signification, strengthening the health and lengthening life.

I have three hands to present to you this month, the senders having complied with all the conditions necessary to secure a cut and reading of the same.

I am sorry to say that a good many subscri-

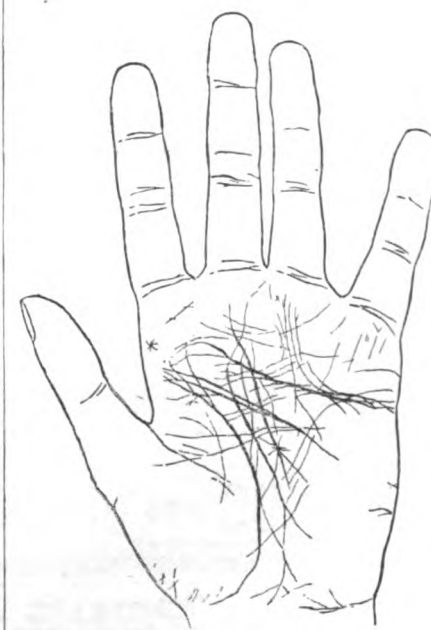


E. A. M. Jr.

ers, in spite of all I have said on this subject, continue to send in drawings of their hands without complying with the plainly stated conditions. I am surprised at this. It takes time and serious study to give correct readings, to

say nothing of the expense to the publishers of having your hands re-drawn as is absolutely necessary, and of having a cut made from the drawing. When you consider that the famous "Cheiro" gets five dollars for merely sitting down and telling his visitors the contents of their palm—which he can easily do in half an hour, the offer which the publishers of *Comfort* make you seems a remarkably generous one.

E. A. M. Jr. has a hand that indicates good judgment, an even disposition and a nature fond of the artistic and poetic in life and capable of appreciating it, too. On the whole, it is a very good hand, although it is not wholly free from signs of trouble. The temperament however, is such that its owner will bear manfully and well the ills that befall him and will never give up, discouraged, or cry "baby" as the saying goes. His mind is evenly balanced, well-ordered, neat and administrative. He is probably exact in thought and habit, good in mathematics, with a taste for philosophy, science and moral questions. He has business capacity and respect for authority combined with moderate but excellent positive ideas. He is probably fond of music, also, and of a hopeful nature. A tendency to ill-health is noticed in early life, but the health improves after the age of 25 or 30, although the subject will not live to be much over sixty and there will be a general breaking up of the health at that point. The head-line is excellent, going straight across the hand and is clear and well-colored, indicating good judgment, common sense and strength of will. The heart-line is also good, showing an affectionate nature and kindly temper. There is, however, a slight tendency to jealousy which should be guarded against. He has not been, or will not be entirely free from griefs of the heart. The position of the Saturnian line,



EMMA Z.

which begins on the mount of the moon and goes up to the heart-line and it is confounded with it up towards the mount of Jupiter, is an infallible sign of a rich and fortunate marriage. In fact there are sure signs of wealth in this hand which is on the whole an unusually good and fortunate one.

Emma Z. has a peculiar hand, one with a great many worry-lines. She has a rich, full and artistic nature, but uncertain. She has a nervous, active temperament with strong will-power, as indicated by the shape of the hand and fingers. The life-line is unusually strong with good health from the age of 12 or 14 up to extreme old age. Rays across the hand from the mount of Venus always denote worries and those running to the line of head indicate some trouble of the head at the age signified, which may bring about an illness. A loss of money is indicated by the star in the centre of the triangle of the hand, at about this age also, which may or may not be connected with the head-trouble. She will be married once and that at near the age of 25. She is an ambitious girl and will in some degree attain whatever she strives for. She has self-reliance and ability. She will be sensible in her affections and will be guided by reason and common sense. Later in life she will be subject to palpitations of the heart and will have some unpleasant experiences in love matters, as shown by the many cross-lines on the line of heart. She will, however, be fortunate in the main, and will be possessed of versatile talents. She would, under proper conditions, paint well, sing some, play the piano and be generally accomplished, but would divide her attention too much among different branches to excel in any. The split in the head-line, which gives the appearance of a double line some two-thirds of the way across, is a strengthening sign, and will bring good fortune and inheritances. The star on Jupiter's mount also promises good luck and a happy marriage. Her love of teasing, however, may make her enemies. She has a great many cross-lines in her hand, which as I have already indicated, are worry-lines, and in some places form a grill—which are other certain indications of worry and torment, but she has also some excellent signs and will in the main lead a happy and fortunate life.

The hand of "H. W." Brooklyn, N. Y., is also a complicated one, having both good and bad characteristics. Its owner has a practical nature with good common sense and judgment

combined with a love of neatness and order and artistic appreciation. If anything, she is lacking in will-power and should carefully cultivate the faculty that old Davy Crockett adopted: "Be sure you're right and then go ahead." She has a good deal of self-reliance, however, and is usually pretty "sure she is right." She will not live to be much over fifty or sixty and will have some serious trouble with the head between the ages of 25 and 30. She will recover from it, however, and enjoy good health for some years afterward. She will be likely to marry more than once and the first marriage will be an unfortunate one.



"H. W." BROOKLYN.

There are signs of ultimate success and happiness, however, so that she need not feel discouraged. The principal advantages of the sciences of palmistry and astrology are that they invariably prove that the darkest day has an ending; that whatever troubles we may have, they are only fleeting and better luck lies ahead. There are several signs of wealth in "H. W.'s" hand.

Now please read again the following offer. I am sure nothing could be fairer.

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It must be distinctly understood that the above book is not for sale, it cannot be bought anywhere, it is specially gotten up for and copyrighted by *Comfort*, and it is the latest, newest thing out. It must not be confounded with any other work on palmistry. Consequently it will pay everyone to become a member of this *Palmistry Club* at once.

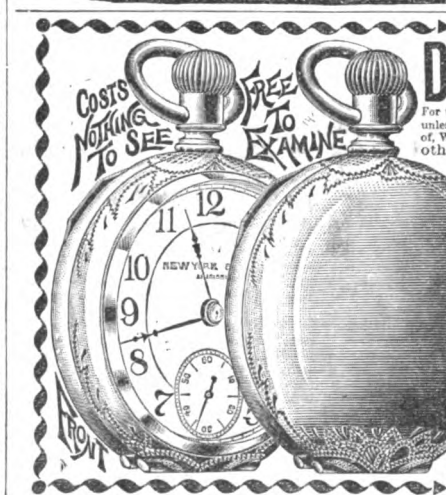
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2. All contributions must have the number of words they contain plainly noted thereon in addition to the writer's full name and address with nom de plume if desired; must be written on one side of the paper only, addressed to EDITOR NUTSHELL STORY CLUB care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

3. All stories must be strictly original with the contributors, and must not have appeared in print before. Competitors may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace, or city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 2,000 or less than 1,000 words.

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PRIZE WINNERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Helen F. Coppinger, Taunton, Mass., First Prize.

Til Tilford, San Antonio, Texas, Second Prize.

Rena Shattuck, Petaluma, Cal., Third Prize.

Helen M. Winslow, Jamaica Plain, Mass., Fourth Prize.

Miss C. A. Weston, Lakeport, N. H., Fifth Prize.

QUEEN MAB.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HELEN F. COPPINGER.

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HENRY HARDING sat in the small, luxurious room which he called his "den," surrounded by every comfort, and gazed fixedly, almost sadly, upon two dingy daguerrotypes which he held in his hand.

"Two old friends of mine," he said presently, in answer to an inquiry from his nephew, who sat close by. The two were enjoying a midnight smoke and chat, after a busy day in one of the city's largest banking-houses.

"A handsome girl! yes indeed, she was the handsomest girl in all California at the time of the gold craze. I think that I have never told you the story. The old days of '49 have been constantly running in my mind to-day, and when those memories come to me, it is my custom to take out these two pictures—the most vivid reminders of that time which I possess. My home would not have been a bachelor's establishment if that girl had willed it otherwise," and the rich and prosperous banker sighed deeply. "This other picture is of Joe Blake. The love which existed between Joe and this girl was the strongest and deepest I have ever known. She worshipped him; he idolized her. He was a handsome fellow, dark, strongly built, and about thirty-six or seven years old."

"We had been at the camp eleven months before she came, and Joe was accounted the queerest chap among all the miners. He had remarkably good luck, but he scarcely spoke to any of his companions—never smiled, and seemed to be continually brooding over some trouble."

"We discovered long afterwards that he had been swindled out of a large fortune by a scapegrace brother, and was obliged to leave his folks and come West to seek another fortune. Notwithstanding his peculiarities, he was a general favorite; liked for his quiet, unassuming ways."

"Well, along towards the last of May, the old stage rattled into camp one day bringing this girl, under the care of an aunt, and you may be sure that she created quite a stir. Men who had long been deprived of seeing lovely women, gazed at her with reverence, and even the gang of toughs who disturbed the peace of the camp, seemed awed into silence by her beauty. There were but two other women out there before her arrival; two coarse, repulsive looking widows, who kept boarding-houses for the miners."

"Queen Mab, as she was soon universally designated, (her name being Mabel), was scarcely more than sixteen. Small, slight, with almost perfect features, clear white skin, and thick, waving, golden hair, which she wore falling loosely about her shoulders. She usually wore dresses of pale blue cotton material, the color of which greatly enhanced her beauty."

"Before she had been at the camp three weeks, there was not a man of us but that loved her. No one would have died for her. But the strangest thing of all was the change which had come over Joe Blake. From a quiet, unassuming man, he had become one of the gayest in the camp; he seemed ten years younger; he talked and laughed and when hard at work sang snatches of songs and whistled by the hour. I never saw such devotion as he paid to her and she returned it; she never gave a look to anyone when he was by. Still I think that each and every one of us who had left

no wife in the East, encouraged within the heart the hidden hope of some day calling her wife, until one night. I shall never forget it! A terrific storm was raging; the wind roared like a hurricane and now and then, above the howling of the storm, could be heard the crashing of huge trees, torn from their roots."

"The rude boarding house was built close under an overhanging cliff for the purpose of shelter. Within the so-called parlor a cheery fire was blazing and the miners were gathered around it, listening with delight to Queen Mab, who sat at the old, dilapidated melodeon, singing in a sweet voice some of the old New England songs; in the far corner of the room, Joe Blake, exhausted after a hard day's work, lay sleeping soundly on an old sofa. The strains of 'Home, Sweet Home' had just died away, and most of the fellows were furtively wiping away a tear, when without the slightest warning, a terrific noise was heard, and before anyone could rush from the room, a gigantic weight crushed in upon the roof, bearing the whole structure to the ground. A huge mass of earth and stones had been torn from the top of the cliff."

"How we managed to extricate ourselves from that heap of ruins has always remained a mystery, but cut, bruised and bleeding, we soon gathered before the wreck, just as a great tongue of flame shot into the air."

"Each glanced hastily around to see that none were missing, and simultaneously half a dozen voices shouted, 'Joe Blake—Joe Blake is not here!' and a wild frenzied shriek rose above all the rest, and Queen Mab, her fair face all stained with blood from an ugly gash across the white forehead, turned frantically to us, crying, 'Save him! He must be saved!' We gazed wildly at the scene before us. The weight of earth and stones had struck the roof directly above where poor Joe was lying. The red flames were leaping far into the sky; none moved; all felt that it was useless."

"Joe Blake certainly was crushed to death by the fall."

"To enter the furnace of flame would mean death."

"For an instant she turned appealingly to us, then mad with pain and grief, a look of scorn came over her face, and hissing the word, 'Cowards,' she turned and darted directly into the burning building."

"That roused us; half a dozen sprang after her, and would have entered the standing portion of the house, but in less than two minutes she appeared, dragging, almost carrying, Joe, who was unconscious. Scarcely had she reached the door when she fell fainting to the ground. Strong arms lifted her and brought her tenderly to the other lodging house. Poor Joe was also carried there. He was badly burned

and injured, and Queen Mab had lost all her pretty golden hair, and had a long scar across her temple."

"We fellows never mentioned our cowardly act to each other, but each dreaded the time when she would be round again. All felt that some kind of atonement must be made; but it never was."

"Once well again, she took not the slightest notice of any one, save by the merest nod. She never forgave us, but the love between her and Joe was still more noticeable."

"I begged this picture from her aunt to keep with Joe's. I could not bear her indifference, and having made considerable money, came East. Joe recovered and made a fortune. They left there eight months later."

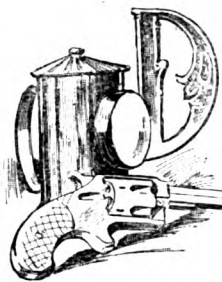
"And were they married out there?" asked the listener.

"Married! she was his daughter, sir."

MY LAST CAPTURE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY TIL TILFORD.

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ON WESLEY, commonly known as "Diamond Don," had been wanted in San Francisco for many years. He was a man guilty of the most atrocious crimes ever placed upon record, was, in short, a wholesale murderer, and with a reward of \$10,000 offered for his capture, it was probable that among all the criminals of the West no man was more sought after.

No less than seven murders was he known to have committed, and he seemed to openly defy the officers rather than seek concealment, for in each instance, after stripping the murdered man of what jewelry he wore, he would leave his name upon a slip of paper pinned to the body of the corpse, and apparently written in his victim's blood."

At that time I was a detective employed upon the staff of Inspector Hughes, and as I had upon one occasion been especially instrumental in almost causing Don's capture, I had naturally incurred his lifelong enmity."

Not long after the reward for his capture was published, I was awakened one night by a vigorous ring of my door bell. Thinking it a professional call, and that the business was probably important, I quickly donned some heavy clothing, for the night was uncomfortably chilly, and hastened to the door.

A stalwart policeman was standing upon the steps.

"Come with me," he said hurriedly. "I'm sorry to disturb you, but I just tried to arrest a burglar, and was forced to wing him before he'd surrender. I'm afraid he's dying, and he swears he knows where Diamond Don is, but will tell nobody but you. Come quick!"

I did not stop to consider the matter. Nothing but thoughts of glory, and a big reward passed through my mind, and requesting the officer to lead the way, I followed briskly after him. He led me several blocks in one direction, and then suddenly turned down a dark side street, presently stopping in front of a low dwelling.

Then drawing his lantern, he pushed open a door, and stepped quickly inside, I after him.

"Have you sent for an ambulance?" I asked, a trifle nervously.

"Oh, yes," was the answer, as the officer closed the door, and walked softly towards one corner of the room; "but I'm afraid he's past all help by this time, but maybe he's able to talk. I suppose nothing could please you better than to learn the whereabouts of Diamond Don, eh?"

"No, indeed. It would certainly be very agreeable to me."

"Then, curse you, you shall have the pleasure!"

The last words were fiercely hissed by my companion, as he wheeled suddenly and faced me, and I saw, gleaming in the bright rays from his lantern, the long barrel of a 44 exactly on a level with my heart!

"Make an outcry, or stir one inch, and I swear I'll send a bullet through your miserable carcass!"

There was something terrible in the way the words were uttered, and I knew better than to move. In an instant I realized that I had been cleverly duped. The man before me was no policeman at all, his uniform having probably been stolen!

A low laugh came from his lips, as, still keeping me covered, he dropped upon one knee, and placed his lantern on the floor. Then with a quick motion of his hand, he removed the heavy side whiskers he had hitherto worn, revealing a smoothly shaven face, and I knew I was in the presence of Diamond Don!

For several moments he looked me in the face, his own countenance aglow with an expression of fiendish pleasure.

"I suppose you find this very agreeable," he presently remarked, a ring of gleeful triumph in his tones. "Now, you'll oblige me by putting up your hands."

I could do nothing but obey, and my captor promptly instituted a thorough search of my pockets, and coolly transferred all my weapons, as well as some surplus cash, to his own person. In less than a minute he had me completely disarmed, and at his mercy.

"Ah!" he suddenly exclaimed, as he picked up the lantern and held it close to my throat. "What have we here?"

I knew he had caught sight of my collar button, in which was set a diamond of no mean quality. Having dressed hurriedly, I had neglected to put on my cravat, and the stone was therefore plainly exposed to view.

The diamond thief held the lantern still nearer, in order to get a better look at it, and at that instant an idea of escape suggested itself to me.

I acted upon impulse. The lantern in the hand of the robber was almost under my chin, and slightly inclining my head forward, I blew into the little smoke-hole with all the power of my lungs!

Instantly the blaze was extinguished, and we were in total darkness. The same moment I dodged to one side, and struck out with all my might, my fist catching the robber squarely in the stomach. He staggered and sank to the floor, and the next second I was upon him with all my strength. He soon recovered his breath, however, and having dropped his revolver, began feeling for those he had taken from me. Seizing both of his wrists, I held them with all the grip I possessed.

He was a powerful man, but I was also strongly built, and felt that I was almost his equal. Still, I knew I could not hold him that way long. I remembered the pocket in which he had placed my revolvers, and suddenly releasing one of his wrists, I reached for the weapons. But even as my fingers closed on the butt of a pistol, Diamond Don threw his free arm around me, and forced me tight against his breast, and in such a manner that I found it impossible to disengage my hand.

In fact, in this situation we both found it very difficult to do anything.

But, oh, how we struggled! Over and over we rolled, each straining every energy to gain an advantage. My hold upon the wrist of the murderer prevented his using that hand, while his free arm, pinioning my body close against his, kept me from withdrawing the hand holding my revolver.

But, although we were both practically helpless, we continued the terrible struggle in the dark for several minutes, until I began to think it merely a question of endurance as to who should be the victor. We were both breathing heavily now, and although it was a cool November night, great drops of perspiration were streaming from my face.

Finally my grip upon his wrist began to weaken, and I realized that unless I did something quick, I would be overpowered. A fact, which to this day I cannot understand, is that I never thought of calling for help.

But I did happen to remember the little police call which I always carried in my vest pocket, and now, in my present situation, with my strength almost gone, I thought of it as my only salvation. Quickly releasing my grasp on the arm of my adversary, I felt for the whistle. In a second I had secured it, and placing it to my lips, sent forth a shrill, quivering blast.

"Oh, curse you!" hissed Diamond Don, javagely clutching my arm. "I'll have your life for that!" and on the instant he

seemed transformed into a veritable demon of fury.

My wrist was seized in a grip which threatened to snap it in two, while the pressure of the arm encircling my body became more terrible each second, until I felt that my backbone must certainly be crushed. Presently he rolled over, and caused my head to strike sharply against the floor, the shock half rendering me unconscious. Then my arm was released, and I felt that terrible grip on my throat!

Tighter and tighter it grew, until I could not breathe, and my senses had almost left me, when his hold suddenly relaxed, his head fell heavily to one side, and his limbs became limp and lifeless!

To my astonishment, I easily pushed him from me. In a moment I had my lantern out, and its rays shining full in his face. The sight filled my soul with horror. His features were ghastly white, the eyes wild and staring, and I guessed the truth. For a moment, I had actually been in the embrace of the dead! The violence of his exertions had evidently burst an artery, causing him to bleed internally.

At this juncture, the door was pushed open, and to the two officers who entered I fully explained the situation.

We lost no time in conveying the body to headquarters, where its identity was easily established. I had captured Diamond Don, had earned the reward, but the remembrance of that night was to me so full of horror, that I resolved to make it my last capture, and determined to lessen the probabilities of my ever going through the like again by withdrawing from the detective service.

HETTIE.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY RENA SHATTUCK.

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HE air was heavy with the fragrance of pink and white apple blossoms, and the faint dreamy hum of a few loiterers—fine dusty golden-brown fellows they were, too, that lingered, in spite of the warning of the old sundial that the shades of evening were fast approaching, and they had better be hieing themselves away to Parson Dangerfield's cherished bee-hives, or else staying out all night and hiding like truants in the heart of some chosen flower.

The Jersey cows were coming home with their tinkling bells making sweet melody, and vying with the last notes of the birds as they twittered their love song or sang their vesper hymns.

A pretty picture made Hettie, the granddaughter of Parson Dangerfield, as she stood clad in her fresh blue and white gingham, with her happy, rosy face smiling from the rough-and-ready hat on the back of her head.

"I'll let the bars down, Jim," she said to the boy driving home the cows.

"All right, Miss Hettie, but be sure and don't fool with Queen Bess. They took Bossie away from her to-night, and she is good and mad, I tell you. She's liable to hurt you."

"Poor little Queen Bess. I'm not afraid of her. Why, I brought her up and she's my very own," she said, putting her arms around the neck of the last little Jersey that strolled in, lowering pitifully and turning her dainty head as if to hear the answering call of her Bossie.

"So they have taken your baby, Queen Bess. How cruel. They shouldn't have done it if I had known it. They had no right to, for you are my property and so is Bossie."

Queen Bess rubbed her head against her young mistress' arm as though she knew and appreciated her sympathy.

"You are the prettiest one in the whole herd, Queenie, and I have heard Grandpa say that your value was placed at over a hundred dollars. You didn't know you were so valuable, did you?"

Queen Bess tossed her head as if in contempt for all this flattery, when her heart was filled with its recent bereavement.

"Did it ever occur to you, Queenie, that Grandpa Dangerfield was growing old? Yes, he is actually seventy years old in September. I never realized it, though, until the other day, when they sent up a new minister to open another church, and gave as their reason that Grandpa was getting too old, and they wanted some one who was up with the times and would be more taking with the young people."

"Baa," said Queen Bess with a contemptuous toss of her head.

"One of them even went so far as to say that his ideas were so ancient that they were moss-grown. Grandpa is a Baptist, one of your old school, and the new minister is a Christian. As if they were any better than any other Christians. Grandpa says that it is the devil trying to create havoc by raising up this new denomination where he has had charge of the parish since he brought Grandma here a bride. That was a long time ago, for she's been dead fifteen years. He has helped to marry, christen and bury three or four generations, and the worst of it all is, Queen Bess, he did it not for the support it gave him, for they didn't pay him a cent, but just for the pure love of holding the church together and saving sinners. They are ungrateful, all of them. Grandpa is broken-hearted and says if he can't hold the fort against Satan and his foes, he is

ready to die. The new preacher is named Reginald Percival, and, to tell you the truth, Queen Bess, he is awfully handsome. That means that we will lose all the girls from our church, for every one of their silly heads is completely turned. He can sing like a meadow lark—the finest, purest tenor voice you ever heard. I could like him myself if he was a Baptist and wasn't coming to supplant poor Grandpa."

"Hettie! Hettie!"

"Yes-ee! yes-ee!" she answered back mockingly in her Grandfather's tone.

"What are you doing, sauce-box, mimicking your poor old Grandfather that way?"

"Milking Queen Bess. She won't let anybody else touch her, she is so mad," she replied in a muffled voice, her head tucked down against Queen Bess' velvety side. "Better not come in, Grandpa. She is dangerous."

"I have never been vanquished by any foe yet, and I am not going to let a cow not much bigger than a dog commence it now."

"Ho, there! Queen Bess," but the warning was too late. The next minute the bucket of milk was overturned, Hettie was sitting flat on the ground, and Parson Dangerfield was making for a fence with Queen Bess, a good second, behind him.

Out of breath and panting between his words, he called out from his position on top of the fence:

"You did that on purpose, Hettie Dangerfield! You sicked that cow on me, I saw you do it, and now I've got palpitation of the heart so bad that it may kill me."

"Oh, do not be dismayed. For Jesus is your friend," sang Aunt Martha in a weak, quavering voice as she attended to her household duties.

"Auntie is singing," said Hettie demurely.

"Well, I guess she would be dismayed if she had a cow's horns under her coat-tail."

Hettie laughed and the Parson grew more indignant, and Jim the boy of all work rushed behind a hay-stack to laugh until his sides ached.

"Honestly, Grandpa, I had nothing to do with it. I wouldn't have spilled that bucket of milk for anything. Queen Bess is mad at you and everybody else for taking away her calf, and she's got to pay someone back before she stops."

"Tut, tut, child! I know it. I was only excited. I'll tell you what I want you to do. They are holding protracted meetings down at the new-fangled church and I want you to go down to-night and hear what they have got to say about me. Yes, me, the old moss-back. A pretty way for the people I have preached to all these years to talk about their old minister. Never asked them for a cent either, and the new minister—what's his name?"

"Mr. Reginald Percival, D.D."

"D.D. indeed," said the Parson contemptuously. "At any rate he asks for a collection every night."

"When shall I go, Grandpa?"

"Go? To-night of course. And look here, Hettie Dangerfield, I don't want you to take a conspicuous seat, and I want you to act as it befits the granddaughter of Parson Dangerfield, who has had his rights stolen from him. Be demure, but show that you are ready to openly resent any insult that may be paid me. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Grandpa."

"Then go and get ready, and go early. Don't be attracting attention by going in late."

Hettie went with resentment in her heart and returned completely conquered by the enemy. She felt a little guilty, and that she ought to be condemned for treason toward her gray-haired old Grandfather, but when she thought of the eloquent sermon, the way the young minister had had flashed his dark eyes in the direction where she was sitting, of how he prayed for her Grandfather and the success of his worthy cause, and his asking for an introduction at the close of the meeting, and the request that he might be permitted to call, she thought it looked as if the attraction was mutual.

"Well, what did he say?" Parson Dangerfield asked, before she had time to remove her wraps.

"He preached a good sermon, Grandpa, and he prayed for you."

"The effect was startling. 'Prayed for me!' shouted the old man wrathfully. 'The audacity of such a thing. I'll have him sued for defamation of character before another sun sets. The upstart!'"

"He prayed lovely, Grandpa."

"Hush, you vixen. I verily believe you are in league with the devil. Go to bed this instant. The idea of an upstart who has hardly got out of the vixenly state, praying for a man who has lived his three score years and ten and has been ripe for the harvest for lo! these many years. It is preposterous. Go to bed I say, for I must wrestle with this alone. But to-morrow."

"But he didn't say anything bad about you, Grandpa."

"Didn't, eh? That's adding insult to injury, Hettie Dangerfield. The idea of such a thing. I have never robbed anybody. I have never slandered anyone. I have never denied aims to the needy, or—"

"Oh, Grandpa, you know I didn't mean it in that way. Why, Mr. Percival didn't even mention your name."

"Didn't! Then what did you say he did for! There now I have got palpitation of the heart again. I shall die from the effect of some of these sudden shocks some day, and you will be responsible for it, Hettie. You seem to have no earthly regard for the delicate state of my health. What did he say if he did not call my name?"

"He prayed for the pastor of the sister church, and for the success of one who had labored so long, earnestly and faithfully in this vineyard of the Lord."

"Why didn't you say that at first and save all this commotion?"

"You didn't give me time."

"Time enough. The train wasn't leaving, child."

"But you wrecked the train of thought, Grandpa."

"Let us pray," said Parson Dangerfield.

He prayed long and earnestly for the weak young minister who had come among them and that, though he was young and inexperienced now, he might grow strong and full of grace

and truth and better able to battle with the enemy in the years to come. And Hettie slipped in a little silent petition of her own for exaggerating just a trifle what the minister had said in his prayer in regard to Parson Dangerfield.

Hettie took more pains with her toilet the following day and managed to be cutting lilacs in the garden when the Rev. Percival called.

"More charming than ever," he mentally affirmed, as he caught sight of her through the green foliage and purple plumes.

"Handsome than ever," she thought, as she advanced to meet him in a pretty and confused way.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Percival, and I have a little confession to make before you meet my Grandfather. You see, my Grandpa is getting old, and he feels that no one else ought to have come to preach here while he lived. I told him you prayed for him last night."

"And so I did, Miss Dangerfield."

"Yes, I know you did, but I exaggerated what you said about him, for he threatened to sue you for defamation of character."

A ripple of laughter followed this remark.

"I think I can arrange that, Miss Dangerfield."

Parson Dangerfield, hearing their voices, came out on the vine-covered porch to greet the stranger.

"Grandpa, this is the Rev. Mr. Percival, who has called to see you."

"Walk in, Mr. Percival. I have heard of you before, sir," and Parson Dangerfield straightened up until he seemed an inch taller.

"I am glad to meet you, Parson Dangerfield. You have been a laborer in this field so long and have endeared yourself so to the people, that the services don't seem just right to them without seeing your familiar face beaming above them as if in benediction."

"Ahem!" said the parson, clearing his throat.

(NUTSHELL STORIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 3.)

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THE NUTSHELL STORY CLUB.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

"I have been with this flock for a great many years."

"And will be spared to them a great many more we trust."

"If the Lord wills," said Parson Dangerfield meekly.

"I thought I would call and see if you wouldn't assist us in our protracted meetings and pray for me in the good work," and his eyes fairly danced with a suppressed smile, as he glanced at Hettie, whose face was a picture of mirth and alarm, at his bold strategy in storming the enemy, who was fast nearing the point of surrendering.

"If you will agree to help us, Parson Dangerfield, I know that our meetings will be crowned with success."

"It has always been my aim in life, Mr. Percival, to use every effort to save sinners and point them to the road to Heaven, the straight and narrow way that leads to infinite glory."

"That accounts for your success, sir. You have been with your people, heart and soul."

"Yet they were ungrateful. They desired some one else to minister to them."

"Not at all, Parson Dangerfield. The majority, if not all, believe they have kept you in the harness too long. That it is not just or right that you should give up your whole life to them."

"I must confess that I am getting rather weary at times, but I shall never be called a stumbling-block, for I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. I will assist you all I can."

"Thank you, Parson Dangerfield. I see nothing before us now but a bright and shining way that leads in the end to eternal happiness."

"Amen!" said Parson Dangerfield fervently.

"We need help in our choir, too; don't you sing, Miss Dangerfield?"

"Very little, Mr. Percival," said Hettie demurely.

"Sing! of course she does; and she will be only too glad to do what she can in that way. You will sing, Hettie?"

"If you wish, Grandpa."

"Mr. Percival will remain to tea, Hettie; you had better give your instructions to Mary."

"Who would have thought of this ending last night! He must be a hypnotist," thought happy Hettie as she proceeded to do her Grandfather's bidding, and give the extra touches to the dainty teatable glistening with Grandma Dangerfield's quaint old-fashioned silver.

A few weeks afterward, short, delightful weeks they were too, with the singing and rehearsing, and the walking home after meeting, for Rev. Percival would never allow so elderly a man as Parson Dangerfield to walk home alone with his granddaughter, but insisted on having him lean on his strong arm, and matters were even different.

"He is thoughtful as a son would be to me in my old age," confided the parson to the granddaughter.

"He thinks the world and all of you, Grandpa."

"I wish you could learn to like him, Hettie. He is just the kind of man I would like for you to marry; he would adore you, and I could die happy."

"I never could learn to like him, Grandpa."

The old man sighed heavily.

"I thought maybe you could, for he seemed so fond of you, and as I am getting too old to labor in the harness much longer, I thought it would be a good idea to combine the two churches and I could open the meeting with prayer once in awhile to show I had not lost my youth. I have lost the eloquence of my youth. I am disappointed, for I thought you could learn to like Reginald Percival."

"Maybe he doesn't care for me, Grandpa, in that way."

"You are mistaken. Only yesterday he told me he would like to win you for his wife, if I had no objection."

"And you said—"

"I said, 'God bless you, Reginald! Nothing would make me happier.' But you have spoiled it all."

"You asked me to learn to like him, Grandpa. I can't do that, for I love him and have loved him since the first day I met him."

"Thank God, Hettie, for that speech! You have made me very happy, for I am ready to answer the summons at any time now the Lord wills; and I know if there is a halfway place anywhere, your grandmother will be waiting at the gates ajar. May you and Reginald be as happy as we were. No greater blessing can I ask for you."

When the lilacs bloom again there will be a wedding at the old home of Parson Dangerfield.

Aunt Philura on the "L" Road.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

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MY but New York is a big place. When Jack, my husband's youngest by his first, asked me to come down for a while and make him a real good visit, they all said I'd better go. I hadn't never been out of Greene county, and it seemed a good deal of an undertaking; but I finally plucked up courage and went. It cost a good deal of money to get ready, although I did my own sewing. I had to have a new brown alpaca dress for best, and a cape to match. I shouldn't 'a had the cape if I hadn't been goin' amongst stylish folks; but it won't do to go to New York too far behind the fashions. My bunnet I hadn't had but two summers, so I concluded to wear that; but I had to have a new pair of prunella congress gaiters, and some other things it wouldn't be polite to mention here.

Well, I finally got ready and went. When I got to New York, Jack himself was there to meet me; and it was a good thing too, for I couldn't never have found the way to his house in the world, though it wasn't but a few steps away from the depot.

Noise? Why, you never heard nothin' like it. If all the mowin' machines and reapers and horse-rakes and steam thrashin' machines in Pottstown Four Corners, was to be run at one and the same time, and all the animals were set to squealing and every human bein' to talkin', the noise wouldn't hold a candle to that in New York. It begins long before the

earliest rooster begins to crow to home, and keeps up hours after honest folks are in bed. I thought I should go crazy for several days after I first arrive, and didn't dare to step out-door for fear of losin' myself entirely. But finally Jack's oldest daughter asked me if I didn't want to go to Central Park one day.

"What's that?" I asked. She said it was some kind of a green place with plenty of trees and flowers. I tell you my homesick heart give a bound, and come pretty near chokin' me about that time.

"Is it fur?" I asked. She said it was only fifteen minutes ride on the L.

I should have asked her what the L was, but her mother called her upstairs just then. In Pottstown Corners the L is the kitchen part extension of the house, and I couldn't help but wonder how on earth we could go out and ride on that. But I got ready just the same, and when Vera (for that's her outlandish name) come down all dressed I didn't keep her waiting. Much to my surprise we went out the front door instead of the back, and went down the street. In New York the houses are all built together in one piece, and so when we got to the end of the block, I found the L was down there. We climbed a long flight of stairs, and wound our way round through a queer place. Vera went ahead and led the way through a passage at the top. At the end of it a man in blue uniform sat beside a glass box. As we went in she dropped a couple of tickets and the man worked a crank something like the one on our patent sausage-cutter, and the bottom of the glass box opened and swallowed up the tickets out o' sight.

Then we went out and set down on an iron settee. We sat there several minutes, and as Vera didn't seem to say much I spoke up, thinking I would make talk, and said, says I:

"This L rides real easy, don't it?"

She looked at me wonderingly, and said:

"What?" If she'd been my girl I should 'a

trained her to say "How?" instead of "What?"

but I only said:

"I say this L rides easy. You wouldn't skercely know we was goin'."

She laughed out a little and said:

"We ain't going now. The train will be along soon."

Horrors! Another railroad train? I most

wished I hadn't come. And then I see an engine come tearin' up the track below us (that I hadn't noticed before) and Vera got up and says:

"Come, now we'll go."

She had to catch hold of me, though, when that great snortin' thing come straight at us. I thought certain we should get run over. And then Vera pushed me ahead of her onto the car.

We hadn't no more than stepped on the platform when the gates shut down behind us, and the train begun to rattle and roar and shake the foundations of the very earth. And there we were, rushing away like mad, twenty feet up in the air, with people and teams and horse-cars below us, temptin' Providence in the most audacious way, and all locked in, too. There didn't seem no help for it; we were a-rushin' straight to perdition.

I couldn't stand it. I grabbed hold of the brakeman with one hand and the gateway with the other.

"Let me out o' here," I screamed. "Let me out I say!"

The brakeman laughed real sassy, and said:

"Can't do it mum. Have to wait till the next station."

This maddened me, and I give the gate another

shake.

"You open this gate now," I yelled. "This is temptin' Providence, and I won't be party to no such foolhardiness."

Just then Vera, who had gone ahead into the

car, come back.

"Why, grandma," she said, "you can't get

out. Come in and set down. It is perfectly

safe. Papa rides here every day."

I was actually dizzy by this time; and so I

couldn't oppose her as she led me into the car

and give me a real good seat, all covered with

straw matting. As soon as the car stopped I

started to get out again, but Vera pulled me

down.

"Sit still Grandma, do. Don't you see the

people are all laughin'?" she said.

"Then I wouldn't give much for New York

manners," I said, but I set down and kept still

till she got me up and led me out and down

some more long winding stairs.

And after we got into the Park (which was

really a pretty place and give me a chance to

get the first breath of real air I had had in New

York), I had to set down on a fancy seat for

some time before I could collect my senses;

and even then, not until Vera promised to go

back another way, and never shut me up in an

L again.

The Midnight Encounter.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MISS C. A. WESTON.

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plished burglars, and it was belived there were a number of them, but they left no trace behind them.

I was a quiet old bachelor, and at the time of my story resided in a cottage about a mile and a half from town, and a quarter of a mile from my nearest neighbor. I lived all alone, and had never thought my position a lonely one until these robberies occurred; then I began to realize that I was in an isolated part of the road, and should be quite helpless should these burglars give me a visitation.

One chilly afternoon I rode home from the village post-office in a somewhat uneasy state of mind. I had just received a registered letter containing quite a large sum of money, and as the banks were closed I was obliged to take it home with me. There were several evil-looking loungers near me when I signed for it, and I did not like their looks as I left the place. However, I resolved not to worry about it, and when I reached home I put the money in an old wallet and locked it in my bureau where I kept my papers, and put the key under my pillow.

It was only eight o'clock in the evening, but as I was suffering from an attack of nervous

headache, I went to bed and fell into a profound slumber which seemed to me to last for hours.

Suddenly I awoke.

Surely I heard some one moving stealthily about in the yard under my window. I listened, and in a moment heard a soft footstep crunching on the gravel.

I crept to the window, which was raised for ventilation, and peered out. It was a second story window, and the night was very dark, but I could just discern several dark figures beneath my window. They were conversing in whispers, but I could hear enough to know they meant mischief. At last I heard one say, "We will try the front door first. We can ring the bell, and of course he won't suspect anything and will open the door. Then, my boys, be ready; I guess we will be too many for him."

I saw some more figures emerge from the deep shadow of the house, and then they all crept noiselessly around to the front door.

"Discretion is the better part of valor," I thought. "I am helpless with so many. I guess I will run."

Slipping on my trousers and boots I unlocked my bureau and snatching the wallet and a loaded revolver, I put them in my pocket and went to the window.

I glanced at my clock. It had a luminous dial, and the hands pointed to a quarter of twelve. At that moment my strained ears were startled by a ringing peal at the door bell. Without waiting longer I climbed from my window out upon the roof of a little porch, then onto the water butt. My feet were firmly planted on the water butt; and, congratulating myself on my cleverness in eluding my lawless visitors, I released my hands from the edge of the porch and prepared to leap to the ground. Alas! the top of the butt was old and weak; it bent beneath my full weight; it broke; and down I went. The splashing of the water would have been noise enough, but that was not all. The loaded revolver slipped from my



pocket as I fell, and as it struck the ground was discharged with a loud report. Fortunately the bullet did no harm, but the noise did.

In a moment I was surrounded by shadowy

forms.

"We've got you," cried a voice, and strong

hands held me fast.

"Now what are you trying to do?" they said.

"To get in the window," I answered faintly.

"Indeed!" said they. "Well, we have captured a burglar, sure!"

"A burglar!" I cried. "Pray what do you call yourselves?"

There was silence for a moment, then they

laughed, and one of the men lit a match, to get

a better view of me. By its tiny light I was

surprised to see several of my friends and

neighbors standing about me. They looked

astonished when they saw my face and loosened

their grasp.

"What in the name of common sense, man,

are you doing out here with your revolver?"

asked Blake, the man at whose house I had

just called.

"Will you please tell me," I said, "what this

all means, anyway?"

"Why, my dear fellow," said Blake, "it means

that this is your birthday and we meant to

celebrate it by giving you a surprise party."

"A surprise party at midnight!" I gasped.

"Well, you have succeeded in surprising me."

"Midnight? I guess not," said Blake. "It

isn't much after nine o'clock. We didn't sup-

pose you retired so early, and have been ring-

ing and knocking for you to let us in, but con-

cluded you had gone away. We were just go-

ing home when we heard this noise, and

thought we had captured a burglar."

I began to see the joke of the whole affair—the

stealthy footsteps and whispered words—and

told my side of the story to an amused and

interested audience. When the general laugh-

ter had subsided a little, I invited them to

come in, but I had to be assisted on to the

porch roof before I could unfasten the door for

them to enter. I took another look at my

clock, and saw that in my confusion I had mis-

taken the minute for the hour hand, and that

what had really been nine o'clock had looked

like a quarter of twelve.

I made a hasty toilet and joined my friends

in the parlor. We passed a pleasant evening

after all, though I felt a little crestfallen when

they complimented me on my bravery.

The real burglars were captured some time

after, but they never molested me, and it was a

long time before I heard the last of my mid-

night encounter.

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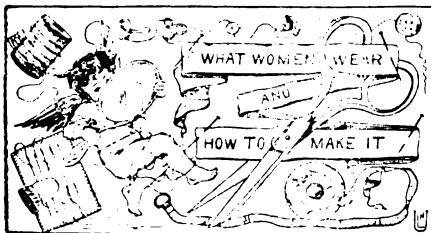
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border can be made by mother, if she will take care that it is cut large enough. A crocheted sash or tippet of the same color of the border, a crocheted or knit toboggan cap of bright worsted, and a pair of leggings or moccasins will complete the outfit and make your little boy fit to play out in the deepest snow in all weather.

Nothing is so good for children as to learn early to brave all weathers; don't let them get the idea that they can only go out when the sun shines and that they must then be bundled up until all freedom of movement or comfort is lost. Accustom the children to going out every day in all weathers, and they will not take cold one-tenth as easily as those delicate creatures who are only allowed to go out in pleasant weather. Dress your children warmly but not too heavily, and see that they wear good stout, tight shoes in their feet; then let them run and grow as healthy and rappy as God intended them to be.

The family group in the center of the page, which was designed by our special artist for COMFORT, gives some very pretty fashions for children and their mamma.

Last month we gave a complete outfit for babies. This month a talk about what children should wear between the ages of two and fourteen or fifteen will be given. The little tot in the foreground has just learned to run about and is very sensibly dressed for going out.

The little cloaks for children are particularly pretty this year. Through the summer and for a short time this fall, the little blazer coats have been worn, which come just below the waist and are double breasted. They are made of bright-colored flannel or cravenette, and are trimmed with braid and brass buttons; but they will not be worn much longer this season, as they will not be warm enough. The garment which this little girl has on is of a silver gray cloth, braided with white braid around the bottom, cuffs and yoke. A lace ruffle finishes the shoulder, and the garment is tied with a gray ribbon to match the cloak. Her little bonnet is of soft gray silk, lined, and trimmed with white. For winter wear such a garment should be made of darker and heavier goods, always using cloth instead of velvets, satins, or plushes. The fashion of putting silk plush cloaks on to children has gone by; and it is no longer considered good taste to dress them in such extravagant materials. It is very rarely that little children now, of the best families, are seen in silks or other costly materials. It is unwise to let them form such a love for dress as this would give; and besides it is apt to get them so accustomed to costly and extravagant clothes that when they are grown larger nothing will be considered good enough for them, and they will always be unwilling to dress simply and plainly. Most of our richest and most cultivated people, nowadays, dress their children in plain cottons, ginghams and muslins in the summer, changing, perhaps, to cashmere and merino for winter. They select the finest materials of the kind, and have them made well, and often trimmed with dainty embroidery or lace; but they do not trim them elaborately; as in the best families the aim is to bring children up to have refined and quiet tastes, rather than showy and expensive ones.

For little children of two and three years, their dresses are mostly made in the Empire or Mother Hubbard styles. Boys and girls up to two and a half or three years are dressed much alike, except that girls' dresses are sometimes trimmed with shoulder ruffles, which are never used on boys' clothes. When a boy is three years old, or even younger than that if he is very large of his age, he should be put into knits. Nothing is prettier than the Scotch costumes for boys, which are made with knits, the plaid skirts now being worn with plain colored drab chevrot coats and waistcoats. Sailor's suits are worn by little boys, some with long trousers and some with knee breeches, the latter of which is much prettier for small boys. For little boys' best suits, nothing is prettier than velveteen or corduroy. For small boys

these should be made with a kilt skirt, and for larger ones knee breeches can be substituted. The little jackets are plain, and shirt waists with sailor collar and perhaps a ruffle in front, are considered very pretty. For every day wear, however, the plain cravenette cannot be improved upon for boys, who can always be depended upon to get into all the mischief and dirt there is going.

For girls there is almost an infinite variety of dresses. The oldest girl in the picture given has on a dark blue flannel dress made with a plain round waist and finished with braid set on in even rows. The jacket of the same material, with full sleeves, can be worn for outdoor occasions, and the popular English walking hat, with a single quill, makes a very appropriate hat to wear with it. The other little girl in the picture, wears a becoming house dress of crushed strawberry merino, trimmed with black velvet ribbon put on very plainly. It is an extremely dressy little gown, and might be imitated in other colors. The mother wears a plain gray crepon trimmed with white insertion.

For larger girls, skirts are gored and flare around the bottom, in imitation of their Mamma's. Sleeves are made in the same way to imitate those of older women, and nearly everything is used for material. Younger girls wear the Empire dresses a great deal, and do not even belt them. Low necked and short sleeved dresses to be worn with white gimpis, are still made up in many different styles. In dressing young girls, however, as before said, the first consideration should always be simplicity. No greater mistake can be made than that of over-dressing little girls. It is not good taste; it is not fashionable. Expensive material should be used very sparingly, unless you wish to spoil the child. If you live where you need a party dress for the child, let it be of soft silk, such as china, surah or the Liberty silk; nun's veiling and crepon, however, are fully as pretty for that purpose. In selecting fabrics for little girls' dresses, do not get light colors in anything but washable material, unless it be for party gowns. Chevrots, tweeds and homespuns of browns, grays or mixed colors are extremely pretty, and the dark reds and navy blues are always in good taste. For a school dress that must be worn throughout a season, it is well to choose a style that has few ruffles or platings; frills are apt to become

The stock collars are more worn than ever, and are made of all colors and silken material. Some of them are made of a single strip of velvet or satin fastened in the back under a big bow of the same material, some are made of chiffon, and some are made with lace bows, loops, etc. In fact every imaginable variety is given it. If a woman has but one or two plain dresses, she can have several of these stock collars, say one of crimson velvet, another of apple green velvet, one of soft blue and one of cream color, so that she can give an infinite variety to her dress.

Belts are made with long sash ends falling at one side of the front or in the back. One way is to have a folded belt fastening or passing through a buckle in front, and meeting behind under a big bow of watered silk ribbon, the ends of which fall nearly to the bottom of the skirt. Sometimes the entire sash is made of satin or the web silk cut on the bias, in which case the sash is widened towards the end.

Skirts are still made plain, although there are many attempts at braiding in some form or other. The plain gored skirts, however, are still very much worn, and any woman who has her dress made up in that way, may rest assured that she will be in good style all the winter. The plain skirts are extremely becoming to good figures, and no woman with a good figure wants to disguise it or break up her lines with drapery or skirt trimmings.

MAN OR DONKEY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MARIE LELAND.

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In a quiet little cottage, resting at the foot of a hill which sloped gently back from the road, lived Miss Jane Warren.

Miss Jane was a quiet, unpretentious person, no longer young, with sunny, laughing eyes and a sunny, cheerful disposition. Though the life of her family had been quiet and uneventful, there had been several sudden changes among the actors, until at last she was left alone upon the scene. One by one the others were called to meet death and one sad day Miss Jane realized that she was quite alone.

Nature had endowed her with a sturdy determination to meet life bravely, and now she showed a considerable business capacity. She sold all but a few acres of her land and then settled down to live her lonely life among her plants and vegetables, with an old family standby for her only companion.

An especial mention is due this companion, for he had been a cherished member of the family since Miss Jane was a little child; in fact, they had grown up together and their affection for one another had strengthened with years. This companion was none other than old Don, the donkey, who was a quiet, shaggy little fellow, over-flowing with virtues and quite devoid of worldly vices. He and Miss Jane spent many hours together, and often when friends would come to see Miss Jane on her lonely life she would say eagerly, "Oh, you forget, I am not alone, for I have Don."

Once, when a friend told her she really ought to look around for a man, she went so far as to say, "Don is no more of a donkey than some men I know." For this uncharitable remark, Miss Jane was immediately repentant, although she believed it. Miss Jane's friends often wondered why she did not marry, and in truth, Miss Jane had once twice wondered the same thing, but being of a religious turn of mind she held that

"She who marries, keeps God's letter, She who weds not, doth better."

One sunny June morning Miss Jane, arrayed in her new black dress and new bonnet, Don with his shaggy coat neatly brushed, and the little cart loaded with flowers and vegetables, set out for a trip to town. They made a pretty picture—at least so thought a certain lonely man who was leaning on a gate, half a mile this side of Miss Jane's cottage. Miss Jane saw him there and thought calmly, "That must be the stranger who has just moved on to the old Graves place."

The man aroused himself as Don, the cart and Miss Jane drew near and going out to the roadside asked if he could send a letter to them. Miss Jane took the letter, and said with her quiet smile that she was glad to favor him. Then, as she was about to start Don, the man said timidly, "They are pretty posies."

"Yes," Miss Jane answered, "I raise them to sell in town."

"Oh!" the man said, and then as if afraid Don would be started before he could make another remark he continued quickly, "Them look like nice, fresh vegetables."

"Yes," Miss Jane said again, "I raise them to sell in town, too."

Then she drove on leaving the man looking desolately after her, wishing he could have thought of something else to say to her.

Joseph Maynard was a bachelor who all his life had lived in a large, busy city, spending his days toiling in a shop. A few weeks before his old uncle had departed life, leaving Joseph his snug, little country home, and the latter, thinking a change would do him good, had determined to become a farmer. He had spent but a week in his new home, yet already he was pining for city life.

"It's all so big and still and lonesome-like here, and no one around," he said plaintively to himself as he watched Miss Jane slowly wending her way down the road. "If I only had a wife now to cheer me up 'twould be different. In the city a feller didn't notice it, but I say the country haint the place for old bachelors."

Miss Jane came home from town late in the afternoon, ate her supper, gave Don the usual amount of evening care, and then went out among her flowers for an hour's work before nightfall. She was bending over a bed of pansies, deftly pulling out the weeds which dared to appear, when the creaking of the gate aroused her. She beheld, with no little amazement, her acquaintance of the morning coming up the walk.

"Good evening, ma'am; nice day to-night," he said timidly; then, as Miss Jane looked at him inquiringly as if asking why he came, he stammered forth, "I thought maybe y'd sell me some them posies. I thought maybe they w'd sort of brighten up my house," then he added hesitatingly, "an' I thought maybe I could visit with ye a little spell, it's so lonesome-like down at my place."

Now, Miss Jane was kind hearted and she could not but be touched by the poor fellow's evident loneliness, though she really wished he had gone elsewhere to seek company. She picked him a basketful of her pretty flowers and then asked him into her little parlor for a chat.

"Don't ye git dreadful lonesome livin' here alone?" he asked her, wonderingly, and she answered eagerly: "Oh no! for I have my work and then Don is much company."

"Don, who is he?" asked Joseph.

"Why, my donkey," responded the lady, and forthwith she launched into an extended biography of Don, praising him until the man's heart was filled with jealous envy of the excellent donkey.

It was but natural that lonely Joseph Maynard should lighten his dark hours of solitude by concocting excuses for frequent visits to Miss Jane's neat cottage. It is said, but true, that as his liking for Miss Jane grew, his hatred for Don also grew. On no occasion did Miss Jane lose a chance for sounding his praises and assuring Joseph that she really needed no one else for company. At last, after a number of weeks poor, desolate Joseph said one evening, as he mopped the beads of perspiration from his brow:

"Really now, Miss Jane, don't ye honestly think it would be cheerful livin' an' more home-like if ye had a friend to live with, or a— or a— a husband mebbe?" But with cruel haste Miss Jane assured him she was perfectly content; really she needed no one for she had Don and he was such a companion. "Why, Mr. Maynard," she said, "I talk to him and he nods his head so wisely and understands it most all."

Oh, how fiercely did the billows of hate for innocent Don surge through Joseph's heart as he walked homeward! "How I jest wish the brute would die," he said. "How I wish his windpipe would burst when he goes to bray; how I wish he'd eat a big thistle that would stick in his throat and choke him; how I wish somebody would take him for a rabbit and shoot him."

Well, it happened greatly to Joseph's joy, that poor, old donkey Don did really die. No startling cause, as Joseph had hoped, called him away but old age weighed so heavily upon him that he was, at last, compelled to lay down the burden of life as had done his venerable ancestors before him.

Poor Miss Jane was inconsolable, and for her sake Joseph was almost tempted to wish her donkey back to life.

About two weeks after Don had been laid away to rest, Joseph dropped in one evening to call on Miss Jane. What was his surprise to find her standing outside her little barn gazing earnestly into the window through which for so many years her beloved Don had been accustomed to poke his soft nose. As Joseph drew near, he heard her murmuring soft words as if Don really stood before her. When she observed Joseph she came toward him with dim eyes, saying, "It does me so much good to visit Don's stall. I come every morning and evening for it seems to be a comfort to me."

As Joseph Maynard walked home that night he murmured to himself, "Yes, I'm going to do it. I vow I'm going to try and git her. I'm goin' to make a donkey of myself but I don't care."

The next morning Miss Jane went out to pay a visit to Don's stall. She stood outside the open window and said in sad tones, "Poor Don, I'm lonely without you. I miss you so I don't know what to do, can't you come back again? Oh! Don can't you give me one little bray?"

"Heavens! what is that sound? A bray! Yes, truly, coming from the depths of Don's stall sounding for all the world as Don's bray used to sound!"

Miss Jane tremblingly waited and slowly a form loomed up before her. With amazement, she beheld Joseph, red, trembling and desperate looking. Choking down his emotion, he said sturdily:

"Well, if ye jest won't take me any other way I'm goin' to take Don's place. I'm willin' to make a donkey of myself if ye'll only have me. Won't ye, Miss Jane?"

Poor Miss Jane was lonely, and his evident loneliness touched the right chord at last. She asked him to come into the house and when he went home he carried her promise to "Take the man and forget the donkey."

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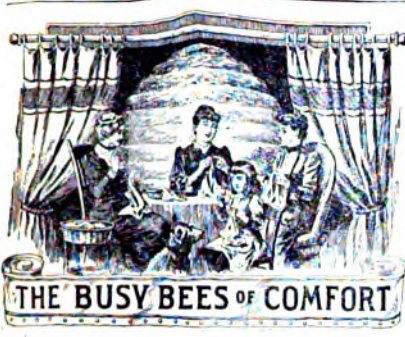
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Of course it is always a pleasure to feel that one's efforts in any direction are appreciated; so that the following letter from Brunswick, Ga., brought me sincere pleasure. I am always glad to hear from any of the Bees.

"Dear Queen Bee: You have no idea what a source of pleasure your page of COMFORT is to me. I always dwell longest on that page. I have only taken up fancy work in the last two years, and learned it all from 'The Busy Bees of Comfort.' I wish I had some pretty patterns to send to the Bees, but nearly every one I have has been taken from COMFORT. I want now to ask if you have any pattern for a worsted fascinator? Some light open-work pattern; if so, will you print it, and if not, will you ask the Bees, through your columns, please, any one of them to send it? Long live the Busy Bees of COMFORT!"

MISS J. BURROUGHS, 401 C St., Brunswick, Ga.

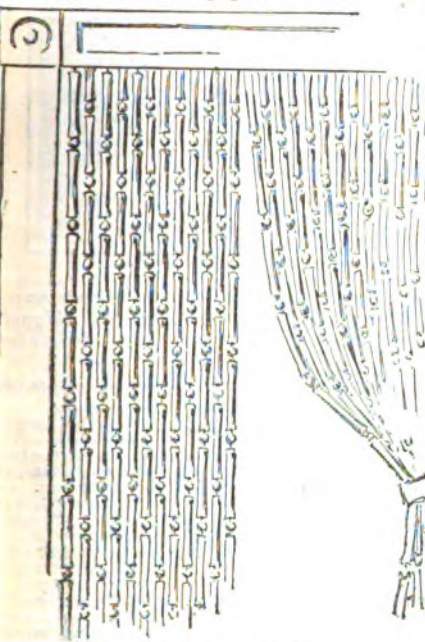
If any of you have this rule, and I am sure some of you must have it—please send it to me—with a picture of the article, if possible.

Another Bee writes:

"A very pretty foliage decoration for rooms and conservatories, can be made of a white sponge. Fill the sponge full of rice, canary, hemp, grass or other seeds; then place it in a shallow fancy glass dish; pour water in the dish; the sponge will absorb this; keep enough water to always have the sponge moist. In a short time the seeds will sprout and the sponge will look very pretty. The dish can be placed on the table, or the sponge can be suspended without the dish in some position where it is exposed to the sunlight. It must be kept well watered, so that the sponge is always moist, and it will then exhibit a mass of delicate green foliage. I wish also to tell how to make a shell box. Take a common pasteboard box and line it with satin or velvet. Then put shells of uniform size, as nearly as possible all around the edge, and cover the whole surface with as many pretty shells as you can get, fastening them on with glue. When it is all covered, varnish the whole."

C. L. OLSON, 1413 Florence Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Here is another pleasant letter from one who appreciates this paper:



A CORN-STALK PORTIERE.

"For several years I have been a reader of your delightful little paper, but so far have never contributed to it. Times are hard and 'E. J. C.' gave us such splendid advice about making rag carpets that I want to tell your many readers about my lovely cheap rugs. I would like to add a corn-stalk portiere to Mary A. Winslow's corn-stalk fret-work. As soon as I am able and find time I am going to send you a club. Even in these hard times one can find money enough for your charming paper. We raise sheep and I have made some

lovely rugs from sheep pelts. They are lovely enough for any parlor. Clean the pelts, and cut from one a piece as large as possible and a little longer than it is wide. From another pelt cut two strips as long as your rug and eight inches wide, and two strips sixteen inches longer than the ends of your rug. You can piece these strips if need be, by sewing them over and over and then pounding the seams flat. Now comes the dyeing. Dissolve one package of crimson Diamond dye and put it into a dish pan half full of boiling water. Place upon the stone, and when boiling up nicely pass the centre or larger piece slowly through the dye. It is a good plan to put loops of stout cord through the corners of each piece. When the color is deep enough, rinse in a tub of warm water and hang up to dry. Now dye the border strips with green dye, not having it too dark. When dry sew on the border and line, if desired. The mats should be carded or combed until they are very fluffy. A pretty one was made from a 'block' pelt, with a border of orange color. These rugs can be cut in any shape and sewed together like patch-work. A lovely one for a bedroom is pieced of six inch squares of natural white and delicate blue, with a six inch blue border. A large one made this way of crimson and gray over a worn couch cover, is very much admired. Another one does duty for a sleigh rug. They are as handsome as any of the curly fur rugs and are so cheap and easily made.

"Last fall the writer saw a cornstalk portiere hanging in an archway. The stalks were about as large as one's finger and cut four inches long. They were



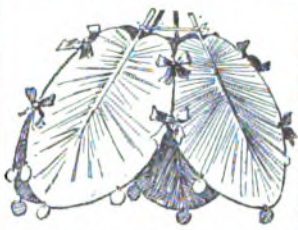
CROCHETED BELT.

strung upon twine with a colored glass bead between the stalks. They were strung in such a manner as to form a simple colored dado. The colors used were red, blue and yellow, green and violet. They were dyed by boiling them in Diamond dyes for cotton. Each strand ended in a tiny colored metal bell. A strip of wood was fastened to the archway and screw-eyes screwed into it, so that the strands would just touch. Each strand was tied to a screw-eye. It was as pretty as a bamboo curtain. Where the stalks had joints, a red-hot knitting needle was used to burn a hole through."

MAY LOUARD.

At this season, the corn-stalks will be just ready to use all through the northern parts of our great country, and I should advise the Bees to try making both this portiere, and the frieze described in this corner in August, 1893.

Here is something inexpensive and pretty which can be easily made at home. Take



A PALM LEAF LAMP SHADE.

four palm leaf fans which will make a handsome and inexpensive lampshade as here shown. The handles are cut just long enough to be fastened upon wires and thus be protected from the heat of the chimney, and the colorings of the ribbons may suit the taste. Sequins or Oriental pendants may be used along the edges, and the fans elaborately painted. It is light, easily adjusted, serviceable and cheap. Those who have tried them are well pleased with the effect.

Now that everybody is wearing a belt of some kind or another, a good many of you would like to make one of knitting silk. You will need three half-ounce balls, and a number one needle. It is crocheted back and forth in rows. Start with a chain of 39 stitches, which gives you a belt two and three-fourths inches wide.

2nd row.—Turn; and counting back do one single into every succeeding chain stitch of the foundation.

3rd row.—Turn; chain 1, do 1 single into each stitch of the row, passing hook under both veins of the chain.

4th row.—The same as 3rd.

5th row.—The same as 3rd.

6th row.—Turn; chain 1, do one single into each of three first stitches, * then work two long loops over three previous rows of singles as follows, viz.: Insert the hook between the first and second rows of singles, not directly under, but two stitches back in order to give the loop a slant, draw the thread to form a second loop on the needle but do not crochet it; leaving these two loops on needle pass over two stitches and insert hook through the third hole and draw thread through to form a third loop. These three loops are now secured at the top by a slip stitch just over the fourth stitch of the row; do one single in each of two next stitches, repeat from * eleven times more, end with one single.

7th row.—Turn; chain 1, do 1 single into each stitch, taking up only the front vein of every stitch.

The next six rows are repetitions of the last six, and are to be repeated until the desired length is obtained. This rule makes a very firm web and is well adapted to a ladies' belt. Of course the length must depend upon your waist measure. It

is a good plan to stiffen this belt with wigan and finish with a buckle and clasp. Very handsome silver buckles can now be bought for twenty-five cents and upward.

As I said at the beginning of this article, I am very glad to get letters of appreciation from you, and shall be very glad to use any hints or rules for fancy work you may send me, provided they are useful and original. By the last I mean something that has not been published in other papers. You know COMFORT always aims to be fresh and original as well as helpful.

QUEEN BEE.

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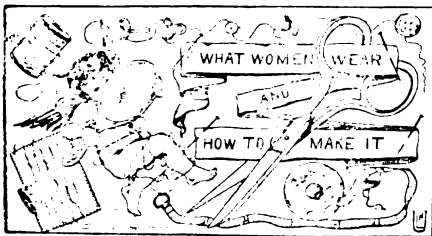
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WITH the coming of cool weather the maternal mind begins to plan anxiously the wardrobe of the little people of the family. The little fellow close under the initial is fully equipped for a walk on snow-shoes, although there will be no snow, let us hope, for some months to come. Mothers of small boys, however, will do well to provide these blanket suits for their children to wear while playing in the snow throughout the winter. They are equally appropriate in the city or country throughout, northern latitudes, and are very easily made at home. An ordinary costume of dark red, gray or blue, with a mother, if she will take care that it is cut large enough. A crocheted sash or tippet of the same color of the border, a crocheted or knit toboggan cap of bright worsted, and a pair of leggins or mocassins will complete the outfit and make your little boy fit to play out in the deepest snow in all weather. Nothing is so good for children as to learn early to brave all weathers; don't let them get the idea that they can only go out when the sun shines and that they must then be bundled up until all freedom of movement or comfort is lost. Accustom the children to going out every day in all weathers, and they will not take cold one-tenth as easily as those delicate creatures who are only allowed to go out in pleasant weather. Dress your children warmly but not too heavily, and see that they wear good, stout, tight shoes on their feet; then let them run and grow as healthy and happy as God intended them to be.

The family group in the center of the page, which was designed by our special artist for COMFORT, gives some very pretty fashions for children and their Mamma. Last month we gave a complete outfit for babies. This month a talk about what children should wear between the ages of two and fourteen or fifteen will be given. The little tot in the foreground has just learned to run about and is very sensibly dressed for going out. The little cloaks for children are particularly pretty this year. Through the summer and for a short time this fall, the little blazer coats have been worn, which come just below the waist and are double-breasted. They are made of bright-colored flannel or cravenette, and are trimmed with braid and brass buttons; but they will not be worn much longer this season, as they will not be warm enough. The garment which this little girl has on is of a silver gray cloth, braided with white braid around the bottom, cuffs and yoke. A lace ruffle finishes the shoulder, and the garment is tied with a gray ribbon to match the cloak. Her little bonnet is of soft gray silk, lined, and trimmed with white. For winter wear such a garment should be made of darker and heavier goods, always using cloth instead of velvets, satins, or plushes. The fashion of putting silk plush cloaks on to children has gone by; and it is no longer considered good taste to dress them in such extravagant materials. It is very rarely that little children now, of the best families, are seen in silks or other costly materials. It is unwise to let them form such a love for dress as this would give; and besides it is apt to get them so accustomed to costly and extravagant clothes that when they are grown larger nothing will be considered good enough for them, and they will always be unwilling to dress simply and plainly. Most of our richest and most cultivated people, nowadays, dress their children in plain cottons, kinghams and muslins in the summer, changing, perhaps, to cashmere and merino for winter. They select the finest materials of the kind, and have them made well, and often trimmed with dainty embroidery or lace; but they do not trim them elaborately; as in the best families the aim is to bring children up to have refined and quiet tastes, rather than showy and expensive ones.

For little children of two and three years, their dresses are mostly made in the Empire or Mother Hubbard styles. Boys and girls up to two and a half or three years are dressed much alike, except that girls' dresses are sometimes trimmed with shoulder ruffles, which are never used on boys' clothes. When a boy is three years old, or even younger than that if he is very large of his age, he should be put into kilts. Nothing is prettier than the Scotch costumes for boys, which are made with kilts, the plaid skirts now being worn with plain colored drab chevrot coats and waistcoats. Sailor's suits are worn by little boys, some with long trousers and some with knee breeches, the latter of which is much prettier for small boys. For little boys' best suits, nothing is prettier than velvet or corduroy. For small boys

these should be made with a kilt skirt, and for larger ones knee breeches can be substituted. The little jackets are plain, and shirt waists with sailor collar and perhaps a ruffle in front, are considered very pretty. For every day wear, however, the plain cravenette cannot be improved upon for boys, who can always be depended upon to get into all the mischief and dirt there is going.

For girls there is almost an infinite variety of dresses. The oldest girl in the picture given has on a dark blue flannel dress made with a plain round waist and finished with braid set on in even rows. The jacket of the same material, with full sleeves, can be worn for outdoor occasions, and the popular English walking hat, with a single quill, makes a very appropriate hat to wear with it. The other little girl in the picture, wears a becoming house dress of crushed strawberry merino, trimmed with black velvet ribbon put on very plainly. It is an extremely dressy little gown, and might be imitated in other colors. The mother wears a plain gray crepon trimmed with white insertion.

For larger girls, skirts are gored and flare around the bottom, in imitation of their Mamma's. Sleeves are made in the same way to imitate those of older women, and nearly everything is used for material. Younger girls wear the Empire dresses a great deal, and do not even belt them. Low necked and short sleeved dresses to be worn with white gimpis, are still made up in many different styles. In dressing young girls, however, as before said, the first consideration should always be simplicity. No greater mistake can be made than that of over-dressing little girls. It is not good taste; it is not fashionable. Expensive material should be used very sparingly, unless you wish to spoil the child. If you live where you need a party dress for the child, let it be of soft silk, such as china, surah or the Liberty silk; nun's veiling and crepon, however, are fully as pretty for that purpose. In selecting fabrics for little girls' dresses, do not get light colors in anything but washable material, unless it be for party gowns. Chevrots, tweeds and homespuns of browns, grays or mixed colors are extremely pretty, and the dark reds and navy blues are always in good taste. For a school dress that must be worn throughout a season, it is well to choose a style that has few ruffles or platings; frills are apt to become

The stock collars are more worn than ever, and are made of all colors and silken material. Some of them are made of a single strip of velvet or satin fastened in the back under a big bow of the same material, some are made of chiffon, and some are made with lace bows, loops, etc. In fact every imaginable variety is given it. If a woman has but one or two plain dresses, she can have several of these stock collars, say one of crimson velvet, another of apple green velvet, one of soft blue and one of cream color, so that she can give an infinite variety to her dress.

Belts are made with long sash ends falling at one side of the front or in the back. One way is to have a folded belt fastening or passing through a buckle in front, and meeting behind under a big bow of watered silk ribbon, the ends of which fall nearly to the bottom of the skirt. Sometimes the entire sash is made of satin or the web silk cut on the bias, in which case the sash is widened towards the end.

Skirts are still made plain, although there are many attempts at braiding in some form or other. The plain gored skirts, however, are still very much worn, and any woman who has her dress made up in that way, may rest assured that she will be in good style all the winter. The plain skirts are extremely becoming to good figures, and no woman with a good figure wants to disguise it or break up her lines with drapery or skirt trimmings.

MAN OR DONKEY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MARIE LELAND.

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IN a quiet little cottage, resting at the foot of a hill which sloped gently back from the road, lived Miss Jane Warren.

Miss Jane was a quiet, unpretentious person, no longer young, with sunny, laughing eyes and a sunny, cheerful disposition. Though the life of her family had been quiet and uneventful, there had been several sudden changes among the actors, until at last she was left alone upon the scene. One by one the others were called to meet death and one sad day Miss Jane realized that she was quite alone.

Nature had endowed her with a sturdy determination to meet life bravely, and now she showed a considerable business capacity. She sold all but a few acres of her land and then settled down to live her lonely life among her plants and vegetables, with an old family standby for her only companion.

An especial mention is due this companion, for he had been a cherished member of the family since Miss Jane was a little child—in fact, they had grown up together and their affection for one another had strengthened with years. This companion was none other than old Don, the donkey, who was a quiet, shaggy little fellow, overflowing with virtues and quite devoid of worldly vices. He and Miss Jane spent many hours together, and often when friends would come to visit Miss Jane on her lonely life she would say eagerly, "Oh, you forget, I am not alone, for I have Don."

Once, when a friend told her she really ought to look around for a man, she went so far as to say, "Don is no more of a donkey than some men I know." For this uncharitable remark, Miss Jane was immediately repentant, although she believed it. Miss Jane's friends often wondered why she did not marry, and in truth, Miss Jane had once or twice turned the same thing over in her mind, but being of a religious turn of mind she held that

"She who marries, keeps God's letter, She who weds not, doeth better."

One sunny day morning Miss Jane, arrayed in her neat black dress and new hat, went with her shaggy coat neatly brushed, and the little cart loaded with flowers and vegetables, set out for a trip to town. They made a pretty picture—at least so thought a certain lonely man who was leaning on a gate, half a mile this side of Miss Jane's cottage. Miss Jane saw him there and thought, calmly, "That must be the stranger who has just moved on to the old Graves place."

The man aroused himself as Don, the cart and Miss Jane drew near and going out to the roadside asked if he could send a letter to post by them. Miss Jane took the letter, and said with her quiet smile that she was glad to favor him. Then, as she was about to start Don, the man said timidly, "They are pretty posies."

"Yes," Miss Jane answered, "I raise them to sell in town."

"Oh!" the man said, and then as if afraid Don would be started before he could make another remark he continued quickly, "Them look like nice, fresh vegetables."

"Yes," Miss Jane said again, "I raise them to sell in town, too."

Then she drove on leaving the man looking desolately after her, wishing he could have thought of something else to say to her.

Joseph Maynard was a bachelor who all his life had lived in a large, busy city, spending his days toiling in a shop. A few weeks before his old uncle had departed life, leaving Joseph his snug, little country home, and the latter, thinking a change would do him good, had determined to become a farmer. He had spent but a week in his new home, yet already he was pining for city life.

"It's all so big and still and lonesome-like here, and no one around," he said plaintively to himself, as he watched Miss Jane slowly winding her way down the road. "If I only had a wife now to cheer me up 'twould be different. In the city a fellow didn't notice it, but I say the country haint the place for old bachelors."

Miss Jane came home from town late in the afternoon, ate her supper, gave Don the usual amount of evening care, and then went out among her flowers for an hour's work before nightfall. She was bending over a bed of pansies deftly pulling out the weeds which dared to appear, when the clicking of the gate aroused her. She looked up with no little amazement, her acquaintance of the morning coming up the walk.

"Good evening, ma'am; nice day to-night," he said timidly; then, as Miss Jane looked at him inquiringly as if asking why he came, he stammered forth, "I thought maybe you'd sell me some them posies. I thought maybe they'd sort of brighten up my house," then he added hesitatingly, "and I thought maybe I could visit with ye a little spell, it's so lonesome-like down at my place."

Now, Miss Jane was kind hearted and she could not but be touched by the poor fellow's evident loneliness, though she really wished he had gone elsewhere to seek company. She picked him a basketful of her pretty flowers and then asked him into her little parlor for a chat.

"Don't ye get dreadful lonesome livin' here alone?" he asked her wonderingly, and she answered eagerly, "Oh no! for I have my work and then Don is much company."

"Don, who is he?" asked Joseph.

"Why, my donkey," responded the lady, and forthwith she launched into an extended biography of Don, praising him until the man's heart was filled with jealous envy of the excellent donkey.

It was but natural that lonely Joseph Maynard should lighten his dark hours of solitude by concocting excuses for frequent visits to Miss Jane's neat cottage. It is sad, but true, that as his liking for Miss Jane grew, his hatred for Don also grew. On no occasion did Miss Jane lose a chance for sounding his praises and assuring Joseph that she really needed no one else for company. At last, after a number of weeks poor, desolate Joseph said one evening, as he mopped the beads of perspiration from his brow:

"Reely now, Miss Jane, don't ye honestly think it would be cheerful livin' an' more home-like if ye had a friend to live with, or a wife or a husband maybe?" But with cruel haste Miss Jane assured him she was perfectly content; really she needed no one, for she had Don and he was such a companion. "Why, Mr. Maynard," she said, "I talk to him and he heeds his head so wisely and understands it most all."

Oh, how fiercely did the billows of hate for innocent Don surge through Joseph's heart as he walked homeward! "How I jest wish the brute would die," he said. "How I wish his windpipe would burst when he goes to bray; how I wish he'd eat a big thistle that would stick in his throat and choke him; how I wish somebody would take him for a rabbit and shoot him!"

Well, it happened greatly to Joseph's joy, that poor, old donkey Don did really die. No startling cause, as Joseph had hoped, called him away but old age weighed so heavily upon him that he was, at last, compelled to lay down the burden of life as had done his venerable ancestors before him.

Poor Miss Jane was inconsolable, and for her sake Joseph was almost tempted to wish her donkey back to life.

About two weeks after Don had been laid away to rest, Joseph dropped in one evening to call on Miss Jane. What was his surprise to find her standing outside her little barn gazing earnestly into the wind-drawn through which for so many years her beloved Don had been accustomed to poke his soft nose. As Joseph drew near, he heard her murmuring soft words as if Don really stood before her. When she observed Joseph she came toward him with dim eyes, saying, "It does me so much good to visit Don's stall. I come every morning and evening for it seems to be a comfort to me."

As Joseph Maynard walked home that night he murmured to himself, "Yes, I'm going to do it. I'm going to try and get her. I'm going to make a donkey of myself but I don't care."

The next morning Miss Jane went out to pay a visit to Don's stall. She stood outside the open window and said in sad tones, "Poor Don, I'm lonely without you. I miss you so I don't know what to do, can't you come back again? Oh! Don can't you give me one little bray?"

Heavens! what is that sound? A bray! Yes, truly, coming from the depths of Don's stall standing for all the world as Don's bray used to sound!

Miss Jane tremblingly waited and slowly a form loomed up before her. With amazement, she beheld Joseph, red, trembling and desperate looking. Choking down his emotion, he said sturdily:

"Well, if ye jest won't take me any other way I'm going to take Don's place. I'm willing to have me a donkey of myself if ye'll only have me. Won't ye, Miss Jane?"

Poor Miss Jane was lonely, and his evident loneliness touched the right chord at last. She asked him to come into the house, and when he came home he carried her promise to "Take the man and forget the donkey."

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Of course it is always a pleasure to feel that one's efforts in any direction are appreciated; so that the following letter from Brunswick, Ga., brought me sincere pleasure. I am always glad to hear from any of the Bees.

"Dear Queen Bee: You have no idea what a source of pleasure your page of COMFORT is to me. I always dwell longest on that page. I have only taken up fancy work in the last two years, and learned it all from 'The Busy Bees of Comfort.' I wish I had some pretty patterns to send to the Bees, but nearly every one I have has been taken from COMFORT. I want now to ask if you have any pattern for a worsted fascinator? Some light open-work pattern; if so, will you print it, and if not, will you ask the Bees, through your columns, please, any one of them to send it? Long live the Busy Bees of COMFORT!"

MISS J. BURROUGHS, 401 C St., Brunswick, Ga.

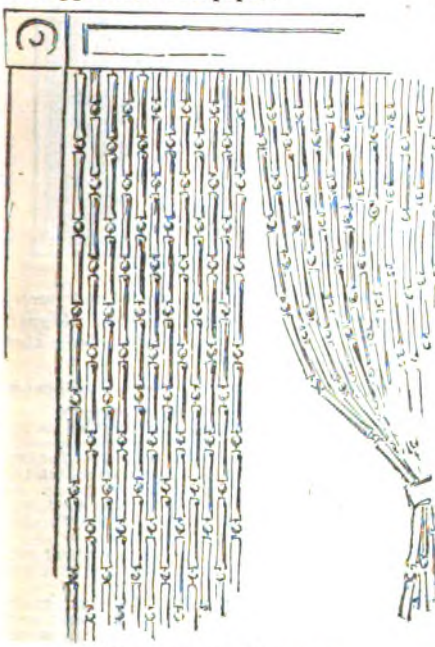
If any of you have this rule, and I am sure some of you must have it—please send it to me—with a picture of the article, if possible.

Another Bee writes:

"A very pretty foliage decoration for rooms and conservatories, can be made of a white sponge. Fill the sponge full of rice, canary, hemp, grass or other seeds; then place it in a shallow fancy glass dish; pour water in the dish; the sponge will absorb this; keep enough water to always have the sponge moist. In a short time the seeds will sprout and the sponge will look very pretty. The dish can be placed on the table, or the sponge can be suspended without the dish in some position where it is exposed to the sunlight. It must be kept well watered, so that the sponge is always moist, and it will then exhibit a mass of delicate green foliage. I wish also to tell how to make a shell box. Take a common pasteboard box and line it with satin or velvet. Then put shells of uniform size, as nearly as possible all around the edge, and cover the whole surface with as many pretty shells as you can get, fastening them on with glue. When it is all covered, varnish the whole."

C. L. OLSON, 1413 Florence Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Here is another pleasant letter from one who appreciates this paper:



A CORN-STALK PORTIERE.

"For several years I have been a reader of your delightful little paper, but so far have never contributed to it. Times are hard and 'E. J. C.' gave us such splendid advice about making rag carpets that I want to tell your many readers about my lovely cheap rugs. I would like to add a corn-stalk portiere to Mary A. Winslow's corn-stalk fret-work. As soon as I am able and find time I am going to send you a club. Even in these hard times one can find money enough for your charming paper. We raise sheep and I have made some

lovely rugs from sheep pelts. They are lovely enough for any parlor. Clean the pelts, and cut from one a piece as large as possible and a little longer than it is wide. From another pelt cut two strips as long as your rug and eight inches wide, and two strips sixteen inches longer than the ends of your rug. You can piece these strips if need be, by sewing them over and over and then pounding the seams flat. Now comes the dyeing. Dissolve one package of crimson Diamond dye and put it into a dish pan half full of boiling water. Place upon the stone, and when boiling up nicely pass the centre or larger piece slowly through the dye. It is a good plan to put loops of stout cord through the corners of each piece. When the color is deep enough, rinse in a tub of warm water and hang up to dry. Now dye the border strips with green dye, not having it too dark. When dry sew on the border and line, if desired. The mats should be carded or combed until they are very fluffy. A pretty one was made from a 'block' pelt, with a border of orange color. These rugs can be cut in any shape and sewed together like patch-work. A lovely one for a bedroom is pieced of six inch squares of natural white and delicate blue, with a six inch blue border. A large one made this way of crimson and gray over a worn couch cover, is very much admired. Another one does duty for a sleigh rug. They are as handsome as any of the curly fur rugs and are so cheap and easily made.

"Last fall the writer saw a cornstalk portiere hanging in an archway. The stalks were about as large as one's finger and cut four inches long. They were



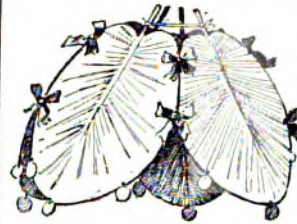
CROCHETED BELT.

strung upon twine with a colored glass bead between the stalks. They were strung in such a manner as to form a simple colored dado. The colors used were red, blue and yellow, green and violet. They were dyed by boiling them in Diamond dyes for cotton. Each strand ended in a tiny colored metal bell. A strip of wood was fastened to the archway and screw-eyes screwed into it, so that the strands would just touch. Each strand was tied to a screw-eye. It was as pretty as a bamboo curtain. Where the stalks had joints, a red-hot knitting needle was used to burn a hole through."

MAY LOUARD.

At this season, the corn-stalks will be just ready to use all through the northern parts of our great country, and I should advise the Bees to try making both this portiere, and the frieze described in this corner in August, 1893.

Here is something inexpensive and pretty which can be easily made at home. Take four palm leaf fans which will make a handsome and inexpensive lampshade as here shown. The handles are cut just long enough to be fastened upon wires and thus be protected from the heat of the chimney, and the colorings of the ribbons may suit the taste. Sequins or Oriental pendants may be used along the edges, and the fans elaborately painted. It is light, easily adjusted, serviceable and cheap. Those who have tried them are well pleased with the effect.



A PALM LEAF LAMP SHADE.

Now that everybody is wearing a belt of some kind or another, a good many of you would like to make one of knitting silk. You will need three half-ounce balls, and a number one needle. It is crocheted back and forth in rows. Start with a chain of 39 stitches, which gives you a belt two and three-fourths inches wide.

2nd row.—Turn; and counting back do one single into every succeeding chain stitch of the foundation.

3rd row.—Turn; chain 1, do 1 single into each stitch of the row, passing hook under both veins of the chain.

4th row.—The same as 3rd.

5th row.—The same as 3rd.

6th row.—Turn; chain 1, do one single into each of three first stitches, * then work two long loops over three previous rows of singles as follows, viz.: Insert the hook between the first and second rows of singles, not directly under, but two stitches back in order to give the loop a slant, draw the thread to form a second loop on the needle but do not crochet it; leaving these two loops on needle pass over two stitches and insert hook through the third hole and draw thread through to form a third loop. These three loops are now secured at the top by a slip stitch just over the fourth stitch of the row; do one single in each of two next stitches, repeat from * eleven times more, end with one single.

7th row.—Turn; chain 1, do 1 single into each stitch, taking up only the front vein of every stitch.

The next six rows are repetitions of the last six, and are to be repeated until the desired length is obtained. This rule makes a very firm web and is well adapted to a ladies' belt. Of course the length must depend upon your waist measure. It

is a good plan to stiffen this belt with wigan and finish with a buckle and clasp. Very handsome silver buckles can now be bought for twenty-five cents and upward.

As I said at the beginning of this article, I am very glad to get letters of appreciation from you, and shall be very glad to use any hints or rules for fancy work you may send me, provided they are useful and original. By the last I mean something that has not been published in other papers. You know COMFORT always aims to be fresh and original as well as helpful. QUEEN BEE.

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We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

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NOTHER month has rolled around and again we record the portentous significations of the heavenly monitors, and to offer such suggestions and timely warnings as the nature of prescience and Astrology will permit. But first we beg leave to call attention to the many fulfillments of predictions made in these columns since the new astrological year began at the Spring Equinox in March last.

Those who have followed the predictions have undoubtedly noted the "trials and tribulations" of the President of the United States, as indicated in the February number of *COMFORT*; that "those high in office * * * suffer dishonor or disgrace or are east out of their dignities," notably the Breckinridge disgrace and scandal; and that in March and April came the "popular disturbance" in Colorado as predicted in the same number.

Some of the effects of the eclipses indicated in March are being unfolded as time advances. The path of the eclipse covered eastern Asia, including Japan and China, and already has war been declared between those two nations and the king of Corea seized and imprisoned in fulfillment of the predictions that there should be "motion of armies, the death and destruction of kings" * * * "the imprisonment, trouble and sadness of some king." There have been unusual earth disturbances, as note the great earthquake in Turkey; and southern and eastern Asia will truly "for many months be full of excitement, witnessing unusual activity of armed bodies and probably wars and slaughters," etc.

The general predictions in the May number have nearly all been fulfilled. The time has been "more unfavorable than usual for persons of prominence in the political world." The President of France has met a violent death at the hands of an assassin and truly "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Anarchy has boldly stalked abroad in foreign lands, and riot, incendiarism, and bloodshed have nearly immersed us in civil war in our own beloved country. We have had our seasons of intense heat and marked disasters from lightning in June and July, as indicated also in the May number, and we are now noting the detriment suffered to our "crops sown broadcast in north-west localities" along in the latter part of July from excessive heat and dryness.

We have pointed to only a few of these verifications, more for the purpose of directing the observations of the newly interested reader and to show the closeness with which events follow upon the heels of their exciting causes. Our older readers will hardly need these reminders as the repeated verification of our monthly warnings.

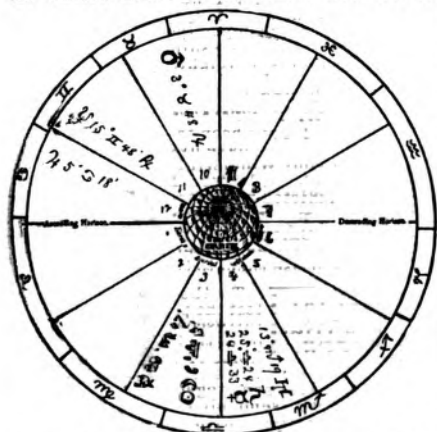
"What wonder, then, that we a science scan, Which, tracing nature, analyzes man; Whether we view him placed in joy or woe, Whether trace earth, or search her depths below."

Whether we contemplate the glorious sun, The circling planets, or the changeful moon; Whether the elements in mildest form, Or in the horrors of the roaring storm; In all, the Almighty Architect we mark, Clear, though mysterious—luminous, though dark!"

LUNATION FOR THE MONTH.

At the new moon on the 29th of September, the Sun will be eclipsed in the 7th degree of Libra at about 24 minutes before 1 o'clock in the morning.

Very fortunately, this eclipse is not visible in the United States so we do not look for its



worst effects in this region, but rather in the eastern part of Africa, southern part of Asia and Australia where it is fully visible. Some degree of the influence as disclosed by the figure for the lunation will be felt here, however, in localities familiar with the signs involved.

To the feminine and youthful portion of the community the promises of the figure are quite unfavorable pointing to increased affliction among them from disorders of the throat, and there will probably be brought to light some case of poisoning or unusual act of cruelty and violence toward the weaker sex and children during the latter days of October. Let all persons born about the 21st of January, April, July, or October, of past years, take special heed of these suggestions as their activities will be seriously antagonized during the middle days of this month.

Conditions continue the excitement and warlike attitudes in Asia, and England, Germany, and Austria, do not escape some measure of the combative elements, though we trust they will not seriously involve those nations in strife with each other.

CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER.

OCTOBER 1—Monday. Begin this day early, improving the earliest hours for buying goods for trade and seeking pecuniary advantages or money accommodations; deal with judges, clergymen, and persons of means and prominence; seek no favor from public officials or great corporations during the afternoon.

2—Tuesday. An excellent day, specially encouraging to the elegant and decorative in life. Purchase for use all articles of dress, adornment or decoration; also musical merchandise, dramatic appurtenances, artists' materials, etc.

3—Wednesday. Another lucky day. Urge the pursuit of all general business. Give preference to the latter part of the day to conduct business with functionaries of state and corporations and for seeking favor from superiors.

4—Thursday. The day is evil until the late afternoon, inviting disputes and quarrels; be careful in the execution of contracts; beware of litigation; do not journey, and look out for fires, explosions and accidents.

5—Friday. Trade cautiously in fancy goods, musical or artistic merchandise, especially during the forenoon hours of this day; the afternoon encourages literary and scientific pursuits; also dealings with persons in mechanical trades; urge correspondence, travel, and general business, but do not engage in speculative ventures.

6—Saturday. An indifferent day until afternoon; give no offense to persons in authority nor hazard the security of business connections, credit or reputation; use the afternoon for urging novel and inventive methods, especially patents and science and scientific matters generally.

7—Sunday. The forenoon is the better part of this day, contributing to successful mental efforts and intellectual gratification and improvement; the afternoon brings a greater sense of depression than usual and does not give much satisfaction, social or intellectual.

8—Monday. Be very cautious in the use of the pen; make no contracts or bargains for land nor deal with contractors or landlords; sign no deeds; engage no servants, nor expect progress or advantage from any literary undertakings; such matters are likely to be full of mischief and controversy if now begun; the forenoon is best for the elegant occupations and the polite arts.

9—Tuesday. Arise and begin the day with the Sun; give all energies to business, giving preference to the forenoon for pushing engagements with public men or officers of great corporations; be cautious in the afternoon that the purse does not suffer from extravagance.

10—Wednesday. One of the best days of the month; make beginnings in all important matters; waste no time in frivolities or in merely social engagements or pleasurable entertainments. Engage vigorously in all classes of transactions pertaining to houses and lands purchasing, selling, hiring, letting, building, repairing, improving, or furnishing; improve the day for beginning long journeys, milling operations, metal working, and the extensive manufacture, purchase or sale of machinery; deal with judges, counsellors, ecclesiastics, traders in wool and woolsens, and do not fear money transactions of consequence in these matters. If the anniversary of thy birthday, these suggestions apply with even greater force. Reckon with full assurance upon many prosperous weeks to come; buy goods for trade, engage in new enterprises, and speculate if the nativity be favorable in other respects. The time is particularly favorable for persons born about the 19th of February, 21st of June, 23rd of August, or 22nd of December, of past years, and such persons have marked increase of friends, improved health, unexpected and more benevolent business advantages and benefits—many making advantageous changes in business.

11—Thursday. Continue all efforts of yesterday with vigor; giving preference to literary pursuits concerning books or publications; authors of prose writings will find this and the preceding days propitious for commencing any new and important work. Apply to officers of large corporations or government officials for favor or advancement; travel and change residence. Check the inclinations to waste money or gratify unprofitable indulgences.

12—Friday. Not specially conducive to success in any particular direction; if anything, somewhat detrimental to advancement of intellectual and literary pursuits.

13—Saturday. Pecuniary losses are induced by prevailing conditions of this day; be careful that all purchases are prompted by necessity rather than profit or self-gratification, and defer speculations until a more propitious time, unless the nativity give extraordinary promises of gain.

14—Sunday. An evil day. The 24 hours beginning at sunrise are full of mischief and likely to be noted for fires, violent accidents and sudden deaths; and the necessity for caution in all the walks of life, *REGULUS* wishes to urge emphatically; nervous and brain diseases and all classes of paralytic affections will be much aggravated. If this be near one's birthday reinforce the courage, be vigilant in business and watchful of health, and avoid misfortunes of serious character. The same is true, likewise, of many persons born about the 17th of January, 26th of February, 12th or 17th of April, 20th of July, 1st of September or 20th of October, of past years. This is a day greatly to be avoided for any matrimonial alliance, for married life now begun will be full of discord, disappointment, sorrow and unhappiness and will in many instances terminate violently. *REGULUS* urges the fair sex especially to shun such steps for these passing days, particularly if born about the dates just indicated; conditions severely test the already existing marital and betrothal bonds of those having these birthdays, and elopements and unfortunate misalliances will be common. Let those so born have courage if now in the midst of sadness or despondency, as many are likely to be, for the silver lining to the dark clouds that seem to surround them will soon appear.

15—Monday. The first half of the day will probably witness some destructive fires; have care in handling horses, dogs, and the brute creation generally; keep the temper and the wits; the latter part of the day gives improved conditions and should be given preference concerning financial dealings; purchase goods for trade and deal with persons of wealth and prominence.

16—Tuesday. Do not travel unnecessarily in the 24 hours beginning at sunset on the 15th instant nor expect advantage in the literary or scientific pursuits. Persons born about the 4th of February or May, or the 7th of August or November, of past years, are likely to be now in the midst of unusual nervous excitement and annoying experiences of a controversial nature, and may suffer from the envious, malicious, and slanderous tongue or pen or have strange disorders in their business or domestic affairs; let such persons exercise great prudence in word and act, nor indulge in speculative ventures or litigation.

17—Wednesday. The conditions of this day promise little or nothing of moment.

18—Thursday. Not favorable generally for business transactions, except perhaps those concerned with the elegant and artistic world.

19—Friday. Begin exertions with the dawn and urge general business vigorously; the forenoon is peculiarly fortunate for contracts

concerning buildings or for hiring or purchasing houses or lands; also for dealings in agricultural products and implements, building materials, coal, or metal ores; or for necessary surgical operations or dental work; also for dealings in hardware, electrical goods, and chemicals, with cutlers, tailors, and all workers in metals or glass.

20—Saturday. The forenoon is best for money transactions, but merchants and bankers should transact business with caution, looking out for forgeries and false representations; as the day advances, despondency, irritability and impatience are induced and it is best to keep a civil tongue, slow to take offence, avoid all controversy, and be cautious in handling fire and electricity, and the brute creation. This is quite an unfortunate birthday anniversary and those claiming it should take due precautions during the coming weeks to avoid exposing themselves to danger of accidents and against head, stomach and kidney troubles and all inflammatory annoyances or eruptive diseases.

21—Sunday. The early hours are best, though the day as a whole is peculiarly mischievous, interfering with domestic tranquility and contributing to strife and disruption in both social and the tender relations. It is not favorable as a birthday anniversary and all persons born about the dates indicated in the suggestions for the 14th, should be careful as therein hinted; to many of these is due the caution that they shall be so guarded in their acts and so cautious in their associations, as not to debase themselves or their good name and honor among their fellowmen; let all such be on the alert against deceit or being misled into holding evil communications, for there is extreme danger that many will in the passing weeks "dip" into lower planes and spheres and be possessed to do acts that reflect discredit. Many ladies so born have anxiety or unappetence; broken engagements or estrangements in parental or conjugal relations are among some of the common effects of these conditions and are likely to be found in the experiences of many ladies above indicated. The male sex to born should be very careful in business ventures, and diligent and faithful in forwarding and protecting the interests of those for whom they are acting, also very cautious not to give cause for business ruptures; many annoying disappointments are threatened during these fall and winter months.

22—Monday. Strange interruptions affect the transactions of this day; affairs may prom-

ise well, but appearances are likely to prove deceitful.

23—Tuesday. Use the pen cautiously during the morning, but as the Sun mounts to the meridian let every energy be given to the prosecution of business. *REGULUS* urges especially those not born about the prescribed dates indicated in the 14th paragraph, to commence all their new undertakings at noon of this day, particularly if they were born about the 19th of February, 27th of June, 28th of August, or 27th of December, of past years; to buy houses and lands, purchase materials for manufacture and merchandise for trade; to seek money accommodations and deal with persons of wealth and standing.

24—Wednesday. Give preference to the forenoon for important transactions, and continue transactions suggested for the 23rd inst; but as the noon is passed, baffling conditions arise.

25—Thursday. Urge business vigorously all day. Waste no moments in idleness or pleasure; prosecute mathematical and scientific studies; deal with the intellectual classes, booksellers, publishers, printers, judges and lawyers; travel and change the place of residence, and effect commercial contracts and money obligations of consequence in the forenoon.

26—Friday. Practice economy in the forenoon, for there is danger to the purse; beware of money speculations and do not invest means in merchandise for trade, unless the nativity be remarkably favorable at this time.

27—Saturday. This day is peculiarly evil for dealings in household, artistic, decorative, and fancy goods, and serious business controversies or embarrassments, if not failure, comes to many such. *REGULUS* specially cautions the fair sex that they avoid any kind of matrimonial engagement on this day, for it would be likely to be followed by disappointment and suffering; and he particularly urges them not to be hastened into regrettable decisions or concessions. There will be many sudden and unfortunate marriages, particularly at unseasonable ages, and elopements become frequent. Indeed the general conditions prevailing for a number of days promise very unfavorably for the marriage contract, being likely to give unusual discord and unhappiness in the married life of the parties to the contract. We are also likely to observe at this time a deplorable increase of profligacy and dissipation, slander, scandal, and social irregularities.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

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I AM going to tell you this month, about a tea-tipping Orang Outang and an ink-drinking Siamang monkey. And then we might have a little talk about monkeys in general. Probably those of you who live outside the great cities have seldom seen a monkey, unless it was one with a hand organ; and these little fellows are so tame and so kept down and trained out of their ordinary habits, to say nothing of their being dressed so fantastically, that they can hardly be called monkeys at all.

The orang outang is one of the largest monkeys in the world, some of them being as tall as a man, and when they are in a wild state, are savage and quite dangerous. He is found only in Asia and in the southern part. The orang lives on vegetables, but he has the strongest teeth of almost any animal. Probably you have seen coconuts? Well, he can with his teeth cut right through the hard shell of one of them, while his arms are so strong that he can snap a strong spear in two as easily as you would break a stick. Sometimes the orang outang has been tamed and brought to England or this country. One which was taken to England was very gentle if he was not irritated, but if he was disturbed or bothered in any way, he would fly into a perfect rage. Nothing made him so angry as to offer him an orange and then take it away just as he was going to seize it; he would go into a perfect passion, shriek furiously, and throw himself around like a child in a fit of anger. He soon learned to drink tea and coffee and preferred them to water; in fact, he wanted to drink tea all the time. This was bad for him, and he might have furnished an argument for temperance lecturers, as he soon developed such a taste for stimulants that he began to drink wine and other liquors and was once detected stealing from his master's brandy bottle. He ate fruits and bread and was exceedingly fond of raw eggs, and if he could not get anything stronger would drink milk, although he preferred beer. When he was being taken over to England on the ship, he saw, one day, a couple of common turtles that had been taken on to make a soup of some day; but the mere sight of them frightened the orang outang so that he ran clear to the top of the mast-head and screamed as hard as he could for some time; a land tortoise, or even the sight of men or boys swimming in water, would have the same effect on him, and Professor Wood says that he has known a whole cage of monkeys to be frightened half out of their wits by the sight of a common snail on the floor.

Another kind is the Siamang, which is found in Sumatra.

Do you know where Sumatra is? Look on the map of Asia and see.

You know, I suppose, that monkeys have hands just like human beings, and that their feet are shaped more like hands than anything else. The Siamang has his first and second fingers of the hind feet united down to the second joint. He also has a double pouch under the chin and throat, and when he gets excited he fills these up with air, so that he looks very funny indeed. The Siamangs are very quiet monkeys when in their native fields, except at sunrise and sunset when they assemble in great numbers, and all set up a hideous yell; whether they call this a concert, or what they mean by it, nobody knows. The mother



ORANG.

siamang is very careful of her children and keeps them very clean, washing and rubbing them the same as a cat would; although sometimes the little Siamangs struggle and scream like everything through the operation. The father Siamang does his part in taking care of the family too, and they seem to divide the care of the family between them, papa Siamang taking care of the boys and mamma the girls. A Siamang monkey was once taken on board of a ship, where he soon became friends with everybody as he was a gentle creature. He used to skip about the ropes and play tricks on the passengers and crew. He took a great fancy to a little girl on board, and used to sit with his arms around her neck and eat biscuits with her, but I am sorry to say that sometimes he would lose his temper and then act like a naughty spoiled child, striking and screaming and making a dreadful face and crying "ra! ra! ra!" He was very sensitive to ridicule, and if he thought anybody was making fun of him he would sit and inflate his throat until it looked like a great wen, and then he would scream "ra! ra!"

What do you suppose he liked best to drink? He must have learned the famous college song with its refrain, "If it's all the same to you I'll take a bottle of ink;" for every time that he could get hold of the ink bottle, he would drain it dry; or if he could not get ink, he would suck the pens dry. There were some smaller monkeys on the ship, and he did not always behave toward them as kindly as he might. He had no tail himself, and so he used to make a point of catching the other monkeys by the tail and swinging them around; he seemed to love to hear them scream, and one poor unfortunate monkey he used to seize by the tail and carry him up to the top of the rigging, wriggling and screaming, and then quietly let him drop on deck again.

Another species of the monkeys of Asia is known as the Gibbon. They are not as large as the apes, and orang outangs, and they pass a

great deal of time among the branches of trees, jumping rapidly from one place to another, and moving so fast that one can hardly follow them. Professor Wood calls them the "swallows of the monkey race." Their hair is thicker and finer than any of the larger monkeys, although they are not very pretty as to face. They have very powerful voices, and they seem to lose no opportunities for making themselves heard. One which was taken from Sumatra and kept in captivity used to astonish people by the way she would throw herself round; she would jump eighteen feet from one branch to another with perfect ease. Sometimes she would throw herself, without the least warning, from the place she was sitting towards a branch a good many feet away; a looker-on would think that she certainly never could reach the branch, but she immediately caught on to another branch, and would jump from one to another in that way, hardly touching the branches. If the spectator would throw up a piece of fruit in the air while she was jumping about in this way, she would catch it while she passed along, without stopping or



LAR GIBBON.

making any unusual effort. She was a regular sleight-of-hand performer, wasn't she? and might have made her fortune traveling with a circus. Sometimes when she was flying through the air in this way, she would suddenly take a notion to stop, and would light on a branch as quietly and demurely as though she had never stirred, and all this time she would look as grave as a judge.

There is another kind of monkey which comes from Asia, called the Hoonuman. He is a brown monkey, about three or four feet high. The natives of India, where he lives, have a sort of superstitious reverence for him, and seem to think that he represents some form of the deity.



HOONUMAN.

and so they cover their roofs with thorn bushes, to keep him out. He does not steal anything when anybody is looking at him, but he will resort to almost any trick to draw a man's attention away from the object he wants, and then when he thinks nobody is looking, he goes and steals it.

Another curious fact about the Gibbon monkeys is that they will eat their own tails. When they have nothing else to do they pull up the end of their tail and go to nibbling it. People who have had them for pets have tried all manner of ways to break them of this habit; they have smeared the ends of their tails with pepper, aloes and plasters, and done them up in bandages; but while the monkey makes an awful face over the bad taste of all these things, he keeps right on chewing off the end of his tail, and after a few years he manages to get it all eaten up, in spite of his keepers. What does he do for a nice tid-bit then, I wonder?

Do you remember my telling you of the travels of Mrs. Sheldon, a white lady in the wilds of Africa a few months ago, and do you remember her experience with the Colobus monkey? She has some beautiful skins of theirs, which I wish you could see; his hair is fine and soft and long and jet black, except for a fringe of pure white which runs from his head to his tail on both sides; it looks as though it was sewed on, but it is not, as it has always grown so. He is an African monkey, and the savages in Africa think themselves very much dressed up when they can get the colobus skin to wear or to put on their shields.

Then there is another kind of monkey called the Mangabey, who looks something like a chimney-sweeper. He is only about eighteen inches long, but he has a strange way of wrinkling his face into a grin and turning his tail up on his back, something as a squirrel does. He seems to be the acrobat among monkeys. He can turn himself into all sorts of shapes, and you would think to look at him he had no joints. He is very fond of nuts, cakes and fruit, and he is a shrewd little fellow; when tamed, he soon learns that by exhibiting his gymnastic performances he will be rewarded with candy or fruit, and so he goes on with his operations to attract attention. He is very fond of jewelry, too, and will try to seize all that comes his way. For instance, if you have on a handsome ring, he will seize your hand, pretending that he wants to shake hands with you, and try his best to pull that ring off; if he



COLOBUS.

gets it he will swallow it, and that is the end of your ring. So whenever you see a Mangabey monkey, don't accept his offer to shake hands.

There is no end to the interesting stories one can tell about monkeys. I shall have to finish up with only one. The others have been about Asian and African monkeys; now I am going to tell you of a South American monkey called the Coaita, which is a kind of spider monkey. The spider monkeys are so called on account of their long, scrawny limbs, and their peculiar walk. They have long tails which they curl up over their backs, making the end of it look like the letter S. He does not eat his tail, as it is of too much use to him otherwise. Supposing he finds a nest of eggs, or some other little dainty, hidden away in some nook too small for his

hand to enter, what do you suppose he does? Why, he just inserts the tip end of that tail and hooks it out. The spider monkey's tail is something like the elephant's trunk, although they



COAITA.

are situated at opposite ends of the body. He can do a great many things with that tail, but I cannot stop to tell you them all now. I want to tell you a story of a spider monkey named Sally.

Sally was captured in British Guiana, and was given to a family to keep. She was a great favorite, and was very affectionate towards her master. She was very gentle and did not get into passions as the others do, but when she was punished sat down and seemed to be repenting of her sins. Her long twisted tail she always kept curled around something, and although many of her relatives use their tails for stealing purposes, Sally was remarkably honest, and seldom took anything that did not belong to her. She got into a dreadful scrape once. It was on shipboard and her master was going to his cabin, when he saw, bundled on the door-mat, poor little Sally. He called her, but she did not move, and when he took her up, he found that she was quite tipsy. She was very ill that night, but the scrape had a good effect on her, as she never repeated it. She had gone into the dining room where the officers were having a banquet and on seeing a tumbler of brandy and water stand there, had poked her nose into it and drank it all down without stopping. The effect was what might be supposed, but she was so ashamed that she never got caught in that way again.

Do you know that we have a very large Natural History Club now? I don't suppose you have any idea that there are several hundred thousand in it, have you? You remember the offer in regard to Professor Wood's Natural History which has been made you so many times? There were a million copies in the edition when it was first offered you last winter; over eight hundred thousand of these have already been distributed to our readers by the publishers of COMFORT, and there are less than two hundred thousand remaining. When these are gone it will be impossible for you to obtain this wonderful book without paying about six dollars for it; so that I would advise everyone of you who has not already complied with the conditions and sent for Wood's Natural History, to do so at once. Read the offer in another column, with regard to it, and send for the book at once, before it is too late.

UNCLE CHARLIE.

ASTROLOGY CLUB.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

ularities doing violence to order, justice and morality. Persons born about the 15th of January or April or the 18th of July or October, of past years, should take heed of these suggestions and be strictly temperate in all things. Under the conditions prevailing there are likely to be disclosed some unusually brutal treatment or violence to members of the female sex causing popular excitement, an unusual number of cases of suicide among them, bad poisoning accidents, or scandalous disclosures.

28—Sunday. The best Sabbath day in the month, especially conducive to religious fervor; efforts of the clergy will be attended with more than ordinary success and church matters and officials are particularly favored.

29—Monday. The hours after early morning are the best and all general business should be prosecuted with vigor throughout the day. Persons born about the 25th of February or April, or the 28th of June, August, or October, of past years, have at this time more agreeable developments and business advantages than usual and should crowd all their undertakings at this season with increased vigor.

30—Tuesday. Begin this day with the dawn and vigorously improve every moment for the most important moves of the passing weeks; especially in all things pertaining to mercantile, commercial, monetary, and literary affairs; sign deeds, execute contracts, engage help, travel, and pursue mathematical and scientific studies; for unusual progress is made in such matters and benefits are likely to be now experienced from such to persons born about the 18th of March, 20th of September, or 19th of November, of past years; but the contrary is likely to persons born about the 16th of February, 18th of May, or 20th of August, of past years, as they are likely to be having temporary mental anxieties, controversies, or annoyances.

31—Wednesday. Be in no haste to begin transactions pertaining to houses and lands; avoid the money lender, nor should profit or advantage be expected from the elegant avocations or from dealings in artistic or decorative goods.

THE MISSING LINK!

A NEW YORK MONEY KING OFFERS HIS MILLIONS FOR THE LOST TREASURE.

"An Ounce of Nerve Force is Worth a Ton of Gold."

BURIED ALIVE AT 35.

One of the wealthiest men in New York recently broke down in his race for riches and died of nervous prostration at the age of thirty-five.

During his last hours he exclaimed to the attending physicians: "It's like being buried alive. I ought to live fifty years longer. But I have at last found that it is not wealth that rules. It is nerves. And as to human happiness, there's more unadulterated joy in an ounce of nerve force than in a ton of gold. Restore to me the strong hand of my happy boyhood and you may have the millions of my miserable manhood."

This man had found fortune and friends, but all these were nothing compared to the one thing he had lost. That one thing was Nerve Force. It was the missing link that cost him

his life. His dying words were that he would gladly exchange his millions for the vigor of his youth.

His life could have been saved, just as thousands have been saved, by the use of the Wonderful Food for the Nerves, Oxien. The only thing that has met the demands of the "high pressure" life of Americans is this magical nerve-feeding, blood-making and brain-bracing Discovery.

So marvelous are its "new life-giving" and physical power producing effects that the people of nation after nation not only use it, but cling to it as a blessing. "It gives me new life" comes from thousands of grateful tongues, at home and abroad.

By its use the weak and suffering find themselves transported to a condition of Giant Strength and Bliss. Men and women with lost or wasted energy, with watery blood, shattered nerves and fagged brains are restored as if by magic to the vigor, happiness and usefulness of youth.

The unbounded popularity of the Wonderful Food for the Nerves has made it necessary to print the directions for its use in many languages, for it is taken not only by Americans, but by the French, German, Spanish, Italian, Norwegian, Swedish, Portuguese and Bohemian nations as well.

It was a wise philosopher who said: "The glory of man is his strength." And his words apply to woman as well.

So certain and plain are the results of this great Discovery, that even the weakest men and women can test its power by increasing their strength, weight and vigor permanently in less than a single week. By ascertaining exactly what weight they can lift with one hand before taking Oxien, they will find that each day of its use increases their lifting capacity, just as each day of its use increases the quality and quantity of their nerve force, their blood, brain and vigor.

A short course of Oxien makes the most enfeebled, hopeless mortals feel as though they possessed the strongest hand in the world.

Thousands and thousands have already experienced this grateful sensation, and have lifted their joyous voices in praise.

Those who have not yet tried Oxien should remember that every box is sold under the certificate of the late city physician of Augusta, Maine, and the guarantee that its contents are composed wholly of vegetable tonics combined with the regulating and soothing properties of Diamond Natural Spring water, together with the nourishing qualities of concentrated extract of beef, and, furthermore, that it is as harmless as bread. Special attention is also called to Oxien Electric Porous Plasters. Both of these articles are unlike anything else in the market. They are different in composition, different in principle and different in action.

Here is the way people speak of them:

SARAH A. DEWEYE, INDIAN GROVE, MISSOURI.—"Before I took Oxien I was subject to fainting spells and was very weak. Your Wonderful Food has given me great strength and helped my nerves wonderfully. My mother also was greatly relieved from nervous attacks, and our minister was likewise cured."

MRS. ADA MILLER, HETTICH, ILL.—"My little daughter who has been sick five years with nervous trouble, catarrh of the head and throat and enlargement of the tonsils, was so wonderfully benefited by the great Food for the Nerves, Oxien, that I send for another lot."

MRS. S. E. JACOT, STANLEY, WIS.—"I have been in poor health for ten years, and was so nervous I could hardly sleep. Since taking Oxien I sleep the whole night and it has done me lots of good."

W. H. SUDDITH, WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS.—"Oxien has done wonders for my nerves and greatly improved my health, and I gladly recommend it to the public as a wonderful thing for improving the broken down system. Three boxes made a new man of me."

WM. T. GERRY, STANDISH, MAINE.—"My wife has used the Oxien Electric Porous Plasters with wonderful results. She had so much pain that she was unable to sleep for the past three months. Since taking Oxien and applying your Plaster, she has entirely ceased to suffer, and now does all her work and sleeps well and gets up perfectly refreshed. The neighbors all think it is a wonderful cure."

EDWIN S. WIEMER, DAYTON, OHIO.—"I have received such wonderful benefit from Oxien that I am satisfied it is the only Food for the Nerves ever produced, and I wish to call the attention of others to this great Discovery."

MRS. MOLLIE SHAW, WAYCROSS, GA.—"I could neither sleep nor eat with any degree of satisfaction, for I was suffering from nervous prostration and dyspepsia. After taking Oxien six weeks my appetite is first rate, my sleep sweet and refreshing and I have gained twenty pounds in weight, and it has made me entirely well. I gladly recommend it to anyone who is suffering."

MRS. W. E. STRATTON, HILLSDALE, MICH.—"I have been troubled with nervousness so bad as to have hysterics, but a box and a half of your Wonderful Food for the Nerves, Oxien, made me better. It is a grand thing for anyone afflicted with nervousness."

MRS. E. BENDURE, FRANKFORD, MINN.—"Oxien, the Wonderful Food for the Nerves and Oxien Plasters saved my life, and I mean to praise them to the skies."

SPECIAL Free Trial OFFER.

To those who will agree to test the powers of these Wonderful Discoveries either personally or in their own homes or in the home of some friend, and who will cut out and mail to us the following coupon, together with 10 cents in cash, we will send, all charges paid, a sample box of Oxien with an Oxien Electric Plaster (regular selling price 25 cents). As this offer is made exclusively to those who will make a personal test as here stipulated, the party taking advantage thereof must sign his or her name and address (in pencil) on the following coupon and return same to us as above.

PERSONAL 50 CENT COUPON.

Name, _____

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Date, _____

All communications in reply to this special offer must be addressed,

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Boston Office, Hancock Build'g, New York Office, Tribune Build'g

September's birth-stone is said to be the
chrysolite, which brings good luck to those
born in that month.

Another authority says:

"A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind;
'Twill cure diseases of the mind."

The tariff question is settled at last. Now
for an era of prosperity! COMFORT signal-
izes the event by adding two new copy-
righted departments, "New Inventions and
Discoveries" and "About New York Folks,
Fads and Fancies." If every reader will
kindly show this September issue to his
neighbor and explain that COMFORT costs
but twenty-five cents a year, all will be re-
warded next month, by receiving a still
more interesting issue. The publishers of
COMFORT are determined to have not only
the largest circulation in America, but the
best paper in the world.

While the heat of the summer months
proves fatal to so many babies, it is grati-
fying to note that during the hot months
of the present year, the death rate
of infants in the large sea-board cities, has
been lower than formerly. This is largely
due to the introduction of floating hospi-
tals. The doctors have discovered that salt
air is one of the best medicines for cholera
infantum, and everyone knows that pure,
fresh food is necessary for a cure. That is
why these hospitals have been started in
cities like New York and Boston. The
floating hospital is a barge, fitted up with
cots and hammocks, and supplied with
plenty of fresh milk. Daily, hundreds of
sick babies selected by the doctors from
the very poorest families, go on board with
their mothers and are taken down the har-
bors where the fresh sea breezes blow.
Trained nurses teach the mothers to steril-
ize milk so that it will not spoil. The pure
air does a magical work for the little ones.
Babies that were almost dying when taken
on board, brightened up in two or three
hours and many little lives were saved by
this humane charity. Every city on the
sea-board ought to have its floating hospi-
tal.

This is a free country and when a work-
man wants to strike, he can strike. Still
it is a good plan for him to find out first
who he is going to strike, whether his em-
ployer, himself or the general public. A
strike like recent ones, is a labor trust
against a manufacturing trust, or in other
words, a combine against a combine. A
combine is not always a bad thing. The
world itself is a gigantic combine. The
tide is a combine between the rivers,
streams and rain-drops. The growing tree
is a sort of trust which combines the chem-
ical elements of the air, water and earth
for its own growth. Nothing in Nature
stands alone, and a combine is only bad
when it is for a bad purpose. Men who
labor may combine for their own benefit,
just as men who hire labor, may combine
for theirs, but both kinds of combines must
be under the law of civilization, which is
founded on the principle, "the greatest
good for the greatest number." This
means that the people of the country have
some rights. The striker may strike the
fire from his own hearth-stone, if he
chooses, or he may strike his employer for
a fair share of the profits, but when he be-
gins hitting right and left among innocent
people who have nothing to do with the
case, the strike becomes unlawful. As
labor unions become stronger, strikes will
become unnecessary. The really wise lead-
ers have already found that the striker fre-
quently has everything to lose and very

little to gain, and are using other means to
reach a settlement.

The question of the new tariff was settled
August 13 when the President and House
of Congress surrendered and accepted the
Gorman senate bill in place of the Wilson
house bill. The former offers much more
protection than the latter, and whatever
its effects upon the country, must be a bit-
ter disappointment to President Cleveland,
who had publicly declared that its adop-
tion meant "party perfidy and party dis-
honor." The Chicago platform upon which
the present administration came into
power, was practically ignored when it was
found after a year's fierce struggle that
while it was easy to promise free raw
material, it was quite another matter to
make that promise good. In other words it
was found impossible to put a theory into
practice. The reason for this is that the
tariff question is, as COMFORT has before
pointed out, not a political but a local one,
and it was found that even with a Demo-
cratic President, a Democratic Senate and
a Democratic House there was such a con-
flict of local interests that an agreement
was impossible. Hence the compromise.
President Cleveland himself, it was found,
was in favor of protecting sugar, and while
one congressman or senator wanted coal
taxed another wanted it free. The something
was true of iron and other important items.
No doubt, the country at large will hail
the final adjustment with relief and a
majority of the President's party will
probably endorse even the senate bill as
putting an end to the suspense. Better
times have already dawned upon this land
and the era of depression will be followed
by an era of prosperity. The business
world can now begin again on a business
basis and the improvement of the times
will be felt by all the people. COMFORT
congratulates its millions of readers on the
outcome.

The war between China and Japan is like
a fight between an elephant and a Bengal
tiger. There is sure to be plenty of blood
shed. The Chinese Empire is about the
size of the United States and yet there are
nearly eight times as many people as in
this country, and over ten times as many as
in the little islands of Japan. By the last
census, in 1890, China is said to have 404,-
180,000 people, the United States 58,442,660
and Japan 36,700,118. In the United States
there are on an average 16 people in a square
mile, while in China there are 100 and in
Japan 250 in the same area. China's stand-
ing army of 1,000,000 men is nearly four
times as large as Japan's enrolled force of
269,620 men. The Japanese soldiers are bet-
ter drilled and better armed than the
Chinese although both nations have hired
European army officers to teach the science
of warfare. Both have fine navies of the
best European model and equipment, in-
cluding gunboats, floating batteries, cruis-
ers and torpedo boats. The latest trouble
between these neighbor nations arose over
Corea, a peninsular something like Florida,
which divides the sea of Japan from the
Yellow sea of China. There was a rebel-
lion in Corea and the king asked China to
help put it down. The Chinese govern-
ment sent troops for the purpose, and
Japan fearing that China would take pos-
session of the land sent troops also. China
and Japan have been quarreling over Corea
for many years so when their forces got
near enough together, the fighting began,
even before the formal declaration of war.

So Corea is to be bathed in blood. This
is hard on the natives who never willingly
bathe in anything and are only washed
twice in their lives—after birth and after
death. If China gets Corea, the natives
will be expected to grow pigtails and eat
rats and kittens, while if the country falls
into the hands of the Japanese the people
will wear their hair pompadour and be-
come a nation of artists. The subjects of
the Mikado are more civilized now but
they used to have a pleasant habit of boil-
ing their enemies in big kettles of oil.

The recent trial of Uncle Sam's champion
warship, the Minneapolis, proved that she
was the fastest cruiser not only in the navy
of the United States, but in all the navies
of the world. For four hours she kept up
a speed of over twenty-three knots an hour
and won for her builders a prize of \$415,000.
This is only an example. The whole world
talks about peace and yet prepares for war.
The smoke of the battle has cleared away
but the battle goes on just the same with
the patent powder which makes no smoke.
The roar of the guns ceases as flying death
is hurled by powder which is noiseless as
well as smokeless. Fighting is made a fine
art and defense a science. There have been

bullet-proof forts, bullet-proof warships
and now bullet-proof coats are invented.
A whole regiment of soldiers with such
coats on might be bowled over and come
up smiling again as if nothing had hap-
pened. Wearing bullet-proof coats and
mounted on modern bicycles, an army
would not fear ordinary rifles any more
than they would fear popguns. The day
has passed for bullets of lead or even for
shot of hardened steel. The new guns will
throw shells filled with noxious gases.
When these gas bombs burst the air will be
so filled with their poison that whole
armies will fall down insensible to be car-
ried off to prison like so much cord wood.
It will only be a question of which army
can throw its gas shells first and farthest,
for no armor has yet been invented to pro-
tect men from the air they breath. Blood-
shed will be a thing of the past, war will be
as scientific as a match game of chess, and
its object will be not to kill but to capture.

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What Age Should a Girl Marry?" and "Is
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five hundreds words each.

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to documents they want the people to read.

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ers of the movements for and against
Woman Suffrage, are winning world-wide
distinction.

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Vote" and "Why Women Should Not
Vote"—given in personal letters, peppery
and to the point.

Their autographs, as they write them
when they say what they mean.

By special arrangement which goes into
effect with our next issue (October, 1894)
every subscriber to COMFORT will receive
the above and many other unique literary
treasures, well worth preserving by every-
one. The distinguished men and women
referred to, will, in signed letters, sent in
response to an invitation from the Editor
of COMFORT, give their personal views in
such plain, nutshell form, as cannot but
prove intensely interesting reading. All
sides will be given an equal opportunity of
thus laying their arguments before the
greatest of all juries—the people.

These signed and "pictured" letters form
only one of many original good things
which will appear in our columns during
the coming winter, it being our determina-
tion to publish not only the largest cir-
culated paper in America, but the best,
most complete and most interesting family
paper that money and brains can produce.
And all for twenty-five cents a year.

That our efforts have met with un-
bounded appreciation, is proved by the
fact, that notwithstanding the long con-
tinued business depression—which happily
is now daily becoming a thing of the past
—our paid-up subscription list has, during
the past six months, been increased by over
two hundred thousand yearly subscribers.

From every source, congratulations upon
our success and the excellence of our paper,
are being received, and thousands of letters
from delighted subscribers continually
bring us requests to send a sample copy to
some friend or neighbor, so that others
may know, subscribe to, and enjoy COM-
FORT. All this shows that our enterprise
goes straight to the hearts of the people
and it is for the PEOPLE that COMFORT is
published.

We make the foregoing announcement
of our contemplated improvements in order
that parties receiving a sample copy (as
well as those who are indebted to us for
subscription) may know what is in store
for them; if they will send twenty-five cents
now, as you will see by special notice else-
where, it will pay up to January 1st, 1896.

No man or woman, boy or girl, can afford
to miss the series of copyrighted articles
which will be begun in our October issue,
and as we can supply but few back num-
bers, the present is the accepted time for
making sure of COMFORT for a whole year,
not as it has been, but as it will be after
October first.

Send your quarter before you lay aside
or forget this important notice.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. "D. B." of Mackinaw, wants to know how
crackers are made, and if they are injurious to
the health. She says, "I have a friend that will
eat a pound a day if she can get them, taking a
few, now and then, while doing her house-
work. She is nearly crazed when unable to
procure them." Answer.—The secret of mak-
ing crackers is known only to the bakers; as
of course, were they to give away their recipe,
their business would be gone. Crackers are
not injurious to the health, eaten in proper
quantities, being composed principally of flour
and water and butter; but they sometimes
cause constipation. In such a case as the
above, we should advise letting the patient
have them in moderate quantities and she will
probably tire of them after a while. If con-
stipation ensues, contrive to make her eat
coarse food, graham and corn breads, with her
meals.

"D. M." of Colorado Springs, calls us to ac-
count for saying in a recent issue that the At-
lantic Club House has the highest altitude of
any building in the world. This was due en-
tirely to an oversight of the proof-reader. The
item originally read "in the old world" instead
of the world. As "D. M." says, there are sev-
eral in this country higher. The old United
States Signal Station on Pike's Peak, con-
structed of stone and iron (and now used as a
railroad depot, hotel and observatory) is just
14,111 feet above sea level, and an average of
400 people visit it daily, five months of the
year. The town of Altman on the summit
"Bull Hill" Cripple Creek District, is over
11,000 feet high, where over 1,000 people live the
year round, and there are several hundred
habitations in Colorado, where people reside
the entire year, at an elevation of 12,000 to
13,500 feet. Most of the large mines are at this
height.

"M. H. W." of Vermont, wants to know who
and what are the smallest people in the world.
The Andamans, living on Andaman Island in
the Bay of Bengal. They are barbarians of the
lowest type and wear no clothes except a cov-
ering of mud. Their average height is four
feet, five inches and few of them weigh over
seventy-five pounds. The race is dying out.

"Fannie Q. of Kansas," writes the Fashion
Editor, that she has no end of trouble in buy-
ing dress stays that answer the purpose re-
quired of them, and wants to know if there are
any really good ones made. Yes. The platin-
um stays, made by Warner Brothers, the fam-
ous corset manufacturers of New York, are
every case reliable and exactly what they are
claimed to be, never rusting or breaking and
being perfectly comfortable to wear. If "Fan-
nie Q." and all our other lady readers will send
their names and addresses to the above firm,
mentioning COMFORT when they write, they
will receive free, enough of these platinum
stays for a dress, in order that they may test
their excellence for themselves.

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the Pillar of light of labor movement. Send 10c. for
agents' outfit. Quick, large profits. Address
NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill.



COMPILED FOR COMFORT BY RENE BACHE.

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This is an age of original thinking. In old times discoveries used to be hit upon by accident—as, for example, the beginnings of chemistry, which were made in trying to find the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. But nowadays the creation of new ideas is so far systematized that trained experts are actually hired by manufacturers to do nothing but invent improvements in machinery and processes.

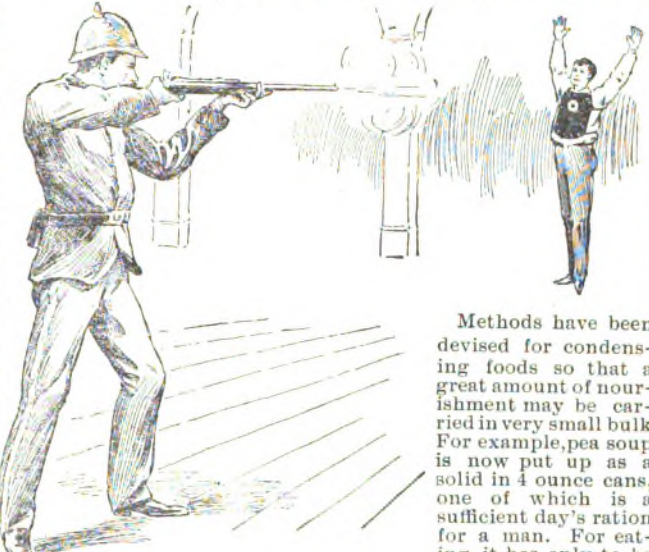
One such expert, Luther C. Crowell of Brooklyn, is employed by Hoe & Co., the makers of printing-presses. He has just patented a small attachment for printing-presses which is likely to revolutionize newspapers in respect to their shape. Thanks to it, the newspaper of the future may appear in the form of a magazine. The device is fixed upon the "nose" of that part of a printing-press which does the folding. Without stopping the run of the paper through the machine, it binds the sheets in book-shape by driving staples at the rate of 200 a minute, making the staples as it goes along, out of wire drawn from a spool. This process is specially adapted for weeklies of moderate size.

A recent invention, already put into use at Atlantic City, N. J., is called the "Haunted Swing." It is the original idea of Amaria Lake of Pleasantville, N. J. Passengers are ushered into a small room. From a bar hangs a big swing, into which the people get. The swing is set in motion and soon appears to be whirling all around the bar. The passengers imagine themselves upside-down every other moment and hold on tight to keep themselves from falling out. The fact is that the swing is almost stationary; it is the room that is made to rotate. What looks like a kerosene lamp lighted on a table is an electric lamp fastened to the table. The pictures on the walls, china-ware in a cupboard, and a chair with a hat on it are fastened likewise.

This novelty has started a wholly new line of invention. Amaria Lake has just patented a see-saw or "teeter" that is contrived on the same principle. It is likewise intended for use at summer resorts. People sit on both ends of the see-saw and are started "teetering." They come to a standstill almost immediately, but it appears to them that they are going up and down at an alarming rate, the fact being that the room in which they are is itself balanced. It is made to see-saw while the "teeter" is quiet. As in the other case, the illusion is said to be extraordinary.

There are several new patents for shining shoes by electricity. The latest has been taken out by F. G. Norton of Waukegan, Ill. His contrivance is worked by a nickel in a slot. If your shoes are dusty, you sit down before the machine and put your feet upon two supports. You drop a coin, which starts an electric motor. The motor actuates brushes—first a brush that carries blacking supplied from a reservoir, and then polishing brushes which complete the operation. Comparatively simple is a device of H. R. Gardner of Boston, Mass., which is operated by hand, the polishing brush being made to revolve by electricity.

There are ever so many patents for mechanical dish-washers. The newest and most complete is by Josephine G. Cochran of Shelbyville, Ill. The dishes are put into a crate of wire, and hot water supplied by a boiler is made to pour upon them from a perforated pipe. The crate is kept oscillating all the time. In it are racks for holding knives, forks and spoons; neither they nor the dishes are allowed to jostle about. The water is so very hot that it washes away all the grease and finally goes off in vapor, so as to leave the dishes and other things perfectly dry. There is no necessity for wiping them afterwards.



Speaking of slot machines, the newest is a contrivance from which one can buy newspapers and magazines. It is an automatic newsboy. The inventor is George D. Morse of Haverhill, Mass. By dropping the proper coin you can get a penny paper, a two cent paper, a five cent weekly, or a 10 cent magazine. If you have not change, you may procure it by putting a dollar, half dollar, quarter, or dime into supplementary slots. The devices for delivering gas to consumers by coin-actuated mechanism are all English. Perhaps the best of them is the invention of an Englishman named D. Orme Oldham. If you want gas for an hour, you drop 5 cents into the meter, or 50 cents will turn on a supply of ten times that much.

The pneumatic tire for roller skates is a novelty that is likely to make a fortune for its inventor, Stanley W. Finch of Washington, D. C. The skate patented by him is called the "bicycle skate," because there are only two wheels for each foot. The wheels are quite large, 3 inches in diameter, one of them in front beyond the toe and the other beyond the heel behind. Thus the length of them is nearly a foot and a half. These skates are designed for traveling on ordinary roads, and it is said that a man on them can beat a fast bicycle.

Another new patent in this line is by R. C. Leedham of Salt Lake City, Utah. His roller skate has only one big wheel, about 8 inches in diameter, for each foot. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance the skater in throwing his weight upon one foot causes the wheel on that foot to revolve so as to carry him ahead. The same thing happens when he puts down the other foot. Thus he has only to shift his weight from one foot to the other in order to achieve rapid locomotion. R. Hendrick of Chicago is the inventor of a unicycle—a vehicle consisting of a single huge wheel, in the middle of which the rider sits as he propels it by means of pedals acting upon a small wheel.

A Frenchman named De Laval was the originator of a new device which is revolutionizing the dairy business. It is a centrifugal machine that separates cream from milk. In fact, it takes every particle of cream out of the milk in a few moments. But it does more than that; it separates the cream at the same time into several grades, all ready for market. This process is doing away with all necessity for skimming and setting milk. A supplementary contrivance reduces the cream, freshly cooled immediately after coming from the cow, to a condition so near butter that it only has to be washed and compressed into pats.

Methods have been devised for condensing foods so that a great amount of nourishment may be carried in very small bulk. For example, pea soup is now put up as a solid in 4 ounce cans, one of which is a sufficient day's ration for a man. For eating, it has only to be mixed with water and boiled. This and similar preparations will be the war foods of the future. Governments will make compressed pea soup on a large scale. The process was invented by John F. Tyrrell of New York, so long ago as 1848, but only of late has it been utilized to any extent. A single mule is able to convey a day's provisions for a whole battalion in this shape. The peas are steam-roasted and ground very fine, seasoning being added, together with a small quantity of beef extract to serve the purpose of stock. Finally, the mixture is reduced to the smallest possible bulk by dry heat and pressure. Tomato soup, bean soup, ox-tail soup and beef soup are now being put up in compressed form by firms in New York City. The vegetables employed are boiled down to the lowest point of concentration, suitable seasoning being added. The dried mixtures are packed for sale in pasteboard boxes. They will keep fresh and good for many years.

Mason E. Leonard of Manchester, N. J., is the inventor of the newest kind of smokeless gunpowder. It is the most powerful gunpowder ever made, containing 70 per cent of nitro-glycerine, with a proportion of gun-cotton in addition. The first smokeless powder was compounded by Al-

fred Nobel, a Swede. Gelatinized gun-cotton was the basis of it, as it is of most other smokeless powders. These powders are made in queer shapes. One of them looks exactly like thin yellowish-brown paper in small sheets. Another, called "cordite," has the appearance of thick strings of black india-rubber. Yet another resembles old-fashioned molasses candy. The United States government is now making a smokeless powder in the likeness of macaroni.

A new high explosive used by the government in recent rain-making experiments is called "rosellite," after its inventor, Prof. Rosell of Washington, D. C. Asphalt oil is the base of it. Yankee invention is very active at present in devising explosives. A notion of the rapidity of combustion of a high explosive may be got from the fact that a rope of dynamite a mile long, touched off at both ends simultaneously, requires only one-fourth of a second to be wholly consumed. Explosive gelatine is 15 times as strong as gun-powder. The new French "melinite" shell is a civilized improvement on the "stinkpot" used by the Saracens in the Middle Ages. On exploding, it sets free volumes of poisonous gases which cannot be breathed, suffocating the enemy.

Herman Zeitung, a little tailor from Vienna, claims to be the originator of the idea of a bullet-proof shield, though two rivals named Dove and Lennard dispute with him the honor of the invention. It is certain that his armor-pad has stood the most severe test, made the other day in New York City, at the armory of the Seventh Regiment. The tailor is only 4 feet 2 inches high, but he is as brave as a lion. His shield is much thinner than those of Dove and Lennard, and, unlike theirs, it is flexible, which is a great advantage. He would not allow it to be examined, but put it on and boldly permitted a sharp-shooter to fire at him at a distance of 30 feet with a 32 caliber rifle. Biscuits were fastened upon the shield, and the bullets from the rifle shattered them. A piece of pine wood 11-8 inches thick was held in front of the pad, and a bullet went through it, but was broken up in the shield. Herr Zeitung wanted to stand up before the regular 50-caliber rifle of the regiment, but the officers did not want to try it. So they hung up the shield and blazed away at it with the heavier gun at a distance of 25 yards. This test was entirely satisfactory, the bullet being caught in the pad. The tailor's secretary, Mr. Hoffman, said he believed that the shield was made of "asphaltum, pitch, tar and other stuff."

The English Prof. Dewar has succeeded recently in reducing ordinary atmospheric air to a liquid under enormous pressure. He has even made liquid oxygen. Imagine drinking air or taking a swallow of oxygen! The liquefied oxygen is of a blue color. A scientific invention of a different kind is that of Albert Baur of Gispersleben, Germany. He has found out how to manufacture artificial musk, which smells exactly like natural musk and is quite as intense. An examiner in the Patent Office at Washington got a little of it on his clothes, and he declared that he was obliged to bury them.

Plants have been established in several of the largest cities for furnishing cold air by pipe-lines to hotels, clubs and business buildings. The air is supplied at a temperature far below freezing point. It may be piped direct to refrigerators, which thus require no ice, the cost being about one-fourth. In one big flat-house in New York arrangements are made which enable each tenant to turn on the cold whenever he wants it by pushing a button. He may use it to cool his rooms or to keep his meats and vegetables fresh. Machines are now in the market for making ice on a small scale for the household. It is much better than the natural product, being harder, clearer and free from sawdust.

Photography in colors seems at last to be an accomplished fact. Successful processes, not yet wholly perfected, have been devised by M. Lippmann, a member of the National Academy of France. Sun-pictures of rainbows, showing all the brilliant hues, have been made. Most important, they are permanent. Color photography is no new thing, but the tints produced hitherto with the aid of the camera have always faded quickly. First-rate portraits in colors will be made eventually by photography, reproducing the tints of the complexion, the brightness of the eye, and all those details of varied hues which are of life itself.

Experiments have been made lately by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, in the use of electricity for growing vegetables and flowers. It has been found that spring truck may be forced with surprising rapidity under electric light. There is reason to believe that roses and other blossoms can be made to bloom more plentifully and more profitably by the same means. Lettuce is so susceptible to the influence of electric light that beneath rays so generated it can be grown for market in two-thirds of the usual length of time. Other vegetables respond likewise in varying degrees. But the effect of the electricity being to hasten maturity, too much of it causes lettuce to run to seed before the edible leaves are formed. Electricity is not employed for such purposes as a substitute for sunlight, but in a supplementary fashion. The greenhouse that has the sun in the day-time is illuminated at night with arc-lights. It used to be supposed that vegetables required intervals of darkness for their health and development, just as animals need sleep, but this does not seem to be the case. The electric gardener employs opal globes to diminish the intensity of the light. When the latter is left bare, the plants grow pale, run up quickly in sickly stalks, and soon die. Presumably the electric light will be used in future as an adjunct to forcing es-

tablishments for both flowers and garden vegetables. The excitement created by Prof. Koch's lymph for the cure of consumption wound up with a general belief that the alleged remedy was worthless. This is far from correct. The "lymph" is now on the market and has established itself as possessing great value. It is not supposed to cure the disease referred to in its advanced stages, but it has done wonders in incipient cases. With its aid physicians are able to find out the slightest taint of tuberculosis of the lungs in an individual. Hitherto they have only been able to guess at it. It is chiefly employed to detect tuberculosis in cattle, so that animals infected with the complaint may be killed. In the United States, by the way, 100,000 people die of consumption every year.

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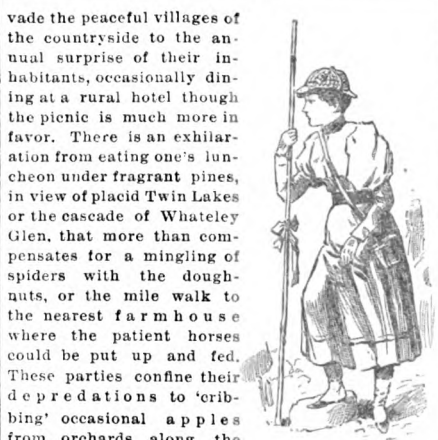
AS we all wish to have as much variety as possible in this corner I am going to start this month's chat with a story by a young friend, which is not only romantic but true in all particulars. The writer of it is new to our corner, but none the less welcome. She says:

"My Aunt Betsy has been dead a long time, but she always used to say that everyone had a story attached to them. She lived a long time ago in a little town in Massachusetts. When she was very young, very gay and very beautiful, she became engaged to a stern young man, some years older than herself. When she became engaged to Mr. Piccardy he thought that it was high time to put aside 'childish notions,' as he called them, and settle down. Betsy was little more than a child, being just sixteen, and so she wanted to go about and be young and gay; but Mr. Piccardy entirely forbade this, and so, at sixteen, she had to behave as though she were much older. She soon began to droop and pine, but she said nothing. Mr. Piccardy did not notice the change in her until one evening some months after their engagement, he spoke quite kindly to her, saying, 'What ails you, child? you are as pale as a ghost.' This seemed only to stir up her evil temper for she answered sharply: 'Matter enough! I receive invitations to balls and parties, but you won't let me go. I was never meant for such a life as you wish me to lead. I am young and I can and shall go about.' Nothing more was said, but Betsy wished afterwards that she had left that unsaid. Nevertheless she was fully determined to go to the next party. The very next day a note came asking her to a small gathering at a friend's home. She showed it to Mr. Piccardy, but he could not, or rather would not go. But Betsy wrote a little note of acceptance and went. As she was dancing with her friend's brother, she suddenly looked up and saw Mr. Piccardy watching her. 'O please take me to my seat,' she whispered to her partner; 'There is Mr. Piccardy.' She tried to find him, and looked everywhere, but he had gone. When she got home he had left word for her father that he was going to get a position on one of her uncle's vessels. He left no message for her, no good-bye; but he did leave a poor, broken-hearted girl. One evening about five years later, Betsy was sitting in a little chair by the open fire; suddenly the door opened and Mr. Piccardy walked in. She jumped up to greet him, but he coldly asked her if he could see her uncle on business. That was all, but it was enough. He had broken her heart. In a few days he went to sea again and was drowned. Poor little Betsy became insane, although she afterwards got over it. She tried to be gay, tried to be happy, but how could she, after such a life? She was no longer dear, gay little Betsy; she was poor, broken-hearted Aunt Betsy."

RUTH WHITE,
Bay Ridge, N. Y.

Perhaps there is a little lesson in this pathetic story for all young girls. Remember, my dears, that it is sometimes very easy to wreck the happiness of a life-time by a little freak of wilfulness now; and so be careful and very patient under what you may consider restraint difficult to bear. You will not be apt in after years, to regret having been too patient with other people. The next letter is from an old friend, a Smith College girl.

"The Colleges of Western Massachusetts have one holiday which is unique, owing to their situation. This is Mountain Day, observed about the middle of October; but no two colleges have it on the same date, for fear, I suppose, of too great enthusiasm in case of combined forces. As to the way of celebrating at Williams and Amherst, I cannot tell, except from the echoes of cheers and songs that reach our ears as the brother students pass homewards at the end of the day. But with the ways of the girls at Smith College I am familiar, and Mt. Holyoke does not differ very much. At Smith there is generally some long excursion planned by the Biological Society, which calls forth a large party from the scientific classes. Under the guidance of professors and teachers they start by an early train for Mt. Toby, Sugar Loaf, or the unpoetically named Horse Mountain, reaching the top before luncheon, which they enjoy with the hearty appetites resulting from the stiff climb and clear air. Between courses and for dessert they are absorbing the beauties of the scene spread beneath and around them—the Connecticut valley with its rich green fields, its towns and villages, and the slopes of the surrounding hills gorgeous in the reds and browns and yellows of the autumn foliage. Generally some adventurous spirits elect to walk home rather than to make use of the prosaic steam-cars, and straggle in, late for tea, weary but aglow with satisfaction and exercise. This particular group does not have a monopoly of the beauties of the scenery, however. Driving parties leave the campus with flying colors during the forenoon. Not a turnout is unclaimed that day, from buggies and dog-carts to three-seated buckboards, and the two high 'drags' which the town affords. These parties in-



vade the peaceful villages of the countryside to the annual surprise of their inhabitants, occasionally dining at a rural hotel though the picnic is much more in favor. There is an exhilaration from eating one's luncheon under fragrant pines, in view of placid Twin Lakes or the cascade of Whately Glen, that more than compensates for a mingling of spiders with the doughnuts, or the mile walk to the nearest farmhouse where the patient horses could be put up and fed. These parties confine their depredations to 'cribbing' occasional apples from orchards along the road, and in distinction from the men, they choose the open country or woods rather than the towns for lifting up their voices in songs of 'Fair Smith.' Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom, which are but three and two miles distant, are literally swarming all day with parties on foot, who go for lunch, supper, sunset, nearly everything but sunrise, though even that was compassed once by a merry score of girls, who spent the preceding night at the house on the summit of Holyoke. The lateness of the season gives the students courage to scale even Rattlesnake Ledge, the scene of 'Elsie Venner,' and they leave their banana-peels and egg-shells on the frowning crest of 'Titan's Pier,' which overhangs the Connecticut river, and on 'Elizabeth's Rock,' a great boulder where the daughter of the noted Jonathan Edwards is said to have held secret meetings with a forbidden lover. No matter how the day is spent, 'afloat or ashoreback,' the majority of the girls assemble at supper, refreshed for their coming work, and full of tantalizing reports for the few over-conscientious 'grinds' who have mistakenly devoted their holiday to a 'term essay' or 'argumentative.'"

EDITH H. WHEELER, 31 Worcester St.,
Boston, Mass.

Speaking of scenery, here is another interesting description: "Among the hills which surround Forestville, New York, on all sides lies one of the most interesting bits of scenery in Chautauqua County; this is a deep ravine, which from its peculiar sights and construction has acquired the name of Devil's Gorge. At the edge of the woods from which a small creek gets its start, is a beautiful grove of maple trees, famous as a picnic ground, and at the very mouth of the gorge, ascending towards the head of the creek, are huge piles of trees and logs fallen from the high banks and heaped to the height of fifty feet by the freshets. As one proceeds farther into the canyon the walls seem to grow higher and approach nearer together. Here in summer the air is almost like spring, the flowers just beginning to bloom and even in September one may find strawberries ripening, retarded by the coolness of the gorge; but the person who follows thus far, suddenly comes to a halt, confronted by the majestic falls known as the 'Devil's,' and he will stand for some time watching the tiny streams of water go foaming over the steep declivity for a distance of over fifty feet and then continue on to the lake. After clambering up the mossy rocks and reaching the summit, one stops to regain his breath and admire the beautiful landscape spreading out before him away to the shores of Lake Erie six miles distant. But here the most curious of all the phenomena is found in the gorge. It is a huge flat stone about ten feet square, in the center of which is a perfectly shaped washbowl always filled with water, even in the hottest days of summer, but never overflowing. Close beside is the Devil's Soap Dish, and unlike the washbowl, it is always dry, although within a foot of the other hollow of the rock. Near the edge of the stone is a mammoth foot-print supposed to be an impression of his Satanic Majesty's foot, who by the way must have some trouble in obtaining a shoe which will not pinch his toes. Indeed this gorge reveals some of the finest specimens of nature's handicraft to be seen anywhere."

HAL T. AVERY, Forestville, N. Y.

Now, to vary the programme, let us read of a colored love-feast in New Orleans, as told by one who took a party of young people to see it.

"We were ushered to the gallery reserved for the 'white folks,' by a tall, dignified colored gentleman, who, in an impressive stage whisper desired me to see that the young folks kept quiet under penalty of being turned out if they laughed. So in a very solemn manner we filed in and took our seats, conscious that the eyes of all present were busy taking items, and that it behooved us to be on our best behavior. After waiting until a few more belated members arrived, the service began with the gospel hymn 'Say, is your lamp burning, brother?' We soon found the choir an exceptionally good one. It consisted of eight well-trained singers. Their voices swelled above the few discordant straying ones in the congregation, most of whom sang well, joining in with much gusto and feeling. After several prayers and songs, the members related their experiences in religious matters. It was touching to hear one old 'aunty' say if she didn't have so much misery in her bones she could be a better Christian, 'but 'pears like Satan gwine pull me down wid rumatiz,' and she sat down bemoaning her fate. Ah! she will have plenty of company, if they fall that way. After the old folks had related their experiences, four or five men got up, and with glasses of water and plates of ginger-bread passed through the congregation, giving each one a small piece of ginger-bread and a sip of water, accompanied by some religious advice. To our dismay we saw two of the brethren approaching us, and found that we were expected to partake of the feast also. 'Oh what shall I do. I can't bear ginger-bread,' excitedly whispered Madge. 'Do anything with it, we dare not offend by



IS YO' LAMP A-BURNIN'?

refusing,' I whispered back. One after another took a piece, followed by a sip of water. We crumbled the ginger-bread into a newspaper, but it would have been better had we eaten it! Then the young folks of the congregation began to tell their experiences and their tales were so marvelous that we quite held our breath. One had been in a trance the week before (probably a cataleptic fit) and declared that he had seen the great white throne in heaven. Shouts of 'glory, glory hallelujah' filled the church, and one gaily dressed young miss climbed on a chair to relate her story, when some old crone in the back arose, and pointing a skinny finger at her called out: 'She ain't got no 'ligion, look at her clothes; Liza Jane Evans wants a beau, Liza Jane Evans wants a beau!' And then several others joined in and all we could hear for a few moments was 'Come down, Liza Jane Evans; all you wants is a beau.' The girl indignantly denied it, but none of the brethren and sistren would listen, and she was compelled to get down in a huff and resume her seat. In the midst of this clamor and confusion, one of the mischievous boys in our crowd let fall the sheet of newspaper with ginger-bread crumbs. As we were seated above the congregation, it floated over their heads before it fell. To their excited fancies it appeared supernatural, and cries of 'The Holy Ghost has come' sounded from all parts of the house, and then ensued a scene that beggars description. Some fell flat, while others crouched in terror on the floor, and many (among them Eliza Jane Evans) just stampeded and hurried away as fast as they could go. Needless to say we followed their example, as we were afraid of the results of an investigation. Throughout all the terror the faithful pastor, with eyes closed, had been singing verse after verse of different hymns, and the last we heard was: 'I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem.'"

LILY KENNEY, Perrier Avenue, New Orleans, La. "A few summers ago," says another, "I spent a long vacation in Nebraska. The house was in a grove at the foot of a bluff; the whole town was built up hill and down, and along the banks of a winding stream. I have two stories to tell. The first one concerns the blue jays and crows that infested the grove. There were hundreds of blue jays but only two crows, but the crows seemed the most numerous. They were into everything, and quite imperative in their demands. They were very fond of meat, and would watch impatiently for the clearing of the breakfast table, when they would hop upon the shoulders of anyone who ventured out of the dining room, and demand their breakfast. Anything bright attracted them, and they would peck furiously at one's cuffs and collar buttons. Nothing frightened them away. Back they would come with their naughty tricks. They pecked holes in little Marie's new wax doll, and she came into the house weeping because 'Dolly had the small-pox.' They would loosen the pins from the clothes-line, and so drop the clean linen upon the ground. One day they capped the climax by running off with Aunt Maria's gold thimble just as she had set it down from her sewing, and carrying it half a mile away to the



JIM AND JOB.

house of a lady who had offended her, and the bringing back of the thimble renewed the friendship! Not often were they peace-makers, though. Their names were Jim and Job. One day the little housemaid sat upon the steps and wept. 'I have lost all patience with Job,' she said, 'and I shall kill him.' And she did. Jim flew away and never returned. One day the little owner of the small-poxed dolly, climbed up a tree of the grove, and tried to rob a blue jay's nest. It was a very naughty thing to do, and she was severely punished—by the blue jays. They pecked at her till she could hardly see to get down, and then they spread the bad news so that every time she appeared for weeks afterwards, dozens of them would fly at her with their 'Caw! Caw! Caw! Thief! Caw!' and give her deliberate digs with their beaks. 'I told them I was sorry and wouldn't do it again,' she sobbed one day, 'and they won't never forgive me.' Again, a long time ago, before the little town was built, some warriors of the Indian type went off and never returned. Long, long the poor squaws watched and wept for them, and there were so many that their tears formed a river—which flows to this day, and is called the 'Weeping Water.' And this is also the name of the little town where the blue jays lived, and the crows. I could tell you a story of the granddaddy-long-legs, and of a mite of an old wooden house, where sixteen people once lived, and also boarded the schoolmaster—but not to-day."

EDITH SLADE, 134 Arlington St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Another cousin wants to tell how COMFORT saved his life.

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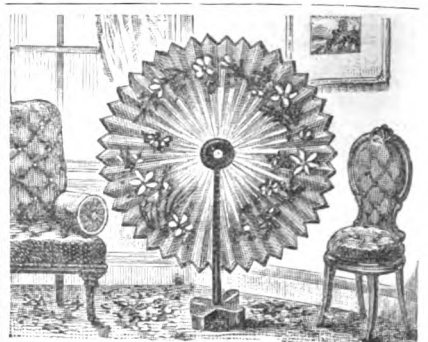
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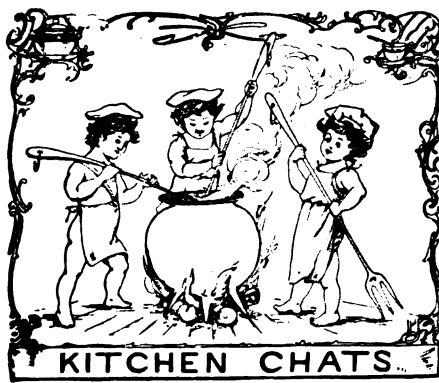
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My Name.....

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CONDUCTED BY FLORENCE H. WYNNE.

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HERE has been a great deal of nonsense said and written about pie; and yet everybody, all over America, eats pie and likes it. If pie were such an unhealthy article of diet as some people nowadays try to make out that it is, our grandfathers and great-grandfathers who ate it three times a day regularly the year round, would have died long before they did, the race would have become extinct, and we should not be discussing the merits of pie to-day. Even in the great cities where pie is supposed to be unfashionable, there are many families who have pie for breakfast, dinner and supper. At an evening gathering, recently, the subject of pie for breakfast was mentioned, and one man blushing owned to the fact that he always ate pie for breakfast; this candid confession on his part, made the rest tell the truth, and in the general confession that followed it was proved that nine-tenths of those present frequently ate pie for breakfast. Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose writings are looked upon all over the country as the most philosophical and poetic of the age, never could begin the day without pie for breakfast. If he could not get it, he was unhappy and his Muse disappeared for the day.

Speaking about the unhealthfulness of pie, there are a great many people who, of course, aim to be fashionable people, and who hold up their hands in holy horror if pie is mentioned as an article of diet; but who do not hesitate to eat, any time about midnight, a hearty dose of lobster or chicken salad, pickles, cheese, and welsch rarebit and wash it down with beer; and yet they think they are hygienic livers! Right here we must quote from those homely, touching verses of Eugene Field, of the Chicago News-Record, where he talks about pie.

"Your flavored creams and ices,
And your dainty angel-food,
Are mighty fine devices
To regale the dainty dude;
Your terrapin and oysters,
With wine to wash 'em down,
Are just the thing for roisters
When painting of the town;
No flippant sugared notion
Shall my appetite appease,
Or baste my soul's devotion
To apple-pie and cheese!"

The pie my Julia makes me
(God bless her Yankee ways!)
On memory's pinions takes me
To dear Green Mountain days;
And seems like I saw Mother
Lean on the window-sill,
A-handin' me and brother
What she knows 'I keep us still;
And these feelings are so grateful
Says I, "Julia, if you please,
I'll take another plateful
Of that apple-pie and cheese!"

To tell the truth, there is no more delectable article than pie, if it is properly made; and all the things that Eugene Field or anybody else can say about an apple pie, made as an apple pie should be made, cannot do justice to the subject. It is quite possible to make pies so that they will be light and wholesome, and in that case they are no more unhealthy than any other article for dessert, which we are accustomed to eat and think nothing of. The trouble is, that it has become a sort of fashion to cry down the universal pie-habit; just as it has become the fashion for newspaper jokers to harp on the ice cream habit, which, by the way, has as many victims as the pie.

Now let us see what are the essentials of good pies. In the first place, the materials should all be of the best. Take an apple pie, for instance; good apples make just as much difference with the pie as good materials do in making up a gown. Use good apples, juicy and tart. Of course no housekeeper will undertake to make apple pies from sweet apples. Sweet apples make good sauce, and they are excellent baked, eaten with cream or milk, but they are not fit for pies.

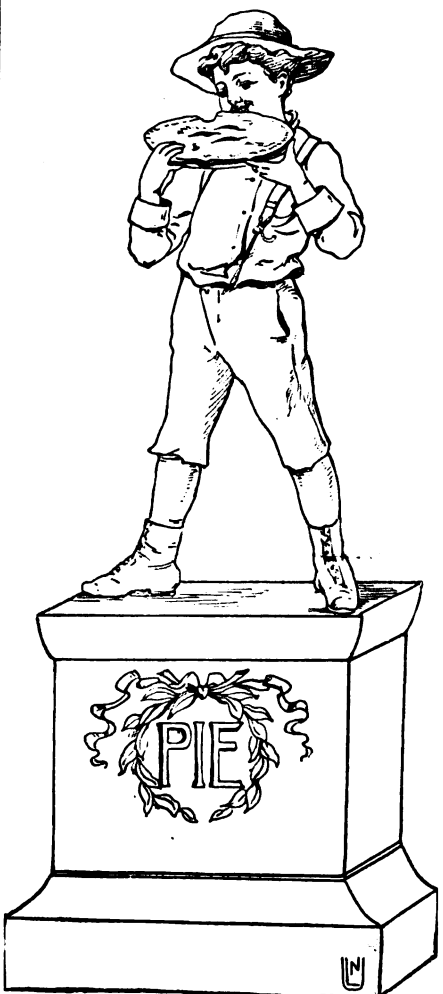
Then as to the crust. Soggy crust has brought many a man to dyspepsia for life, and undercrusts are very apt to be soggy unless properly made. A sensible woman, however, discovered a few years ago, that in order to have good pie-crust, it is not absolutely necessary to use nothing but shortening, flour and water; a little soda, with twice as much cream of tartar, added to the crust, makes it light, flaky and creamy, and above all, makes it healthy; and such crust is apt to be mistaken for what is called in the country, "cream crust." To make a good pie-crust, take a heaping tablespoonful of lard or butter, as you can afford, to each pie; into this shortening, rub about a quarter of a teaspoonful of the best baking soda, taking care that all the lumps are smoothed out and that it is thoroughly mixed. Then add your flour, as much as the lard will take up without being too dry, having added to the flour double the amount of cream of tartar, finely pulverized. Authorities differ widely as to whether ice cold water or boiling hot water should be used to mix the crust; for my own part I have better success with hot water, just as hot as it can be handled. Do not put more water in than just barely enough to turn the flour and shortening into dough; take out of the mixing dish onto the molding board, and handle it very lightly; roll out the pie crust quite thin as the soda will make it rise a little. This crust will do for all pies.

To make an apple pie, pare the apples carefully, quarter and core them, and then cut each quarter in two lengthwise. Put pieces of apple around the edge in regular order, and heap

them in the middle. Sprinkle a generous amount of sugar over the whole, the quantity of which will have to be regulated, of course, by the tartness of the apples. A pinch of salt or a little dash of butter, say a piece as large as a good-sized bean to each pie, will improve the flavor. Now and then flavor a pie with cinnamon or allspice, and sometimes a little lemon essence improves it, although a really good apple pie needs nothing but its own flavor to make it the best eating on earth. It is well to wet the edges of the crust before putting on the top, and then to take great care to pinch the two crusts together in order to keep the juice from running out into the oven. If the crust is made with warm water and the edges are wet and well stuck together, there will be little trouble about the juice running out, and there will be no need of pinning rags around the edge, as is usually necessary for berry pies.

Some cooking authorities, even some whose fame has spread throughout the country, give a rule for making apple pies in which the sugar is not baked, but only the apples are baked inside a covered pie, after which she takes off the cover or cuts a hole in the centre and pours in melted sugar. This seems to be both unnecessary and unwise; for half the beauty of an apple pie is to have the tart, juicy apples baked into the sugar, or rather the sugar baked into them; however, everyone to her own taste.

The time will soon come, with colder weather, when mince pies will be considered a necessity in every well-regulated American household. There is just as much nonsense written about mince pies as about any other. A good mince pie is one of the most delectable dishes in the world. Some people with very delicate digestive organs, cannot eat them, but if a mince pie is properly made there is no reason why people with ordinary stomachs may not indulge at reasonable hours and in reasonable quantities. A good recipe for plain mince pies is to take two cups of chopped beef which has been boiled until it is thoroughly tender and chopped very fine indeed, four cups of chopped apples, two teaspoonfuls each of salt, allspice and cinnamon, one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful powdered clove, two cups of brown or maple sugar, a cupful of raisins, another cup of English currants, the juice of two lemons and the rind of one chopped very fine. Moisten these with two cups of cider or of sweet-pickle vinegar, and if liked, add half a cup of brandy;



many people do not approve of putting brandy into mince-meat, and perhaps it is well not to where there are young people in the family; at the same time, there is no doubt that mince-meat is far less apt to interfere with the digestive system, and far more apt to keep well, with a little spirits in it. To all this, when properly mixed and heated, at the back of the stove, add any remnants you may have in the house of jelly or preserves; currant jelly, quince marmalade, or any other such compound give it a fine flavor; and in fact, it seems sometimes as though the more stuff one can put in the mince-meat, the better it comes out. Many people think mince-meat is improved by using West India molasses, and if desired in this rule, half the sweetening might be made of molasses.

To make a good rhubarb pie, peel the rhubarb and cut it into very fine pieces crosswise of the stalk. Fill the pie as you would an apple pie, using double the amount of sugar; a little lemon juice will improve the flavor of it. Great care must be taken of the edges of rhubarb pie, and it is well to pin an old rag about it, as the juice is more than apt to run out into the oven. Rhubarb can be cut up into glass cans, which afterwards should be filled with cold water and sealed tightly, and then set away down cellar to keep all winter; in which case you can have rhubarb pies in January, and they will be found far better than they are in July. These of course are all covered pies. Now for one or two open pies. Who does not remember the squash pie and pumpkin pie of his grandmother's, or even those that mother used to make?

For a squash pie, take one cup of stewed and sifted squash; do not use watery, half-green squash, but select a dry and mealy one. It is a mistake to think that squash that cannot be eaten on the table will do for pies; if soggy, watery squash is used for pies, they will be soggy and stringy and no possible amount of other good materials will make them fit to eat. To your cup of dry, stewed squash, then, add a cup of boiling milk, half a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one beaten egg; a trifle of ginger, and if you have it, half a cup of sweet cream, will improve this pie immensely.

For a good, old-fashioned pumpkin pie, select a small, sweet pumpkin; pare and cut it into small pieces and stew these slowly a long time at the side of the fire. When it is thoroughly soft, sift through a colander and to the pumpkin add one or two beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of ginger, and another of ground cinnamon. To this add sufficient boiling milk to make it of the consistency of a thick soup. In rolling out the pie crust, leave about an inch over the edge of the pie-plate, and pinch this up to form a rim around the pie. If this rim is pinched up with the fingers as most of us can remember on our grandmothers' pies, it will be less apt to fall, as well as to improve the appearance of the pie. If a cupful of cream can be added to the pumpkin, the pies will of course be very much improved.

To make a good custard pie, there are about as many ways as there are good cooks. A really good custard pie needs anywhere from a half a teaspoonful to a teaspoonful of good cream added. If one cannot have cream however, the following is a good rule. After having rolled out the crust, set it up on the edges as for the squash or pumpkin pies. Beat up two fresh eggs with half a teaspoonful of sugar, until it is light and foamy; add to this a pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of corn starch. Have ready a pint of boiling milk, into which stir this mixture. Pour into the pie carefully, filling it as full as can be. Sprinkle over the top a little nutmeg, or if preferred, a little ground cinnamon. If a coconut pie is desired, instead of using spices on the top, sprinkle a half a cupful of desiccated coconut, and bake in a quick oven. Half the success of a custard pie depends on the baking. The oven must be quick, but not too quick so as to burn the edges or the top before the custard is thoroughly cooked. Watch it carefully, and as soon as the pie has thickened in the centre, take it out; do not let the pie whey. If you do it is ruined; but experience is the only teacher that avails much in the making of a successful custard pie.

Many people who do not live near a good grocery, will find the following recipe for lemon pie a most excellent one, which will furnish a good dessert at moderate cost and with little trouble. It is nothing more nor less than a lemon pie without lemons. The next time you go to the drug store, get a couple of ounces of the best quality of tartaric acid, and a bottle of good lemon essence, and you are provided against any emergency. I usually make these pies without a top crust, although some people like them made with a top crust and without the beaten egg frosting on the top which some of us find a great addition. Take one heaping tablespoonful of corn starch, and one cup of sugar; mix them thoroughly and add one scant cup of boiling water. Boil the whole gently five minutes, taking care not to scorch or burn the mixture. Then add one teaspoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of tartaric acid, one teaspoonful of lemon essence and one beaten egg. If a fancy top is desired, save out the white of the egg, beat it to a froth with a little sugar, and after the pie is done spread it on the top. Set it in the oven until it is slightly brown, and then set it in a cool place until you want it for the table. This will be found an excellent lemon pie, and one which can be eaten by those people who do not dare eat the ordinary lemon pie made with lemons.

Now for all that pies may not be fashionable, a trial of the above recipes will prove that healthy, sensible pies are just as good as ever, and will make a man healthy and happy, if not "wealthy and wise." And certainly, the man or woman who first invented pie, deserves a monument.

Speaking of good things to eat, have you ever tried the Franco-American soups? They are not at all like the ordinary canned foods which are apt to be stale and flat; but are both nutritious and delicate. Their pea, tomato, oxtail, chicken and beef soups are unrivalled, and they are so convenient to keep in the house, as they require nothing but heating when they are wanted for the table. So anxious are the proprietors of the Franco-American foods that Comfort readers should test the excellence of their goods, that they will send a sample can free to any subscriber on the receipt of 14 cents to pay postage, if you mention COMFORT when you send for it.

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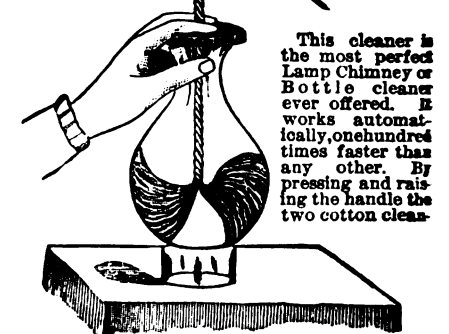
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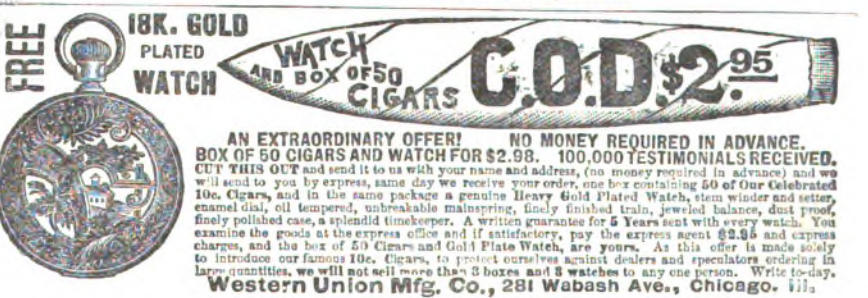
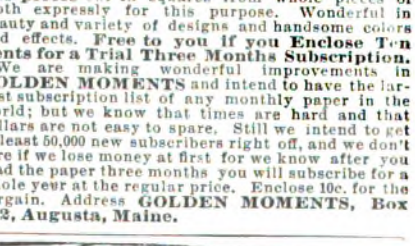
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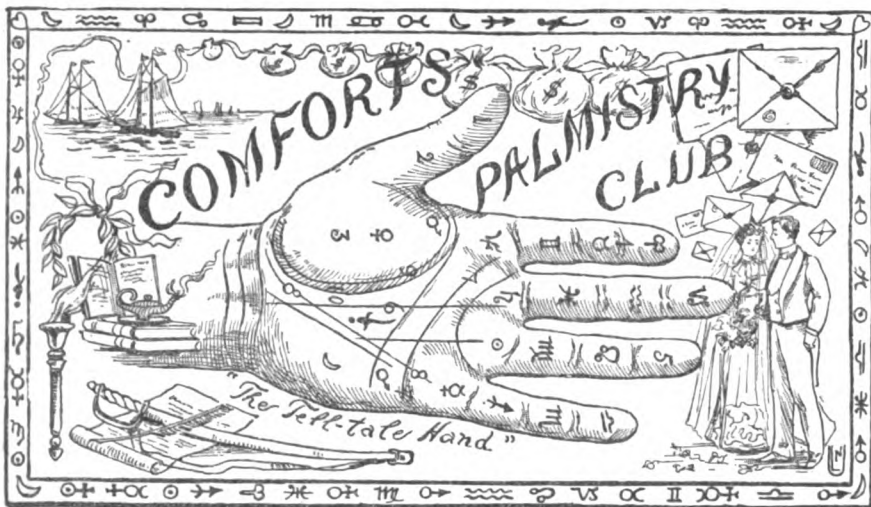
A delicate operation was performed recently in Brooklyn, N. Y. A boy had been run over by an electric car and had his leg torn open and terribly mangled. When the wound was partially healed at a hospital, the surgeon took about fifty pieces of skin from nurses, doctors and patients and grafted them carefully over the wound. Of the fifty strips, thirty immediately took on healthy action, and the

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It is delightful to know how many members of this club are taking up the study of Palmistry in real earnest and with scientific purpose. One of these writes asking for some explanations of the chance lines in a woman's hand. It is not possible to write of them so that an amateur will understand. The chance lines are different in every hand and may or may not be what are called "worry lines." Their number and variety is unlimited because they form themselves in an individual's hands according to his life. Any hand is liable to have them appear quite suddenly, but they must be read by an expert, and as I said before it is impossible for me to give rules which shall be infallible, or even that can be taken as applicable to all hands.

I have a number of interesting hands this month. The first belongs to an "Original Simpleton."



"AN ORIGINAL SIMPLETON."

"This hand is remarkable from the multiplicity of crosses which it contains. Crosses are seldom good signs, although these are so clear and well-marked near the line of life that I should say they accentuated its good qualities. This line is particularly strong and indicates that the owner possesses a strong character and one that would not easily succumb to adverse influences. It is well, too, that he does not, for there are plenty such influences for him to combat all through life. At about the age of 45 he is liable to have a severe illness or, at least, a breaking up of the faculties, after which he will never be so strong as formerly. His head or brain will suffer at this time; and although recovery is indicated he should always use caution never to overdo. Other signs indicate a tendency to overwork in his old age, a tendency which he should strive in every way to overcome. "Fore-warned is fore-armed" you know. One marriage is indicated, possibly two; although several of the lines indicating this are blurred in the photograph sent for reading. There should be a happy and lucky marriage, however, involving some money. This subject has a strong and re-



"ROSEBUD."

liable disposition and can be depended upon, either as a friend or enemy, as he is strong in both his likes and dislikes. His will is firm and judgment good; he will probably see a long life of unremitting diligence in business, however, and the three distinct lines on

Apollo's mount indicate marked success. These lines, however, are crossed by a branch of the girdle of Venus, which may interfere slightly with that success, although it cannot destroy it. He is affectionate, and his life will be seriously affected by a dark woman—possibly not for the better. He has a very good head-line which means strength of character, straightforwardness, energy and great power of resistance which will go a long way towards combating the troubles indicated elsewhere. As before said, however, there are sure signs of success and celebrity arising from personal effort and merit. These will come during the latter part of life, and he will experience some change of position at that time. He is probably of a slightly quarrelsome and jealous nature but has a good heart, and is patient under difficulties.

"Rosebud's" hand, on the contrary is much less intricate. So far she has led an unsettled life. She has still two long journeys before her, possibly one round the world; but she will certainly be married once to the person she loves and that will be a man of distinction in some line. It will be a rich and fortunate marriage and will probably take place at about the age of thirty. She will live in a pleasant home all the latter part of her life, which will continue till about sixty-five. Her health will be good in the main, but I see no sign of children. As she is still young, however, and marriage is some distance in the future for her, these lines may, and probably will, appear later. She is of a neat and affectionate disposition and has an artistic temperament. She has original talent of some kind in which she will achieve distinction, and there are few obstacles to her success. She is probably good-looking and winning in her manners. On the whole a fortunate hand with good luck and a happy marriage plainly indicated.

"Effie's" hand is more mixed in character. There are some splendid lines in it, and also some worry lines, indicating trouble and unfortunate ventures. On the whole, however, it is more fortunate than the average, and wealth, success and a fortunate marriage, possibly two of them are indicated. She probably has some slight weakness of the heart and is more or less subject to headaches. The latter part of her life, say from fifty years onward, will be marked by poor health, and some severe malady of the brain is indicated. The line of fortune, however, is a splendid one, and whatever "Effie" undertakes to do, she is



"EFFIE."

bound to succeed. She is of an active and highly nervous temperament but affectionate and ambitious. She has some romantic and imaginative ability and is probably musical. Her life will, as before said, not be free from troubles and worries; but she will on the whole be lucky, and I should say possibly make two highly fortunate and happy marriages.



"J. S. H."

In J. S. H.'s hand we have an altogether different type, this being a man's hand. There is always a marked difference between the hands of men and women. The spatulate and square types are much more common with men, in-

dicating business ability, power of command, reason and energy; while women's hands are apt to be softer, more artistic and beautiful. Mixed types, too, are more common with women. J. S. H. has a good business hand, although his thumb lacks a little in strength. He will work hard all his days for what he gets, but will know how to keep what he once earns. He is passionate and somewhat quick-tempered. He will probably marry a dark woman if he has not already done so. He has great self-control and coolness in danger, and great reasoning powers. In fact he is inclined to avarice and too great economy. He is straightforward and honest and, like George Washington, he could not tell a lie. A severe accident to the head during the first half of his life is indicated in the left hand, but does not seem to be confirmed in the right; and it is never safe to predict from the left hand alone as unless a sign appears in both hands it is by no means certain. The line of fortune is entirely absent in both hands, denoting an insignificant career and the ability to take things as they come. This hand is singular in having no sign of the line of fortune or that of Apollo in either hand.

"Kuebker" sent several impressions on smoked paper, none of them very plain. From the drawing we had made from them, however, I should say that his chances for success in life are very good. He will live to be sixty-five or over, and will succeed in whatever he undertakes. He is a sensible business man and will make some money. He is inclined to be a good man, honest in his dealings with other men, and a good citizen. In early life he makes a hard struggle, but will succeed and be in a comfortable position in his old age, through



"KUEBKER."

his own efforts and merits. He will be married once and will make several important journeys during his life. His disposition is good and he is reasonable and philosophic in all things. He should feel encouraged to work on, as he is sure to reach a comfortable degree of competency before he dies, although he will never be remarkably wealthy.

I am glad to be able to say that more members are taking careful note of the conditions on which one may enter into this club. Please read again

OUR OFFER.

To every paid-up yearly subscriber to Comfort, who will mail us within 30 days the names and addresses of two new yearly subscribers (together with 50 cents to pay for same), we will send Comfort's Guide to Palmistry postpaid and free of charge.

All letters must be addressed Comfort's Palmistry Club, Augusta, Maine, and the names and addresses of two subscribers must in every case be given in a plain, readable hand, and accompanied by the money to pay for subscriptions.

Besides many other points of interest, the book contains directions for taking full and complete impressions of your palms, which can be sent by mail for reading by experts.

It must be distinctly understood that the above book is not for sale, it cannot be bought anywhere, it is specially gotten up for and copyrighted by Comfort, and it is the latest, newest thing out. It must not be confounded with any other work on palmistry. Consequently it will pay everyone to become a member of this Palmistry Club at once.

And please note very carefully the conditions on which you can have your hands read, which I repeat here for your benefit.

Send us six new subscribers to Comfort with \$1.50 to pay for them one year, and a drawing of

3 MONTHS FREE!

By sending 25 cents for COMFORT now, it will pay your subscription to January 1st, 1895. You thus get this great home monthly for October, November and December Free. Better not delay, but renew or become a new subscriber now.

both your hands, and we will print description of same under your initials or assumed name in Comfort.

Those of you who cannot do this are recommended to take steps to procure our new Guide to Palmistry.

SPECIAL. All 25c. subscriptions received in Sept. or Oct. will run until Jan. 1st, 1895, so we can offer 3 months' subscription free on all clubs.

Digitus

TWO USEFUL PREMIUMS.

We want to secure thousands of new trial six months' subscribers to COMFORT before Jan. 1st. and have selected two valuable articles as described below to give as premiums to all who will send 15c. for a trial six months' subscription to COMFORT now. State which one you want when you enclose the 15c., or if you will send name of a new yearly 25c. subscriber we will send either the Kitchen Knife or Needle Threader free. Notice that all yearly subscriptions received now will run until Jan. 1st, 1895.

TELLER KITCHEN KNIFE.

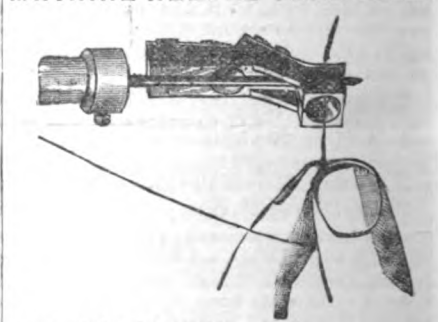
In warming potatoes, the shape of the knife is such that the work can be done easier and in much less time than with the point of a table knife com-



monly used, as a cutting edge 4 inches long is brought into use. The blade, which is made of thin sheet steel, being

wide and flexible, enables one to turn griddle cakes, eggs, fish, etc., without breaking them. The handle is hung at right angles with the point end of the blade, giving it the shovel form for turning cakes. Every knife sold will sell two more. The simplicity and durability of this article recommends it to every housekeeper.

MACHINE NEEDLE THREADER.



Threads hand or machine needles. Most reliable needle threader in the world. Magnifies eye of needle 100 times. It's the long sought for missing link in sewing machine perfection, and adapted to all machine or hand needles. This invention consists of a metallic block and two springs; the latter holds and mechanically adjusts the needles, so that even a blind person can thread them.

Improper setting of machine needles cause endless annoyance. A needle fixed in this instrument can be unerringly pushed up in needle bar.

This invention cost over one-quarter of a century's experimenting and study, and though cheap at ten dollars, we are enabled by the aid of ingenious machinery and improved modes of manufacture to sell it broad-cast at a trifling cost.

Either of above articles given with trial 6 months' 15c. subscription. Address,

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



COMFORT'S 56 PIECE TEA SET

\$3.89 IS IT POSSIBLE? \$3.89

Magnificent Tea Sets as Presents. Every Comfort Reader Can Have One Free. A Great Drop in China.

This illustration gives but a faint idea of the Comfort Tea Set, the most beautiful and artistic tea set ever seen. It is exactly the same set in size and quality as sells in stores for from \$8.50 to \$12.50. This entire lot is just made and is thrown on the market on account of Tariff agitation. We have the whole importation. You never saw such a Rare Bargain in your life and you can have one yourself as a present if you want it. All that you will have to do is to get up a club of 20 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each. No such offer was ever made before. We will give you the set absolutely free as a premium if you will do this and send us the addresses and money, (\$5.00 in all.) Our former club offer was for 35 subscribers, \$9.00, or \$6.00 in cash, which was an unheard of low price at that time. This Panic Cut Price \$3.89 cannot last but a short time so avail yourself of the bargain. Next season it will surely go to \$5.00 cash or over.

This useful and ornamental set, which would adorn and beautify any abode of luxury, we shall give away for a short time to readers of COMFORT. Let us tell you what it is. It is a 56-piece tea set consisting of tea pot, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 2 cake plates, 12 preserve dishes and one sloop bowl. It is of the finest English ware, highly and artistically decorated, and every piece perfect in design and shape. Never was a more handsome set put together, and it will be a marvel of beauty for years. They come in different designs and colors. It is the perfection of daintiness and every woman loves it the moment she sees it.

\$3.89 If you are a COMFORT reader we will sell you one of these magnificent tea sets at the importer's cost, so long as they last. We want to extend COMFORT to every home, so get up a club; but just once, if you cannot for any reason get up the club, we will sell you one at this Extraordinary Price of \$3.89. You can keep this as a souvenir of COMFORT and when you show it to your friends tell how you got it. Each set is carefully packed to go by express or freight, charges to be paid by the receiver. Address,

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

From special notice above, you will see that all 25c. subscriptions received this Fall will run until Jan. 1st, 1895.

Slavery Day Superstitions.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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DOES education destroy superstition? is a question that is often asked; and answers are about equally divided between affirmative and negative.

All people are more or less superstitious; mythical belief of "bad" or "good luck" invades the pulpit, the studio, authors' sanctums and

even the den of the scientist. Certain it is that the freedom and general education of the negro has not destroyed in the least degree his belief in superstitious happenings. Both the negro to-day in the South, and the one who has left it, cling to their old beliefs as religiously as they do to their memories of the "Old Plantation."

They believe thoroughly in ghosts, that it is "bad luck" to bury a corpse on Friday, or to start ploughing on that day, to plant seed or begin any work that one wishes to be successful. They think it dangerous to go near a graveyard between sunset and sunrise, for those hours of darkness in weird places belong to the spirits of the dead who hover about their bodies crumbling into dust.

"It's the time, Boss, for runnin' of speerits," once said an old negro to me. "And live folks will have bad luck that distarbs 'um."

When going to or coming from a dance at night, negroes will never pass a graveyard, nor will they allow the sound of dancing music or laughter to be within sound of a burying ground. A negro, starting upon important missions of duty or pleasure seeing a rabbit or squirrel run across his path will give it up for that day or go miles around another way.

A black cat is supposed to hold the evil spirit of someone who has committed a crime; to find one lying upon your doorstep is considered a sure sign of death in the family. Should the death not occur, some plausible excuse is found for the failure of the superstition, but it is believed in all the same. Southern white children left to the care of the old "Mammies" and negro nurses, were imbued from earliest infancy with the dark superstitions of those faithful people, and those teachings remain through a lifetime; education, travel, and wholly different association fail to wholly obliterate them from the mind.

To rock a chair with the foot with no one seated in it, or leave it rocking when rising from it, is a sure sign of dire misfortune.

If you leave the house, and forgetting something turn back for it, you must sit down a minute, or expect trouble.

To dress a corpse for burial save in a shroud is a bad sign; there is an old saying: "Lucky the corpse that the rain falls on," for it is the belief that nature is in sympathy with the dead.

Another belief of slavery days was that no one ever could see a "Blue Jay" on Fridays; for some reason it was thought that "birds of that feather go to Hades on Friday to take sticks to the devil."

A parrot is looked upon as "Satan's own bird"; the hoot of a screech owl is a warning of death; if a bird fly at night, he is guiding a baby spirit to its kin in the graveyard; an owl is the sentinel to watch over burying-grounds, and so the superstitions run *ad infinitum*.

When a house is haunted by an imaginary spectre, it is the belief that a crime has been committed beneath its roof, and that a murdered form is concealed there without Christian burial. The howling of a dog is another foreboding of death. To keep a pet monkey in a house is a curse upon it; for the negro both fears and despises the race that Darwin asserted was the foundation of ours. To try on other peoples' mourning garments is a very bad sign; to take off the wedding ring also; while as a ray of sunshine in dark forebodings, when a child smiles in its sleep it is a token of a happy future.

Though of a painfully pious nature, the negro is devoted to dancing, and dance they will in spite of everything, intending to make their peace with their Maker and their parson later on. In this connection the following prayer in verse may not be inappropriate:

"Oh Massa! let dis gath'rin' in a blessin' in yo' sight!
Don't jedge us hard for what we does, for dis am Christmas night!
An' all de balance o' de yeah we does as right's we kin—
Ef dancin's wrong—oh Massa! let de time excuse de sin!"

"We labors in de vineyard—workin' hard and workin' true—
Now shorely you won't notice, ef we eats a grape or two—
Remember, Massa, mind dis now, de sinfulness o' sin,
Is 'pendin' pon de sperit what we goes and does it in:
An' in a richus frame o' mind, we's gwine ter dance and sing—
A feelin' lik King David when he cut de pigeon-wing—
You bress us, pleased sah, then, ef we's been doin' wrong to-night;
Kase den we needs de blessin' more'n ef we's doin' right;
And let de blessin' stay wid us until we come ter die,
And goes to keep our Christmas wid de angels in de sky."

The negro has a happy nature. In the free and easy lives they lead they are not unlike the Irish, though for some unexplained reason there is an antipathy existing between the two races. The Negro wit is just as spontaneous as the Irish, and their odd sayings and doings would fill volumes; yet under all flows an under-current of superstition. Negroes have as many proverbs as Spaniards; a few of their sayings and expressions may be of interest here:

"De squir'l go to jumpin' when de nuts begin a fallin'."
"Sparrer-hawks a lookin' while de little chicken's scratchin'."
"In summer time de nigger's happy ef he haint got a dollar."

"When de bait am more costlier den de fish, don't go fishin'."
"A leetle hole in your pocket is worse den a big hole in de knee."

"De red bird love to drink whar he can see himself in de water."
"De buggy whip can't make up for light feed to de horse."

"A tall tree make de squir'l sorry."
"De dust don't settle on de bread box."
"De mule hab so much goodness in his face dat he don't hab none for his hind legs."

"De wood pile am afereed o' de norf wind."
"De right sort o' religion heaps de half bushel."

"Taint worf findin' out who gits de best of a goat swap."

"De young rooster dat crows too loud am 'lectioneerin' fer a lickin'."

"A gap in de ax shows itself in de chip."

"De rabbit kin make de best time when he trabblin' for his health."

"Away down South in Dixie" some of the old time negroes are still to be found; but they are fast passing away, though it is only a score and a half years since President Lincoln emancipated them.

Ignoring the many cruelties told of slavery, those were happy days in the negro quarters, days that have now gone forever; for the seal of eternal silence will soon be set upon all lives, black or white, that can tell the part of the Africo-American race in bondage, its quaint customs, odd sayings and weird superstitions.

Superstitions of the Shoe.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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AMONG old-fashioned superstitions, no article of wear has collected more than the shoe. Everybody knows the old sayings about the way one wears out his shoes. "Worn on the heel, spends a good deal;" "worn on the ball, spends it all;" "worn on the vamp, look out for a scamp;" "worn on the toes, spends as he goes;" "worn on the side, will be a rich man's bride"—all of which may be taken for just what they are worth.

An old sign says that if a young man is careless of his shoe-lacing, he will neglect his wife; but on the contrary, if he laces them very tight, he will be very stingy in his dealings with her. By the way, if a young man is going to see his lady-love and stubs his right toe, he may know he is to be welcome; but if he stubs his left one he may as well turn around and go home, because she does not want to see him. Again if his laces keep coming untied, his sweetheart is talking or thinking of him.

When you buy a new pair of shoes, never put them on a shelf higher than your head, unless you want to bring bad luck; and if you blacken them before you have had both shoes on, you may meet with an accident or even have a sudden death. This is an old Irish superstition. The Scotch girls believe that if they drop their shoes before they are worn, trouble will ensue; while a French lady losing her heel, is sure of some disappointment in love, and a German mother in the same predicament feels that she will soon lose one of her children by death.

You must not put your right shoe on your left foot, or your left on your right, nor must you put the left shoe on before you do the right, unless you want bad luck. This superstition dates back to one of the Emperors of Rome, who, it is recorded, put on his left shoe first one morning, and came very near being assassinated during the day.

As a sign of respect, the Japanese take off their slippers when they meet in the street, and the Jews used to pluck off one of theirs to confirm a bargain. Throughout the East, when an inferior enters the presence of his superior, he leaves his shoes or slippers at the door; no Mohammedan wears his shoes into the house.

A great many people still follow the old custom of throwing an old shoe after a bridal couple, but very few know the old significance of this. It is supposed to bring good luck, and those that throw it after a newly married couple, do so with the best intentions in the world. This custom, however, really came from the old Anglo-Saxon times, when the father invariably handed the bridegroom one of the bride's old shoes, which signified the giving up of all authority over the girl to her husband; so that those who throw an old shoe after the departing couple nowadays, are really signifying that she is his property, as in old medieval times.

It is supposed to bring good luck to keep an old pair of shoes that is past wearing, around the house; but if they are burned up, according to an old sign, snakes will squirm away from the place and will leave bad luck behind them. Old negro "aunties" in the South burn up old shoes and hog hoofs, and use a mixture of the two for coughs. It would seem as though a good smart cold would be preferable to this remedy.

There are several old sayings in regard to shoes.

"Where the shoe pinches" comes from the story of an old Roman, who surprised his friends by trying to get a divorce from his wife, with whom it was supposed he lived very happily. When he was questioned as to his actions, he held out one foot and showed them his shoes, asking them if they were not good looking and well made; the reply was in the affirmative. "Ah," he said, "none of you know where that shoe pinches."

"To be in another's shoes" is another quotation in common use to-day. Among the ancient Norsemen, when a man adopted a son he must always, for a certain time, wear the shoes of his adopted father in order that he might lawfully inherit his property, and so it has come about that to stand in another's shoes means to claim the honors of another.

When a man is drunk he is often referred to as being "in his boots." This does not refer, originally, to his foot-gear, but comes from the old Welsh word "Booz" which means to be saturated with liquor; our word "Boozy" means the same thing.

Doubtless everyone who reads this will be able to think of some other superstition with regard to the shoe, which has not been mentioned; but whatever you do, be sure to put on your right shoe first in the morning, unless you have the courage to come out from the shadow of old superstitions of all kinds.

Before selling off your sheep, get them very fat; they will not only weigh more, but will bring a higher price. If they bring one cent a pound more, it will amount to at least an extra dollar for each sheep.

Build your farm houses with every convenience possible, not only to add to the comfort of the family, but to reduce the amount of household work. There is no reason why a farm house should not be as modern, convenient and comfortable as any house in the world.

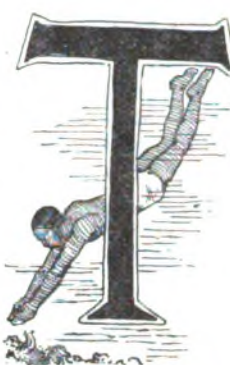
Clean stalls are the best preventive against disease; sunlight and air and fresh absorbent material, is worth more than medicine, while dampness is a source of disease. Remember, too, that a horse blanket saves ten times its cost, in a short time, in feed and labor.

To dry up and fatten a cow, give her one pound of epsom salts daily, half a pound night and morning. Give two drams of camphor gum twice a day, and apply camphor oil to her udder twice a day. Do not milk her unless the udder is too full and causes pain; keep her on dry feed.

FACTS ABOUT SPONGES.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY J. D. ELLSWORTH.

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THE way to tell a good sponge is by its elasticity. That is to say, a good sponge should feel springy in your hand and if you wet it and squeeze it, it should instantly return to shape.

The light yellow color that sponges have is not natural. It is the result of bleaching, and if a sponge has been bleached too much, it becomes flabby and soon wears out.

There used to be a lot of dispute over the question of whether sponges were vegetables or animals. At one time some of the wise men made a compromise and said that sponge was both, being part of the time a vegetable and part of the time an animal.

The old dispute is not wholly settled yet but it is usually agreed that the sponge belongs to the animal kingdom. The part sold in shops is the skeleton which is covered with a sort of glutinous flesh when the living animal is growing like a cabbage at the bottom of the sea.

The best sponges come from the Mediterranean Sea, but the great majority of everyday sponges used in the United States come from the Bahama Islands, in the Atlantic off the southeast coast of Florida. Nassau, the capital of these many islands, is the market where sponges are collected, cured and shipped. The "spongers" as the fishermen are called, go out to some of the distant islands in small but seaworthy schooners from which the fishing is done. The captain and crew are all colored natives, who, besides their supplies of flour, salt pork and gin, sometimes take their families with them. They are good sailors and cruise about from place to place until they find good fishing grounds.

The water about these islands is so clear that the bottom can be seen at a great depth, and when the waves make this impossible they use a box with a glass bottom which they press into the water below the ragged surface. Sometimes they have a thick pane of glass set in the bottom of their boats.

In shallow water the sponges are brought up by means of a pair of long-handled rakes like stretched-out oyster tongs. When the sponges are too deep to be reached by tongs, the fishermen dive for them, frequently through 150 or 200 feet of water, and among sharks that would terrify a white swimmer. These divers are at home in the water from babyhood and have no fear.

When it is first brought up the sponge is a dark, slippery, slimy mass, which smells terribly while drying in the sun. After the spongers get a deck load of these slimy things, they go ashore on the nearest island to cure what they have on hand. The landing is often made on some island where the fishermen have relatives and have a good time trading gin for fruit, vegetables and other island luxuries. The sponges are killed by the sun, so that the first thing to do when they are taken ashore is to partially clean them in "crawls" which are pens made of stakes to prevent the sponges from being washed away. The women stay ashore to wash and bleach the sponges while the men go out for more.

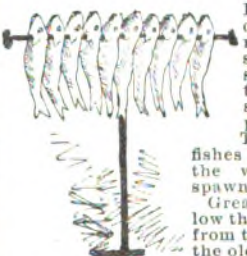
The sponge boats frequently gather in large fleets. At night the spongers build a fire on deck in a box of sand, and after supper is cooked and eaten they keep the picturesque fires going while they play on their banjos and sing.

Spongers work on shares and when they get a cargo they take it into Nassau where the ship owner sells the sponges at auction to the highest bidder. Each dealer has his donkey dray to take his purchases to his sheds where the sponges are trimmed by natives who clip out the bits of shell and hardened sand. Sometimes the clipping leaves bad holes which must be sewed up so that the stitches will not show. Then the sponges are put in a heavy press and squeezed into solid bales for shipment. The packers are so expert that they can pack a bushel of sponges in a cigar box.

WEIRS FOR THE WARY.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

Copyright, 1894, by The Gannett & Morse Concern.



THE old herring come down from the arctic regions in immense shoals. When the sunlight falls upon them the ocean seems to be full of precious stones.

They are cold water fishes but they come into the warmer waters to spawn.

Great flocks of gulls follow the old herring down from the north, and while the old fish return as soon as they have left their eggs, the gulls stay to eat the small fry as soon as they are hatched out.

The herring is full of bones but while young can either be smoked or put up in cans like sardines. All along the northern coast of Maine and New Brunswick are the fishermen who make a living by catching the young herring. Near the Canadian border a number of canning factories have been built.

The shores of the mainland and of the many little islands are fringed with groups of stakes sticking up out of the water, with branches woven in between them like basket-work. These are the fish-traps or weirs as they are called. They are different from the dam-like weirs which are built in rivers, and to a novice it would seem pretty hard to catch fish in traps set along a straight shore.

The trick is simple enough when you know it.

A fence of poles and interwoven twigs is built straight out from the shore into deep water. Then a pen, shaped like a letter "C," is built so that the end of the straight fence is between the ends of the curved fence which forms the "C." Thousands of little herring come into the shallow water to feed. They swim along the shore until they bump against the straight fence and then they turn so as to go around it. Before they do get around it they find themselves in the circular pen where

they swim back and forth without finding the way out.

The fishermen are on the alert. They know when the herring come, first by the gulls hovering over them, and then by the ruffling of the water. The entrance to the weir is closed with nets and all the fish are collected in a big seine net, from which they are dipped out, barrelful at a time, into the boats. Often several hog-heads of fish will be taken in one haul and the fishing boats, like the gulls, hover round to take off their prey.

On the way to market the haul is sorted over. The sculpins, although they feed on the herring, are thrown away. Sometimes there may be other fish in the lot, which are saved to be eaten by the fishermen themselves. The herring are sorted according to size. The smaller ones are worth most because they can be sold at the canneries to be preserved in oil. Those that are too big for the cans are strung on sticks by the thousand and after being smoked are packed in small wooden boxes. The smoked herring are shipped all over the world and especially to the West Indies and South American ports. They are jokingly spoken of as Kennebec turkeys or Lubec chickens.

KNITTING MADE EASY.

Improvements in knitting machines have been made from time to time until the dream of inventors appears to have been fulfilled in the High Speed Knitting Machine manufactured by J. E. Gearhart, Clearfield, Pa. It is so simple in mechanism, durable in construction, easy of operation, and thoroughly cheap in price that it will become a necessity in every household, as much so as the sewing machine. The reader is referred to their advertisement in another column.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

Worms have their popular summer resorts just like folks. Of course the good worms reside in heaven all the year round but this season some of the wickedest ones are spending the heated term in the beautiful old town of Wallingford, Conn. The natives of the town did not advertise or offer inducements of any sort but their unwelcome summer visitors came creeping, crawling, wriggling in upon them from every direction. There were bugs as well as worms and they crawled up into the trees and gnawed away at the leaves from morning till night. The townspeople have always been very proud of their magnificent elms, and became alarmed when they saw that these trees were being stripped of their foliage. Some men squirted bug-killing mixtures over the trees, but the new kind of bugs seemed to enjoy the poison as a sort of a relish. A week after the buggy season opened some of the trees were stripped to their bare branches while others looked as if they had been scorched by fire. At last accounts the people of Wallingford were going to hold a town meeting to sit on the bugs and if possible squash them.

Tabby Dienes is a heroine in Louisville although she is only a year old. Tabby is a gray cat with sharp claws and a sharp temper. She was a waif without home or family when she walked into the house of Antone Dienes on Market street. The family did not want to adopt any stray cats and tried to drive her away. Tabby would not go and scratched Mr. Dienes when he tried to throw her out of the window. Finally the cat was allowed to stay and became the playmate of the little five year old daughter Lizzie. Everywhere that Lizzie went the cat was sure to go. One day she followed Lizzie into the garden and while the little girl was at play the cat lay down under a bush to take a nap. After a few minutes Lizzie looked around and found a poisonous snake about three feet long, coiled up ready to strike. When the frightened little girl screamed Tabby was six feet away, but she gave one bound and came down beside the snake. Then the fight began. The cat bit the snake nearly in two. The snake struck back but the cat cleverly dodged the poisonous blow and watched her chance to bite again. Lizzie's mother came running to the scene and took her daughter out of harms way. Then she went for something to kill the reptile. The cat continued to fight like a tiger, biting and then jumping back before the snake could strike. When Mrs. Dienes came back with a garden hoe to cut off the snake's head, Tabby still had the best of the fight. The dead snake showed the marks of twenty bites while the cat had not been hurt in the least. After that Tabby was made a life member of the Dienes family.

Most men hardly know whether they have a little toe or not. Yet Alexander T. Ward has made his living out of that unimportant member. He claims to be a traveling salesman for mining products, and as such has taken out accident policies in any number of insurance companies. A dozen and perhaps two dozen companies have paid Ward various sums of money for the loss of his little toe. That is the way he made his living and that is why he lies in jail in Syracuse, N. Y. There seems to be no doubt that his toe is gone. It has been cut off, shot off, smashed and amputated so often that there is nothing left of it. The trouble in fact, is not that he still has the offending toe, but that he has lost it altogether too often. His arrest was made on the charge that he had been making fraudulent claims upon the insurance companies and the facts in the case were first discovered by Secretary Watson of the Merchants and Travelers Accident Insurance company of Syracuse. The little toe must have gone about four years ago. The records show that A. T. Ward first lost the little toe of his right foot on January 4, 1891. The National Accident Society of New York paid him \$150 and then after paying a second claim of \$42 they cancelled his policy. Before he got this money he insured in the United States Mutual Accident Association and got \$121.43 from them for the loss of the same toe. During the same year he got \$100 from the Commercial Travelers Mutual Accident Association, \$183 from the Massachusetts Mutual Accident Association for the little toe of his left foot as well as a similar amount from the New England Mutual Accident Association for a broken ankle. In 1892 Ward claimed to have again cut off the little toe which must have been left and secured \$100 apiece from two other companies. Then in 1893 he got \$100 at one time and \$50 at another for other injuries. His claim last May for another payment on the same lost toe led to his arrest.

The octopus or devil-fish is a terrible sea monster with eight long snake-like arms called tentacles. Fishermen on the Pacific coast often capture a hideous fish of this sort, but never have they lived to tell the tale of one as large as that Captain Charles Collins brought into San Francisco a short time ago. The dead devil-fish nearly covered the deck of his vessel. The tentacles of the monster measured twenty-five feet from tip to tip, and were armed all the way along with the saucer-like mouths that suck the life of their victims. The captain told about the desperate fight. He was fishing for rock cod near the reef off Point Reyes with a crew of four men, Nicholas Cee, John Zoga, John Colona and Ezola Consendine. One morning at daybreak while they were hauling in a stout line to which many hooks had been fastened, they felt a strong jerk and the next instant one of the great arms of the octopus was thrown over the gunwale of the boat. The fishermen knew at once what it meant for the water on that side of their craft was seething from the struggles of the monster. The crew tried to knock off the arm and escape but the suckers held too tightly. Their only hope was to stab the monster under the eye as such a wound would kill him instantly. When the body of the fish appeared the captain jabbed at the tender spot with a boathook, but the boat tipped so that he missed his aim and only enraged the monster. The great arms wrapped themselves over the boat from stem to stern and the men had all they could do to keep out of the way of the suckers which would never let go. The boat tipped so that water came in over the gunwales and when the men struck at the great tentacles their clubs would bounce back without effect. It looked as if all would go down together as the devil-fish had hold of the keel and so could keep his body under water. At last two of the men began hauling on the line which seemed to be fast to the monster. Slowly the big glaring eyes came up through the water until the vital point was in reach of a sharp-pointed boat hook. One quick stab was given just below the eye and then the long arms slowly loosened their hold, and the dead terror of the sea was dragged upon the deck.



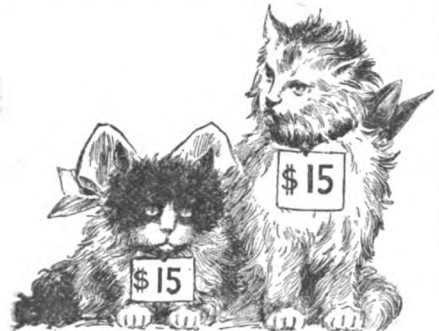
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PREPARED FOR COMFORT BY ESTHER GRACE.

According to the latest statistics, one woman in every seven and a half in New York State, is a wage earner. In New York City alone between 70,000 and 80,000 women work for their living. Neither estimate includes servants.

It is the unusually intelligent typewriter who is able to earn six or eight dollars a week from her first position.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton who has for years been battling on the platform for the rights of women, takes a hand in private at fighting for the rights of baby. She says that infants often cry for water when it is thought that they are sick, or that a mysterious pin is annoying them. Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Stanton's daughter, tells many an interesting anecdote of her mother's gratifying experience with thirsty babies. Very young children should have cooled, boiled water fed them from a spoon, four or five times a day, she says.



At the Whitby Kennels, White Plains, dear little Angora kittens with long hair and fuzzy tails, are bred. These are sold to petted city babies for fifteen dollars each. Full grown Angora cats bring fancy prices seventy-five dollars not being unusual.

Ada Behan, the greatly gifted young actress, is already noticeably gray-haired. And she does not appear to mind it in the least.

There is a women's club in existence in Brooklyn, across the bridge from us, organized for the purpose of abolishing kissing among the fair sex. It ought to have branches in every city and town. Very few women kiss each other because they want to. It is habit and a bad one.

A Brooklyn preacher recently occasioned a great deal of uncomplimentary criticism. He said that no women would go to Heaven. That "they are made for the glory of man, and man for the glory of God" and that when they die, they will go back to their "original" state. Some of his parishioners say that that is not by any means, the way to encourage men to want to be good.

Ice cream soda is still sold in enormous quantities, but some girls who are ready to drink what is best for their health, order the less palatable Vichy, and try to look as if they were enjoying themselves as much as their less sensible sisters. Phosphates, lemon, orange and wild cherry, are popular with the matinee girls. A new combination which had considerable sale during the past season, was of kumyss or matzoon, and Vichy. It tastes a good deal like creamy sour milk. Kumyss and matzoon are said to be milk preserved with sugar, yeast and other ingredients.

There is a "Home" at 143 West 14th Street, where governesses, seamstresses, professional women of every sort, may live at no expense, when out of work, until a position is obtained. The institution is supported entirely by voluntary contributions and is one of the most practical helps to women in the city. Miss Susan Osborne, the director of the house, is a

youngish, but motherly little woman, who believes absolutely in the efficacy of prayer. She tells wonderful stories of how food has been sent them when there was even no bread in the house. The writer had the privilege of taking fifty dollars to the house last winter, from a friend. There was less than a dollar in the whole big house, when she arrived. Only respectable women are received at this, the St. Mary's Lodging House. They are treated as guests, not pensioners.

Twenty-three years ago there was not an exclusively summer charity in New York City. Now there are over two hundred.

Beggars in the streets of this city, get most of their money from out of town people. Residents know that all genuine cases of distress will be temporarily relieved by the Charity Organization. It is discouraging to those who want to believe the suffering of these medics real, to see some of them after business hours. One old, long-haired man trundles a wheezy hand-organ about in a dilapidated baby carriage and usually stands all day at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street. His head shakes continually in a pitiful way. At six o'clock, he starts for home at a brisk pace, and his head becomes as fixed and upright as any person's. New Yorkers however, are apt to make exceptions in the cases of blind men or women, or those who are badly crippled.

A traveler from one of the towns up the State, thought five cents apiece pretty high for common corn muffins on the beautiful new boat Priscilla of the Fall River Line. He forgot that he had to pay something towards the silver bread-dish on which they are served, towards the salary of the French cook, the pay of the colored waiter, the cunningly concealed electric lights, and the velvet carpet into which his feet sank, almost as deeply as they did in his own meadow-grass. The help on one of these big liners works no harder than his wife and daughter on the farm do, but they get more pay, and it costs them more to live, too.

The newest visiting cards are of cardboard, almost as thin as writing paper.

There is a fancy among people given to fads, for addressing letters to "Town," instead of to New York City. The first ones so written, were sent to the Dead Letter Office, the clerks being unable to learn of any such city or village. Later, they discovered the meaning of the new affection and letters so addressed, are now delivered without delay.

During the summer months, fine canaries, singers, were sold on the streets for seventy-five cents each. With people out of money, birds were a drug in the market. Many thousand more had been imported, than could be disposed of.

The "sample" system has been so abused by ladies who make crazy quilts, that it is as long and difficult a process for a city woman to get satisfactory samples, as for one living out of town.

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, daughter of the millionaire, has an entire suite of rooms for her own use, in her father's palace on Fifth Avenue. Miss Vanderbilt is in no respect such a remarkable young lady in appearance, as one would be likely to fancy, judging from her



"TOO BAD, NO FRONT GATE TO SWING ON."

home and her father's enormous wealth. She is young, just out of school, and is modest, almost bashful, in manner. She has dark eyes, dark brown hair and is considerably above medium height. Almost any village girl who occasionally sees a fashion paper, is more "stylish" in her dress than Miss Vanderbilt. She seems neither to care for expensive clothes, nor to know how to wear simple ones, in what might be called a "swagger" way. Her mother has not brought her up to look upon a "society" life as the truest one for a woman, with or without money, to lead. So the young girl appears to be entirely unspoiled, and as sweetly genuine as many a farmer's daughter. It is said

that a number of foreign noblemen have already asked for her hand and fortune. But her father seems to have no desire that she shall become one more in the long unhappy list of American girls who have married titles, and have lived neglected lives.

No wife or daughter of an aristocrat ever walks on Fifth Avenue on Sunday afternoon. It is an unwritten law.

There are said to be a number of families living in one of the most expensive uptown hotels who cook all their meals in their rooms on a kerosene stove, except dinner, of which they order meanly small portions in the grand dining room. It is against the rules of course, to cook in sleeping rooms, but their utensils are kept locked up when any of the house-servants are about.

Underwear is now trimmed with tinted satin ribbons, especially made to wash.

Miss Bessie Binninger, the daughter of an old Knickerbocker family in reduced circumstances, keeps a stationery store on Fifth Avenue. She does well in business and is thought very brave by sensible, rich people, with whom she has not lost her social footing in any degree.



One of the large dry goods stores has a department where a lady may have her nails nicely manicured for twenty-five cents. The usual price is a dollar. A clever woman can do her own manicuring, after she has seen it done right once.

A little country girl visiting this city for the first time found an odd fault with it. She was not afraid the elevated trains would fall off, nor that the cable cars would run over her, and she could find her way about without one of her relatives. But she missed the front gates. "I don't see how you city girls ever get married," she exclaimed in great perplexity. The front steps, leading as they do, directly to the sidewalk, afford no opportunity for such good-nights as country lovers know. But the double hall doors, such as are on every house, and the vestibule between, offer unparalleled chances for a hasty salutation between sweethearts.

A photographer in the northern part of the city has no difficulty in getting every sitter to "smile, please." He has trained a monkey to look wisely at the subject's attitude, to dive his weazened head under the camera cloth, to remove the cap, and finally to cover the lens. Thus the picture is actually taken by the monkey.

The Margaret Louisa Home in East Sixteenth Street, is one of the quietest and least expensive public places for ladies visiting the city without male escorts. No one will be received for more than thirty-five days out of a year. Nor are any but Protestants welcomed.

No New York woman will carry a bundle if she can possibly help it. She orders everything sent. And every dealer, from the dry goods man, the butcher, to the stationer, the corset-maker and the feather-curler, is prepared to leave Madam's purchases at her own door. Such little bags as the Boston women carry, are considered in very bad style here.

No New York woman will carry a bundle if she can possibly help it. She orders everything sent. And every dealer, from the dry goods man, the butcher, to the stationer, the corset-maker and the feather-curler, is prepared to leave Madam's purchases at her own door. Such little bags as the Boston women carry, are considered in very bad style here.

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\$1200.00 PRIZE STORIES \$1200.00

The following conditions govern the awarding of cash prizes of \$100 monthly for Nutshell Stories, and the manuscripts of such writers only as have complied with all these requirements will receive consideration. All the necessary particulars being here clearly set forth, it will be useless for any one to seek further information or personal favors by addressing the editor, as such letters cannot be answered.

1. Only persons who are regular paid up yearly subscribers to "Comfort" and who send with every manuscript at least two new yearly subscribers (together with 25 cents to pay for each subscriber so sent) may compete for the prizes.

2. All contributions must have the number of words they contain plainly noted thereon in addition to the writer's full name and address with non de plume if desired; must be written on one side of the paper only, addressed to EDITOR NUTSHELL STORY CLUB care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

3. All stories must be strictly original with the contributors, and must not have appeared in print before. Competitors may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace, or city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 2,000 or less than 1,000 words.

4. No manuscript will be returned. UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES AND COMPETITORS SHOULD THEREFORE RETAIN A COPY OF WHAT THEY SEND.

5. The writer of the best original story will receive \$30 cash; of the second best, \$25 cash; of the third best, \$20 cash; of the fourth best, \$15 cash; and of the fifth best, \$10 cash. Remittances will be sent by check as soon as awards have been made.

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The Publishers of "Comfort" reserve the right to purchase at their established rates any stories submitted under the foregoing offer, which failed to secure a prize.

Writers who hear nothing of their manuscript may at the end of 90 days after submitting them to Comfort feel at liberty to offer their stories for sale elsewhere.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR OCTOBER.

Charles Edward Barns, Flushing, L. I.,
First Prize.
William Albert Lewis, Baltimore, Md.,
Second Prize.
Mrs. Andrew Chevalier Woods, 149 East
Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio, Third Prize.
Henry C. Lahee, New England Conserva-
tory, Boston, Mass., Fourth Prize.
Edith C. Cooper, Cleves, Ohio, Fifth Prize.

ONCE IS ENOUGH.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY CHAS. EDW. BARNES.

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EARLY every human being, at one time or another, has faced death with sudden and awful closeness, and yet lived to narrate the experience to others. Even the most unadventurous and prudent of men do not enjoy absolute freedom from danger; and in the very commonplaces of an

uneventful life, at least once in a period of years, they have had what they chose to call "a narrow escape."

Being a traveler, and for the greater part of my life a wanderer in far countries, and thus willingly or unwillingly courting dangers, I have had quite my share of "close calls," by fire and flood, by poison and famine, in battle or the hunt, on land and on sea. But it now remains for me to describe the most novel of all my experiences. It was a day's entombment under three hundred million tons of ice, in an Alpine crevasse. It was an event which I recall with the most vivid and enduring terrors.

There were four of us in training to do the gigantic peaks about Chamounix. We had done Mount Blanc several times, making the trip in a single day, which is a rare test of physical endurance, and had gone up thence to Montanvert, which stands, surrounded by cathedral-like peaks, about eight thousand feet above sea level. There was a hospice on the summit, where we proposed to take shelter until such a time as the weather was most favorable for the record-breaking, for we had the honors of the Alpine club (a large and influential body of scientific Swiss mountaineers) in view.

Although it was only August, we had no more than reached the hospice of Montanvert than we were caught in a gigantic snow storm and were obliged to remain there for five days. Time passes very quickly among such magnificence of nature, even though one be housed in above the clouds; but the delay was regrettable on account of the physical relapse which an athlete suffers in not being able to keep his muscles in perfect training. When there came a cessation, however small, in the raging storm, we would leap up the mountain side and bowl great rocks down the steep declivities upon the *Mer de Glace* below us—a sea of ice, some ten miles long, seeming almost to stand on end. Then, worn out with the sport, we would return and at the next favorable moment, spurt down the declivity upon the great glacier itself, leap the crevasses and speed halfway across and back again before the blinding snow and clouds could impede and make dangerous our retreat. In this way, we managed to keep ourselves in tolerable condition.

Living in daily contact with perils and dangers, one begins to regard death as something for people who live among safer surroundings. There seems to be a special providence which walks beside and guards the man who is in daily danger of his life.

It was not much later than daybreak of that August day, when I arose to inspect the barometer and the weather prospects for our record-breaking climb, and then went out for a stroll. The glacier below

us resembled a vast down-rushing sea of water at maddening speed, with seething white waves, mountain high, and, suddenly, by some awful force of nature, changed to ice—a magic and supernatural transformation. But, once upon these wave crests of blue-white ice, here and there were to be seen in the awful depths between, limitless abysses, blue, grim and bottomless into which a man might as safely slip as into the crater of Vesuvius for all his chances of rescue. At first sight, these crevasses inspire one with a strange awe—a sense of man's littleness and desolation; but after leaping across these fissures for many days in succession, the abhorrent grins in the ice-clefts, lose their fascination and dread, and therein is the danger.

The sun had risen gloriously between the peaks far above the head of the ice-gorge, and the pageant was magnificent beyond words. The clouds were circling round about me, some sailing far down the valley of the Arve below, some ascending, by swift upper currents, and dashing like white monsters against the flanks of the naked cliffs that towered about me. Momently the thunder of the cracking gorges sounded through the vast space between the imposing pinnacles, and with a roar the parted mountains of ice rumbled down the illimitable space within.

I had spurted half way out upon the wave-crests of this frozen lake when I felt beneath me one of those awful convulsions of Nature which I had heard hourly at a vast distance but had never been very near. I had braced myself on all fours while crawling around a most perilous spot at the edge of an ice cavern, when the very mountains seemed to rock as with a mighty earthquake, and, amid the most deafening thunders, the very ice-bowlder upon which I clung for safety, split, and I was plunged headlong down, obliquely, on a smooth glossy incline, four hundred feet to the wedge-shaped bottom of the fissure! I have no accurate way of knowing the distance of this awful and unbroken fall; for, from the moment of my lost foothold to the instant I reached the bottom of the crevasse, I completely lost consciousness. To drop that distance vertically would mean certain death; but to slide down a steep incline, encountering many deviations on the way, as I must have done, for my clothes were shredded and my limbs bruised and bleeding, is possible once in a thousand times without fatal results.

I lay for some moments on my back in the bottom of this long narrow tomb, staring up at that far away streak of heaven above me. It was like a thread of gold—a streak of red lightning through the blue night enveloping me.

I aroused myself sufficiently to realize that I was face to face with certain and uncompromising destiny. I braced myself

upon my hands and knees, as yet too benumbed by the stunning blow of the fall to feel the intense cold or the sting of my hundred flesh wounds. Then slowly I awoke to the truth. Death was at my side here, there, and all about me! It was only a question of moments. To make outcries or struggles was absolutely vain; and I might as well become resigned and put my mind in a proper frame to meet my God and render up my earthly servanthip. I must confess that this first conviction filled me with unspeakable fear and not a small degree of cowardice; but when the leaping heart regained its self-poise again, a peaceful and fortifying courage came over me. I was ready.

Now comes a strange experience, scarcely credible, and certainly unexplainable. There were moments of complete oblivion, followed by those of the intensest mental activity. In these last, as they recurred, I saw the past with the panoramic sweep of a supernatural being. I resolved to make what memoranda I could; and, perhaps, at the expiration of some lengthy period, the tidings of my fate would reach the civilized world. I knew the glacier had a slow downward motion toward the valley, some five hundred feet in a year, according to scientific measurement, and calculated that at most, in twelve or fourteen years my body with the message to my loved ones would be found, when the ice mountains about me would be melted away by the valley sun, and give up their prisoner. With great difficulty, I got at my note book and by breathing on my fingers as I went along, managed to make this record:

"I write these lines in the bottom of a crevasse, at least four hundred feet from the surface. I was crossing the *Mer de Glace* alone a little after daybreak on this August 21, 1889, when, by some sudden cataclysm, the ice parted like an earthquake rent, and I slid down to the bottom of the fissure, where I now write without one hope of rescue. I have already been in here over an hour. I know that for my watch has stopped either with the jar or with the intense cold, nearly an hour after the time of my setting out. I see certain death before me, but am resigned; and if any of my family lives and this record reaches the world, tell them I die bravely, with firm faith in God and a hero's conscience. This book contains my address and those of my wife and father. Farewell, dear ones, forever!"

I must confess that as I penned these awful words, I never expected to read them again under the light of heaven, nor indeed, scarcely had the hope in my poor heart that anyone else would either. I drove the record into my bosom pocket and then stared blankly at the solid blue walls about me, awaiting the end. I was freezing to death.

Again and again periods of complete

THE NUTSHELL STORY CLUB.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

A BACHELOR'S HEART.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY MRS. ANDREW CHEVALIER WOODS.

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THE Parish of Pointe Coupee, Louisiana, in 1824, died one Julien Poydras, whose will provided for the perpetual investment of thirty thousand dollars for each of the Parishes of West Baton Rouge and Pointe Coupee, the interest on the investments to create a dower for poor young women of the two Parishes, to be paid to them in the year of their marriage.

This money is in charge of a Commission of five persons elected every four years, who must pass on the right of claimants to come under the provisional clause. As the number of marriages vary each year, so the number of applicants vary also, though in the Parish of West Baton Rouge (the smaller of the two) the number ranges from six to twelve each year. The peculiarity of this bequest is doubly realized when it is known that Poydras himself was a bachelor.

There are records of princely wedding gifts from every nation, our own presenting not a few, but Louisiana remains unapproached in the peculiar nature of this gift. That a man should give generously to his friends, were he able, is commendable and not without parallel, but that his generosity should be of such unbounded scope as to take in unborn generations, having neither claim of friendship nor kindred, seems almost incredible. What could have suggested this gift is a curious study in itself. Was it with a lonely man's craving for love and respect (he having no immediate family to cherish these feelings through years to come), that this novel idea occurred to him of keeping himself in touch with the coming generations, and thus giving his memory a claim on them that could never be ignored. Or perhaps, having made his own great fortune unassisted, he many times realized what the possession of a few hundred dollars would have been to him, if he could have laid his hands on it at the right time. If the gift had been to men this last would be the most plausible conclusion, but being to young women, and at a time in their lives when some one else is assuming their responsibilities, the first is in all likelihood nearer the correct solution.

Julien Poydras de Lallande, an American by adoption and patriotism, was a native of Nantes, Brittany, where he was born in 1740. He served in the French navy and was taken prisoner by the English in 1760. It was three years before he made his escape, but they were profitable years to him, for he acquired both the German and English languages during his captivity. Secreted on a merchant vessel he was taken to San Domingo, but by 1768 had worked his way to Louisiana, then in the dawn of a new prosperity, having just passed from French to Spanish rule. He had a turn for mercantile life and invested his small savings in such merchandise as was easily salable, peddling it through the surrounding parishes. Success attended his efforts and he made money rapidly. Though he purchased a plantation in Pointe Coupee parish he did not abandon his trading, but opened a store there and did business with all the posts along the Mississippi as far north even as St. Louis.

He became a National figure when, in 1809, he was sent as a delegate from the Territory of Louisiana to Congress. He remained there until 1812. The long trip to Washington was made on horseback, a hard trip under any circumstances, but particularly so when we consider his age, sixty-nine years. He had presided over the first Territorial Legislature and was President of the first Constitutional Convention.

His death, which did not take place until June 13th, 1824, when he was 84 years of age, lost to the country one of her greatest and most unique philanthropists. His will, when opened, contained, besides the dower bequest, its unparalleled feature, charitable gifts of various kinds. An orphan asylum in New Orleans, to which he had been most generous during his lifetime, and which bore his name as having been its first benefactor, was so richly remembered in properties that by 1857 it was drawing an annual income of \$14,500.00 from the Poydras bequests alone. This asylum is one of the oldest in the country and presents a striking example of the unflinching interest of its managers. The present Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Ferguson, is third in line in the same family to hold the position of Treasurer. Her grandmother, Mrs. Peter G. Laidlaw, having held the same position on the charter board, succeeded by her daughter, mother of the present incumbent. She is also fourth in generation from Mrs. Doctor Hunter, whose idea the asylum was originally.

Forty thousand dollars was left to the New Orleans Charity Hospital, and in Pointe Coupee parish a college for orphans was also endowed. After these princely bequests the residue of his estate, still large, went to his nephew, Benjamin Poydras de Lallande. Here comes the only drawback to the story. Benjamin Poydras, less patriotic for the country of his adoption, returned to France where he remained until his death.

That such a man should have left no family to perpetuate to America so noble a name will always be a matter of regret.

He owned twelve hundred slaves at the time of his death and left a provision that they be emancipated after twenty years. Though all other requests were faithfully complied with, this was not done, for reasons best known to the executors at the time.

That he was intellectually above the occupations that gave him his first start to wealth is clearly shown by his knowledge of languages, the part he played in the National History and the fact that he wrote an epic poem on the taking of the Port of Baton Rouge from the English by Galvez in 1778, that was published at the time by the command of the King of Spain. This should be sufficient testimony as to its merit. The only copy of this in existence, the original print, is owned by Mr. H. L. Favrot of New Orleans.

As was most natural, he was buried in the parish of Pointe Coupee in the Cemetery of Saint Francis church.

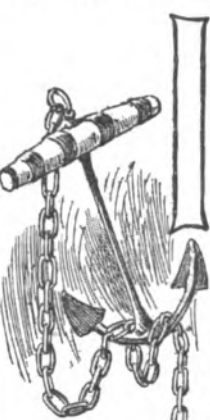
New Orleans contains many traces of him though; Poydras Street and the Poydras Market, a small edition of the famous French market, are named for him.

New Orleans is richly endowed with fine charities, but none are more unique than the dower bequests of West Baton Rouge and Pointe Coupee parishes and their bachelor donor.

The Loss of the Balquhither.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HENRY C. LAHEE.

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It was a suspiciously beautiful day.

To the landsman, with no care beyond the present, it was simply delightful—the soft breeze, the blue sky and the sparkling sea. But to the old longshoreman at the dock gates the day did not appear so beautiful. He called it a weather breeder. Some people laughed at him, accused him of "growing"—the inalienable right of the sailor—and of borrowing trouble.

The prospect of a storm, however, did not make any difference about the sailing of the "Balquhither." Her "laying days" were up, and out she must go. She was a fine iron ship of fifteen hundred tons, with all modern improvements, and she carried a crew of thirty, all told.

When I was appointed third mate, I was considered very fortunate, and every one said that we should make the voyage to Ceylon in eighty days.

Before leaving London to join my ship, which was in Cardiff, I went to see my old shipmate, Bob Matthews, who had met with a very severe accident and was in the hospital.

We had a long chat about old times, for we had served our apprenticeship together, and had enjoyed many adventures and endured many hardships in common; but at last, all too soon, Bob began to show signs of fatigue and I was obliged to leave him.

"Well, Bob!" I said, "we have been shipmates for four years and shared many a frolic and some hard times, too. I wonder when we shall sail together again!"

"Ah! old chap," he answered, "that is all gone by. We shall never again elope with the cabin pie, and drive the steward to the verge of distraction. By Jove! old man, do you remember how good they seemed, as we devoured them in the middle watch under the lee of the pigstye? But that is all over and I am done for. I shall never get out of this place till I have lost the number of my mess."

"Belay that, Bob!" I exclaimed, "You will come out all refitted and rerigged. Then we will sail together again and have jolly times once more. But God bless you! Bob, I must sheer off now for you are tired."

"Don't go yet," Bob answered, "let us enjoy life while we can. I want to give you a keepsake, so that sometimes, when you have nothing better to do, you may give a thought to your old shipmate. Here! Put your hand under the pillow. You will find a small package. That's it! In this you will find a ring. It is very old and came to me from my ancestors. There is a legend that whoever has this on his finger will be protected from all harm."

Matthews was now exhausted and after a few words more we parted. I went to Cardiff and joined the "Balquhither" the next day.

The ship was hauled out of dock at four o'clock in the morning, after a night of hurry and hard work in getting the last few tons of cargo into the hold. The men began to come on board soon after midnight in various stages of intoxication, and not more than two were in a fit condition to work.

The cook was abusive, for he could not make the galley fire burn, and at last after no end of trouble, he, in sheer desperation, unshipped the funnel and found a goodly store of stolen articles, which had been placed there by the ship's watchman, who had missed the expected opportunity for disposing of them.

The boatswain was pugnacious, the mates tired and peevish after a long day and night's work without rest. The captain was cross. It is always hard to leave one's wife and children no matter how often it has to be done, and it is apt to make a man feel gloomy—even a tough old sea dog.

By six o'clock that evening the light on Lundy Island was astern, all sail was set, and the watches were picked. Signs of a storm were apparent and during the evening they multiplied rapidly, till at eight o'clock the wind was blowing up in gusts.

All through the first watch we were kept busy "snuggling down" and at midnight the ship was under topsails and courses, while she was already straining and plunging uncomfortably in the ugly lump of a sea that was running.

All hands were called and the great mainsail stowed before our watch was allowed to go below.

Each squall that came along was more vicious than the last and they drove down with increasing fury. Great lumps of sea dashed over the weather bulwarks and struck the deck-house and boats resounding blows, and the decks themselves became wet and slippery so that one could not walk without holding on to the weather rail.

We were evidently in for a dirty night, and when I went below to my room I did not attempt to sleep, but just took off my oilskin coat and rested on the settee, ready for the call which I felt would come before long.

I had Bob's ring on my finger, and looking at it, turned my thoughts to him. How I wished he were with me now! I had always been accustomed to the apprentices' berth and the company of my shipmates, and now being dignified with authority and a berth to myself I was oppressed and nervous. It was not a pleasant night for the beginning of a voyage, with a crew who had never before worked together, and did not know each others' names nor even languages, for many nationalities were represented.

While I was still pondering over all this and was just beginning to feel drowsy in spite of myself, I heard the cry, "All hands on deck!" So clapping on my coat and sou'wester I stepped out on deck.

If the weather was bad when I went below it was much worse now. It was as black as ink, and she was shipping green seas. The wind was screaming in the rigging, and the ship lay over almost on her beam-ends. Great sheets of foam rushed continually across the decks, illuminating them with a ghastly phosphorescent glare, in which could be seen the black forms of the sailors as they hauled on the ropes.

The foresail was split and was thrashing to pieces with a noise like heavy artillery. In a few minutes all that was left of it was a few strips—the rest was flying to leeward in small portions. We now had to furl the upper main-topsail and I hurried aloft in order to be first on the yard, as in old times, expecting the men to follow. To my horror and amazement, when I reached the topsail yard there was Bob Matthews!

It was too dark to see more than the outline of his form, but I was so familiar with him that I was perfectly certain that it was no one else. I was too much astonished to speak, but as Bob went out to the yard-arm, apparently without effort, I followed, but with the greatest difficulty, for the sail was bellying out over the yard in such a manner that I found it necessary to sit on the foot-rope and work out under the yard.

When I at last reached my destination, Bob was gone! I threw myself across the yard-arm and held on for my life, for I was faint with fear, but at last I realized that I was alone, for the men had not come up, as I had expected.

I halted the deck, but no answer came—indeed no one could have heard my voice through such a roaring hurricane. I looked down and saw the black forms of the sailors on the poop, showing like dark spots on the white sheet of water which was continually rushing across the deck. They seemed to be trying to cut the lashings of the boats!

What could have happened? A man overboard? Surely no attempt at a rescue could be made. No man could swim in such a sea and to send a boat for him would mean the almost certain loss of more men.

Could the ship have sprung a leak? Surely not, for she was nearly new and built of iron—well built too.

While I was still racking my brain to account for this curious action, I heard behind me a tremendous roaring and rushing sound, and on looking round I beheld that which would have made the stoutest heart quail.

Poised high on the crest of a great wave, and towering above our ship, was the huge bow of a steamer, discernible even through the blackness of the storm, her mast-head light throwing forward a bright shaft which only intensified the utter darkness of the night.

She was right upon us, and the next moment her great mass of iron came crashing down upon the ill-fated "Balquhither."

There was no time to think. I clung to the yard with desperation, fully expecting to be hurled into the sea by the shock of the collision.

The concussion was terrible, and it seemed as if the masts of our ship must go over the side, but I managed to maintain my perilous position.

For a few moments the vessels ground together with a horrible noise of tearing iron plates and crashing timbers, and as they rolled in the heavy sea, the fore-yard of the steamer became locked, for a few seconds, with our top-sail yard, to which I was clinging.

Prompted by the instinct of self-preservation, in that terrible moment, and trusting myself to the care of the Almighty, I crawled on to the steamer's yard, and when the vessels rebounded clear of each other and the yards unlocked, I was safe.

As the steamer backed from the "Balquhither," the decks of that ill-fated vessel blew up with a tremendous report, and she went down like a stone, carrying all hands with her.

The steamer kept near the spot in the vain hope of rescuing some poor fellow from a watery grave, and for some time it seemed to me an eternity, I could see her form beneath the waves, (for I was high in the air and almost over the place) marked by a wavering phosphorescent outline, growing fainter as she sunk deeper and deeper to her last resting place.

I succeeded in crawling into the center of the yard, but how long I remained there I do not know, for my senses left me. My nerves gave way under the terrible strain to which they had been subjected, and when I recovered consciousness I was in the hospital at Liverpool, to which port the steamer had carried me.

Several weeks elapsed before I was able to go to London and report at the office of the owners, Messrs. Mickle & Muckle, of Leadenhall St., and meanwhile I had ample time to wonder how much of my fortune was due to the wearing of the ring which Matthews had given me, and to speculate on what he would say when I related to him the events of that terrible night. I wondered also, how he would account for his presence on the topsail yard, and though I was not superstitious, I could not overcome a feeling of uneasiness whenever I thought of it.

At last, however, I was discharged from the hospital, and I went to London and called at the office in Leadenhall St. I sent in my card and Mr. Mickle at once came out and led me into the inner sanctum, where I related as well as I could, the loss of the "Balquhither" to the members of the firm.

They were very kind to me, and at once offered me an easy berth ashore until my health should be sufficiently restored to allow of my going to sea again, but I need hardly say that I had already had enough of the sea, and I have found sufficient occupation on dry land ever since.

As I was leaving the office, Mr. Mickle, who was walking towards the door with me, said, "By the way, you will no doubt be sorry that poor Matthews, who sailed with you so long, never recovered from his accident, but died in the hospital."

I stared at him, quite unable to speak, for my tongue seemed stiff, and he noticing my agitation, added, "We were very sorry to lose him, for he had served us faithfully and was not only a promising officer, but a brave sailor also."

"When did he die?" I at length asked.

"Quite soon after you sailed. He sank very rapidly one night and died at about two o'clock on the morning of the first of November."

"Why!" he added, "How strange! That must have been almost the exact hour of the collision."

"Yes," I answered, "I saw him a few minutes before it happened."

The Hero of Maysville.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY EDITH C. COOPER.

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OUGH Jim Brown" was a name that was familiar to every ear in Maysville.

People said there was nothing too mean for Jim to do. He was a burly six footer with the strength of a prize fighter, and the indolence of a school-boy on a June day. He made most of his living by stealing, and when discovered, spent peaceful hours in jail, resting and planning a fresh campaign on some promising orchard or chicken roost.

Jim fully shared the popular opinion with regard to his

own character. He had never heard anything else from babyhood. His childhood had been blessed with a not over indulgent stepmother, who fully believed in the old proverb, "Spare the rod, spoil the child." Jim was never spoiled in that way. The golden glimmer of love and sympathy had never cast one fleeting ray over the pathway of Jim's life.

One sunny summer day Jim paused in the occupation of helping himself to Judge Loyton's finest peaches, and glancing through the cool recesses of the orchard shade, beheld Mrs. Loyton and baby Gladys slowly approaching. Escape was impossible, so looking up, Jim said doggedly: "I reckon you'll send for the marshal now?"

In a low, quiet voice came the answer: "Jim, (NUTSHELL STORIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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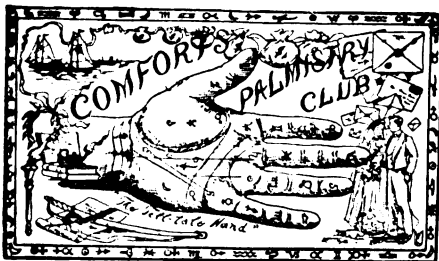
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Wm. H. Parker, M. D., the author and chief consulting physician of the PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.



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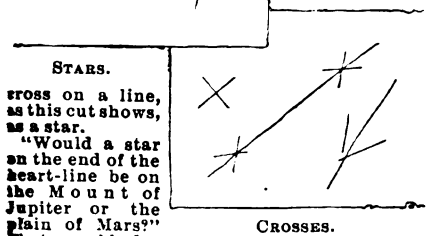
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CHEIRO, the best palmist in the world says: "I remember that a Brahmin once desired a piece of political information from an Englishman whom the priests were holding for this purpose. The man refused. Then said the Brahmin, 'You will not rise from that stone until you do tell; neither will I move.' And by the power of hypnotism (which was not then recognized by the medical world) he took the life right out of the man, making him tell all he desired to know. The ability to do this thing inspired abject terror; now it is understood as a scientific power. So with palmistry in India. It is made up of hypnotism, a keen knowledge of human nature and an inherited and developed knowledge of the 'markings of God.' And by the markings of God he means this verse from the book of Job: 'And God made marks upon the hands of men that the sons of men might know them.' This we adepts firmly believe."

"We believe in the markings of the hands more than in the features of the face, because the features can be controlled or managed by a firm will or subtle nature. Nothing can alter the characteristics of the hand. The general manner of person, his look, dress, voice, all go to help in the readings of his hand."

In my question-box this month are several queries the answers to which may help a good many students of Palmistry.

"How many lines constitute a star?" Six, eight or more. Four lines, that is two crossing, make a cross. Care must be taken in reading not to interpret a



"Would a star on the end of the heart-line be on the Mount of Jupiter or Mars?" That would depend entirely on the length and position of the heart-line. Most heart-lines begin on or under Jupiter; but occasionally they do not appear until the middle of the hand. The star would have to be judged entirely by the place it occupied. The heart-line beginning in the plain of Mars under Saturn is always unfortunate.

"Is a star on the fate-line directly under the Mount of Saturn fatal?" Not necessarily. But it is always a misfortune of some kind.

"If the line of fate is doubled in places where breaks occur, is it as bad as when intermissions come in the line?" No. Such lines indicate struggles and trouble of some kind, but if the line appears beyond these lines, strong and in good condition, it shows success in the end and that all obstacles will be overcome.

"When the fate-line runs into the heart-line with an island just touching the head-line, what does it signify?" It may mean several things. An island on the fate-line betrays almost always a conjugal infidelity, and a star accompanying it means great misfortune from that cause. In an otherwise very good hand, however, this sign only means a hopeless, secret passion; and if accompanied by a star and a cross on the Mount of Jupiter that passion has been for some celebrated person.

"What does a star between the Mounts of Mars and the Moon, on a straight line with the head, foretell?" That depends on other configurations also. If it is at the end of the head-line it is bad, and probably means fatal accident to the head. If it stands independently on the Mount of Mars, the subject is liable to suicide. Or if the hand is otherwise good it may mean only a hot temper and impatient aggressiveness of disposition.

"What does the heart-line signify when forked under Saturn, one line going up between the first and second finger, and the other going under the base of Jupiter's mount?" A heart-line which divides into three branches going to the Mount of Jupiter is most fortunate, indicating success and riches. Any fork going sends a branch to the Mount of Jupiter is good; even if the branch goes between the fingers of Jupiter and Saturn it betokens good fortune, although of a more quiet description. The fork under Jupiter gives energy and enthusiasm in love.

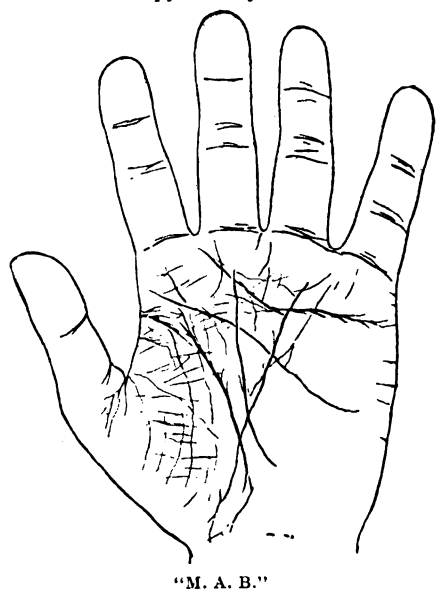
Great care, however, should be used in interpreting bad signs in a good hand; as they seldom take on their worst significance where the other signs are all good. Many bad lines or signs may readily be taken to mean a bad hand. But one or two bad signs in an otherwise good hand, do not by any means constitute a bad hand.

For instance: In reading the lines all these points rise up to make the adept's conclusion definite. I may read a tendency to some one thing in a line, but I often see a marked characteristic that will control it. Again, when the line of life is long, clear and of good color, good health and long life may be predicted. When it is linked or made up of little pieces, it is a sure sign of ill health. When this line starts from under the base of Jupiter, it shows a life of ambition. When the line is closely connected with that of the head, life is guided by reason and intelligence, but its possessor is nervous. When there is a wide space, it is a sign of too much self-confidence. When the lines of heart, head and life are joined together it is a sign of misfortune. A "cross" or an "island" on the life-line denotes trouble. Black spots denote disease, and if deep, sudden death. The line of life is divided into periods of ten years, so one can judge time with correctness. At the end of the line a number of drooping lines tell of the breaking up of health.

When the line of the head is straight, clear and even, it denotes practical common sense and business capacity. When sloping, a leaning for romance and Bohemianism. When straight and going to the side of the hand, it shows great intellectual powers. When sloping to the wrist, it tells of a fatal influence of the imagination. When it runs into or through a square, it foretells a critical moment in the life of the person.

When the line of fate rises from the wrist and goes straight up the hand, it is a sign of luck. If the line goes up to the Mount of Jupiter, the life and work of the person will be to win ambition and power. When stopped by the line of heart, fortune will be ruined by the interference of the affections. But as the fate-line is ruled by the temperament, disposition and environment, no easy rules can be given to amateurs; and in all cases we have to fall back on the advice given by an old housekeeper to a young one just learning to cook, and who wanted definite rules for everything: "Use your judgment, my dear, use your judgment."

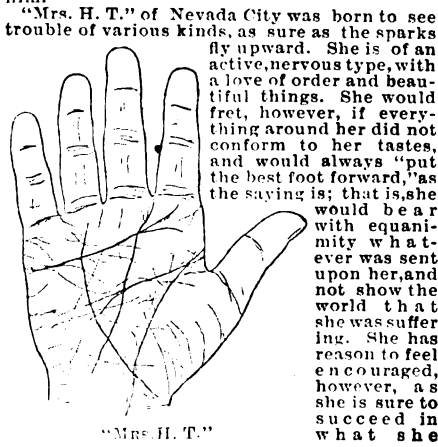
"M. A. B." sent his palm for reading last month, but it arrived too late, consequently he shall have first place here. In some respects this is an uncommon hand. The two impressions sent of the right hand fail to give very clear readings of the centre of the palm and the lines there appear very confused. He has



a very hollow palm—which is never a good sign. Owing to this hollowness the lines in the quadrangle under the Mount of Apollo do not appear, consequently there may be modifications to my interpretations which I cannot be expected to give. His life appears to me, however, as rather an unsettled one. He will travel a good deal and not live to be much over sixty. He is romantic in his ideas and imaginative to some degree. He loves beauty and is of an affectionate nature. He will be twice married. He will make a bold struggle for success and will win, too, in the end, making money and gaining a reputation for himself. He has energy and self-esteem—not too much of the latter, but enough to make him capable of going ahead and making the most of his talents. His health will be in the main good, except for an illness in early life. He is very ambitious, and there is little or nothing to indicate that he will not be eminently successful. He has great self-control and coolness in the face of danger, and good reasoning and thinking powers. He is inclined, however, to take ideal views of life and inclines to the mystic side of religious questions. With his head-line, he could not fail to be interested in palmistry, and I should not be afraid to wager that he is also interested in our astrology club as well. His fate-line is excellent, indicating satisfied pride and at least one advantageous marriage. He is good looking and will have the favor or patronage of the rich and great.

"A. Z." Nevada, has a practical and in some respects philosophical hand. The right and left hands are quite different, indicating that he has worked his own way without influence from others. I should say that the earlier portion of his life had been a struggle. He is just, unsuperstitious, an advocate of social and religious freedom and moderate in his pleasures, never carrying anything to excess. He was married between the ages of 25 and 30, but only one marriage is indicated. His energies and best capacity were not developed until later in life than most boys, because he was lacking in self-reliance, but he became self-dependent and, to a degree, successful. He has a good temper and warm heart, being stable in his affections and a clean, honest man. His commercial instincts are strong and will bring him success. Whether he is or not, "A. Z." should be in trade of some kind. His life however, has been interfered with by some disappointment in love affairs, which may have brought misfortune in other directions as well. Either his heart or his liver is affected. He is inclined to idealize the object of his affections, who will in the end be a source of trouble to him.

"Mrs. H. T." of Nevada City was born to see trouble of various kinds, as sure as the sparks fly upward. She is of an active, nervous type, with a love of order and beautiful things. She would fret, however, if everything around her did not conform to her tastes, and would always "put the best foot forward," as the saying is; that is, she would bear with equanimity whatever was sent upon her, and not show the world that she was suffering. She has reason to feel encouraged, however, as she is sure to succeed in what she



undertakes. She has two marriages indicated, one at near twenty and another past forty-five. One of these will be unhappy. She is ambitious and has energy, dash and a "go-a-head" spirit. She is fond of the occult, the mystic in religion, and of poetry. She will have good success in the line of music, art, or some of the fanciful branches of trade. She has celebrity and riches plainly marked from some such undertaking, perhaps in buying and selling artistic goods, as a capacity for trade seems indicated. She is somewhat of a traveler, and will see a change of position in life at about 40. In love affairs she will have a checked experience and should be careful not to place too much dependence on the opposite sex. She has some mediumistic power, and would succeed in any of the occult branches which she might take up. There are splendid lines of success and fortune in this hand, but they are cut by worry lines which indicate losses of money and troubles connected with the affections; but on the whole she has success and fame to look forward to.

"B. L.'s" hand denotes strength of mind and character. He has the power of logic and reason well developed, with a well-regulated mind. He is especially fond of music and poetry and has excellent taste in both. He has also a talent for invention and for scientific pursuits. He would make a good public speaker and will probably be prominent in whatever town he may reside. He is fond of argument and bold and concise in his manner of expressing it. He is well built and handsome and will always be popular with the opposite sex. He is very ambitious and has energy and the capacity to carry out his plans for success. He has a strong constitution and will live to old age. At least one long journey is indicated and he will probably make one or two trips to distant countries. He is fond of the opposite sex, and has an exceptionally good heart-line, ending on Jupiter, indicating a happy and fortunate marriage; but he should not be married too young. The photograph he sends has such strong lights and shadows that certain lines are intensified and others lightened to such a degree as to seem almost unreliable. A smoked-paper impression or a correct pen or pencil drawing generally gives better results in reading than a photograph unless the light on the latter is managed just right.

Now please read again the following offer. I am sure nothing could be fairer.

Send us six new subscribers to Comfort with \$1.50 to pay for them one year, and a drawing of both your hands, and we will print description of same under your initials, or assumed name, in Comfort.

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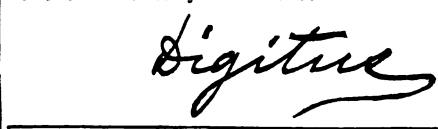
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October is so called from the Latin *octo*,
meaning eight.

According to an old superstition, the opal
is the lucky stone for those born in this
month.

The personal opinions of some of the
best known women in America and Europe
with reference to the Woman's Suffrage
question, will be given in our next issue, in
a form so original, attractive and interest-
ing as to prove an instructive, picturesque
record, well worth preserving by every
woman in the land.

The presentation in another part of this
issue of the opinions entertained by the
foremost men of the nation regarding the
new Tariff law, means something more than
a journalistic achievement of which even
COMFORT, the most widely read paper in
the land may justly be proud. These facts
and faces, furnished exclusively to us, forc-
ibly illustrate the high estimation in which
COMFORT is held by all parties, and show
that it is regarded by all as the one medium
for reaching THE PEOPLE everywhere.

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to become bread-winners. And the other
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the self-controlled, self-respecting woman
holds the key to any situation in life.
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typewriting machines cost good money.
The one we offer is the best that is made.
It is perfectly new and cannot be bought
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would-be women bread-winners by the
prize offer made on another page of this
issue. This new hundred-dollar machine
will be presented and delivered absolutely
free.

But the breadwinning woman must not
only get employment but keep it. She must
be a business woman. "Punctuality is the
hinge of business." To the working woman,
then, a reliable watch is a necessity.
Such a time-keeper is the superb gold
Waltham watch offered by COMFORT in its
Busy Bee competition open to all subscrib-
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splendid cash prizes. Particulars will be
found in another portion of this paper.

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training schools for life. Hundreds of busi-
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or the country editor's desk. Why? Simply
because in a newspaper office the humblest
employee must learn to distinguish essential
facts. "Get at the kernel of things." That
is the beginning and end of newspaper
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ists.

"Get at the kernel of things." You can't
all set type and write local items. But you
can profit by COMFORT's Nutshell Club to
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pays according to ideas and not the number
of words. Under its prize offer it pays the
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one thousand words. Anyone who has
ideas and can express them can compete
for these prizes. This offer is open to all
subscribers and means absolutely no ex-
pense.

If your first story fails to win a prize,
write another. Remember that the train-
ing counts. Remember, also, that prizes
are offered in other departments and for
other ideas than those for stories. "Get at
the kernel of things." It pays.

In savage lands hundreds of people may
be killed by some accident, while the rest
of the people look on stupidly and do
nothing. In a civilized land like the United
States, every life counts. If one man is
killed by accident, the local courts must sit
upon the case, and when five hundred or
one thousand are sacrificed, it is time for
national interference. Forest fires have
been raging in the Northwest during the
past month, and whole villages have been
wiped out of existence. Besides the loss of
human life which amounted to hundreds
of men, women and children, there was a
great loss of buildings, crops and timber
which cannot be estimated in dollars.

These disastrous fires have occurred from
time to time, ever since the lumber men
have been at work, and are caused by their
carelessness. When the woods are cut
down the tops and branches of the trees
are trimmed off, and when they are dry, are
like a train of tinder that when started by
a single spark will spread the fire over miles
of territory. It is now no doubt time for
the government to take some action in the
matter. A commission has been suggested
to oversee the work of the lumbermen, and to
have the dangerous debris carefully burned.
If something of this sort is not done, the
great loss of life and property will cause a
protest from the people that the govern-
ment will be forced to hear.

SEPTEMBER SUMMARY.

1. General Nathaniel P. Banks, who began life as a
bobbin boy in a cotton factory, served three times as
Governor of Massachusetts, also was a member of
Congress and Speaker of the National House of
Representatives, died at his home, Waltham, Mass.,
aged 78. He took a prominent part in the War of the
Rebellion.

Great loss of life and property at San Antonio,
Texas, from the overflowing of the Luna river.

2. Vast forest fires in Minnesota, Michigan and
Wisconsin. Entire villages swept away and hun-
dreds of lives lost.

3. Labor Day was for the first time celebrated as a
national holiday throughout the United States.

4. Republicans carried Vermont for the thirty-
eighth time, by largest majority for governor in his-
tory of state.

5. General George Stoneman, ex-governor of Cali-
fornia, who served with distinction in the Mexican
and Civil Wars, died in Buffalo, N. Y., aged 72.

6. At Indianapolis, Ind., the gelding, Robert J.,
beat the world's harness record by pacing a mile in
2.03 1-2.

7. British steamer Tyzack, from Havana, quaran-
tined at Baltimore on account of yellow fever among
crew.

8. Louis Philippe Albert d'Orleans, Count of Paris,
the head of the Bourbon family, and pretender to
the French throne, died at Stowe House, Bucking-
hamshire, England, aged 56. In 1861 he came to
America and served in the northern army. Later he
wrote a history of the Civil War.

Supreme Court of Oklahoma annulled four hun-
dred divorces, which has been granted in the ter-
ritory since March, 1893. As many of the parties have
since married, serious complications will arise.

Professor Herman Von Helmholtz, one of the
greatest German scientists, and inventor of the
ophthalmoscope, by the aid of which the eyesight of
thousands has been restored, died at Berlin aged 73.

9. Forest fires again raging in Minnesota, trains de-
layed and villagers fleeing for their lives.

10. Republicans carried Maine by the largest ma-
jority in the history of the state.

11. The 28th National encampment of the G. A. R.,
held at Pittsburg, Pa., twenty-five thousand veterans
marched in the parade.

Don Pio Pico, one of the first (and also the last) of
the Mexican governors of California, died at Los
Angeles, California, aged 94.

12. At the Springfield, Mass., bicycle meet, Walter
C. Sanger, of Milwaukee, Wis., in the presence of
fifteen thousand persons, won the world's record for
an unpeaked mile, 2.07 1-5.

13. Col. Thomas G. Lawlor of Illinois, elected
Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the
Republic.

At Springfield, Mass., E. C. Bald of Buffalo, reduced
competitive mile cycling record to 2.04 4-5.

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Suggestions must be received before March 1,
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Suggestions may cover fancy articles, gifts
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broidery, etc. Only such patterns of knitting
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ceptional merit and originality. Designs for
internal and external decorations of the home
may be entered in the contest, or suggestions
on any topic contributing to home comfort or
individual happiness. Drawings or sketches
should accompany suggestions where these are
necessary to render the latter clearly under-

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Suggestions will be judged on merit alone.
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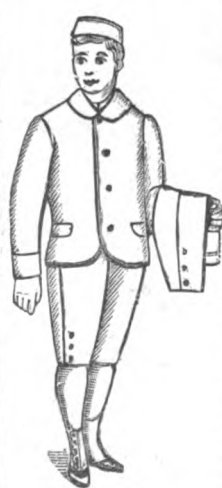
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No woman old or young should fail to read the prize offer which appears elsewhere in this issue under the above head.

It is always a good plan to begin on Christmas presents early in the season, in order not to have to rush and crowd everything at the last moment. So I am going to give you the following letter which is full of good things:

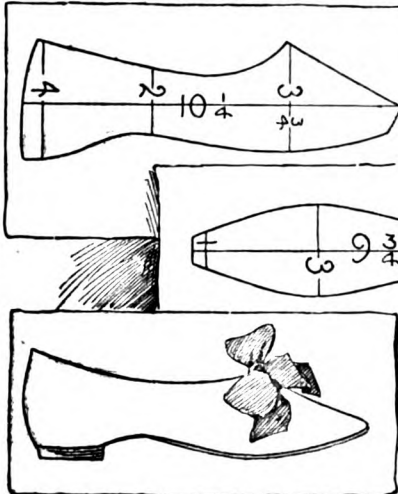
"Dear Busy Bees:—We have been very busy all this warm month of August, and as the result of our industry is satisfactory, and withal so very good to look at, I think I will just tell you about it. First I will explain that we are the daughters of a farmer. Two of us follow vocations that take us many miles from the old home-stead, most of the year. At mid-summer, and again at the holiday season, we come together for a few blissful weeks, and it will be needless to say, that the memory of these happy days serves to brighten the somber skies of the business world, where the rest of our life is passed. We always try to make the most of the joys of Christmas giving, in our small way, and have always found, as the time drew near, that our wants were so many, that our purses seemed to just waste away in the most distressing manner. Really, there is never anything left of them, but just skin, and not bone, but steel. Hence we are forced to draw largely upon our ability to produce 'much for little,' and indeed we begin to think we shall soon be able to reduce this faculty to producing 'something out of nothing.' We are agreed that in such matters, 'in union there is strength' of originality, at least, and we have devoted all our leisure time during our summer vacation to this work, and by making a good use of the odd moments of fall and early winter, we shall not find ourselves forced to sit up late nights or rush around in great haste at the last moment, in search of bargains with which to fill up a gap we have no time to bridge over with our handiwork. We planned for the grown folks first, and found many bits of material were left over that could be utilized for smaller gifts for the children. This is best, where there are many to provide for. We have a great many, not too many, but as Milly says 'a good many.' Milly is the youngest and she does all the 'odd jobs,' fringes ribbons, and silks, puts on the bows, pulls out the bastings, and next December when we meet again she will be the one to put in the sachet powder and do the general finishing up, tie up and mark the packages, when completed; and, on the principle that the organ blower is responsible for the music, without Milly there would be no Christmas in the house of Leslie. One of us can paint and embroider and make buttonholes that will not grin at one with a double row of teeth, and she decorates the fancy articles. Another cuts out and hunts up the treasures lost to sight in the bundles and budgets up garret, worthless to the eyes of this third sister. We buy together, plan together, and each does her own share of talking—blessed privilege of woman-kind. For the little mother of us all, we have only planned her principal gift; time enough to make that two months from now in the long evenings the two girls in the city will have. It will be a tea gown of wine colored Henrietta cloth, with velvet trimmings. We will take an old dress lining as a pattern, and we know just how pretty it will be and just how she will look when she says:

"O, girls! don't you really think I am too

old to wear anything so gay?"

"As if mothers ever grew too old to be gay! There are three white aprons for her, done. One decorated with drawn work by the girl whose eyes are warranted to wear, she says. Another has wide lace edging that Milly knit, and the third for a work apron, with the bottom turned up one-third of the length, and coral stitched through the middle (forming two deep pockets) and around the edge. For father, who is always delighted with anything 'because, you know, the children made it for me,' we have a box into which all our spare change will go until there is enough to send him, in the beginning of the New Year, on a trip to the Western state in which his only brother lives. This will be a great surprise to him, as we have always made his Christmas gift before. For the married sister who lives in a Southern city and has a pretty home, we will frame a picture of pansies that have bloomed on the canvas for her, and because pansies mean remembrance. When she sees them she will always remember the 'girls up home.' She will also have a set of linen covers for bureau and wash-stand, done in wash silks. We used a good quality of linen, such as is used for shirt bosoms. It is so easy to work upon, and as every scrap of material left over is available for other purposes, we shall never use the heavier quality again. For cousins and friends we have prepared numberless dainty sachets, all ready to be filled, and nearly all of fine white linen. A square piece folded corner-wise and decorated with small flowers made in outline, with wash silk in Dresden style, the edges fringed and caught together with dainty bows of narrow satin ribbon, is as dainty for the handkerchief box as one could wish. Others made in oblong shape have been decorated with oil paints thinned with turpentine. The color needs to be applied very lightly, and it is so easy to work in lovely effects in light and shade. There is no material more pleasing to work upon with the brush. A

was painted over with a background of blue sky, with fleecy white clouds. Toward the upper right-hand side two swallows were painted flying downward, and across the lower left-hand side is a crescent-shaped pocket of old-gold plush tacked over on the outer edge, with the top hanging out a little loosely. A gilded rope is put on the entire edge of the board with brads, and it is decidedly ornamental when hung on the wall. Brother Henry will find in his package three new night shirts, home-made, with the buttons sewed on, not laid on ready to roll off. He teaches school in a distant village and has no place to put useless gifts. There will also be six pairs of home-knit socks, and a muffler made of cream-colored surah, and a framed photo of 'the three girls.' Our other brother proved to be the rock that nearly wrecked our thinking caps. He is a minister, and has been away from us so long we hardly feel acquainted with the needs of his bachelor apartments. His visits home are so few and short we have to guess at his tastes, and as to what will not be in his way in his prim study. Of course a black satin sermon case is the first thing to make for him. We do that regularly each year.



laws, for which we gathered the filling, and a little later we will prepare some hop pillows. I wonder if I shall ever dare tell you of the rest." ELOISE R. LESLIE, 162 Blandina St., Utica, N. Y.

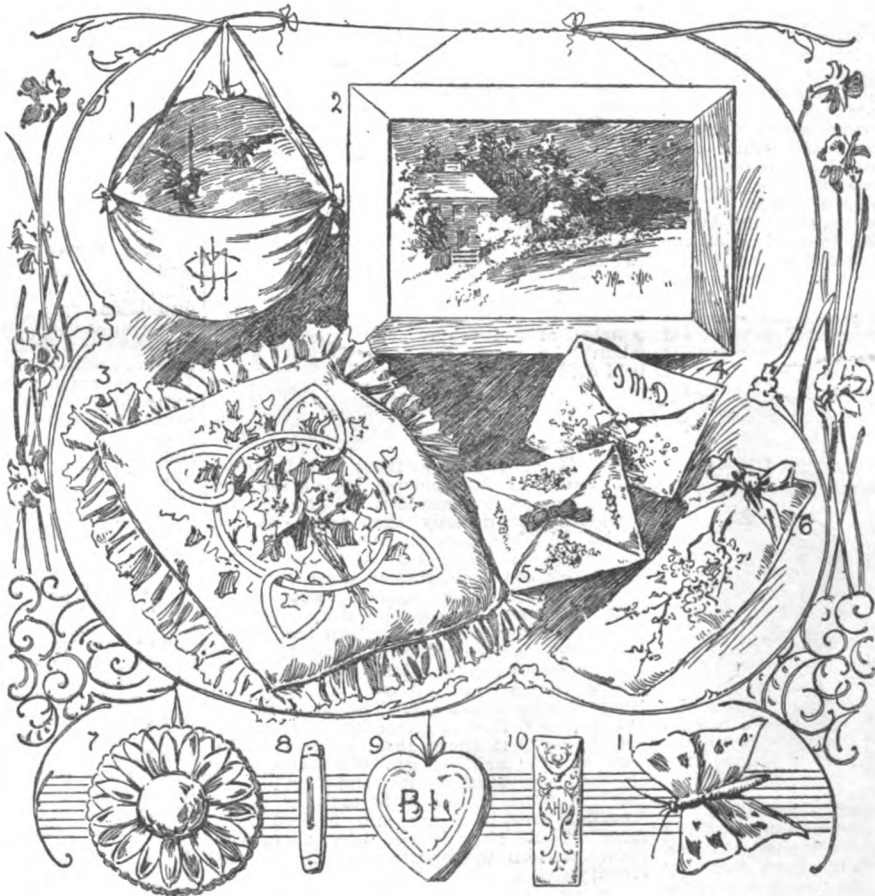
Another cousin very kindly sends directions for making fancy slippers at home, which would be a very pretty and useful present.

"The material should be fine, strong cloth, black broadcloth preferable. The soles of the same in steel color or brown. Make double soles and stitch together, the inner may be of other material. Cut two or three lifts—doubled edge for the front—for the heel. Then stitch your soles and quilt them fine, the heel especially; this gives strength and stiffness. Cut the uppers straight. Use no lining, unless for cold weather or for an old person. Commence basting both sides at the heel, holding the upper snug. Hold the instep fuller to throw up the sole to the hollow of the foot, the rest hold even. Turn the shoe and fit it to the foot. Pin the top seam snug and take in the other seam if needed, until it fits. Stitch and turn the seam down and sew it firm and tight to the sole. Put on the shoe and see how snug it must be held by the binding to keep it on the foot, to fit snugly. Hold the binding tightest at the heel. Bind with black, blue or steel-colored velvet. Make a dainty bow, (with a buckle if you have it), like the binding. Line sole with fancy cloth pinked or notched, and sewed in by hand. If well fitted they set off a pretty foot. To wear with a wrapper, trim with the same material. A full bow makes the foot look narrower. This is a large No. 3 pattern, seams allowed. If higher numbers are desired, cut larger; make the first shoe of worthless goods, as an experiment. Be sure to hold the middle of the sole at the toe to the seam, the square cut makes the toe. This is a nice present for mother."

"Aunt Minerva" hands me a letter which came to her suitable for us. Here is an extract from it, since we are having a special talk on Christmas giving:

"Have a large basket or box just to lay anything away in you have no use for just then. Throughout the year use the odd moments fashioning some fancy and useful article to brighten the dreary colorless Christmas of some one, which hereafter will mark it in their calendar as a red letter day. There are many little articles in every household seeming of no value, that, if put away, you can make over into pretty things by combining them with something else. At the end of the year what treasures your present box will contain, which may make many a poor child happy. Otherwise you might think you could not afford presents for anyone. In many homes there is enough wasted to make hundreds of people happy. Let us all try what we can do toward making as many happy on that blessed day as possible. No matter how

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



branch of apple blossoms or clover, tied with pale green ribbons on the corners, and a generous sprinkling of sweet lavender flowers in the sheet wadding interlining, and the housewife will have a most exquisite sachet to lay among her pillow slips. We have prepared them in sets of four—one for the handkerchief, with pansies or forget-me-nots as a decoration, two larger ones, one oblong, the other diamond shape with June roses or apple blossoms and pink or green bows, and one in lavender with wild violets. For large bureau drawer sachets we have used a fine quality of batiste which is sheer and fine and only 12 cents per yard. These we decorated by scattering single blossoms over one side, either sweet peas, nasturtiums in various shades, or any flower easy to do. This work can be done by any one who has any idea at all of painting, and has the merit of being very rapidly done. We have found by experience that this work will bear a careful laundering, having repeatedly washed and ironed painted drapes and table covers of white scrim and linen, using Ivory soap-suds and warm water. Well, the three brothers are usually the subjects of our most anxious thought. One must wish for a pocket full of money, when we come to the men of the household. There's so much to buy and so little to make for them. Well, Joe was easily provided for. He said one day he wished he had a newspaper-rack all his own, where no ladies' journals or fashion papers dared crowd in, so we provided ourselves with a circular board 3-4 of an inch thick with a diameter of 17 inches. This was not an original shape, but our decoration was entirely so. This

drawing in a load of hay. Billy and Jack seemed to know just how to 'fix' your eyes right here and look pleasant, and they did not whisk their tails even once. Then there is one of mother out on the porch, with morning glories and nasturtiums climbing all over. Don't you think he will be glad we began our Christmas work in the summer time, when he sees that? I would like to tell you of the provision made for our little people. There are driving reins for the small boy, and knitted balls and slippers will be added to the list. For the very small ones there will be a dainty little wrapper made of polka dotted flannel. A six year old girl will have a doll baby in a cradle, made from a grape basket, with wooden rockers glued on, the whole then painted white and gilded in fine lines.



The little scholars will have pen-wipers of chamois, shaped like a butterfly, decorated with gold paint, and bright spots in oil colors. There are heart-shaped blotters, with a bright ribbon bearing the name in fancy lettering, crossing diagonally, the ends passing through slits and secured to the back by musilage. Book-marks for our Episcopal girls, consisting of four lengths of white satin ribbon fastened by invisible stitches at one end, and lettered with a fine brush, in two colors, 'Morning Prayer,' 'Psalter,' 'Collect' and 'Communion.' We have shawl covers, so handy to take on short trips with a shawl strap, made of the ever-useful denim, and also of brown linen, and fragrant fir balsam pil-

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The following predictions as to the effects of the new law on the present and future condition of our country, were sent to COMFORT in response to requests from the editor. They embody the views of the foremost men of every party and every section, and, as here presented, form a picturesque record that will prove not only intensely interesting and instructive reading, but well worth preserving by every one.

In offering their views in this original, practical form exclusively to COMFORT, these distinguished men have paid a handsome compliment to the most widely read and most popular paper in existence. We appreciate this compliment and congratulate our readers upon the treat which this and other still greater journalistic triumphs we have in store, will afford them.

Here are the words of the leaders from their own lips:

Representative Wilson of West Virginia. (AUTHOR OF THE WILSON BILL.)



In this great fight for tariff reform we have realized the warning lesson of the intrenchment of the protective system in this country, and if we have not been able to get all that the people told us to get we have brought this dangerous fact face to face with American freemen, and have made some breach, I hope, in the protective system through which the hosts of American freemen will continue to march. Whatever the measure of shortcoming of the bill that finally passed, I do believe that it is not as bad as the McKinley bill. This I do know, that in many particulars it affords some relief to the tax payers of this country, and it has clipped the wings of the gigantic monopolies that are now pressing upon them and blocking legislation. Take even those portions of the bill over which the contest between the two houses was waged. Take iron ore and coal, upon which the House confronted the great railroad syndicates of the country; we reduced them both nearly 50 per cent. below the McKinley bill. The sugar schedule, over which the greatest of all the contests between the two houses was waged, is less favorable to the trust, less burdensome than the McKinley law, under which this trust had grown so great as to overshadow with its power, the American people. If for no other reason, then, those who believe that when they cannot take the full step which they desire, when they cannot do all that which the people commissioned them to do, they must take the best step they can, and step as far as they can, may find some justification for the final choice made between the two bills. But this is only the beginning. If the democratic party deserves to live in this country it cannot lay down its weapons until it has made this a country where class taxation shall be unknown, and no man shall bear burdens for the enrichment of any other man.

Wm L Wilson

Representative Cockran of New York. (THE NOTED ORATOR.)

I do not agree with the theory upon which the House accepted the Senate tariff bill, that it is an improvement on the McKinley law from a democratic point of view. I believe that it is a more obnoxious protective measure than the McKinley act. The democrats are opposed to protection because we believe that by making production expensive it restricts the total productive capacity of the country, and to that extent it limits and restricts its material growth. But when protection is given equally to all, when each man gets the protection he demands or thinks he needs, each man finds his product restricted in proportion to his neighbor's. Under these conditions men exchange their goods upon a basis of high values, but all are affected alike. But under this act it is only in spots that there is any reduction made from the provisions of the McKinley law and the burdens of taxation laid by it upon the people. When protection passes by favoritism there is no defense for it either among the democrats or republicans. When we declare that all protection is by nature a robbery we utter a profound truth, but when we give it to a few individuals, and deny it to others, or bestow it among our citizens in unequal proportions we are committing a crime with our eyes wide open. The result of this must be that where one industry is highly



protected and another is protected in a lower proportion, the more highly protected industry will prosper at the expense of those less highly favored. The first revival of industry will be shown in those most highly protected. Thus, every town will serve as an object lesson to those interested in maintaining high rates of duty. They will point out the fact that protection in this case brings prosperity, and lower tariff taxation adversity; and the result of the passage of the bill, in which protection is so unequally distributed, may be to entrench protection in popular favor, so that this generation may never see another successful effort to overthrow it.

W B Bourke Cockran

Representative Bland of Missouri. (SILVER DEMOCRAT.)



While the tariff bill is not all that we had hoped, it is an entering wedge, a beginning that will no doubt become a permanent and fixed policy of our party and be maintained and more largely imposed in the future legislation, when we shall still further reduce tariff taxes, and increase the income tax. This bill makes great reductions on most of the necessities of life, and puts on the free list many important articles. Among them are agricultural implements, free lumber in all its shapes and forms, free salt, free binding twine, free cotton ties, free bags for grain, and bagging for cotton. This bill reduces taxes more than the Mills bill did, yet the Mills bill was universally endorsed by democrats as a long step in the right direction. I am for freer trade, and regret that we cannot get at one bound to that point in our tariff state where our theory and practice should ultimately lead us—free trade. We should press forward until our laws are swept of every vestige of protection for protection's sake. There will be no more McKinley bills in this country. One great error, in my judgment, was made in not taking the protective tariff immediately, but we had, unfortunately, the silver question thrust upon us, the result of which was divisions and dissensions. The democratic party repealed the Sherman law. To repeal it, however, was a step which was deprecated by myself and more than one-third of the democrats in both houses. No political party can array itself against silver and retain the confidence of the masses. My prediction is, that the democratic party will, in 1896, demand, in no uncertain way, the full restoration of silver, and insist upon nominees who are in full sympathy with the party on this great question. No political party can succeed that proclaims itself the friend and champion of the single gold standard.

W B Bland

Representative Springer of Illinois. (TARIFF REFORM ADVOCATE.)

I accept the Senate bill as the very best possible measure of tariff reform that could be gotten through this Congress, and therefore the only measure that the democratic party of the United States has any right to expect the party to pass in this Congress. We are merely the agents of the people. They are our principals, our masters. They have directed us to do for them a certain work. They have chosen the instruments and the agents with which that work shall be done, and as long as this work has been done by the agents selected by the people our principals will not complain of us. We have done the best we could under the circumstances. The next thing we shall have in this country will be the revival of business, of trade, of commerce. As soon as the President's signature is attached to this bill and even before that time, in anticipation of the fact, all manner of securities will advance in price. Every manufacturing establishment in the United States which has been closed or running on short time will be started up at its full capacity. Fires will be started in every furnace, and every wheel of industry will be set in motion. Employment will be given to the thousands who are now unemployed, and remunerative wages will be paid to the toiling millions. New enterprises will be begun, idle money will be put into circulation, and a general betterment of all conditions will speedily follow. The political pessimists of the country have predicted the defeat of the democratic party at the ensuing elections. The long delay and doubtful struggle, the vexatious complications which have surrounded the subject have been enough to cause discouragement in our ranks. But we have overcome our difficulties; we have passed a tariff bill; we have kept our pledges to the people, and our legislation will bring back prosperity to our country. Soon the fact will be apparent to the most casual observer that the business depression of the past year is due solely to the legislation of the republican party during the last thirty years. At last, after all this legislation has wrought such ruin, the end has come.

J. M. Springer



Representative Payne of New York. (MEMBER OF WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE.)



One of the most familiar catch phrases which has been the ruling cry of the democracy has been "free raw materials." But after a year's struggle the tariff bill does very little toward making raw materials free. It has transferred from the dutiable list to the free list articles the importation of which was in 1893, valued at only \$41,000,000. Of this amount \$18,000,000 was the farmer's wool; \$10,000,000 was lumber; \$1,500,000, agricultural products pure and simple, also flax and hemp valued at \$1,720,000. Thus, the bill places on the free list of the products of our farms and forests the total of \$32,000,000. Surely this is a magnificent fulfillment of the promises of free raw material. It strips the farmer of his protection both as to the products of his farm and his forest; and what ruin has been wrought to the flax of the American farmer. The very threat of free wool brought down the price of American wool to the level with the Liverpool market; and this threat has had its effect in the rapid extermination of the sheep husbandry in this country. The number of sheep has, in the past year decreased from 47,273,553 to 45,048,017. According to the Department of Agriculture the total value of the farmers' sheep declined in 1893 \$37,000,000, and I do not believe these reports represent correctly the state of affairs. The truth is much worse. The people understand this bill and are ready to vote. They want a change. They will vote in November and will put a stop to the onward march which threatens American industries. The bill is bad enough, but worse, far worse than all under the bitter experiences of the past twelve months, is the threat to continue the agitation, to continue tariff tinkering, no matter how widespread the ruin and destruction it causes, until the last vestige of protection is removed from our statute books, and our laborers are leveled down to the condition of those in Europe.

Charles F. Payne

Representative Crisp of Georgia. SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

While I was willing to continue the contest for the the House bill as long as there was any hope of obtaining it, I was willing to take the Senate amendments when the conferees told us, that, in their judgment, we must take them, or be re-mitted to the penalties of the McKinley bill. If there is a sugar trust in this country which is dominating legislation, the republican party created it. Although the bill does not destroy that trust, as we wished, it takes more than one-half of its protection. If there is a coal combine, the legislation of the republican party built it up; and, although we do not make coal free, we reduce the duty from 75 to 40 cents. If there is still an iron combine, the same applies. Going through the various schedules of the bill, whilst they are not all we wish, they are the best we can now get. The moment we get this we intend to move forward; we do not intend that there shall be any backward step in tariff reform. We have sent to the Senate, crystallized into the form of acts passed by the House, bills making sugar free, coal free, iron ore and barbed wire free, and if they do not pass them the people will know where to place the responsibility.



Charles F. Crisp

Senator Peffer of Kansas. (POPULIST.)



I regard the tariff bill as a fraud upon the people and the democratic party. The people expected that when the democrats went into power they would redeem their pledges in that respect, if in no other. I think it altogether likely that if a majority of the party in Congress had been permitted to have their own way they would have given us something, at least looking toward a reduction of the tariff duties. But the House was unfair, even in its own bill. To illustrate: It puts wool on the free list, while leaving duties averaging 45 per cent. on manufactures of wool. It struck off the sugar bounty, which was the one protection which the manufacturers of sugar had; while it removed duties from no other article of manufacture of any considerable importance. Common honesty would have dictated that unless duties were to be removed from all articles, the sugar bounty should have been permitted to remain. As

the Committee on Ways and Means adopted the measure they offered a gradual reduction of the bounty during a period of eight years. That was evidence of a disposition to be fair to at least a limited extent. But with all its defects I should have felt it my duty to support the House bill, after having made such objections to it as I thought ought to be made to the measure. But with the Senate's action on the bill, it changed the situation entirely, and made it a very bad protective bill. In addition to retaining in it duties on manufactures of wool, and cotton, and iron, and glass ware and pottery, it placed a duty on sugar which will cost the people of this country at least \$50,000,000 the first year of its operation, with a continued increase from year to year, as long as it remains in force. In addition to that it provides a differential duty of one-eighth of a cent on refined sugar, which all parties knowing anything admit to be a gratuity to the sugar trust, and I don't think anybody doubts that this concession was made in consideration of campaign funds supplied in the past, and expected in the future, to the democratic party. The whole country understands that feature of the bill to be an open and barefaced fraud. Taking the measure as a whole, it is entirely at variance with democratic doctrines as preached in the platform, and shows conclusively that the influences which forced such a measure on the party are precisely the same that have sustained the protective policy of the republicans. I regard it as a betrayal of the people and in every respect disgraceful to the party which is responsible for it.

W. A. Peffer

Senator Gorman.

(AUTHOR OF THE GORMAN BILL.)

"The tariff bill as amended by the Senate and finally made a law is a great reform measure. Sixty-three paragraphs are placed upon the free list, upon which duties were collected in the fiscal year 1893 amounting to \$11,436,264. Beside this, rates of duty are reduced more than 75 per cent. on the following paragraphs: iron, all other, wrought iron or steel; loops; spikes of mules; yarns; woollens, etc., valued at not more than 3 cents per pound; cloths, woollens, etc., valued at not more than 30 cents per pound; shawls, woollens, etc., valued at more than 30 cents per pound, but not more than 4 cents per pound; and common pipes of clay. On 83 paragraphs the duties are reduced between 50 and 75 per cent. On 25 paragraphs the duties are reduced between 25 and 50 per cent. On 128 paragraphs the rates are reduced not exceeding 25 per cent. The total saving to the people through the reductions of customs duties made by the Senate bill will be \$63,083,636. The average ad valorem rate of duty as compared with the act of 1883, the Mills bill, and the McKinley bill, is as follows: tariff of 1883, 47.10 per cent.; Mills bill, 42.38 per cent.; McKinley bill, 49.58 per cent.; Senate bill, as sent to the President, 38.68 per cent.; being a reduction of ad valorem rates amounting to 22 per cent. from the McKinley bill.

The first tariff bill ever passed, when we had statesmen who were near to the time of the formation of the Constitution, and understood a principle when they saw it better than some of us do who are a hundred years distant from that period, levied a tax on coal of 56 cents a ton; from 1792 to 1794 the tax was 84 cents a ton; from 1794 to 1812 it was \$1.40 a ton; from 1812 to 1816 it was \$2.80 a ton; from 1824 to 1842, the great democratic period, it was \$1.68 a ton; in 1842 it was increased to \$1.75 a ton; in 1848 it was fixed at 65 to 75 cents a ton; 1857, 56 to 65 cents; 1861, \$1; 1862, \$1.10; 1864 to 1872, \$1.25; 1872 to 1893, 75 cents per ton. Thus the rate of duty on coal established by the Senate bill, 40 cents per ton, is only one-half what Robert J. Walker placed upon it in his great democratic tariff, and less than has been at any time since the adoption of the Constitution. There is the uniform action of the democrats from the foundation of the government taxing coal, and the same is true of iron ore, the duty on which we reduced in the Senate bill lower than the democrats ever did prior to the war. We knew, further, that a fair duty on sugar was the first consideration to the Treasury. It was our purpose in framing the bill to give to the treasury a surplus which the House bill would not have done. * * * The bill, as a law, will, I believe, give new hope and new life to the American people."

A. P. Gorman

Senator Cullom of Illinois. (NOTED REPUBLICAN.)



The present session of Congress has been the most remarkable session I have known in thirty-five years' time. It has been remarkable in substantially nothing in the interests of the people. Its effort has seemed to be turned in the direction of opposition of what I regard as the best interests of the people. The repeal of the purchas-

ing clauses of the Sherman act were well enough, though I did not believe then, and do not now believe, that those provisions were of any substantial interest to the people, one way or another. In other words, the existence of that law did not produce the panic which was upon the country. I think the condition of affairs ever since its repeal has shown that. The effort of the party in power, both in the executive and legislative departments, has been mainly in trying to repeal what is known as the McKinley tariff law, or the act of 1890; and that has been characterized justly as a proceeding, in the manner of its conduct in the two houses, anomalous in legislation. * * * The bill is a mongrel concern. It contains some protection, some tariff for revenue only, and some provisions squarely in favor of free trade. For instance: wool, one of the great productions of the agriculturalists of the country is put on the free list, the duty on hay is reduced one-half below what the present law provides, and many other agricultural products are discriminated against most unmercifully. It would seem that one of the purposes of the party in power in making a tariff bill was to punish the farmers. The operation of the act just passed will be, in a large measure, to build up industries in foreign countries, to the disadvantage of the industries of our own country. That results, as a matter of course, in the reduction of the wages of our laborers. What ever injures American industry and American labor in manufactures of any kind injures the farming population, because at last we must depend mainly on the home market for our productions of all kinds. To me it has been perfectly astonishing that the American people could be induced to give up the great American system of protection, and it would seem that the lesson they have learned since the present administration came into power would put the question beyond doubt that the true policy of America is the protection of home industries and of home labor. It has become a question of protecting American labor more than anything else if we are to maintain American industries. As has been stated before, the venerable Mr. Winthrop once said that the tariff question was divided into three parts: First, wages; second, wages; third, wages.

Smullen

Hon. J. Sterling Morton.
(SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.)

The tariff bill which has just passed Congress is more favorable to liberty than the act which it repealed. The new act is not as much a restoration of Freedom to Commerce as may be wished for. But, in the aggregate, it reduces tariff taxes more than did either the Morrison bill or the Mills bill. Just as life in summer is more beautiful and enjoyable among the sunlit hills and fragrant forests of the country, than it is in the heated confines and among the massive walls of a city, so Commerce and Manufacture are healthier and stronger, the greater and broader the markets and the liberty which law bestows upon them. Competition is the life of trade. A protective tariff shuts out foreign competition. Therefore, a protective tariff is the death of foreign trade. Under it American consumers become slaves to the protectees. A slave is one whose earnings are, under the forms of law, taken from him, without his consent, and appropriated by another. Before the war, the negro in the Southern states was 100 per cent. a slave, because his master appropriated all of his earnings. Since the war, buyers and sellers all over the United States have been the slaves of those to whom the monopoly of the American market has been guaranteed by a protective tariff. But the protectionists—masters of the buyers and sellers—have extorted only 75 to 90 per cent. of their earnings. Therefore, American farmers and wage-earners have lacked but 25, and sometimes only 10 per cent. of being as much slaves as the negroes were before the war. Some American statesmen express great fear of Free Trade, as though it would compel our citizens, against their wishes, to buy commodities, products, exclusively from foreigners. Free Trade, however, does not force anyone to trade, either with foreigners or anybody else. It does not even suggest trade between Americans and anybody else. But it rightfully permits the American citizen to trade whenever and wherever he may find it, in his judgment, to his interest to trade. The natural rights of man are few. He is born, however, with the right to life, the right to liberty, and the right to enjoy the earnings of his person. These natural rights were recognized by the race while yet in a state of barbarism. Emerging from savagery, the right to life, liberty, and property, which had been maintained by each barbarian for himself, was recognized as worthy of conservation by all men for each man. Thus from natural rights civilization evolved law, to preserve life, liberty, and property in each by the power of all. But a protective tariff, McKinleyism, tramples upon the natural right of a person to enjoy his own earnings and exchange them unrestrictedly.

J. Sterling Morton

Gen. Green B. Raum.
(EX-COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE.)



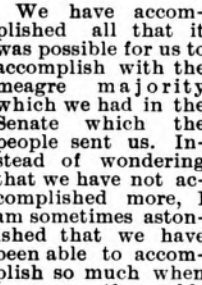
The new tariff law possesses two merits. First, it relieves the country from further uncertainty as to what this democratic Congress will do in enacting into law the drastic measures announced by the Chicago platform. Second, this act will produce sufficient revenue to run the government without borrowing money. This law will break down many industries, it will not encourage the establishment of many new ones; it will cause a serious reduction of wages; there will be a large increase in the importation of foreign products to take the place of similar articles which might be produced in this country; the sheep industries will be seriously disturbed; the production of sugar (which in three years increased 50 per cent.) will fall off, and the price of sugar to consumers will be increased a cent a pound; but production and wages will adjust themselves to the new conditions and the business of the country will at once greatly improve. I regard this law as a serious blow at the prosperity of the country, but the democratic leaders say this is only a beginning; every vestige of republican legislation which has been intended to develop the internal resources of this country and which in thirty years has made this people leaders in agriculture, manufactures and mining, and caused an immense increase in our foreign commerce, they declare must be wiped from the statute books. * * *

The market is now to be opened to the foreigner, the products of every land where the price of labor is 50 per cent. less than here, and where the scale of living is unequal to our own, is to be admitted under a reduced scale of duties to compete with the products of our own people. * * * The democratic proposition to break down the protective system is a direct blow at wages. To add to the vicious character of this law an income tax has been engrafted upon it. It is inquisitorial and must be obnoxious: to execute this law will require a large increase in the official force of the Internal Revenue Bureau. It will be an expensive law to execute; the same amount of revenue might have been collected without any increased cost to the government by increasing the taxes on beer and tobacco. But the demand was to strike at the income of the rich. It will be found that the bulk of the income tax will be collected from the many with the smaller incomes and not from the few with the great incomes. * * *

A most cruel feature of this law is that increasing the price of sugar and ignoring the "bounty" provision of the McKinley bill which was to run fourteen years. Under the McKinley law the people of the United States had cheaper sugar than the people of any other nation in the world, and the consumption of sugar because of its cheapness has greatly increased; besides this, during the past three years the production of sugar in this country has increased 50 per cent. The tariff bill of 1894 is undoubtedly a step backward.

Green B. Raum

Representative McMillin of Tennessee.
(MEMBER OF WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE.)



We have accomplished all that it was possible for us to accomplish with the meagre majority which we had in the Senate which the people sent us. Instead of wondering that we have not accomplished more, I am sometimes astonished that we have been able to accomplish so much when we see the odds against which we fought. The benefits of this bill will reach every part of the country, and to the farming communities especially its benefits are incalculable. The farmer has borne the burden of this taxation. It has been our effort to try to benefit him, and we have succeeded. He had been persuaded to lend a helping hand to protection to build up a home market. He was urged to this all the time by the statement that the price of cotton, wheat, and meats was fixed in London. The agricultural implements with which he worked were sold cheaper to foreigners in their own country than to him. His plows, harrows, and planters were taxed, now they are free. His reapers, mowers, and rakes were taxed, we have freed them. His threshing machines, cotton gins, and cultivators, were all taxed 45 per cent. under the McKinley law and are made free by this bill. His cotton bagging and ties were taxed, and are made free. His binding twine, but we make it free. So I might continue at great length showing the advantages given to agriculturalists by this bill. Whilst this is not the full measure of relief the peoples' best interests require, I believe that it will so far justify the movement in favor of tariff reform that we can still further reduce it at an early day. It will be remembered that when the Walker tariff of 1846 was passed the people were so much benefited by it that they demanded a further reduction in 1857. So great was the revolution then that while all the senators from New England, except one, voted against the Walker tariff in 1848, all of them except one voted for the still further reduction in 1857.

I believe that history will repeat itself, and that the next reduction will be so amply justified by this that the work will be easily compared with the gigantic exertion that it has required to accomplish this.

Blair

Representative Blair of New Hampshire.
(FORMERLY U. S. SENATOR.)



In its permanent effect it is substantially a free trade bill. A few years ago the democratic party would have been well satisfied to have secured free wool only; because when free raw material, as it is called, produced by any one great industry exists, all other home industries, whether they produce raw material, as coal, iron, lumber, cotton, etc., are called, or commodities manufactured from; must ultimately be placed on the free list also. * * *

To show how this is: the west, northwest, and southwest produce wool, which by the McKinley law, is heavily protected. That protection gives the American producer of wool in those sections of the country the market of the manufacturing sections, and so, the wool clothing of the American people; and being thus protected themselves, and producing wool, they are able to buy their material of those who manufacture it, giving thus to the manufacturer the home market of the entire country. But when you strike the reduction from the American wool producer he can no longer produce the wool wherewith to buy the manufactured article for his own consumption. Consequently all the great region of country where the wool grower does the voting, at once demands free trade in manufactured wools as a matter of necessity, because he can raise no corresponding commodity to pay for protective goods. A raw material, as it is called, is just as much a manufactured article as a gold watch. The farm is as much a plant of expensive machinery as a woolen factory. Agriculture is a skilled labor occupation as much as the manufacture of glass or a steamship. Now the democrats have got a bill which places not only wool on the free list, but many other important commodities, and reduces protection upon nearly everything. Inevitably and unavoidably the cost of production, which is only another name for wages, and prices of commodities, which are the wages of the producer, must go on further and further, and lower and lower, until we are able to work just as cheaply as any foreign country could work for us; for if we do not preserve our work we have nothing wherewith to buy, and hence every man, woman and child must go without that which he cannot produce himself to supply his own wants. And as no man, by his own work, can supply the one hundredth part of that which is indispensable to life, the loss of aggregate work of the nation is simply the destruction of the individuals who compose it. So it is that unless protected our industries must all produce the necessities and comforts of life as cheaply as they can be produced by any other people, or we must go without them. Hence I look upon this bill as one preferable to absolute free trade in the same way that a lingering death is better than an instantaneous one; and every man may choose for himself which way he prefers to die.

Henry W. Blair

Representative Johnson of Ohio.
(SINGLE TAX DEMOCRAT.)

The tariff bill, as it finally passed, is a surrender of the government of the United States, and of the clearly declared will of the people to a gigantic organization of boodlers, engineered and managed by the boss boodler of the country. I cannot but admire the consummate skill with which a veiled hand, by working in the dark, has, by organizing all that is corrupt, mastered the Senate, coerced the House, and turned the stubbornness of the Executive into a pliant instrument of its will; but my admiration is the admiration of hate. Two years nearly have passed since the election of a democratic Congress and Executive, years of unprecedented suffering to our constituents, the working masses; yet we have given them no relief. The Gorman bill is no better than the McKinley bill, measured even by the standard of rates. Most of its reductions are nominal, merely taking useless bricks off a wall which is left sufficiently high to give the beneficiaries of protection all the protection that the tariff can give. All the trusts were called in to make it up. It is an improvement on the McKinley bill in free wool and free lumber, and some other small additions to the free list, but on the other hand, it is clearly worse than the McKinley bill in that it taxes sugar. There is not a housewife in the land who will not feel that she is robbed by our "democratic tariff reform" when she finds that where she got three pounds of sugar under the McKinley bill she now, under this bill, gets but two for the same money. The responsibility for this mockery of our



pledges rests upon the whole democratic party, in House, Senate, and administration. The Gorman surrender bill is but the logical outcome of the Wilson surrender bill. We have not honestly tried to reduce taxes or abolish trusts as we said we would. On the contrary, we have shown the most tender solicitude for the welfare of trusts and rings, and the most stolid disregard of our pledges to the people. Mr. Cleveland seems never to have comprehended what he was elected to do, or what the people expected of us; and seems to have been more afraid of the radical democrats, who elected him, than of the protectionist democrats, who did their best to beat him. * * * When this bill becomes a law, the most prominent result of the democratic victory of 1892 will have been, that we have made a present of some \$45,000,000 in cash to the sugar trust, beside giving it power to collect millions more from the people every year, and that every woman who sees the bag of sugar she buys decreased one-third will have become a missionary against false democracy.

Tom L. Johnson

Ex-Speaker Reed of Maine.



"I told the House, speaking on this tariff question, that one of the great misfortunes of the attempted action would be the fact that whatever basis was reached it would not be a permanent one on which the country could do business; that that was only an effort on the part of the democracy to do something, an effort which they were going to continue. So, not even content with the Senate bill, not even content with what attacks it makes upon our industries, the democrats, when they seal their personal discredit by submitting to the Senate bill, announce that it is only the herald of future attacks upon the industries of the country. Not content with what they have done, they threaten the people of this country that their ravages are to continue." Upon the free sugar bill which the House passed immediately after the passage of the tariff bill, Mr. Reed said: "It is only a part of the farce gone through some four acts preceding. The sugar tax is composed of two different things, and the great bulk of it is the 40 per cent. tax upon sugar of all kinds introduced into this country from abroad. That tax comes upon the poor people of this country in a larger proportion than, in my own judgment, is just and fair. We republicans repealed the tax and gave the people of this country free sugar. The democrats re-imposed it, and also imposed a tax upon its manufacture in such a manner that it is absolutely a stench in the nostrils of the people. The actions of the house in passing the tariff bill followed by the bills for free sugar, iron, and coal, are not in any sense a basis upon which the country can do business. The announcement is made to the country that the raid which has been made upon its industries is to be repeated to the fullest extent, and that those who have destroyed some industries in this bill are willing to destroy others."

Thomas B. Reed

Senator Sherman of Ohio.

Senator Sherman was leaving Washington for Ohio when COMFORT's request reached him, and as he was unable, therefore, to speak especially for its readers, he kindly referred to a speech which he had just delivered upon that subject. In that speech he said: "The bill contains from fifty to one hundred errors that will create embarrassment and trouble. Several have already been discovered, and four or five are now attempted to be remedied by bills introduced before the tariff bill has become a law. I think, no such example exists in the history of the country. One of the amendments that has crept into the bill will sacrifice the revenue of the government to the extent of from ten to twenty millions of dollars a year. It is the provision of the bill in regard to alcohol. We have heard a great deal of talk about free trade; and yet the McKinley law admitted 54 per cent. in value of all the goods imported from foreign countries into this country, free, and the bill which has been passed, called a free trade bill, will probably admit only about 40 per cent. * * * The only possible effect the bill which has passed can have will be to destroy or paralyze our industries by the importation of foreign articles of production at a lower rate of duty. If the revenue should be increased on account of the increased importations it would be at the cost and sacrifice of our domestic industries, which will be brought into closer and sharper competition with the industries of other countries. The worst result of this act will be the enforced reduction of wages in this country, and the inevitable strikes and labor contests which it will cause."

John Sherman Ohio



Electricity is claiming a large share of the attention of American inventors. Patents in that line are already numbered by thousands annually, and the science is as yet in its infancy. Many of these new ideas relate to the use of the mysterious fluid for medical and surgical purposes.



Frederick W. Flint of Mt. Airy, Ga., has contrived a sort of cup for a very novel purpose. It is of metal, attached to a battery by simply hooking it on to a wire. The end of another wire is held in the hand while the person partaking of a beverage raises the vessel to his lips and drinks the contents. Thus a circuit is affected, and the liquid imbibed conveys the electricity to all the parts touched by it, i. e., the mouth, alimentary canal and stomach. The treatment is designed especially for diseases of the throat. Incidentally it renders more palatable the fluids drunk from the cup, because the electricity stimulates the organs of taste.

Another novelty is the automatic can-beller. There is a long inclined table, at the upper end of which the cans are placed in a trough. A self-acting mechanism releases one can at a time, which rolls down the table under a brush that carries paste. Further on it passes over a place in the table where there is an opening, in which is a pile of labels. A special contrivance keeps the top label of the pile always flush with the top of the table. Thus the freshly-pasted can takes up one label as it rolls along, passing thereupon beneath a smoothing roller. The inventor is C. E. Newell of San Francisco.

Sterling Elliott of Newton, Mass., has a patent for the alleged new idea of applying the pneumatic tire to the wheels of the sulky wagon. By the adoption of this device the trotting record has been lowered recently by several seconds. The date of Elliott's patent is May, 1893. The fact is, however, that an Englishman named R. W. Thompson invented and perfected the pneumatic tire so long ago that his patent has run out. He was ahead of his time. If his patent was still good it would be worth \$500,000. The pneumatic tire never went into use until it was tried on bicycles.

Most people have experienced the inconvenience of being unable to find out the time in the dark. C. Humbert of Switzerland, has devised an ingenious method of getting over this difficulty. He has patented a watch with an attachment in the shape of a small electric-light bulb. A very small battery is carried in the other waistcoat



pocket, being connected with the watch by a chain which serves as a conducting wire. A charm fastened to the chain is the circuit-closer. The wearer, wishing to discover the hour, presses the charm which closes the circuit, ignites the little lamp, and illuminates the dial.

A novel device for helping a deaf man to hear is patented by W. G. A. Bonwell of Philadelphia. It is in the form of a "plug" hat—an ordinary silk hat with some modification in the way of an opening beneath the brim in front, with which are connected two small hearing-tubes that hang from the sides of the brim and may be introduced into the ears. The sounds uttered by a person addressing the deaf man are received in the opening in the front and passed through the tubes into the ears. Thus the phrase "talking through one's hat" is realized in practice. Another contrivance for a similar purpose, by A. E. Miltimore, of Catskill, N. Y., is a small telephone fastened to the chest of the deaf person and connecting with the ears by wires.

A number of patents have been taken out recently for brushes of various kinds with reservoirs. There is a toothbrush that holds liquid tooth-plate in the handle. Through the stem a channel passes, and the touch-

ing of a valve liberates the paste, permitting it to flow out and saturate the bristles. This is the idea of G. S. Snell, of St. Louis. J. T. Gaige, of Penn Yan, N. Y., is the inventor of a blacking-brush with a valve-actuated reservoir attached to the dauber. This makes the blacking of one's boots much easier than by the ordinary plan.

An electric banjo is the invention of a Boston man, W. H. Gilman. It is operated by means of a perforated sheet of paper like that of an organette. In this way a series of electric circuits are successively closed, and thus magnets are energized, which act upon a picker that picks the strings, while little metal fingers depress the strings at the proper places between the frets. H. G. Carswell, of Santa Clara, Cal., has devised what he calls a "doorophone." In shape it somewhat resembles a lyre, and it is intended to be hung on a door. When the door is opened, small metal balls on the ends of wires swing back and forth and strike other wires which are so tuned that harmonious chords are produced.

Nowadays farmers do not oblige their bees to make wax. Instead, they furnish the hives with artificial comb-foundation on which the insects build their cells. Bees require as much time and material to make one pound of wax as to store away sixteen pounds of honey, and so the plan described is a great saving. The comb-foundation may be used again and again, the honey and cells being thrown off in the centrifugal machine. The newest machines for manufacturing comb-foundation reel it off from metal cylinders at an amazing rate and very small cost. The original inventor of it was a German named Mehring.

Some of the patented inventions are very odd and even amusing. L. Brenizer, of Mt. Vernon, Iowa, has obtained exclusive rights in a plan for building fences of corn-stalks. The corn-stalks around the edge of



field are tied in bunches as they have grown, and wires are stretched from one bunch to another. This device is supposed to keep the pigs out and to have the advantage of cheapness. Another suggestion for a fence is to the effect that it shall be made of red and blue wires twisted together. In case that a cow happens to be color-blind, she will be able to see one wire if the other is invisible to her gaze.

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What is claimed to be the only new idea in bread and cake knives in centuries, is embodied in a patent issued to Russ J. Christy, of Fremont, Ohio. The peculiar advantage of these knives lies in the fact that they have curved instead of straight, sharp edges, and will thus readily cut hot loaves without crumbling, or leaving the slices in that soggy state which every housewife deplures. That the Christy knives are making a fortune for the inventor may be inferred from the fact that they are already used in every civilized country on the globe.



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Paul, runs by the Falls of Minnehaha in Hennepin Co., Minn. It is a beautiful cascade which goes leaping over a high precipice. Previous to forming the cascade, which is 30 feet wide, Minnehaha creek comes from a small lake passing through farms and forests, over pebbly shores and wild tangled glens, till at last it plunges over broken rocks and scatters its waters in the dark chasm 50 feet below, from which the spray arises in a perfect rainbow reflected in the mid-day sun. The old Soldiers' Home is near, also a hotel and beautiful picnic grounds. Across the ravine can be seen the spot claimed as the site of the wigwam of the old arrowmaker, where dwelt in peaceful loveliness Minnehaha, or 'Laughing Water.' Not far away is Fort Snelling, one of the oldest fortifications in the Northwest, having been established in 1819 and built in 1822, 72 years ago. It is on a high plateau at the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers, overlooking one of the finest landscapes in the West. It is claimed the first white child was born here in what is now known as Minnesota, also the first white child died here.

The first white Minnesota settlers lived here, of whom three were women. The first boat, the Virginia, that ascended the Mississippi river, stopped at this fort in 1823.

WARREN H. WHITE, Hausell, Iowa.

He might have added that a most frightful Indian massacre took place there in the early settlement of Minnesota, and also that Longfellow's "Hiawatha" refers to Minnehaha and the beautiful region around the falls.

The next cousin is new to this circle, and writes entertainingly of scenery in the Cumberland mountains. There is room for only a portion of his letter:

"The Breaks of the Mountain" are formed by the Russell Fork of Sandy river flowing through the Cumberland mountains, and intersect the Kentucky and Virginia borders. Many tourists visit them. The valleys of Virginia being higher than those of eastern Kentucky, account for the precipitous descent of water in the Breaks where the river is from forty to sixty yards wide, and for miles plunges over precipice after precipice with deafening roar. The cataracts are walled in on either side by almost perpendicular cliffs of rock rising thousands of feet skyward. For several hundred yards the ridge adjoining this rock is just wide enough to admit of one person walking abreast. It rises almost perpendicularly out of the water. My guide pitched out some rocks, and it was several seconds before they struck. Men of less nerve refuse to pass along this defile. Quite a risk! Having scaled the chimneys, the view is most sublime. Here three counties and two states join in paying tribute to their Creator. Many pieces of stone have been carried hence to various museums throughout the country. An adjoining ridge is separated by a mighty chasm four or five feet in width extending to the river far below. Much work has been done along these crests, but for want of capital the project is abandoned. With ready transportation this region would become a source of immense wealth to both Kentucky and Virginia, for it is the centre of one of the finest coal and timber regions west of the Alleghenies."

T. M. RIDDLE, Tackitt, Ky.

"How I wish," says a teacher, "some of you could stand beside me to-day, as I gaze from my school-room door, in North Dakota, and look upon the beautiful fields of golden grain. There are no great hills as in the Eastern States, and only a few trees, which have been set out by the settlers, or those which grow along the banks of the great Red River of the North; and as far as the eye can see, on every side, one beholds naught but the waving fields swiftly giving way to the shining sickle's power. Many of the farms are so large that they have over a dozen binders at work. It is truly beautiful to see these binders move in their even march around these fields, some of which are several miles in length. Ere we can scarcely realize it, perhaps before winter puts on her robe of purity, the grain, which we to-day gaze upon in admiration, will have journeyed far across the ocean and be upon the dinner tables of some of COMFORT's readers, as fine white bread."

MYRTLE STEWART, Colfax, Richland Co., N. Dak.

"Lake Champlain, situated between New York and Vermont, is one of the most beautiful lakes in the United States. It is navigable for steamers its entire length of 120 miles, and its average breadth is about four and one-half miles, although opposite Burlington it is 10 miles. There are only two cities on it, Plattsburg, N. Y., and Burlington, Vt. Lake Champlain flows into the St. Lawrence river through the Richelieu river, and belongs to the great St. Lawrence system. On this lake many exciting battles have been fought. Here brave Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold with a few men, captured a large army and immense stores of cannon and ammunition at Fort Ticonderoga, nearly opposite Shoreham, where I live; from this town those brave men started. A few miles north of this fort is Fort Frederic where other battles were fought. The battle of Plattsburg was fought September 11, 1814, where the Americans won the victory. Lake Champlain was discovered in 1609 by Samuel Champlain, before the Plymouth settlers came over, and about the time Jamestown, Va., was settled. If the govern-

ment builds the proposed ship canal from the Hudson river to Lake Champlain and thence to the St. Lawrence river, ocean steamers will then be enabled to pass through the lake, thus saving a great deal of expense as well as time, and making this lake a most important thoroughfare."

ELLA L. MEAD, Shoreham, Addison Co., Vermont.

A strange, natural phenomena is told below: "Redfoot lake on the Mississippi river eighteen miles from this place, is the result of seismic disturbances in the memorable year of 1812. The country which now forms the lake was perfectly level. Suddenly the earth began to rock and tremble and the land to sink, and in a few minutes a strip of country forty miles long by seven or eight in width had sunk many feet below the surrounding country. The Mississippi river began pouring into the immense cavity, and so great was the suction that for several hours the river ran up stream into the great inland sea, which had been formed by the earthquake. Barges and rafts tied below and above on the river were torn from their moorings and went rushing through the gap into the sunken country. As soon as the lake was filled with water the mighty father of rivers resumed its natural course. It is a strange experience to go boating on Redfoot, and gazing over the side of your boat see that you are riding over immense trees which are standing as erect as they were eighty-two years ago, before being sunk and covered by water."

E. H. BADGER, Trimble, Tenn.

In addition I have had excellent letters from: Mrs. Odile Ormand, Peters, Ark.; May Baird, Knoxville, Tenn.; Joseph G. Reinhart, Stratford, Ont.; Bernice Woodward, Williamsburg, Texas; Kate Chandler, Lingo, Macon Co., Mo.; Ora Harwood, Orange, Mich.; Rose L. Snyder, Davisville, Cal.; Louie Helman, Dover, N. J.; Stella M. Rabb, Helma, Ark.; Mrs. D. N. Pearce, Oxford, Ala.; Michael Fassbender, Rice Lake, Wis.; Hester Davis, Chestnut Hill, Ind.; M. E. L. Ashley, Enon Grove, Ga.; Ida M. Williams, Birmingham, Conn.; E. Elvira Blanchard, Bristol, Conn.; Ada Petry, Henry P. O., La.; Mrs. Cora E. Bartlett, Oakdale, Neb.; Henrietta Paul, Eldorado, Kansas, sends a letter on turpentine raising, written of in our last number, and Miss M. F. Congdon writes of Yosemite and the big trees, already described in this department. Missouri Allen, Guest, Ala.; Flossie E. Ware, Reynoldsburg, O.; Ned Buntlin, Racquette Lake, N. C.; Mrs. G. P. Barnard, Fairview, Cal.; J. E. Baldwin, Pingree Grove, Ill.; A. L. Werner, Delano, Pa.; George E. Medsger, Leetonla, Ohio; Mabel Cummings, Wilton, Wis. Luther Long, Shady Nook, Ky., writes of the cultivation of tobacco—a topic already exhausted in this department. Do not be discouraged, however; write again.

AUNT MINERVA.

THE NUTSHELL STORY CLUB.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

I'm so sorry for you. You are perfectly welcome to the peaches. Keep them, I should have given them to you had you asked."

There was a world of sympathy in those few words, and Jim Brown stood amazed. Had he heard aright? Was Mrs. Loyton, the leader of Maysville, sorry for the village vagabond? Jim knew how to meet anger and curses—he was hardened in that line. But this was another matter. This was the first time any one had ever pitied him, or spoken kindly to him. Unmanned, and for the first time in his life, ashamed, he flushed as those gentle, pitying eyes were lifted to his face, and baby Gladys' scarlet silk dress and golden curls shone through a misty light as he turned and left the orchard.

Directly back of the grounds surrounding Judge Loyton's mansion there was a covered cut about nine feet deep and a half mile long through which ran the railroad track. The cut was not entirely finished yet, and the rocky, perpendicular walls were only cut down sufficiently to allow the body of the coach to miss the shelving rock below. Thus a person overtaken in the cut could not even lie down on the side of the track and escape. It was something like a tunnel without a roof, and very appropriately was called "Death's Pass."

At each end was a large signboard warning people never to walk through the pass.

The evening shadows were just beginning to veil the sunset's splendor, when the crowds of laborers on their way home from the village, paused at the rear of Judge Loyton's home to ascertain the cause of the evident excitement.

Gladys Loyton was lost.

She had slipped from under all those watchful eyes, and was not to be found on the grounds. The servants were frantically searching. Her mother, with quivering lips and clasped hands, walked the floor; and a messenger had just been dispatched to the village to telephone for the Judge.

Suddenly a cry broke through the scattered crowds. "The baby is in the pass."

Someone had thought to look down over the stone wall into the cut and there was baby Gladys gaily running along the track.

"Found, found at last!"

Someone started in haste to the rescue, and others hurried to impart the good news to the baby's mother. But suddenly the air quivered with a horrifying sound. There was no mistaking it, the hills gave back the echo all too plainly—the shrill shriek of an approaching train.

The rescuers paused and turned. The crowds look wildly into each other's eyes, and then into the pass below.

To reach the baby one must go down the road to the entrance of the pass, then up the track through the pass to where she was, and then retrace his steps and regain the highway before the train rushed through. All knew this would be impossible. Before the fastest runner could reach little Gladys, the train must rush through the pass, and no one dared finish the sentence even in thought.

Someone wildly called for ropes with which they might lower a man into the pass to rescue the child, then draw him up to the bank above.

The servants rushed to the house, and threw everything into a chaos of confusion in their fruitless search. Not a rope of sufficient strength could be found—there was no time to go farther for one. A hopeless expression clouded the eyes of the watchers crowded on the bank above that toddling baby.

Strong men's lips were blanched, and women wailed and hid their faces.

Forcibly restrained by her servants and neighbors, little Gladys' mother stood like a marble statue. Every vestige of color had left that beautiful face at the first shriek of the approaching train. Wildly she had struggled to reach the bank and throw herself down if not to save, to perish with her darling. But ah, the arms that clasped that slender form were so much stronger than she. The people were so cruel. Why would they doom her to a living death ten million times more dreadful than that she would meet on the track below?

At length someone whispered, "Mrs. Loyton, live for your husband. What would his home be with wife and child both gone. It is impossible for you to save little Gladys. None could do that but a powerful man, and then it must be a life for a life."

And so her struggles ceased, the beautiful young mother stood with uplifted, clasped hands, and wild, dilating eyes raised to the sunset sky. And in the distance, around the curve, the train is rushing on. The smoke is plainly discernible to all now, and the noise attracts the baby's attention. For the first time she realizes that danger is near and makes her appeal to the one who has never failed her, but who now stands powerless on the bank above. Ah, the sweet confidence of babyhood in a mother!

Wafted by the evening breezes up to the ears of the watchers, in a voice of frightened sweetness, came the words: "Mamma! mamma! tum dit baby—tum dit baby!"

With a shriek that echoed through the hills and valleys Mrs. Loyton's unnatural calm gave way. Struggles had proved fruitless, and piteously she now pleaded: "Please let me go to my baby, no one else will save her."

Ah, the fathomless depths of a mother's love! Ah, the agony of that moment!

But the crowd is parted now, and a newcomer rushes forward, and in rough voice exclaims, "Whose kid is in the pass?"

From a dozen broken voices came the answer, "Judge Loyton's."

Instantly the tones of the speaker changed, and in a manly voice that they scarcely recognized, they heard these words: "Tough Jim Brown's life ain't worth nothin' no how. He's glad to give it for Mess Loyton's baby."

Through the crowds to the bank rushed the burly giant. "Now fellows," he said, "I'll slide down the bank an' throw the child up, an' you be ready to catch her."

"You'll have no possible chance of escape," some one murmured.

Jim gave a glance at the approaching train. "No matter," he said, and the next second was on the track below. He seized Gladys, and with almost superhuman strength tossed her into the sea of outstretched arms above.

And now someone cries, "Jim, the train is slowing up; run your best down the track, you may yet save yourself."

The hero had turned and was calmly awaiting death, but the words from above roused him into action and down the track he ran.

Onward, gaining upon him every second, came the train. The brakes were sounded down—the engine wheels reversed—the train was stopping. But could Jim keep ahead of it till it ceased to move?

On it rumbled, past the place where little Gladys had stood.

On Jim flew, with the roar of the train in his ears.

Seldom is such a race for life run, but Jim won the goal, and when the iron monster came to a standstill in the pass, Jim was only two feet ahead of it.

The engineer had seen Gladys' scarlet dress—that was the signal which had caused him to stop the train.

Jim sturdily refused to accept the gold the Judge pressed upon him, but he reaped a golden reward, nevertheless, from the work of that day. When Mrs. Loyton's quivering lips were pressed to his rough, red hands, and when the Judge, whose word he considered law, declared him to be the bravest man in all Maysville, Jim Brown's reformation began.

Mrs. Loyton's kind words, spoken to Jim in the orchard, were the means of saving her child's life; and also of transforming "Tough Jim Brown" into the loved and respected hero of Maysville.

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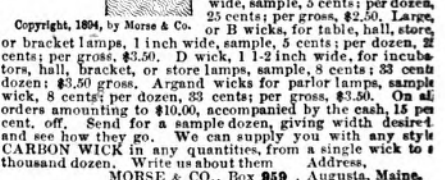
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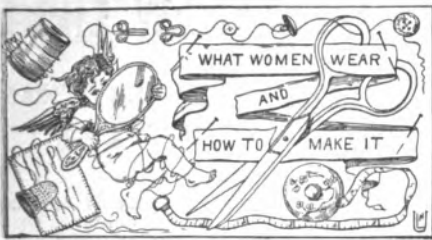
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OCTOBER is here and with it cool breezes which bring the need of autumn wraps of some kind. Capes have lost nothing of the popularity which they have enjoyed for the past year or two, nor is it likely they will so long as the big sleeves continue to be the fashion. There is a decidedly new style, however, in the capes of this season; and the capes of last year will not look like new ones even with refurbishing and new trimmings.

There is a game new to this country, which has been the running fad among fashionable people who go in for out-door sports, all summer. This is the English game of golf. There is not space here to describe it, except to say that it is played out-of-doors and in open, broad spaces where there are apt to be cool breezes; and consequently, a new cape has been devised, which is easily thrown back and which is shown on the young lady in our central picture.

These golf capes are made long enough to come nearly to the knees. They are of heavy



A COMFORT GOWN.

prettiest girls are combing the hair straight



"COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUDE."

tweeds or camel's hair stuffs, and are almost universally constructed of rough fabrics. As will be seen from the picture they are cut in full circular fashion, with wide turn-down collar; but their distinguishing feature is the long hood, lined with bright plaid silk to match the lining of the cape.

These capes, plain as they seem to be, when thrown back to display their beautiful plaid silk linings are very dressy and decidedly new this season. They are finished about the edges with a row or two of machine stitching; and it is predicted that later they will be trimmed with fur trimmings, though it would seem as if that would take away the peculiar characteristics which make them different from the capes we have so long been using. They are fastened in front by enormous buttons of either bone or pearl, and sometimes by heavy chains of steel or brass which cross the front of the cape two or three times.

The young lady in the picture is fully equipped for travelling or an out-door excursion, and the hat which she wears is of plaid to match her gown, plaids having come to the front again and promising to become as popular with grown up girls as they have been with little ones for some years back. The other young lady is stylishly gowned in a brown cloth dress, the skirt of which is cut in flaring bell shape, trimmed simply with two bands of brown fur. The yoke and sleeve-caps are of velvet edged with fur, and a short boa of fur to match that on the gown, is worn on the neck. Boas with animal heads will be as popular this season as they were last, and may be had at very reasonable prices. The jaunty brown felt hat is trimmed simply with a bow of rich brown ribbon and completes a sensible and stylish costume.

Another stylish gown which will be much worn by young ladies, and even by older ones, all winter, is seen in our other illustration of a "COMFORT GOWN". It is made of rough Scotch homespun trimmed with braid and fur edgings. The sleeves, revers and neck finishings are of silk to match the homespun in color, while the soft girdle is made of the same silk and completes one of the handsomest gowns of the coming season. I would call attention to the style of hair dressing which this young lady wears, and to the fact that the heavy bang, which has been so long worn, is now utterly discarded by fashionable women. Some of the

back from the face, or else parting it in the middle as our mothers used to do and combing it back from the sides. Where these styles are becoming, they are exceedingly so, and as everyone must admit are very sensible fashions. But not all can bear such simple styles, and those who cannot have just a light fringe of short hair about the face, waved or curled a little, but not in the tight frizzes which were popular some seasons ago.

The Grecian knot at the back is the most popular style for ordinary wear, while for dress occasions a more elaborate coiffure is worn. The heads clustering around our initial will give some idea of the arrangement of hair for evening parties. The tall narrow combs or fancy hair pins are considered indispensable for dress occasions; and happy is she who has an old-fashioned, high-backed, shell comb which belonged to her grandmother. If you attempt the severe styles of combing your hair back from your face, however, do not straiten it back flat and tight to the head, as such an arrangement is sure to be unbecoming to any one; let it lie loosely up about the face and head, and secure it in a tight knot at the back.

Every woman wants to appear well in the eyes of man, whether that man is her brother, sweetheart, husband, or an entire stranger. And every woman wants not only to appear well, but to be well. That is as it should be. A noted French professor said before the Paris Health Society the other day, that the wise man looked at a woman's foot-gear before he looked at her face, as the foot-gear was the key to her health, as well as her habits and disposition. Another man said that he could always tell by looking at her shoes and stockings, whether a woman was worth having as a wife.

This man was right too. In these days good shoes are cheap, and it costs but a few cents to replace broken shoe-strings or straighten a run-over heel; and the beauty of a stocking depends, not upon its cost, but upon the care and good sense of its wearer. It cannot be kept smooth and proper with a round garter, unless that garter is too tight for comfort or health. The difference between slovenly foot-gear and trim ankles, simply means the difference between savagery and refinement.

The round garter was once a means of child-torture. When the good old grandmothers had

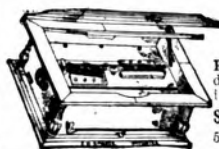
to spend all their time knitting stockings they sewed the ends of a piece of elastic together and used that to keep the stockings up. As the children were growing all the time, the elastic would have to be made so loose that the stockings would "slop over," or else so tight that they would stop the blood from circulating. Now when knitting machines do the work, time has been found to correct the garter abuse, by inventing a new way of holding up the hose, and while many people have taken a hand in this reform, it remained for an American named Warren, to invent the most simple, perfect and healthy contrivance.

This common-sense invention is known as "The Warren Hose Supporter" and combines beauty with ease, and health with economy. It is manufactured of the choicest webs, its metal trimmings never rust, and its Rounded Rib on Holding Edges, while retaining the firmest hold upon the stocking, cannot wear or tear it. Such are its points of superiority that once tried means always used, which accounts for the fact that "The Warren" has always become a household word among civilized women and children throughout the world.

It is my aim to keep our readers posted as to the comfort-bringing, health-promoting, money-saving good things of life, and I gladly give credit where credit is due. I must only add that all attempts at imitating this most excellent article are a great fraud, for the reason that the points of superiority in the "Warren" are legally protected and cannot be copied. The genuine has the name plainly stamped upon it.

Every family of refined tastes wants a musical instrument, but usually the cheapest organ that can be bought of dealers, costs about \$65.00, and doesn't amount to very much at that. This is more than many well-to-do farmers think they can afford at times, and the result is that they go without and are disappointed accordingly. There is always a way, however, to beat hard times and avoid the middleman's and agent's profits by buying direct from the manufacturer. The Beethoven Piano & Organ Co., of Washington, N. J., is one of the manufacturing houses that sell direct to purchasers, and at prices that make it possible for every family to have an organ. They sell one complete with book and stool for \$27.50. This Company offer equal inducements in Pianos.

SEND for our list of 19 Catalogs of Music and Musical Instruments. W. STORY, 25 Central St., Boston, Mass.



MUSIC BOXES.

Play 1000 tunes. Changeable disks. Send 2 cent stamp for illustrated catalogue. 1 Sander Musical Instrument Co., 52 Park Square, Boston Mass.

Writers Wanted

to do copying at home. LAW COLLEGE, LIMA, OHIO.

AGENTS, Perfumery etc. on CREDIT. 150% Profit, & Ex. Pd. Terms Free. Herbene Co., Bx 4, Station L, New York, NY

TAPE-WORM Expelled ALIVE with head or no fee. No starving nor sickness. C. D. MEDICAL CO., 107 N. 9th St., St. Louis, Mo.

SILK REMNANTS for CRAZY PATCH 10c; 3 pks., 25c. Catalogue and CRAZY Stitches with order. LADIES' ART CO., B 524, St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES make \$20 weekly addressing circulars at home; position permanent; no canvassing. Reply with self-addressed stamped envelope, to MISS GURTHA PINE, South Bend, Ind., P. O. Box 2006.

RODS and Dip-Needles for Prospectors, Miners & Treasure Seekers. Cir. 2c. P. & M. AGENCY, Bachmanville, Pa.

SOLID GOLD Wedding, Engagement and Birthday RINGS for \$1.50 by express C.O.D.; receiver to pay express charges or send cash with order and we send by mail postpaid. Retail price, \$5.00. Our price only \$1.50. Initials engraved without extra charge. No. 1 is solid gold, set with genuine Montana rubies and pearls. No. 2 is a massive solid gold wedding ring. Mention this ad. to receive special price. Watch and Jewelry Catalogue with each order. Address, Kirtland Bros. & Co., 62 Fulton St., N. Y.

\$25 to \$50 per week, to Agents, Ladies or Gentlemen, using or selling "Old Reliable Plater." Only practical way to replace rusty and worn knives, forks, spoons, etc; quickly done by dipping in melted metal. No experience, polishing or machinery. Thick plate at one operation; lasts 5 to 10 years; fine finish when taken from the plater. Every family has plating to do. Plater sells readily. Profits large. W. F. Harrison & Co., Columbus, O.

FREE A SILK DRESS. Every person answering this advertisement can get a handsome silk dress full 10 to 15 yds. length, all desirable shades for complete dress free. We are bound to swell our annual subscription list to 50,000 within next 60 days. Think of it! Each and every one will get a handsome dress. Don't go it blind; we make our offer to all answering this advertisement so soon as once. We mean what we say; our Illustrated Home Weekly is one of the most humorous family news & story papers published, contains latest hints on dress, fashions, etc. If you doubt it send 10 cts. silver or 15 cts. stamps to pay for addressing, packing & posting, & we will send you our paper each week for 3 months. No chance, no guessing. Our offer is made to every one. We can show proof for hundreds of dresses given away. Send at once, get your name on our 60,000 list, & we will send a handsome dress; F. TURNER PUBLISHING CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y. City.

A Beautiful Calendar Watch Free!

We are anxious to greatly increase our subscription list within 60 days, and realize that a supreme effort is necessary. We have therefore decided to send to each one of the first five persons who cut out this announcement and send it to us with 50 CENTS (in stamps or money order) for subscription to Homes and Hearths a beautiful and

WONDERFUL CALENDAR WATCH, showing the day of the week, the date of the month, the month the changes of the moon, as well as the correct time,

ABSOLUTELY FREE. This offer must attract every one, for few have a calendar watch, which not only tells the time like ordinary first-class watches, but ALSO TELLS the day of the week, the date of the month, the changes of the moon, as you see by the accompanying correct likeness of the watch, which shows the exact size. This watch is an exquisite gem, with fancy porcelain dial, to which no description can do justice. It is an elegant and reliable time-piece in every way (8-jeweled stem-winder), and is furnished by a Nassau Street firm, whose factory is in Switzerland. There is no reason why YOU, reader, should not be the happy possessor of one of these exquisite and costly watches by cutting out this ad. and sending it to us with 50 cents. Specify whether you wish gents' or ladies' size, and also

STATE WHETHER YOU WILL ACT AS AGENT FOR THE SALE OF THE WATCH TO OTHERS WHEN YOU HAVE RECEIVED YOURS.

Among the winners of watches on our previous watch offer were O. P. Evans, St. Matthews, S. C.; Della Twynner, State Line; Miss J. D. B. Nichols, Gallion, O.; J. Knox Roach, Rock Hill, S. C. Henry C. Mabey, Asbury, S. C.

HOMES AND HEARTHS is an attractive 16-page monthly, with original illustrations; absorbing original stories, best selected matter; FIRESIDE FUN, etc. Send at once! Address: HOMES AND HEARTHS PUB. CO., 21 Park Row, New York.

SECURE AN AGENCY!

THIRTY DAYS' CREDIT.

No Capital Required.

We Send By Mail Postage Paid.

You Don't Risk a Cent!

All Our Agents Are Making Money Selling Our Beautiful

Art Specialties!

Teachers, Students, Clergymen, Farmers, Farmers' Sons, Ladies, Girls and Boys

Will find our Splendid Art Specialties standard, reliable at sight and of the best character, and our dealings prompt, honorable and liberal. You can take up the business for two or three months or even for but one month, and make it pay, or if you have only a few hours per day one day in the week, you can employ every spare hour and make it all count.

We Trust You. We send all pictures prepaid to your home. We receive back all pictures in good order not sold. This is the most liberal offer ever made, and the pictures are the handiest and fastest selling art works ever placed in the hands of agents. You can secure without expense an honorable, legitimate and very profitable business. If you wish to become an agent for us fill out the following agreement and return it to us, and we will at once send you six samples of the pictures without your sending us one cent in advance. Most agents retail these pictures at 50 CENTS EACH, thus getting a large profit on their first order. Address: GREAT WESTERN SUPPLY HOUSE, Pontiac Building, Chicago, Ill.

Fill out blank below and mail it to us and we will at once send you six oil pictures.

CUT THIS OFF AGREEMENT WITH GREAT WESTERN SUPPLY HOUSE

GENTLEMEN:—Please send by mail, securely packed, and all charges prepaid, 6 New Fast Selling Oil Pictures, all different subjects, (all 15x21 inches in size), which I agree to sell if I can and remit the sum of One Dollar, or return those unsold, in good order, and postage paid, within thirty days from the time they are received by me.

My Name.....

My Address.....

Agents Wanted, \$3 per day guaranteed selling our new specialties. Circulars free. Write at once. H. S. HURLBUT, 29 Monroe Ave, Detroit, Mich.

YOUR NAME ON 25 LOVELY CARDS, Pen & Holder, Handkerchief, Ring, Autograph Album, 45c. Sample CARDS, Scrap Pictures, etc. and Agents' Complete Outfit. All 10 cts. IVY CARD CO., HAMDEN, CONN.

NEW DESIGNS. Return this ad. with order and we will send by express prepaid, this beautiful hunting case, 4 gold filled, full jeweled. Elegant style, stem-wind and set watch which you can sell for \$25.00. If worth it pay express agent \$6.50 and keep it; otherwise have it returned. We only ask your promise to go to express office examine and buy if as represented. These watches are sold to those sold by certain dealers from \$12.50 to \$25.00 and warranted for 20 years. Give your full name, address and P. O. address. State which wanted, ladies' or gents' size. If you want Watch sent by mail send cash \$6.50 with order. FREE for 60 days a Gold Plated Chain with each Watch. A binding guarantee with every Watch. A Customer Writes: Dec. 2, 1893—Kirtland Bros. & Co.: Send me another \$6.50 Watch, have sold nine, all give good satisfaction. W. DUTCHEK, Saranac, Mich. KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 62 Fulton Street, New York.

A GRAND DISCOVERY! WANTED.—A live man or woman in every county where we have not already secured a representative to sell our "Nevada Silver" SOLID METAL Knives, Forks and Spoons to consumers; a solid metal white or silver, no plate to wear off; goods guaranteed to wear a lifetime; cost about one-tenth that of silver; the chance of a lifetime; agents average from \$50 to \$100 per week, and meet with ready sales everywhere, so great is the demand for our Solid Metal Goods. Over One Million Dollars' worth in daily use. Case of samples Free. Address Standard Silverware Co., Dept. A, Boston, Mass.

MUSICAL CLOCK & Box Combined. Runs 8 days, keeps perfect time & furnishes constantly all the most charming & popular tunes. Plays anything from a simple song to a difficult waltz or operatic selection. To introduce it one in every county or town furnished reliable persons (either sex) to show it. Enclose a stamp to Inventor's Co., New York City, P. O. Box 2252.

MONKEY TRICKS.

Queer Doings of the Curious Animals Which Professor Darwin says are Related to us.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE.

History, of which the American edition recently issued, has already been almost entirely sold, over one hundred pages and as many pictures, are devoted to description of these curious animals. It describes several hundred varieties of monkeys and among other interesting information, relates strange experiences and thrilling encounters with many of them.

It tells of
Silky Monkeys,
Woolly Monkeys,
Hideous Monkeys,
Ring-tailed Monkeys,
Bald-headed Monkeys,
Night Monkeys,
Bearded Monkeys,

HETHER or not our distant forefathers were Monkeys, is a question everyone can decide for himself, if he will read the astonishing facts and examine the remarkable pictures in Prof. J. G. Woods' great book, from which a few extracts are printed below.

To young and old nothing could prove more amusing and, at the same time instructive, than this picturesque Work of Wonders; and many a dreary winter night will be made jolly by its perusal in the family circle.

In this magnificent Natural

"When a marching troop, often amounting to a hundred or more, arrives at the bank of a river, the principal body halts, while the oldest and most experienced of their band run forward, and carefully reconnoitre the locality. After mature deliberation they fix on some spot where the trees of the opposite banks incline riverwards, and approximate nearest to each other.

"Running to the overhanging boughs, the most powerful monkeys twist their tails firmly round the branch, and permit themselves to hang with their heads downwards. Another monkey then slides down the body of the first, twines his tail tightly round his predecessor, and awaits his successor. Informed, until the last, who is always one of the this way a long chain of monkeys is gradually strongest of the troop, is able to plant his paws on the ground. He then begins to push the ground with his hands, so as to give the dependent chain a slight oscillating movement, which is increased until he is able to seize a branch on the opposite side of the river.

"Having so done, he draws himself gradually up the branches, until he finds one that is sufficiently strong for the purpose, and takes a firm hold of it. The signal is then given that all is ready, and the rest of the band ascend the tree, and cross the river by means of this natural suspension bridge.

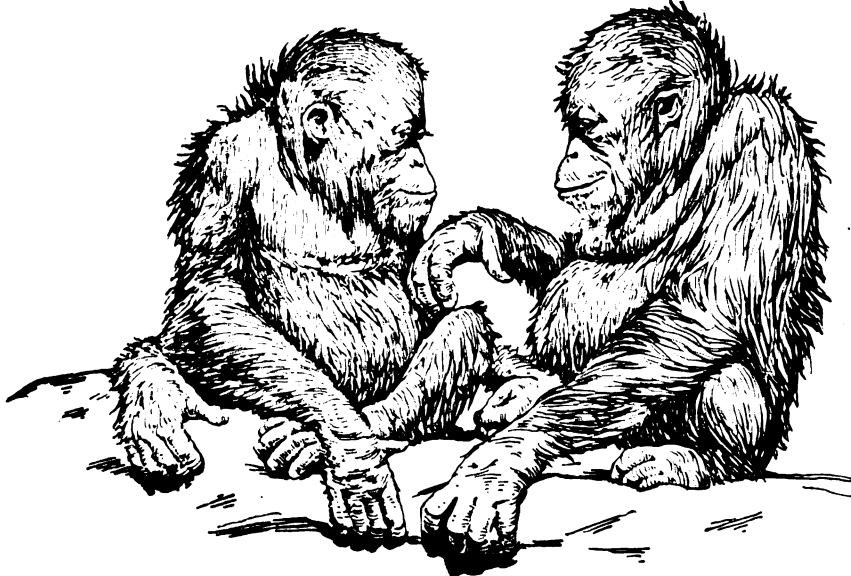
"So far, so good! The monkeys run over the bridge easily enough; but how is the bridge itself to get over. Their plight is very like that of the man who invented a system of iron doors to be closed from the interior, and who, after closing them in the most admirable and effectual manner, was obliged to open them again in order to get out.

"Still, whatever may be the case with human beings, when monkeys are clever enough to make such a bridge, they are at no loss to achieve the passage of the bridge itself.

"Two or three of the stoutest keep themselves in reserve for this emergency, and, attaching themselves to the last links of the living chain, relieve their comrade from his arduous task of clutching the boughs, and at the same time slightly lengthen the chain. They then clamber up the tree as high as the chain will stretch, or the boughs bear the strain, and take a firm hold of a tough branch. A second signal is now given, and the monkey on the opposite bank relaxing his hold, the entire line of monkeys swings across the river, perhaps slightly ducking the lowermost in the passage. Once arrived, the lower monkeys drop to the ground, while the others catch at branches, and break their connection with the much-enduring individual at the top. When the last monkey has secured itself, the leaders descend the tree, and the whole troop proceed on their march.

"Those who have witnessed this curious scene, say that it is a most amusing affair, and that there is a considerable comic element in it, on account of the exuberant spirits of the younger and less staid individuals, who delight in playing off little practical jokes on the component parts of the bridge, in their passage; knowing that there is no opportunity for immediate retaliation, and trusting to escape ultimately in the confusion that follows the renewal of the march."

But it is not only with Monkeys, that Wood's Natural History deals. It describes all the animals, wild and domestic, that roam over the earth, and recounts thrilling adventures, amusing anecdotes and fierce encounters on land and sea, in desert and jungle. Its 800 pages of reading matter and 500 spirited pictures, form a veritable library—a masterwork which no man or woman, boy or girl, should be without. As will be seen by reading the announcement in another part of this issue, COMFORT offers the opportunity to everyone to get a copy absolutely free.



Copyright, 1894, by COMFORT.

TALKING IT OVER.

Squirrel Monkeys,
Howling Monkeys,
Dog-headed Monkeys,
Pig-tailed Monkeys,
White-eyed Monkeys,
White-nosed Monkeys,
Long-tailed Monkeys,
Short-tailed Monkeys,
Negro Monkeys,
Yellow Monkeys,
Green Monkeys,

and every other kind of monkey.

In speaking of the African Green Monkey, for instance, it says, on page 45:

"Monkeys have their code of etiquette as well as men; and, as they do not possess cards, the correct mode by which a monkey announces its presence to a human visitor is by dropping a piece of stick upon him. Perhaps he may consider the stick to be only a twig fallen in the course of nature, and so take no notice of it. Down comes another stick, and if that does not cause him to look up, several more are let fall upon him until his attention is drawn to the assembly in the branches.

"This point having been gained, the next object is to let the intruder know that his company is undesirable, and that the sooner he takes his departure the more agreeable it will be for all parties.

"That the long-tailed party are averse to so big an animal without an inch of tail, is clearly shown by the angry chattering that is set up, and the double rows of white and sharp teeth that are freely exhibited; and that the position of the objectionable individual will become anything but agreeable, is practically proved by the riot among the branches, which are shaken with noisy violence, the constant cries and chattering, and the shower of sticks and various missiles that pour upon him from above," etc.

And this of the Spider Monkey, on page 84:

"When aroused by hunger or other sufficient motive, the spider monkeys can move so fast, that nothing without wings can follow them. In their native land, the forests are so dense and so vast, that if it were not for the rivers which occasionally cut their path through the dark foliage, the monkeys could travel for hundreds of miles without once coming to the ground.

"Not that the monkeys care very much for a river, provided that the distance between the banks is not very great; and as they detest going into the water, they most ingeniously contrive to get over without wetting a hair. The manner in which they are said to achieve this feat of engineering is as follows:

The book, open, measures 8x11 inches, is nearly 2 inches thick and printed on good paper from clear type, and is illustrated by eminent European artists.

As a holiday gift from parents to children or from children to their parents nothing could be more appropriate, and few things will give as much pleasure as a copy of this prize edition of Wood's Natural History, which is the standard authority the world over. All must remember, however, that as soon as the remaining copies have been sent out, COMFORT's extraordinary offer to furnish the book free will be withdrawn.

BUSY BEES OF COMFORT.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

small or insignificant the present may be, give it. It will be appreciated by some one. It is not the gift itself, so much, which makes the heart glad; it is the spirit which prompts the giving. Christmas comes but once a year. A flower grown and tended with loving care for an invalid friend often brings more delight and pleasure than anything else; surely we can all do something."

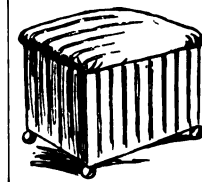
MRS. S. PATTISON,

201 South Anthony St., El Paso, Texas.

The subject of Christmas presents is a very broad one, and there is a great deal to be said about it.

In the first place, be sensible in giving. Thousands of dollars are wasted every year in buying things for other people that they neither need nor want nor know what to do with when they have once got them.

It is always well, if possible, to find out in some way just what our friends are particularly wanting, and then if we can, to get that thing. It may not be what we would choose for ourselves, but if that friend especially wants that thing, why not gratify that longing? Particularly as she may not care anything about a thing which we want for ourselves most of all. Make it a rule ever to consult the taste and needs of your friend, rather than your own, when you can do so without letting her know what you are finding it out for.



For instance, you may have a friend who thinks if she only had an ottoman she would be much happier and her household more complete. Now you may not want an ottoman. You may think them bungling and in-artistic and always in the way. But consider her taste. If you cannot buy one, or even the frame for one, take a wooden box such as marketmen use—about eighteen inches square and ten deep. Turn it upside down and fasten casters securely to each corner. Tack pieces of old cottons over it, with several layers of cotton or excelsior over the top, (letting it come over the edges) to make a soft seat. Then cover the whole with plush or brocade or even the soft figured Canton flannel. The top can be embroidered or made of "crazy work." In fact, there are many ways which your ingenuity will suggest. And when you have done, you will give your friend a valuable gift because it is something useful, and something she wants.

In the same way use common-sense in making selections for all your friends. If there are boys in the family give them a good jack-knife, fishing tackle, juvenile printing-press, or camera. There is nothing a boy wants more, or that delights his heart more when he once possesses it, than a pocket-knife. Don't make him wait until he is nearly grown up and is all through wanting it before giving it to him. Give it to him when he is young and teach him how to use it. What if he does cut his fingers? It won't hurt him any in the long run, and he has got to do it sometime anyway. A copy of Wood's Natural History which is fully described elsewhere in this issue, makes one of the very best presents for young or old.

Indeed, if you want to get the most you can for your money, you cannot do better than to look over our advertising columns and make a judicious selection from the many novel and useful things mentioned there. And always mention COMFORT when you write.

QUEEN BEE.

MRS. MOLLIE SHAW, WAYCROSS, GA.

"I could neither sleep nor eat with any degree of satisfaction, for I was suffering from nervous prostration and dyspepsia. After taking Oxien six weeks my appetite is first rate, my sleep sweet and refreshing and I have gained twenty pounds in weight, and it has made me entirely well. I gladly recommend it to anyone who is suffering."

IT GIVES NEW LIFE!

A GREATER DISCOVERY THAN ELECTRICITY.

AUGUSTA, MAINE.—This city is excited over the wonderful results achieved by a Discovery made here. A Prominent M.D., late City Physician, publicly endorses the same, while the Mayor, President of Council, Postmaster, City Solicitor and other leading men have given it official endorsement. From all parts of the United States and Canada reports are coming in proving that what doctors, scientists and the people have for hundreds of years hoped for, has at last been discovered—a real Food for the Nerves. In thousands of cases of nervous prostration, and of men and women seriously broken down that doctors pronounced them incurable, this new discovery which is called Oxien, speedily restored the sufferers to health and vigor. It is pronounced by scientific men the only true nourishment for nerves, brain and blood in existence, and analysis proves it to be as harmless as bread. Extensive tests have been going on here and elsewhere and people who have been bedridden for years and sent to hospitals to die have, after taking this wonderful article only a few days, to their utter amazement gone forth strong and happy men and women. One lady, Mrs. H. Vassar Ambler, 146 Cherry St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., felt so gratified and happy at her recovery that she purchased \$700.00 worth of it so as to be able to introduce it to all sufferers in her section. It seems to cure diseases as if by magic and has been very justly termed a greater Discovery than Electricity. By an original, patented process it is put up in small compressed tablets, which may be readily sent by mail. A company has been incorporated with a capital of \$250,000.00. Legal protection has already been granted by the U. S. Patent Office as well as by the English Government, and Oxien is being introduced by agents who earn from \$15.00 to \$50.00 a day.

Mr. J. N. Williams, 5 Forbes Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., for instance, earned a \$200 cash prize in a single day, while A. B. Watson of Holly, Michigan, also received \$200 besides over \$2,000.00 in commissions. And many ladies have done even better.

The Postoffice here reports that thousands of testimonials like the following are pouring in daily as to the value of this great Discovery.

MACON, MO. I was crippled with rheumatism, spinal disease and catarrh trouble. Was kept in bed for weeks. In three days Oxien got me on my feet, and now I'm able to walk and work. People are simply dumfounded by its good effects.

William Lucas.

AGENCY CITY, IOWA. I had not walked for six months except on crutches, and now I thank God I have laid them away. Oxien did it.

Miss Mattie McCoy.

ALBERT LEA, MINN. No tongue can tell what I suffered. I tried all the best doctors in our city. Then I went to St. Paul and consulted two specialists, who proposed amputating my foot, as that only would save my life, they said. At this time I read of Oxien, a godsend for me. Before I had taken one box the terrible aching left my ankle, and Oxien made a wonderful cure. I have not felt as well for twenty years. It makes old people young. W. O. Roasberry.

ORRVILLE, OHIO. I was so afflicted that I was sent to a sanitarium, without benefit. I came back and began using your Oxien and am now well.

Mrs. Julia Steele.

TRUESDALE, MO. No one thought I would ever be up again. I could not stand five minutes without fainting. In three weeks after taking Oxien I was at work again. I have done more work since than I have in twenty years.

Mrs. Matilda Pate.

SPECIAL Free Trial OFFER.

To those who will agree to test the powers of these Wonderful Discoveries either personally or in their own homes or in the home of some friend, and who will cut out and mail to us the following coupon, together with 10 cents in cash, we will send, all charges paid, a sample box of Oxien with an Oxien Electric Plaster (regular selling price 25 cents). As this offer is made exclusively to those who will make a personal test as here stipulated, the party taking advantage thereof must sign his or her name and address (in pencil) on the following coupon and return same to us as above.

PERSONAL 50 CENT COUPON.

Name, _____
Address, _____
Date, _____

All communications in reply to this special offer must be addressed,
THE GIANT OXIE CO., 25 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

WM. T. GERRY, STANDISH, MAINE.
"My wife has used the Oxien Electric Porous Plasters with wonderful results. She had so much pain that she was unable to sleep for the past three months. Since taking Oxien and applying your plaster, she has entirely ceased to suffer, and now does all her work and sleeps well and gets up perfectly refreshed. The neighbors all think it is a wonderful cure."

Judging from the astounding benefits which men and women are deriving from this Discovery, and the profitable employment it affords them, it is not saying too much when we claim that the acceptance of their above generous offer may prove The Chance of a Lifetime to thousands of our countrymen.

HOW TO GET THIS WORK OF WONDERS FREE OF COST.

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All those who have solicited subscribers for other papers say it is surprising how much easier it is to get people to subscribe for *Comfort*. Although it costs but 25 cents a year, they all say it is really worth one dollar, and that is the reason it has obtained the largest circulation of any paper in the world. There is no other publication like it anywhere. Don't fail to send your subscription this month. Address, *Comfort*, Box 981, Augusta, Maine.

As soon as the remaining copies of this special edition have been disposed of our extraordinary prize offer here made will be withdrawn. Therefore, act now.



\$100 IN PRIZES

Will be given to the twenty-five girls and women who will invent for COMFORT readers the best and most original dishes of which corn is the principal ingredient.

All particulars regarding this novel prize offer will appear in the November issue of COMFORT.

Besides the liberal cash prizes, the magnificent lady's gold watch here illustrated, will be presented.

THIS BEAUTIFUL GOLD WATCH



Free for a New Way to Cook Corn.

The works of this superb timepiece were furnished by the renowned American Watch Company of Waltham, Mass., whose watches are the standard all over the globe. It is elegantly jewelled, has compensating expansion balance, patented safety pinion, plain regulator, (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. It is enclosed in a hunting case made of solid 14 karat gold mounted on strengthening metal. It's the kind of watch a woman wants and that costs from \$38 to \$50.

As these prizes will be awarded only to readers of COMFORT whose subscription has been paid in advance, every reader who is indebted to us should at once remit the amount, and those who have not yet subscribed should do so at once, in order to become eligible to compete under this and other cash prize offers announced in this issue.

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HOTEL COOKING.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

BY COURTNEY STILLINGS.



HIS month's chat which is by a man will take the readers of COMFORT through a model hotel kitchen.

There is lots of human nature in men and women as the old philosopher truly said. One way it shows itself is in curiosity over the bill of fare of a big city hotel.

The whole world has been raked and scraped for delicacies to tickle your palate. Perhaps there are five hundred items on the bill from oysters to coffee. There are dishes you have never eaten nor even heard of before. You wonder what becomes of what is left over and how any order can be brought out of such a chaos of food.

You are curious to see the kitchen but on second thoughts you are afraid that perhaps the sight of it would take your appetite away. If you are a woman and feel a little nervous, you may imagine that you will be served with something that has been served before. If you are a housekeeper you will want some of the recipes to carry home, and if you are a man you will wonder how it can be made to pay.

The bill of fare in New York will not be just like that in Chicago or San Francisco or New Orleans, and the kitchens may be somewhat different from one in Boston, but we will take one in Boston as a text for this chat.

The Parker House for instance, known even in the Rocky Mountains for its rolls, has four public dining rooms and half a dozen others for banquets and private dinner parties, yet it has only one kitchen. The waiters vanish behind swinging doors, and following one of them with COMFORT's special permit, you find yourself in a long electric-lighted anteroom. At the nearest end are three doors and three check men sitting at their desks. Every waiter when he has filled his tray, stops before a check man and gets a check stamped with the price of each article as it appears on the bill of fare; for this like most first-class hotels of today is on the European plan, so that you pay only for what you eat.

On one side of the room is a long serving table for the roasts, which must not stand on the tray to cool. The roasted beef, lamb, veal, chicken, turkey and pig, are on a row of metal platters heated by steam. Each platter has a close cover and a little trough which collects the dish gravy. Underneath the table is a heater where the china platters are kept piping hot.

On the opposite side of the room are the shelves for thousands of glasses and countless sets of fine china, and the sinks where they are washed by themselves. There are other shelves and sinks for the silverware and another table

where the heavy dishes are cleaned and piled up according to their size to be washed in another room. A dozen neat girls in dainty dresses are washing and putting away the silver and glasses and everything is neat and spotlessly clean.

The kitchen is really not one room but a series of rooms, for the range room which is next the anteroom is only a part of it. There is a line of fires along one side of the range room. These are for the meats broiled, fried, roasted, stewed and boiled. The broiler is a heavy iron grating over a bed of glowing charcoal.



THE BAIN-MARIE.

Then come the roasting ovens for quick or slow cooking and in front of these ovens is an object lesson for every true student of cookery. It is what is called a bain-marie, a shallow tank filled with hot water in which are sitting a dozen copper kettles of different sizes that look like a lot of paint pots. They are the pots for the meat sauces and gravies which the cooks of all nations have worked out together.

The entree cook whose range is next, is also an artist in his line. He knows how they fry chicken in Maryland, how they make a haricot of mutton in England, how to mingle mushrooms with fillet of beef, how to make curries as they do in India, to do spaghetti in the Italian style, and to take all sorts of materials not needed in other departments to make food poems for princes.

The ranges use ordinary hard coal but the boiling kettles are heated by steam. These kettles where cartloads of hams, legs of mutton, corned beef, and such meats are cooked, are only about as large as washtubs, and each one stands on its own legs. The big stock kettle is twice as large and stands nearly as high as a man. Into it go the bones and parings from steaks and roasts, the nub end of the ham, and what is left of a quarter of beef after the best cuts have been taken from it. The contents of the stock kettle is a collection of odds and ends, but fresh wholesome odds and ends.

Human nature comes in again and wonders if the half a steak left by a guest goes into the stock kettle. It does not. When a steak is served it is sold and that is the end of it, or of any other piece of meat as far as the hotel is concerned. If a guest cuts off half his meat and leaves half, the remaining portion goes to the waiter if he wants it, otherwise it is given or

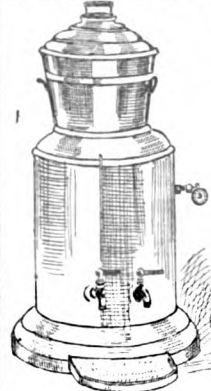


"IT'S EASY IF YOU KNOW HOW."

thrown away. Nothing goes back to the kitchen after it has been in the dining-room.

It is the unserved bits and bones that go into the stock kettle and come out in the form of stock, which goes into the soups and a great many other things besides. No model kitchen could get on without stock.

The vegetable kettles are like the meat kettles, only a little smaller, and they have a corner of the cook room to themselves. When cooked the vegetables are kept hot in crocks set in hot water. The ranges and boilers occupy a side and end of the room, and their fires are kept up eighteen hours a day.



COFFEE FOR 300.

In the coolest corner are immense ice boxes for butter, milk and eggs from the proprietor's farms, and other departments where the cold dishes, salads, pickles, relishes, pastry, bread and cheese, are served. Each department is equipped with its appropriate dishes, with a girl in charge, so that the waiter can collect what he wants from them without delay. The coffee and chocolate are served from large boilers heated by steam, and hot water for the tea is always ready.

Beyond in the chain of rooms are the larders with trays of all kinds of meat neatly prepared for cooking and kept at a freezing temperature. There are long tables where the fowls are dressed, the vegetables peeled and the meats cut up. In the cool cellar are huge chests where all sorts of fish are buried in ice, so that as many as thirty varieties can be served at a moment's notice.

Then there are big refrigerators lighted by electricity where the quarters of beef, and the halves of sheep, are hung up until the butcher is ready for them. Several tons of ice are used every day.

The store room which really belongs to the kitchen, would make a good sized grocery store. In another quarter are the picturesque brick ovens for pastry, bread and baked beans as well as nearly all the equipment for a complete candy store.

Every morning the steward goes to market and buys the supplies for the day. How can he tell whether the hundreds of guests are going to eat spring lamb or spring chicken? you ask. That is something he doesn't know himself.

Experience helps him, the law of averages helps him, but the power to guess right helps him most.

When the steward has overestimated the public appetite, and ordered more than the guests will eat, there is always the help to fall back upon. There are three hundred of these employees to be fed every day, and with few exceptions they must take what is given them.



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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

What to Buy and Where to Buy It.

What to Make and How to Make It.

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In the last issue of COMFORT we promised our readers an article on the selection of Christmas gifts. Our idea in making these suggestions so early is to give everyone ample time for choosing appropriate presents. Appropriateness is the whole secret of successful Christmas giving. Study what your friend likes, not what you like, or what you think he should like. By beginning this study in season, you will escape the final holiday scramble.

But even with time, the opportunity for proper selection is often lacking to many of the inhabitants of small towns and rural districts. When the local shops give satisfaction, patronize them by all means. COMFORT always believes in encouraging home industry; but if you can't get what you want from or through your local dealer, you may send to the large city dealers and be sure of satisfaction.

In selecting presents your first thought, of course, is for your family and intimate friends; for them you can find an endless variety of suitable gifts in silver. But silver is only for the rich? Not at all. On the contrary it is extremely cheap. A silver tag for an umbrella or hand bag, for instance, costs only twenty-five cents, and will be appropriate for anyone who owns either of the articles mentioned. Belts are in high favor. What could be better appreciated by the belt-wearing girl than a silver buckle and slide costing from one dollar to five, or that convenient novelty the belt safety pin, price from fifty cents to a dollar-and-a-half. Any of these can be obtained at the large department stores; as also an eye-glass case for grandmamma, an article to be appreciated by the dear old lady if she wears glasses, and what grandmamma doesn't? Then there is a pretty watch chataleine for a dollar and a quarter.

To the mother of the family, table furnishings are always welcome. Now that chocolate is served so frequently, a chocolate jar in fine white china decorated with tiny pink roses with green leaves would be more than acceptable. Such a jar costs only a dollar and a half. A cut-glass knife rest four inches in length costs seventy-five cents. Such a rest would save many spots on the housewife's nice white tablecloth. "Delicate serving" says Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the celebrated authoress, "is the soul of good housekeeping." For dainty cooking and serving a chafin dish is indispensable. Upon one of these eggs, oysters, and other dishes in infinite variety may be prepared, after the family is seated at the table. A nickel dish complete costs \$4.10 and holds two pints. No one owning a chafin dish will be satisfied without a tea-kettle to match which can be had for about \$2.75. Table linen also may be purchased for the same house-mother.

It can be found in all prices and varieties. A box of fine stationery will be liked by almost any member of the family. For the young girl's dainty bit of wearing apparel is always timely. Especially attractive is this season's neck-wear, appearing oftenest in the form of deep lace collars, or a velvet stock with drooping ruffle of chiffon and lace. In fur, a neck-

scarf, having a cute little head and tail, is still in vogue. Mink is the favorite fur, and one may be found in these hard times, at a very low price.

In buying for the little ones there is everything in the way of clothing for babies, youths and misses up to the age of sixteen, or get the baby a set of gold pins or studs, which come with or without chains.

An old lady with no money but a lot of "pieces," made for her grand-daughter's Christmas gift a set of bags; one for shoes, fan, gloves, etc., to be carried on her arm to parties. Another was

for opera-glasses, a third for buttons, three of various sizes for the laundry. There were also half a dozen other sorts. This was the most original, most useful remembrance the little lady received; different fabrics were used for the various purposes. The same old lady does not hesitate to present her young lady friends with knitted wash cloths and, they were delighted to receive them.

Somebody's wife might like to see just how to construct a pair of garters for her lord. The fastenings can be bought at the notion counter of any large dry goods store,

where the directions for making are given. Remember that a man likes comfort. Give him one of those sofa pillows covered with zigzag ribbons sewed together in crazy fashion, and edged with a yellow flapping ruffle, or, if these are not obtainable, send to any dry goods store for ribbons one-half inch wide. A set of hat and clothes brushes is always in order, and costs from a dollar and a half upwards.

By a girl's sweetheart no gift will be more appreciated than a picture of herself framed in a bit of her own handiwork. A white linen oval embroidered in small pink and white flowers, has a Dresden china effect; exquisite frames are manufactured also from the colored tissue papers.

As a rule it is safe to buy an article in whose merits the owners have sufficient faith to induce them to advertise, at a personal cost through the columns of the newspapers. For this reason COMFORT itself is an unsurpassed guide for would-be purchasers. By reading over its advertising columns you will discover a thousand and one useful and desirable articles. Among them are the Warren Hose Supporters, Platinum Dress Stays, Kayser Patent Finger-tipped Gloves, the Family-Knitting Machine, Rag Carpet Loom, Pinless Clothline, Turkish Towels, Hartshorn Shade Rollers, Mennen's Toilet Powder, Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Christy Knives, Brown's Shoe Dressing, Perfection Cake Tins, Sapolio, Organs and Pianos, Watches, Wall Papers, Curling Pins, Shoes, and many others.

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whole year, and give pleasure to every member of the family.

PRETTY POISON PLANTS.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.

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HIS is the season when people go into the woods and gather the brightly-colored leaves of autumn. Among other examples of the vegetable loveliness of the season, they will bring home the attractive *rhus venenata* and *rhus toxicodendron*, having an eye for beauty rather than for botany. Two or three days will elapse probably before they realize that they have been plucking poison.

These two plants with long scientific names are the poison ivy and poison oak. The former is familiar enough—so much so, indeed, that many people are accustomed to mistake nearly every species of vine in the woods for this objectionable climber. The Virginia creeper,



POISON IVY.

in regions where it grows, is commonly confounded with the poison ivy, though there is no very perceptible likeness between the two. Another guiltless victim of popular ignorance on this subject is the handsome trumpet-flower vine, so called from its pretty blossoms.



TRUMPET VINE.

There is no excuse for such mistakes. As may be seen from the accompanying illustrations, the foliage of the plants mentioned is distinctive in each species. The poison ivy bears leaves in groups of three, whereas the Virginia creeper has five leaves together. The trumpet vine is entirely unlike either of the others.

Persons who are ever so much on their guard against poison ivy are apt to pay not the slightest attention to it when they come upon it in a form unfamiliar to them. This plant is a vine when it has anything to climb upon, but in open spaces it takes the shape of a bush three or



VIRGINIA CREEPER AMERICAN WOODBINE.

four feet high. In this guise the dangerous ivy excites no alarm, because people generally associate the notion of poison with the vine that climbs. So they will actually picnic among such bushes, while anxiously avoiding an innocent Virginia creeper which, perhaps, may be found adorning an ugly stump with its verdant drapery.

For the same reason few persons are on their guard against the poison oak, which is a much more dangerous plant than the poison ivy. It is sometimes called the "poison sumach," and it grows in the form of a tree. Its green foliage turns to a brilliant crimson in the fall, and its aspect at that season is so conspicuously gorgeous as to attract the incautious seeker after pretty leaves.

Some people are much more sensitive than others to poisoning by these plants. They cannot pass near where poison oak or poison ivy is growing without suffering ill effects. They are rendered so sick by exposure to the influence as to be confined to bed for weeks; they suffer from painful swellings, and the blistered skin finally peels off. The whole face may become a mass of blisters filled with yellowish serum.

Following the principle that like cures like, physicians often administer to the sufferer doses of a fluid extract obtained from the poison ivy. Another good remedy is a wash made by bruising the stems and leaves of the soap-wort. The latter is better known as "Bouncing Bet"—an old-time garden plant. But there is probably nothing so good for external application as a mixture of hot water and salt. It should be as hot as it can be borne.

Care should be taken never to throw the leaves or branches of poison ivy and poison oak into an open fire, inasmuch as the fumes are very dangerous.

The poison ivy owes its distribution chiefly to crows, which are very fond of the fruit. The seeds, being hard-shelled, pass through the bodies of the birds undigested, and thus are scattered about, reproducing the plant in field and forest, and by the roadside. This is one of the most serious of the many charges proven against the crow.

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